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FOSTER'S CYCLOPÆDIAS.

YCLOPÆDIA OF PROSE ILLUSTRATIONS, ...	VOL. I.
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YCLOPÆDIA OF POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS, ...	VOL. I.
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BY REV. ELON FOSTER, D.D.

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BY

REV. ELON FOSTER, D.D.

Poetry is in itself a thing of God;
He made His prophets poets, and the more
We feel of poesy do we become
Like God in love and power.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

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PREFACE.

The Christian poets of all ages have delighted amid Bible scenes and personages, and have derived their highest inspirations from them. They sing of Abel, Abraham, Cain, Daniel, Elijah, Judas, Moses, Paul, Peter, and the great host of Bible worthies and sometimes unworthies. They gaze into Eden and into the New Jerusalem, walk about Jericho and about Zion, and tune David's harp anew. They portray Pharaoh's overthrow, Nebuchadnezzar's doom, and Babylon's downfall. The scenes of the Old and the incidents of the New Testament have alike "strung and tuned their lyres." Scarcely a scene, character, event, or place of the Bible but has been the theme of song.

This volume is a CYCLOPÆDIA OF SACRED POETRY, limited to the scenes, incidents, persons, and places of the Bible. Its object is to bring to the focus of an alphabet all the desirable material in this department of poetic literature. It is intended to be comprehensive, and as nearly exhaustive as could be desired in such a work.

The editor has made a special study of the whole field from which appropriate material could be drawn. Rare volumes have furnished their quota. Nearly all the standard poets are represented here. The magazines of a hundred years have yielded their stores. The "Lyra" books and the "Lays of Bible Lands" have been searched through. Some whose works are out of print, as Rev. William Knox and George Croly, LL.D., will be found here as in no other available volume. Many original contributions have been made to this volume that are not unworthy of a place among the masterpieces of poesy. Hymns have been generally excluded. The poems are given without abridgment or amendment.

The method of the volume is alphabetical, and its subjects may be as readily found as words in a dictionary. The superiority of the arrangement is shown by the fact that all the great Cyclopædias adopt it.

This book will be an appropriate companion of the Bible, in the pastor's library or on the center-table of the family. From the scenes in that immortal book it will ever be a pleasure to turn to their poetical representations in this.

Thanks are due, for special favors, to Rev. Dwight Williams, Rev. Homer N. Dunning, Oliver Crane, D.D., George Lansing Taylor, D.D., S. D. Phelps,

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D.D., Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and many other helpers. Attention is also called to the preface of the first volume of Poetical Illustrations.

A personal word. About twenty years ago a railroad accident disabled the author of these works from regular pastoral service. One Sunday afternoon, while waiting with empty hands, the seed-thought which developed into these four volumes was dropped into his mind. Some years after, a clerical friend wrote: "I thank God for your injury, for without it, I suppose, we should not have had your eminently helpful books."

With thanks to many friends for the kind reception extended to his former volumes, and with the hope that this may add to their usefulness, the present work is respectfully submitted.

ELON FOSTER.

123 Hewes Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CYCLOPÆDIA OF POEMS

OF THE

SCENES, INCIDENTS, PERSONS AND PLACES

OF

THE BIBLE.

3072. AARON, Death of.

Numbers xx: 23-29.

They have left the camp, with its tents outspreading,
Like a garden of lilies on Edom's plain;
They are climbing the mountain, in silence treading
A path which *one* shall not tread again.
Two aged brothers the way are leading,
There follows a youth in the solemn train.

O'er a sister's bier they have just been bending;
The desert prophetess sleeps hard by:
With her toilsome sojourn nearly ending,
With Judah's mountains before her eye,
The echoes of Kadesh and Canaan blending,
She has calmly turned her aside to die!

They come, not to gaze on the matchless glory,
On grandeur the like of which earth has [not;
A billowy ocean of mountains hoary,
A chaos of cliffs round this awful spot;
A vision like that in some old-world story,
Too terrible ever to be forgot.

The desert-rainbow that gleams before ye,
But leaves your solitude doubly bleak;
The shadows of sunset fall ghastly o'er ye;
Cliff frowns upon cliff, and peak on peak.
O rocks of the desolate, lean and hoary,
What lip of man can your grandeur speak!

Splintered and blasted and thunder-smitten,
Not a smile above, nor a hope below;
Shivered and scorched and hunger-bitten,
No earthly lightning has seamed your brow;
On each stone the Avenger's pen has written,
Horror and ruin, and death and woe.

The king and the priest move on unspeaking,
The desert-priest and the desert-king;
'Tis a grave, a mountain-grave they are seek- [ing,
Fit end of a great life-wandering!
And here, till the day of the glory-streaking,
This desert-eagle must fold his wing.

The fetters of age have but lightly bound him,
This bold sharp steep he can bravely breast;
With his six-score wondrous years around him,
He climbs like youth to the mountain's crest,
The mortal moment at last has found him,
Willing to tarry, yet glad to rest.

Is that a tear-drop his dim eye leaving,
As he looks his last on yon desert-sun?
Is that a sigh his faint bosom heaving,
As he lays his ephod in silence down?
'Twas a passing mist, to his sky still cleaving;—
But the sky has brightened,—the cloud is gone!

In his shroud of rock they have gently wound him,
'Tis a Bethel-pillow that love has given;
I see no gloom of the grave around him,
The death-bed fetters have all been riven;
'Tis the angel of life, not of death, that has found him,
And this is to him the gate of heaven.

He has seen the tombs of old Mizraim's wonder,
Where the haughty Pharaohs embalmed recline;
But no pyramid-tomb, with its costly grandeur,
Can once be compared with this mountain-shrine;
No monarch of Memphis is swathed in splendor,
High Priest of the desert, like this of thine!

Not with thy nation thy bones are lying,
Nor Israel's hills shall thy burial see;
Yet with Edom's vultures around thee flying,
Safe and unrifled thy dust shall be;—
Oh who would not covet so calm a dying,
And who would not rest by the side of thee?

Not with thy fathers thy slumber tasting;
From sister and brother thou seem'st to flee.
Not in Shechem's plain are thy ashes wasting,
Not in Machpelah thy grave shall be;
In the land of the stranger thy dust is resting,—
Yet who would not sleep by the side of thee?

Alone and safe, in the happy keeping
Of rocks and sands, till the glorious morn,
They have laid thee down for thy lonely sleeping,
Way-sore and weary and labor-worn;
While faintly the sound of a nation's weeping
From the vale beneath thee is upward borne.

As one familiar with gentle sorrow,
With a dirge-like wailing the wind goes by;
And echo lovingly seems to borrow
The plaintive note of the mourner's cry,
Which comes to-day and is gone to-morrow,
Leaving nought for thee but the stranger's sigh.

Alone and safe, in the holy keeping
Of Him who holdeth the grave's cold key,
They have laid thee down for the blessed sleeping,
The quiet rest which His dear ones see;—
And why o'er thee should we weep the weeping,
For who would not rest by the side of thee?

Three Hebrew cradles, the Nile-palms under,
Rocked three sweet babes upon Egypt's plain;
Three desert-graves must these dear ones sunder;
Three sorrowful links of a broken chain;
Kadesh and Hor, and Nebo yonder,—
Three way-marks now for the pilgrim-train.

Are these my way-marks, these tombs of ages?
Are these my guides to the land of rest?
Are these grim rock-tombs the stony pages
Which show how to follow the holy blest?
And bid me rise, 'bove each storm that rages,
Like a weary dove to its olive nest?

Is death my way to the home undying?
Is the desert my path to the Eden-plain?
Are these lone links, that are round me lying,
To be gathered, and all reknit again?
And is there beyond this land of sighing
A refuge forever from death and pain?

On this rugged cliff, while the sun is dying
Behind yon majestic mountain-wall,
I stand;—not a cloudlet above me flying,—
Not a foot is stirring, no voices call;—
A traveler lonely, a stranger, trying
To muse o'er this wondrous funeral.

In silence we stand, till the faint stars cover
This grave of ages. Yes, thus would we
Still look and linger, and gaze and hover
About this cave where thy dust may be!
Great Priest of the desert, thy toil is over,
And who would not rest by the side of thee?

And night, the wan night is bending over
The twilight couch of the dying day,
With dewy eyes, like a weeping lover,
That doats on the beauty that will not stay,
And sighs that the mould so soon must cover
Each golden smile of the well-loved clay.

The night of ages bends softly o'er us;
Four thousand autumns have well nigh fled,
Love watches still the old tomb before us
Of sainted dust, in its mountain-bed;
Till the longed-for trump shall awake the chorus,
From desert and field, of the blessed dead.

Horatius Bonar.

3073. AARON, Imitation of.

Numbers xx : 28.

Happy, forever happy I,
If called, like him, the mount to ascend;
Thine all-sufficient grace supply,
And bless me, Saviour, with his end:
O that without a lingering groan
I might the welcome word receive,
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!

J. & C. Wesley.

3074. ABEL, Blood of.

Sad, purple well! whose bubbling eye
Did first against a murderer cry;
Whose streams, still vocal, still complain
Of bloody Cain;
And now at evening are as red
As in the morning when first shed.
If single thou,
Though single voices are but low,
Couldst such a shrill and long cry rear
As speaks still in thy Maker's ear,
What thunders shall those men arraign
Who cannot count those they have slain,
Who bathe not in a shallow flood,
But in a deep, wide sea of blood?
A sea, whose loud waves cannot sleep,
But deep still calleth upon deep:
Whose urgent sound, like unto that
Of many waters, beateth at
The everlasting doors above,
Where souls behind the altar move,
And with one strong, incessant cry
Inquire "How long?" of the most High?
Almighty Judge!

Henry Vaughan.

3075. ABEL in Heaven.

Ten thousand times ten thousand sung
Loud anthems round the throne,
When lo! a solitary tongue
Took up a song unknown;
A song unknown to angel ears,
A song that spoke of vanished fears,
Of pardoned sins and dried-up tears.

Not one of all the heavenly host
Could those high notes attain,
But spirits from a distant coast
United in the strain,
Till he who first began the song,
To sing alone not suffered long,
Was mingled with a countless throng.

And still as years are fleeting by,
The angels ever bear
Some newly ransomed soul on high,
To swell the chorus there;
And still the song shall louder grow,
Till all redeem'd from sin and woe,
To that fair world of rapture go.

Oh give me, Lord, a golden harp,
And tune my broken voice,
That I may sing of troubles sharp
Exchanged for endless joys!
The song that ne'er was heard before
A sinner reached the heavenly shore,
But now shall sound for evermore!

Irish Presbyterian.

3076. ABEL, The Sacrifice of.

An altar rude of turf meek Abel piled,
And laid a spotless lamb on the cleft wood,
And sprinkled round the typifying blood;
While on that shadow God looked down and smiled.
Then Cain arose, with envious anger wild,
That swept along like an unbridled flood,
Drowning all fear of God and thought of good,
And with a brother's blood his hands defiled.
Earth shuddered when the cruel deed was done,
Heaven heard that righteous blood in silence crying;
By that first death a martyr's crown was won.
He died—but like a vapor upward flying,
Caught the slant beams of our Unrisen Sun,
And he being dead, yet speaks of Jesus dying.

R. Wilton.

3077. ABRAHAM.

The better portion didst thou choose, Great Heart,
Thy God's first choice, and pledge of Gentile-grace;
Faith's truest type, he with unruffled face
Bore the world's smile, and bade her slaves depart;
Whether, a trader, with no trader's art,
He buys in Canaan his first resting-place,
Or freely yields rich Siddim's ample space,
Or braves the rescue and the battle's smart,
Yet scorns the heathen gifts of those he saved.
O happy in their soul's high solitude,
Who commune thus with God and not with earth!
Amid the scoffings of the wealth-enslaved,
A ready prey, as though in absent mood
They calmly move, nor hear the unmannered mirth.

John H. Newman.

3078. ABRAHAM AND MELCHIZEDEK.
Hebrew vii: 2.

When conquering Abram Salem sought,
To God's high priest his tithes he brought,
His thankfulness to mark:
Melchizedek an offering made
Of bread and wine on altar laid,
And blessed the patriarch.

A victory nobler far we gain,
A nobler sacrifice is slain,
A better blessing shed:
Our great high priest in heaven stands,
Who gives Himself with His own hands
In mystic wine and bread.

Edwin L. Blenkinsopp.

3079. ABRAHAM, Conversion of.

At night, upon the silent plain,
Knelt Abraham and watched the sky;
When the bright evening star arose
He lifted up a joyful cry:
"This is the Lord! This light shall shine
To mark the path for me and mine."
But suddenly the star's fair face
Sank down and left its darkened place.
Then Abraham cried, in sore dismay,
"The Lord is not discovered yet;
I cannot worship gods which set."

Then rose the moon, full orbed and clear,
And flooded all the plain with light,
And Abraham's heart again with joy
O'erflowed at the transcendent sight.
"This surely is the Lord," he cried;
"That other light was pale beside
This glorious one." But, like the star,
The moon in the horizon far
Sank low and vanished. Then again
Said Abraham: "This cannot be
My Lord. I am but lost, astray,
Unless one changeless guideth me."

Then came, unheralded, the dawn,
Rosy and swift from east to west;
High rode the great triumphant sun,
And Abraham cried, "O last and best
And sovereign light! Now I believe
This Lord will change not, nor deceive."
Each moment robbed the day's fair grace;
The reddening sun went down apace;
And Abraham, left in rayless night,
Cried, "O my people, let us turn
And worship now the God who rules
These lesser lights, and bids them burn!"

Helen Hunt.

3080. ABRAHAM, Legend of.

Fond heart, when learnest thou to say,
I love not pomps that fade away,
Nor glories that decay and wane,
Nor lights that rise to set again?
When wilt thou turn where Abraham turned,
And learn the lesson Abraham learned?
Beyond the river while he dwelt,
He with his kin to idols knelt,
And nightly gazing on the sky,
Worshiped the starry host on high.
But when he saw their splendors fail,
And that bright multitude grow pale,
He left them, and adored the moon;
But she too wanly wanèd soon.
Baffled, he knelt unto the sun;
But when *his* race of light was done,
He cried, "To such no vows I bring—
I worship not the perishing!"
And turned him to the God whose hand
Made sun, and moon, and starry band—
An everlasting Light, in whom
Decrease and shadow find no room.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

3081. ABRAHAM, Memorial of.

Only a tomb, no more!
A rock-hewn sepulchre,
And this, and this is all that's thine,
Fair Canaan's mighty heir!

Only a tomb, no more!
A future resting-place,
When God shall lay thee down, and bid
All thy long wanderings cease.

This cave and field,—no more,—
Canst thou thy dwelling call;
That land of thine,—plains, hills, woods, [streams,—
The stranger has it all!

Thy altar and thy tent
Are all that thou hast here;
With these content thou passest on,
A homeless wanderer.

Thy life unrest and toil;
Thy course a pilgrimage;
Only in death thou goest down,
To claim thy heritage;—

A heritage which death
Shall seal to thee for aye—
A resurrection heritage
When all things pass away.

A heritage of life,
Beyond this guarded gloom,
A kingdom, not a field or cave;
A city, not a tomb.

Horatius Bonar.

3082. ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE.
Genesis xxii : 1-15.

The morning's sun rose bright and clear,
On Abraham's tent it gayly shone;
And all was bright and cheerful there,
All save the patriarch's heart alone.

While God's command arose to mind,
It forced into his eye the tear;
For though his soul was all resigned,
Yet nature fondly lingered there.

The simple morning feast was spread,
And Sarah at the banquet smiled;
Joy o'er her face its lustre shed,
For near her sat her only child.

The charms that pleased a monarch's eye
Upon *her* cheek had left their trace;
His highly augured destiny
Was written in his heavenly face.

The groaning father turned away,
And walked the inner tent apart—
He felt his fortitude decay
While Nature whispered in his heart:

"O! must this son to whom was given
The promise of a better land,
Heir to the choicest gifts of heaven,
Be slain by a fond parent's hand?

"This son, for whom my eldest born
Was sent an outcast from his home,
And in some wilderness forlorn
A savage exile doomed to roam?

"But shall a feeble worm rebel,
And murmur at a father's rod?
Shall he be backward to fulfil
The known and certain will of God?

"Arise, my son! the cruet fill,
And store the scrip with due supplies;
For we must seek Moriah's hill,
And offer there a sacrifice!"

The mother raised a speaking eye,
And all a mother's soul was there—
"She feared the desert drear and dry!
She feared the savage lurking there!"

Abraham beheld, and made reply:
"On Him, from whom our blessings flow,
My sister, we with faith rely;
'Tis He commands, and we must go!"

The duteous son in haste obeyed,
The scrip was filled, the mules prepared,
And with the third day's twilight shade
Moriah's lofty hill appeared.

The menials then at distance wait—
Alone ascend the son and sire;
The wood on Isaac's shoulders laid,
The wood—to build his funeral pyre!

No passion swayed the father's mind;
He felt a calm, a death-like chill;
His soul, all chastened, all resigned,
Bowed meekly, though he shuddered still.

While on the mountain's brow they stood,
With smiling wonder Isaac cries,
"My father, lo! the fire and wood—
But where's the lamb for sacrifice?"

The Holy Spirit stayed his mind,
While Abraham answered low, aside,
With steady voice, and look resigned,
"God will Himself a lamb provide!"

But let no pen profane like mine,
On holiest themes too rashly dare—
Turn to the Book of Books Divine,
And read the blessed promise there.

Ages on ages rolled away—
At length the hour appointed came;
And on the mount of Calvary
God did himself provide a Lamb!

3083. ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE.

Genesis xxii : 1-15.

Morn breaketh in the east. The purple clouds
Are putting on their gold and violet,
To look the meeter for the sun's bright coming.
Sleep is upon the waters and the wind;
And Nature, from the wavy forest-leaf
To her majestic master, sleeps. As yet
There is no mist upon the deep blue sky,
And the clear dew is on the blushing bosoms
Of crimson roses in a holy rest.

How hallowed is the hour of morning! meet—
Ay, beautifully meet—for the pure prayer.
The patriarch standeth at his tented door,
With his white locks uncovered. 'Tis his wont
To gaze upon that gorgeous Orient;
And at that hour the awful majesty
Of man who talketh often with his God,
Is wont to come again, and clothe his brow
As at his fourscore's strength. But now, he seemeth
To be forgetful of his vigorous frame,
And boweth to his staff as at the hour
Of noontide sultriness. And that bright sun—
He looketh at its pencilled messengers,
Coming in golden raiment, as if all
Were but a graven scroll of fearfulness.
Ah, he is waiting till it herald in
The hour to sacrifice his much-loved son!

Light poureth on the world. And Sarah stands
Watching the steps of Abraham and her child
Along the dewy sides of the far hills,
And praying that her sunny boy faint not.
Would she have watched their path so silently,
If she had known that he was going up,
E'en in his fair-haired beauty, to be slain
As a white lamb for sacrifice? They trod
Together onward, patriarch and child—
The bright sun throwing back the old man's shade
In straight and fair proportions, as of one
Whose years were freshly numbered. He stood up,
Tall in his vigorous strength; and, like a tree
Rooted in Lebanon, his frame bent not.
His thin white hairs had yielded to the wind,
And left his brow uncovered; and his face,
Impressed with the stern majesty of grief
Nerved to a solemn duty, now stood forth
Like a rent rock, submissive, yet sublime.
But the young boy—he of the laughing eye
And ruby lip—the pride of life was on him.
He seemed to drink the morning. Sun and dew,
And the aroma of the spicy trees,
And all that giveth the delicious East
Its fitness for an Eden, stole like light
Into his spirit, ravishing his thoughts
With love and beauty. Everything he met,
Buoyant or beautiful, the lightest wing
Of bird or insect, or the palest dye
Of the fresh flowers, won him from his path;
And joyously broke forth his tiny shout,
As he flung back his silken hair, and sprung
Away to some green spot or clustering vine,
To pluck his infant trophies. Every tree
And fragrant shrub was a new hiding-place;
And he would crouch till the old man came by,
Then bound before him with his childish laugh,
Stealing a look behind him playfully,
To see if he had made his father smile.

The sun rode on in heaven. The dew stole up
From the fresh daughters of the earth, and heat
Came like a sleep upon the delicate leaves,
And bent them with the blossoms to their dreams.
Still trod the patriarch on, with that same step,
Firm and unfaltering; turning not aside
To seek the olive shades, or lave their lips
In the sweet waters of the Syrian wells,
Whose gush hath so much music. Weariness
Stole on the gentle boy, and he forgot
To toss his sunny hair from off his brow,
And spring for the fresh flowers and light wings
As in the early morning; but he kept
Close by his father's side, and bent his head
Upon his bosom like a drooping bud,
Lifting it not, save now and then to steal
A look up to the face whose sternness awed
His childishness to silence.

It was noon,—
And Abraham on Moriah bowed himself,
And buried up his face, and prayed for strength.
He could not look upon his son and pray;
But, with his hand upon the clustering curls
Of the fair kneeling boy, he prayed that God
Would nerve him for that hour. Oh, man was made

For the stern conflict. In a mother's love
There is more tenderness; the thousand chords,
Woven with every fibre of her heart,
Complain, like delicate harp-strings, at a breath;
But love in man is one deep principle,
Which like a root grown in a rifted rock
Abides the tempest.

He rose up and laid
The wood upon the altar. All was done.
He stood a moment—and a deep, quick flash
Pass'd o'er his countenance; and then he nerved
His spirit with a bitter strength and spoke:
"Isaac! my only son!"—The boy looked up:
"Where is the lamb, my father?" Oh the tones,
The sweet, familiar voice of a loved child!—
What would its music seem at such an hour!
It was the last deep struggle. Abraham held
His loved, his beautiful, his only son,
And lifted up his arms and called on God—
And lo! God's angel stayed him—and he fell
Upon his face and wept.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

3084. ABSALOM, David's Grief for.

2 Samuel xviii : 24–33.

Is it so far from thee
Thou canst no longer see
In the Chamber of the Gate
That old man desolate,
Weeping and wailing sore
For his son, who is no more?
O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago
That cry of human woe
From the walled city came,
Calling on his dear name,
That it has died away
In the distance of to-day?
O Absalom, my son!

There is no far nor near,
There is neither there nor here,
There is neither soon nor late,
In that Chamber over the Gate,
Nor any long ago
To that cry of human woe,
O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past
The voice comes like a blast
Over seas that wreck and drown,
Over tumult of traffic and town,
And from ages yet to be
Come the echoes back to me,
O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour
The watchman on the tower
Looks forth and sees the fleet
Approach of the hurrying feet
Of messengers that bear
The tidings of despair,
O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door
Who shall return no more.
With him our joy departs;
The light goes out in our hearts;
In the Chamber over the Gate
We sit disconsolate.
O Absalom, my son!

That 'tis a common grief
Bringeth but slight relief;
Ours is the bitterest loss,
Ours is the heaviest cross;
And forever the cry will be,
"Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son!"

Henry W. Longfellow.

3085. ABSALOM, Mourning for.

David the king is mad with grief,
His heart is harrowed with pain;
His son is slain in the battle-fight,
His Absalom is slain.
He covers his head with his mantle wide,
And mounts his highest tower;
While tears that flow from his eyes of woe
Wash his gray tresses o'er;
And his trembling lips those words repeat
This lamentation sore:
"O Absalom, my son, my son,
O Absalom, my son!
Where is thy dazzling beauty now
Thy charms, by song untold,
Those locks like sunbeams in the air,
Shining like rays of gold?
Thy azure eyes that shone as fair
As hyacinths on Zion's hill;
O hands that wrought this cruel ill,
Careless of woe—Zeruiah's son,
To thee what had he done?
Had he deserved it, cruel man?
And was he not my son?
He was my joy and light—
And they who planned his fall
Have doubled all my love for him:—
Was he rebellious?—All—
All—all would I forgive him now;
And had I been obeyed,
He were a prisoner, not a corpse!
Mother, thy child is dead!
Who will console thee?—let thy heart
Burst, and thy soul be sad.
Father and mother—let us weep
O'er our devoted lad;
O Absalom, my son, my son!
O Absalom, my son!"

Tr. from Spanish.

3086. ABSALOM, Tomb of.

Is this thy tomb, amid the mournful shades
Of the deep valley of Jehoshaphat,
Thou son of David? Kedron's gentle brook
Is murmuring near, as if it fain would tell

Thy varied history. Methinks I see
Thy graceful form, thy smile, thy sparkling eye,
The glorious beauty of thy flowing hair,
And that bright, eloquent lip, whose cunning stole
The hearts of all the people. Didst thou waste
The untold treasures of integrity,
The gold of conscience, for their light applause,
Thou fair dissembler?

Say, rememberest thou
When o'er yon flinty steep of Olivet
A sorrowing train went up! Dark frowning seers,
Denouncing judgment on a rebel prince,
Passed sadly on; and next a crownless king
Walking in sad and humbled majesty,
While hoary statesmen bent upon his brow
Indignant looks of tearful sympathy.
What caused the weeping there?

Thou heardst it not,
For thou within the city's walls didst hold
Thy revel brief and base. So thou couldst set
The embattled host against thy father's life,
The king of Israel, and the loved of God!
He mid the evils of his changeful lot,
Saul's moody hatred, stern Philistia's spear,
His alien wanderings, and his warrior toil,
Found naught so bitter as the rankling thorn
Set by thy madness of ingratitude
Deep in his yearning soul.

What were thy thoughts
When in the mesh of thy own tresses snared
Amid the oak whose quiet verdure mocked
Thy misery, forsook by all who shared
Thy meteor-greatness and constrained to learn
There in that solitude of agony,
A traitor hath no friends!—what were thy thoughts
When death careering on the triple dart
Of vengeful Joab found thee? To thy God
Rose there one cry of penitence, one prayer
For that unmeasured mercy which can cleanse
Unbounded guilt? Or turned thy stricken heart
Toward him who o'er thy infant graces watched
With tender pride, and all thy sins of youth
In blindfold fondness pardoned? All thy crimes
Were cancelled in that plenitude of love
Which laves with fresh and everlasting tide
A parent's heart.

I see that form which awed
The foes of Israel with its victor-might
Bowed low in grief, and hear upon the breeze
That sweeps the palm-groves of Jerusalem,
The wild continuous wail, "O Absalom!
My son! My son!"

We turn us from thy tomb,
Usurping prince! Thy beauty and thy grace
Have perished with thee, but thy fame survives—
The ingrate son that pierced a father's heart.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

3087. ACELDAMA.

Matthew xxvii : 8.

Bare ridge, that frownest over Hinnom's vale,
Fronting the gray and melancholy slopes
Of Zion, where yon Moslem minaret
Proclaims the sepulchre of Judah's King!
Tomb, rock, and precipice, with grassy shelf,
Where the rare olive finds a scanty soil,
Flinging its thin and flickering shadow o'er
The crimson of the meek anemone,
Or meeker "Star of Bethlehem," which haunts
These barren steeps, and sparkles in the glow
Of yon gay sun of dawn that now lights up
Jerusalem, and flings its orient joy
O'er this sad field of silent sepulchres;
This old Aceldama, this field of blood!

3088. ADAM, Death of.

One morn I tracked him on his lonely way,
Pale as the gleam of slow-awakening day;
With feeble steps he climb'd yon craggy height,
Thence fixed on distant Paradise his sight;
He gazed awhile in silent thought profound,
Then, falling prostrate on the dewy ground,
He poured his spirit in a flood of prayer,
Bewailed his ancient crime with self-despair,
And claimed the pledge of reconciling grace,
The promised Seed, the Saviour of his race.
Wrestling with God, as nature's vigor failed
His faith grew stronger and his plea prevailed.
The prayer from agony to rapture rose,
And sweet as angel accents fell the close.
I stood to greet him: when he raised his head,
Divine expression o'er his visage spread;
His presence was so saintly to behold,
He seemed in sinless Paradise grown old.

"This day," said he, "in time's star-lighted round,
Renews the anguish of that mortal wound
On me inflicted, when the serpent's tongue
My spouse with his beguiling falsehood stung.
Though years of grace through centuries have passed
Since my transgression, this may be my last;
Infirmities without, and fears within,
Foretell the consummating stroke of sin;
The hour, the place, the form to me unknown,
But God, who lent me life, will claim his own;

Then, lest I sink as suddenly in death,
As quickened into being by his breath,
Once more I climb'd these rocks with weary pace,
And but once more to view my native place,
To bid yon garden of delight farewell,
The earthly paradise from which I fell.
This mantle, Enoch, which I yearly wear
To mark the day of penitence and prayer;
These skins the covering of my first offence,
When, conscious of departed innocence,
Naked and trembling from my Judge I fled,
A hand of mercy o'er my vileness spread:—
Enoch, this mantle thus vouchsafed to me,
At my dismission I bequeath to thee;
Wear it in sad memorial on this day,
And yearly at mine earliest altar slay
A lamb immaculate, whose blood be spilt
In sign of wrath removed and cancelled guilt:
So be the sins of all my race confessed,
So on their heads may peace and pardon rest."
Thus spake our sire, and down the steep descent
With strengthened heart and fearless footsteps went.

"Ere noon, returning to his bower, I found
Our father laboring in his harvest ground
(For yet he tilled a little plot of soil,
Patient and pleased with voluntary toil);
But oh! how changed from him whose morning eye
Outshone the star that told the sun was nigh!
Loose in his feeble grasp the sickle shook;
I marked the ghastly dolour of his look,
And ran to help him; but his latest strength
Failed: prone upon his sheaves he fell at length;
I strove to raise him; sight and sense were fled,
Nerveless his limbs, and backward swayed his head.
Seth passed; I called him, and we bore our sire
To neighboring shades, from noon's afflictive fire:
Ere long he woke to feeling, with a sigh,
And half unclosed his hesitating eye;
Strangely and timidly he peered around,
Like one in dreams, whom sudden lights confound:
—'Is this a new creation?—Have I passed
The bitterness of death?'—He looked aghast,
Then sorrowful!—'No; men and trees appear;
'Tis not a new creation—pain is here:
From sin's dominion is there no release?
Lord, let thy servant *now* depart in peace.'
—Hurried remembrance crowding o'er his soul,
He knew us; tears of consternation stole
Down his pale cheeks:—Seth!—Enoch!—Where is Eve?
How could the spouse her dying consort leave?

"Eve looked that moment from their cottage door
In quest of Adam, where he toiled before;
He was not there; she called him by his name;
Sweet to his ear the well-known accents came;
—'Here am I,' answered he, in tone so weak,
That we who heard him scarcely heard him speak;
But, resolutely bent to rise, in vain
He struggled till he swooned away with pain.
Eve called again, and turning towards the shade,
Helpless as infancy beheld him laid;
She sprang, as smitten with a mortal wound,
Forward, and cast herself upon the ground
At Adam's feet; half rising in despair,
Him from our arms she wildly strove to tear;
Repelled by gentle violence, she pressed
His powerless hand to her convulsive breast,
And kneeling, bending o'er him full of fears
Warm on his bosom showered her silent tears.
Light to his eyes at that refreshment came,
They opened on her in a transient flame;
—'And art thou here, my life! my love!' he cried,
'Faithful in death to this congenial side?
Thus let me bind thee to my breaking heart,
One dear, one bitter moment, ere we part.'
—'Leave me not, Adam! leave me not below;
With thee I tarry, or with thee I go,'
She said; and yielding to his faint embrace,
Clung round his neck, and wept upon his face.
Alarming recollection soon returned.
His fevered frame with growing anguish burned:
Ah! then, as nature's tenderest impulse wrought,
With fond solicitude of love she sought
To soothe his limbs upon their grassy bed,
And make the pillow easy to his head.
She wiped his reeking temples with her hair:
She shook the leaves to stir the sleeping air;
Moistened his lips with kisses: with her breath
Vainly essayed to quell the fire of death,
That ran and revelled through his swollen veins
With quicker pulses, and severer pains.

"The sun, in summer majesty on high,
Darted his fierce effulgence down the sky;
Yet dimmed and blunted were the dazzling rays.
His orb expanded through a dreary haze,
And, circled with a red portentous zone,
He looked in sickly horror from his throne:
The vital air was still; the torrid heat
Oppressed our hearts, that labored hard to beat.
When higher noon had shrunk the lessening shade,
Thence to his home our father we conveyed,

And stretched him, pillowed with his latest sheaves,
On a fresh couch of green and fragrant leaves.
Here, though his sufferings through the glen were known,
We chose to watch his dying bed alone,
Eve, Seth, and I. In vain he sighed for rest,
And oft his meek complainings thus expressed:
'Blow on me, Wind! I faint with heat! Oh, bring
Delicious water from the deepest spring;
Your sunless shadows o'er my limbs diffuse,
Ye Cedars! wash me cold with midnight dews.
Cheer me, my friends, with looks of kindness cheer;
Whisper a word of comfort in mine ear;
Those sorrowing faces fill my soul with gloom;
This silence is the silence of the tomb.
Thither I hasten; help me on my way;
Oh, sing to soothe me, and to strengthen, pray!'
We sang to soothe him—hopeless was the song;
We prayed to strengthen him—he grew not strong.
In vain from every herb, and fruit, and flower,
Of cordial sweetness or of healing power,
We pressed the virtue; no terrestrial balm
Nature's dissolving agony could calm.
Thus as the day declined, the fell disease
Eclipsed the light of life by slow degrees:
Yet while his pangs grew sharper, more resigned,
More self-collected, grew the sufferer's mind;
Patient of heart, though racked at every pore,
The righteous penalty of sin he bore;
Not his the fortitude that mocks at pains,
But that which feels them most, and yet sustains.
'"Tis just, 'tis merciful,' we heard him say:
'Yet wherefore hath He turned His face away?
I see Him not; I hear Him not; I call;
My God! my God! support me or I fall!'

"The sun went down amidst an angry glare
Of flushing clouds that crimsoned all the air;
The winds brake loose; the forest boughs were torn,
And dark aloof the eddying foliage borne;
Cattle to shelter scudded in affright;
The florid evening vanished into night:
Then burst the hurricane upon the vale,
In peals of thunder and thick-volleyed hail;
Prone rushing rains with torrents whelmed the land,
Our cot amidst a river seemed to stand;
Around its base, the foamy crested streams
Flashed through the darkness to the lightning's gleams,
With monstrous throes an earthquake heaved the ground,
The rocks were rent, the mountains trembled round;
Never since Nature into being came [frame;
Had such mysterious motion shook her
We thought, ingulfed in floods, or wrapt in fire,
The world itself would perish with our sire.

"Amidst this war of elements, within
More dreadful grew the sacrifice of sin,
Whose victim on his bed of torture lay,
Breathing the slow remains of life away.
Erewhile, victorious faith sublimer rose
Beneath the pressure of collected woes:
But now his spirit wavered, went and came,
Like the loose vapor of departing flame,
Till at the point, when comfort seemed to die
Forever in his fixed unclosing eye,
Bright through the smouldering ashes of the man,
The saint brake forth, and Adam thus began:

'Oh, ye that shudder at this awful strife,
This wrestling agony of death and life,
Think not that He, on whom my soul is cast,
Will leave me thus forsaken to the last;
Nature's infirmity alone you see;
My chains are breaking, I shall soon be free;
Though firm in God the spirit holds her trust,
The flesh is frail, and trembles into dust.
Horror and anguish seize me;—'tis the hour
Of darkness, and I mourn beneath its power;
The tempter plies me with his direst art,
I feel the serpent coiling round my heart;
He stirs the wound he once inflicted there,
Instils the deadening poison of despair,
Belies the truth of God's delaying grace,
And bids me curse my Maker to His face.
I will not curse Him, though His grace delay;
I will not cease to trust Him, though He slay;
Full on His promised mercy I rely,
For God hath spoken—God, who cannot lie.
Thou, of my faith the author and the end,
Mine early, late, and everlasting Friend;
The joy that once Thy presence gave, restore
Ere I am summoned hence, and seen no more:
Down to the dust returns this earthly frame,
Receive my spirit, Lord, from Whom it came;
Rebuke the tempter, show Thy power to save,
O, let Thy glory light me to the grave,
That these, who witness my departing breath,
May learn to triumph in the grasp of death.'

"He closed his eyelids with a tranquil smile,
And seemed to rest in silent prayer awhile:
Around his couch with filial awe we kneeled,
When suddenly a light from heaven revealed

A spirit, that stood within the unopened door;
The sword of God in his right hand he bore;
His countenance was lightning, and his vest
Like snow at sunrise on the mountain's crest;
Yet so benignly beautiful his form,
His presence stilled the fury of the storm;
At once the winds retire, the waters cease;
His look was love, his salutation 'Peace.'

"Our mother first beheld him, sore amazed,
But terror grew to transport while she gazed:
'"Tis He, the Prince of Seraphim, who drove
Our banished feet from Eden's happy grove;
Adam, my life, my spouse, awake!' she cried;
'Return to paradise; behold thy guide!
O, let me follow in this dear embrace.'
She sunk, and on his bosom hid her face.
Adam looked up; his visage changed its hue,
Transformed into an angel's at the view:
'I come!' he cried, with faith's full triumph fired,
And in a sigh of ecstasy expired.
The light was vanished and the vision fled;
We stood alone the living with the dead;
The ruddy embers, glimmering round the room,
Displayed the corpse amidst the solemn gloom;
But o'er the scene a holy calm reposed,
The gate of heaven had opened there, and closed.

"Eve's faithful arm still clasped her lifeless spouse;
Gently I shook it, from her trance to rouse;
She gave no answer; motionless and cold,
It fell like clay from my relaxing hold;
Alarmed, I lifted up the locks of gray
That hid her cheek; her soul had passed away:
A beauteous corse she graced her partner's side,
Love bound their lives and death could not divide." *James Montgomery.*

3089. ADAM, Enoch's Description of.

With him his noblest sons might not compare,
In godlike feature and majestic air;
Not out of weakness rose his gradual frame,
Perfect from his Creator's hand he came;
And as in form excelling, so in mind
The sire of men transcended all mankind;
A soul was in his eye, and in his speech
A dialect of heaven no art could reach;
For oft of old to him the evening breeze
Had borne the voice of God among the trees;
Angels were wont their songs with his to blend,
And talk with him as their familiar friend.
But deep remorse for that mysterious crime,
Whose dire contagion through elapsing time
Diffused the curse of death beyond control,
Had wrought such self-abasement in his soul.
That he whose honors were approached by none,
Was yet the meekest man beneath the sun.
From sin, as from the serpent that betrayed
Eve's early innocence, he shrunk afraid;
Vice he rebuked with so austere a frown,
He seemed to bring an instant judgment down; [start,
Yet while he chid, compunctious tears would
And yearning tenderness dissolve his heart!
The guilt of all his race became his own,
He suffered as if he had sinned alone.
Within our glen to filial love endeared,
Abroad for wisdom, truth, and justice feared,
He walked so humbly in the sight of all,
The vilest ne'er reproached him with his fall.
Children were his delight: they ran to meet
His soothing hand, and clasp his honored feet; [blest,
While 'midst their fearless sports supremely
He grew in heart a child among the rest:
Yet as a parent, nought beneath the sky
Touched him so quickly as an infant's eye:
Joy from its smile of happiness he caught;
Its flash of rage sent horror through his thought:
His smitten conscience felt as fierce a pain,
As if he fell from innocence again.
James Montgomery.

3090. ADAM, The Awakening of.

What was 't awakened first the untuned ear
Of that sole man who was all human kind?
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind,
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sear?
The four mellifluous streams which flowed so near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind
Bursting the brake in wonder, not in fear,
Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground
Send forth mysterious melody to greet
The gracious pressure of immaculate feet?
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet?
Or his own voice awake him with its sound?
Hartley Coleridge.

3091. ADAM, The Transgression of.
James i : 15.

Lament, lament; look, look what thou hast done;
Lament the world's, lament thine own estate;
Look, look, by doing, how thou art undone;
Lament thy fall, lament thy change of state:
Thy faith is broken, and thy freedom gone.
See, see too soon, what thou lament'st too late,
O thou that wert so many men, nay, all
Abridged in one, how has thy desperate fall
Destroyed thy unborn seed, destroyed thyself withal?

Uxorious Adam, whom thy Maker made
Equal to angels that excel in power,
What hast thou done. Oh, why hast thou obeyed
Thine own destruction? like a new cropped flower,
How does the glory of thy beauty fade!
How are thy fortunes blasted in an hour!
How art thou cowed that hast the power to quell
The spite of new-fallen angels, baffle hell,
And vie with those that stood, and vanquish those that fell.

See how the world (whose chaste and pregnant womb
Of late conceived, and brought forth nothing ill)
Is now degenerated, and become
A base adulteress, whose false births do fill
The earth with monsters, monsters that do roam
And rage about, and make a trade to kill!
Now gluttony paunches; lust begins to spawn;
Wrath takes revenge and avarice a pawn;
Pale envy pines, pride swells, and sloth begins to yawn.

The air that whispered now begins to roar;
And blustering Boreas blows the boiling tide;
The white-mouthed water now usurps the shore,
And scorns the power of her tridental guide
The fire now burns that did but warm before,
And rules her ruler with resistless pride:
Fire, water, earth, and air, that first were made
To be subdued, see how they now invade!
They rule whom once they served, command where once obeyed.

Behold, that nakedness, that late bewrayed
Thy glory, now's become thy shame, thy wonder;
Behold, those trees whose various fruits were made
For food, now turned a shade to shroud thee under,
Behold, that voice (which thou hast disobeyed)
That late was music, now affrights like thunder.
Poor man! are not thy joints grown faint with shaking
To view the effect of thy bold undertaking,
That in one hour didst mar what Heaven six days was making.

Francis Quarles.

3092. ADAM, Where art thou?

Adam, where art thou? monarch, where?
It is thy Maker calls;
What means that look of wild despair?
What anguish now enthralls?
Why in the wood's embowering shade
Dost thou attempt to hide
From Him whose hand thy kingdom made,
And all thy wants supplied?
Go hide again, thou fallen one!
The crown has left thy brow,
Thy robe of purity is gone,
And thou art naked now.

Adam, where art thou? monarch, where?
Assert thy high command;
Call forth the tiger from his lair,
To lick thy kingly hand;
Control the air, control the earth,
Control the foaming sea:
They own no more thy heavenly birth,
Or heaven-stamped royalty;
The brutes no longer will caress,
But share with thee thy reign;
For the sceptre of thy righteousness
Thy hands have snapped in twain.

Adam, where art thou? monarch, where?
Thou wondrous thing of clay;
Ah! let the earth-worm now declare,
Who claims thee as his prey.
Thy mother, O thou mighty one,
For thee re-opes her womb;
Thou to the narrow house art gone,
Thy kingdom is thy tomb.
The truth from Godhead's lips that came,
There in thy darkness learn—
Of dust was formed thy beauteous frame,
And shall to dust return.

Adam, where art thou? where, ah, where?
Behold him raised above,
An everlasting life to share,
In the bright world of love.
The hand he once 'gainst heaven could raise
Another sceptre holds;
His brows, where new-born glories blaze,
Another crown enfolds.
Another robe's flung over him,
More fair than was his own,
And with the fire-tongued seraphim
He dwells before the throne.

But whence could such a change proceed?
What power could raise him there?
So late by God's own voice decreed
Transgression's curse to bear.
Hark, hark! he tells—a harp well strung
His grateful arms embrace:
Salvation is his deathless song,
And grace, abounding grace;
And sounds through all the upper sky
A strain with wonders rife,
That Life hath given itself to die,
To bring death back to life.

Thomas Ragg.

3093. ADAM AND EVE, Doom of.

Alas! how changed from bowers of Paradise
That desolate region, overgrown with thorn
And thistle rank—a trackless waste forlorn,

Unblessed by God, o'erarched by sullen skies,
There stand that guilty pair, now sadly wise,
Their hearts with grief, their feet with briers torn,
Vainly their faded innocence they mourn,
And toward the gates of Eden turn their eyes.
No more to see the beauty and the bloom
Of that blest garden was to sinners given;
To weep and labor wearily their doom,
Out of God's holy, blissful presence driven,
Till through life's sorrows, and death's dust and gloom,
By woman's promised seed they enter heaven. *R. Wilton.*

3094. ADAM AND EVE, Golden Age of.

Adam all day 'mid odorous garden bowers
Had lightly toiled, while many a tender word,
With murmurs of the brook and song of bird,
Fell on Eve's ear at work amongst her flowers;
When lo! where grove of pine and cedar towers,
As with a gentle breeze the leaves are stirred,
And walking in the garden God is heard,
With voice of love charming those evening hours.
With conscious innocence, and hand in hand,
That goodly pair approach their awful Friend,
Like children with beloved father stand;
Then at His feet in adoration bend.
O golden age! O days of heaven on earth!
When life was piety and labor mirth.
R. Wilton.

3095. ADULLAM, Cave of.
2 Samuel xxiii: 15-17.

David and his three captains bold
Kept ambush once within a hold.
It was in Adullam's cave,
Nigh which no water they could have,
Nor spring nor running brook was near
To quench the thirst that parched them there.
Then David, King of Israel,
Straight bethought him of a well,
Which stood beside the city gate,
At Bethlem; where, before his state
Of kingly dignity, he had
Oft drunk his fill, a shepherd lad;
But now his fierce Philistine foe
Encamped before it he does know.
Yet ne'er the less, with heat oppressed,
Those three bold captains he addressed;
And wished that one to him would bring
Some water from his native spring.
His valiant captains instantly
To execute his will did fly.
The mighty Three the ranks broke through
Of armed foes, and water drew
For David, their beloved king,
At his own sweet native spring.
Back through their armed foes they haste,
With the hard-earned treasure graced.
But when the good King David found
What they had done, he on the ground
The water poured. "Because," said he,
"That it was at the jeopardy
Of your three lives this thing ye did,
That I should drink it, God forbid."
Charles Lamb.

3096. ADULTERESS, Forgiveness of the.
John viii: 1-11.

A still dark joy! A sudden face!
Cold daylight, footsteps, cries!
The temple's naked, shining space,
Aglare with judging eyes!

All in abandoned guilty hair,
With terror-pallid lips,
To vulgar scorn her honor bare,
To vulgar taunts and quips,

Her eyes she fixes on the ground,
Her shrinking soul to hide;
Lest, at uncurtained windows found,
Its shame be clear descried.

All-idle hang her listless hands,
And tingle with her shame;
She sees not who beside her stands,
She is so bowed with blame.

He stoops, He writes upon the ground,
Regards nor priests nor wife;
An awful silence spreads around,
And wakes an inward strife.

Is it a voice that speaks for thee?
Almost she hears aghast:
"Let him who from this sin is free,
At her the first stone cast."

Astonished, waking, growing sad,
Her eyes bewildered rose;
She saw the one true friend she had,
Who loves her though He knows.

Upon her deathlike, ashy face,
The blushes rise and spread:
No greater wonder sure had place
When Lazarus left the dead!

He stoops. In every charnel breast
Dead conscience rises slow:
They, dumb before that awful guest,
Turn, one by one, and go.

Alone with Him! Yet no new dread
Invades the silence round;
False pride, false shame, all false is dead;
She has the Master found.

Who else had spoken on her side,
Those cruel men withstood?
From Him even shame she would not hide;
For Him she will be good.

He rises—sees the temple bare;
They two are left alone.
He turns and asks her, "Woman, where
Are thine accusers gone?

"Hath none condemned thee?"—"Master, no,"
She answers, trembling sore.
"Neither do I condemn thee. Go,
And sin not any more."

She turned and went. To hope and grieve?
Be what she had not been?
We are not told; but I believe
His kindness made her clean.

George Macdonald.

3097. ADULTERESS, The.

St. John viii: 1-11.

Without the city walls, the Son of man
Had watched all night upon the stony ridge
Beyond the brook of Kedron, which o'erlooks
The fatal town, and Moriah's mount sublime,
Crowned by the temple of the living God,
And Siloa's stream oracular, and the vale
Named of Jehosaphat, where soon shall stand
The Abomination making desolate—
There with His Father, till the stars were pale,
In holiest commune on that lonely steep,
The Mount of Olives.
Now the sun arose,
And through the stillness of the early morn
Volumed and white up soared the savory smoke
Of morning sacrifice, and pealed aloft
The silver trumpets their sonorous praise
O'er Zion.
Then He ceased from prayer, and came
Again unto the temple, and went in,
And all the people gathered to His words,
Breathless and mute with awe, the while He sate
Teaching.
But while the sweet and solemn sound,
The words of Him who spake as never man
Spake, or shall speak, filled every listening soul
With wisdom that is life, a throng of Scribes
And Pharisees came hasting through the doors,
And haling a fair woman towards His place,
Set her before Him in the midst.
She was
Indeed most fair, and young, and innocent
To look upon. Alas! that such as she
So should have fallen!
Pale she stood, and mute,
Her large, soft eyes, that wont to swim in light,
Burning with tearless torture; cheek and brow
Whiter than ashes, or the snow that dwells
On Sinai. Thus she stood, a little space,
Gazing around with a bewildered glare
That had no speculation in't—
Then sank
In her disordered robes, a shapeless heap,
At a tall pillar's base, her face concealed
In the coarse mufflings of her woollen gown,
And the redundance of her golden hair
Part fairly braided, part in wavy flow
Dishevelled, over her bare shoulders spread,
Purer than alabaster—nought beside
Exposed, save one round arm the bashful face
With slinderest fingers hiding, while the drops
Oozed through them slow and silent—she wept now,
When none beheld her!—and one rosy foot,
Unsandalled, peering from the ruffled hem
Of her white garb—all else a drifted mass
Of draperies heaving like the ocean's swell,
To that unspoken agony within,
Which rent her bosom, unsuspect of man,
But seen of the All-seeing.
Up they spake—
"Master, this woman in the act was ta'en
Sinning. Now Moses taught us in the law,
That whoso doeth thus shall surely die,
Stoned by the people—But what sayest thou?"
Thus said they, tempting Him, that they might have
Of sin to accuse the sinless.
Jesus stooped,
Silent, and with His finger on the ground
Traced characters, as though He heard them not;
But when they asked again importunate,
He raised Himself in perfect majesty,
Calm, and inscrutable, reading their souls
With that deep eye to which all hearts are known,
From which no secrets can be hidden.
Then,
"He that is here, among you, without sin,"
He said, "let him first cast a stone at her."
Then stooped He again, and on the ground
Wrote as before.
A mighty terror fell
On those which heard it, in their secret souls
Convicted. One by one they slunk away,
The eldest first, as guiltiest, to the last,
Till none were left, but Jesus in the midst
Standing alone, and at the column's base,
The woman grovelling like a trampled worm:
They two were in the temple—but they two,
Of all the crowd that thronged it even now—
The sinful mortal, and her sinless God.
When Jesus had arisen, and beheld
That none were left of all, save she alone;
"Woman," He said unto her, "Woman, where
Be now those thine accusers? Hath no man
Condemned thee?"
And she answered, "No man, Lord."
"Neither do I"—Jesus replied to her—
"Condemn thee. Go, and sin no more."
And she
Arose, and went her way in sadness; and
The grace of Him, to whom the power is given
To pardon sins, sank down into her soul,
Like gentle dew upon the drooping herb,
That under that good influence blooms again,
And sent its odors heavenward—

And perchance
There was great joy above, in those bright hosts
Who more rejoice o'er one that was a slave
To sin and hath repented, than o'er ten
So just that they have nothing to repent.
Henry W. Herbert.

3098. ADVENT, Approaching.
Revelations xxii : 20.

He is coming; and the tidings
Are rolling wide and far;
As light flows out in gladness,
From yon fair morning-star.

He is coming; and the tidings
Sweep through the willing air,
With hope that ends forever
Time's ages of despair.

Old earth from dreams and slumber
Wakes up and says, Amen;
Land and ocean bid Him welcome,
Flood and forest join the strain.

He is coming; and the mountains
Of Judea ring again;
Jerusalem awakens,
And shouts her glad Amen.

He is coming; wastes of Horeb,
Awaken and rejoice!
Hills of Moab, cliffs of Edom,
Lift the long silent voice!

He is coming, sea of Sodom,
To heal thy leprous brine,
To give back palm and myrtle,
The olive and the vine.

He is coming, blighted Carmel,
To restore thy olive bowers.
He is coming, faded Sharon,
To give thee back thy flowers.

Sons of Gentile-trodden Judah,
Awake, behold, He comes!
Landless and kingless exiles,
Re-seek your long-lost homes.

Back to your ancient valleys
Which your fathers loved so well,
In their now crumbled cities
Let their children's children dwell.

Drink the last drop of wormwood
From your nation's bitter cup;
The bitterest, but the latest,
Make haste and drink it up.

For He thy true Messiah,
Thine own anointed King,
He comes, in love and glory,
Thy endless joy to bring.

Yes, He thy King is coming
To end thy woes and wrongs,
To give thee joy for mourning,
To turn thy sighs to songs;

To dry the tears of ages,
To give thee, as of old,
The diadem of beauty,
The crown of purest gold;

To lift thee from thy sadness,
To set thee on the throne,
Messiah's chosen nation,
His best-beloved one.

The stain and dust of exile
To wipe from thy weary feet;
With songs of glorious triumph
Thy glad return to greet.
Horatius Bonar.

3099. ADVENT, Prayer for the.
Revelations xxii : 20.

The Church has waited long,
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still, in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps, a mourner yet.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

Saint after saint on earth
Has lived and loved and died;
And, as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

The serpent's brood increase,
The powers of hell grow bold,
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.
How long, O Lord our God!
Holy and true and good, [Church,
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering
Her sighs and tears and blood?
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now we share Thy grace.
Should not the loving bride
Her absent bridegroom mourn?
Should she not wear the signs of grief
Until her Lord return?
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come?

The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice,
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!
Horatius Bonar.

3100. ADVENT, Suddenness of the.

Matthew xxiv : 37–39.

Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,
O earth! shall that last coming burst on thee,
That second coming of the Son of man.
When all the cherub-throning clouds shall shine,
Irradiate with His bright advancing sign:
When that Great Husbandman shall wave His fan,
Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away:
Still to the noontide of that nightless day,
Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain.
Along the busy mart and crowded street,
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
And marriage feasts begin their jocund strain:
Still to the pouring out the cup of woe;
Till earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
And mountains molten by His burning feet,
And heaven, His presence own, all red with furnace heat.

The hundred-gated, cities, then,
The towers and temples, named of men,
Eternal, and the thrones of kings;
The gilded summer palaces,
The courtly bowers of love and ease,
Where still the bird of pleasure sings:
Ask ye the destiny of them?
Go gaze on fallen Jerusalem!
Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll,
'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is unfurled,
The skies are shrivelled like a burning scroll,
And the vast common doom ensepulchres the world.

Oh! who shall then survive?
Oh! who shall stand and live?
When all that hath been is no more:
When for the round earth hung in air,
With all its constellations fair,
In the sky's azure canopy:
When for the breathing earth, and sparkling sea,
Is but a fiery deluge without shore,
Heaving along the abyss profound and dark,
A fiery deluge, and without an ark.

Lord of all power, when Thou art there alone
On Thy eternal fiery-wheeled throne,
That in its high meridian noon
Needs not the perished sun nor moon:
When Thou art there in Thy presiding state,
Wide-sceptred monarch o'er the realm of doom:
When from the sea depths, from earth's darkest womb,
The dead of all the ages round Thee wait:
And when the tribes of wickedness are strewn
Like forest leaves in the autumn of Thine ire:
Faithful and true Thou still wilt save Thine own!
The saints shall dwell within th' unharming fire,
Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm.
Even safe as we, by this still fountain's side,
So shall the church, Thy bright and mystic bride,
Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of calm.
Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,
O'er us the rainbow of Thy mercy shines,
We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
Almighty to avenge, Almightiest to redeem!

H. H. Milman.

3101. ADVENT, The First.

Luke ii : 8–14.

Of old at midnight's starry prime
When rose the guiding Light of time,
The angels from their twilight clime
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

On Bethlehem's haunted fields divine
The shepherds saw the glory shine,
And heard their voices, clear and fine,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Sing, angels! greet the listening ear
With strains so heavenly sweet to hear,
And usher in the golden year
Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Welcome! glad time of jubilee!
Thou prosp'rous reign of charity!
A happier place this world will be,
With "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Then words of gall, and looks of hate,
And stormy wrath, and fierce debate,
A genial warmth shall dissipate,
With "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

And men shall leave their fields of blood,
And children cease to pine for food,
When all in holiest brotherhood
Have "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

The simplest word the soul can speak
To ease a heart about to break,
Will spoken be for His dear sake
Who giveth "Peace . . . good-will to men."

A light shall shine in sorrow's eyes,
Like radiance of the morning skies;
And heart with heart shall sympathize,
With "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Our words and deeds on hearts of gloom
Shall fall like flowers of sweet perfume;
And Eden's bowers again shall bloom,
'Mid "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Arthur John Lockhart.

3102. ADVENT, Waiting for the Second.

Isaiah xxi: 11.

The Advent morn shines cold and clear,
These Advent nights are long;
Our lamps have burned year after year,
And still their flame is strong.
Watchman, what of the night? we cry,
Heartsick with hope deferred:
No speaking signs are in the sky,
Is still the watchman's word.

The porter watches at the gate,
The servants watch within;
The watch is long betimes, and late,
The prize is slow to win:
Watchman, what of the night? But still
His answer sounds the same;
No daybreak tops the utmost hill,
Nor pale our lamps of flame.

One to another, hear them speak,
The patient virgins wise:
Surely He is not far to seek,
All night we watch and rise;
The days are evil looking back,
The coming days are dim;
Yet count we not His promise slack,
But watch and wait for Him.

One with another, soul with soul,
They kindle fire from fire;
Friends watch us who have touched the goal;
They urge us, Come up higher!
With them shall rest our way-sore feet,
With them is built our home,
With Christ—they sweet, but He most sweet,
Sweeter than honeycomb.

There no more parting, no more pain;
The distant ones brought near;
The lost so long are found again—
Long lost, but longer dear:
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
Nor heart conceived, that rest:
With them, our good things long deferred;
With Jesus Christ, our best.

We weep, because the night is long;
We laugh, for day shall rise;
We sing a slow contented song,
And knock at Paradise:
Weeping, we hold Him fast, who wept
For us; we hold Him fast,
And will not let Him go except
He bless us first or last.

Weeping, we hold Him fast to-night;
We will not let Him go,
Till daybreak smite our wearied sight,
And summer smite the snow.
Then figs shall bud, and dove with dove
Shall coo the livelong day;
Then He shall say, Arise, my love!
My fair one, come away!

Christina G. Rossetti.

3103. ADVENT, Waiting for the Second.

What of the night, watchman, what of the night?
The wintry gale sweeps by,
The thick shadows fall, and the night-bird's call
Sounds mournfully through the sky.

The night is dark, it is long and drear,
But who, while others sleep,
Is that little band, who together stand,
And their patient vigils keep?

All awake is the strained eye,
And awake the listening ear:
For their Lord they wait, and watch at the gate
His chariot-wheels to hear.

Long have they waited—that little band,
And ever and anon
To fancy's eye the dawn seemed nigh,
The night seemed almost gone.

And often, through the midnight gale,
They thought they heard at last
The sound of His train, and they listened again,
And the sound died away on the blast.

Ages have rolled, and one by one
Those watchers have passed away;
They heard the call on their glad ear fall,
And they hastened to obey.

And in their place their children stand,
And still their vigils keep,
They watch and pray for the dawn of day,
For this is no time for sleep.

What of the night, watchman, what of the night?
Though the wintry gales sweep by,
When the darkest hour begins to lower
We know that the dawn is nigh.

Courage, ye servants of the Lord,
The night is almost o'er;
Your Master will come and call you home,
To weep and to watch no more.

3104. ADVENT, Watching for the.

Matthew xxiv: 42.

Rejoice, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
The darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon will He draw nigh:
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning;
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go, meet Him as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

Oh! wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher
Till in your jubilations,
Ye meet the angel-choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand,
Up, up, ye heirs of glory,
The Bridegroom is at hand!

Our hope and expectation
O Jesus, now appear:
Arise, Thou Sun so looked for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with Thee!

3105. ADVENTS, Two.

He came not with His heavenly crown, His sceptre clad with power:
His coming was in feebleness, the infant of an hour;
An humble manger cradled, first, the Virgin's holy birth,
And lowing herds companioned there the Lord of heaven and earth.

He came not in His robe of wrath, with arm outstretched to slay,
But on the darkling paths of earth to pour celestial day;
To guide in peace the wandering feet, the broken heart to bind;
And bear, upon the painful cross, the sins of human kind.

Yet once again Thy sign shall be upon the heavens displayed,
And earth and its inhabitants be terribly afraid;
For not in weakness clad Thou com'st our woes, our sins, to bear,
But girt with all Thy Father's might, His vengeance to declare.

The terrors of that awful day, oh! who shall understand?
Or who abide when Thou in wrath shalt lift Thy holy hand?
The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar, the sun in heaven grow pale,
But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change, Thy faithful will not fail.

Then grant us, Saviour! so to pass our time in trembling here,
That when upon the clouds of heaven Thy glory shall appear,
Uplifting high our joyful heads in triumph we may rise,
And enter, with Thine angel train, Thy temple. in the skies!

Bishop Doane.

3106. AFFLICTION, Solace in.

Thou sweet hand of God that woundst my heart,
Thou makest me smile while Thou makest me smart;
It seems as if God were at ball-play—and I,
The harder He strikes me, the higher I fly.

I own it: He bruises, He pierces me sore.
The hammer and chisel affect me no more.
Shall I tell you the reason? It is that I see
The Sculptor will carve out an angel from me.

I shrink from no suffering, how painful soe'er,
When once I can feel that my God's hand is there;
For soft on the anvil the iron shall glow,
When the smith with his hammer deals blow after blow.

God presses me hard, but He gives patience too,
And I say to myself, "'Tis no more than my due;"
And no tone from the organ can swell on the breeze
Till the organist's fingers press down on the keys.

So come, then, and welcome, the blow and the pain;
Without them no mortal can heaven attain;
For what can the sheaves on the barn floor avail
Till the thresher shall beat out the chaff with his flail?

'Tis only a moment God chastens with pain,
Joy follows on sorrow like sunshine on rain;
Then bear thou what God on thy spirit shall lay,
Be dumb; but when tempted to murmur, then pray.

From the German.

3107. AGONY, The.

Luke xxii: 44.

O soul of Jesus, sick to death!
Thy blood and prayer together plead;
My sins have bowed Thee to the ground,
As the storm bows the feeble reed.

Midnight, and still the oppressive load
Upon Thy tortured heart doth lie;
Still the abhorred procession winds
Before Thy spirit's quailing eye.

Deep waters have come in, O Lord!
All darkly on Thy human soul;
And clouds of supernatural gloom
Around Thee are allowed to roll.

The weight of the eternal wrath
Drives over Thee with pressure dread;
And, forced upon the olive roots,
In deathlike sadness droops Thy head.

Thy spirit weighs the sins of men;
Thy science fathoms all their guilt;
Thou sickenest heavily at Thy heart,
And the pores open—blood is spilt.

And Thou hast struggled with it, Lord!
Even to the limit of Thy strength,
While hours, whose minutes were as years,
Slowly fulfilled their weary length.

And Thou hast shuddered at each act,
And shrunk with an astonished fear,
As if Thou couldst not bear to see
The loathsomeness of sin so near.

Sin and the Father's anger! they
Have made Thy lower nature faint;
All save the love within Thy heart,
Seemed for the moment to be spent.

My God! My God! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts,
Than of the wind that waves the bough?

I sin, and heaven and earth go round
As if no dreadful deed were done,
As if Christ's blood had never flowed
To hinder sin, or to atone.

I walk the earth with lightsome step,
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,
Do my own will, nor ever heed
Gethsemane and Thy long prayer.

Shall it be always thus, O Lord?
Wilt Thou not work this hour in me
The grace Thy passion merited,
Hatred of self and love of Thee.

Ever when tempted, make me see,
Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade,
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised.
And bleeding, on the earth He made.

And make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sins there were,
That was to Him who bears the world
A load that He could scarcely bear!

F. W. Faber.

3108. AGRIPPA, Indecision of.

Acts xxvi : 28.

"Almost persuaded" now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive;
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way;
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call."

"Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear:
O wanderer! come.

"Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost—*but lost!*"

P. P. Bliss.

3109. AGRIPPA, Paul and.

"Believest thou the prophets?"—Acts xxvi : 27, 28.

Who believes the prophets true
Will he not Paul believe?
Will he not his Saviour too
Into his heart receive?
Faith which leads us to the skies
In faith historical begins;
Faith Divine the blood applies
That blots out all our sins.

Jesus' messenger at last
Brings home the pointed word,
Seizes, holds the sinner fast
A captive for his Lord;
See, the vanquished monarch see!
He bows to a superior power,
Sinks as one who must agree,
And can resist no more.

Poor Agrippa! but almost
Persuaded to embrace
Him who saves the sinner lost,
And offers all His grace!
Grace and Christ almost to gain
Is quite to miss the deathless prize;
Take another step—and then
Thy soul's in paradise.

Partner of the heavenly hope,
In the good work begun
Do not with Agrippa stop,
But now with Paul go on;
Full consent to Jesus yield,
With all thy heart to Jesus given,
His, entirely His, and filled
With the pure light of heaven.

J. and C. Wesley.

3110. AGRIPPA, Paul before.

The son of Herod sate in regal state
Fast by his sister-queen, and 'mid the throng
Of supple courtiers and of Roman guards
Gave solemn audience. Summoned to his bar,
A prisoner came, who, with no flattering tone,
Brought incense to a mortal. Every eye
Questioned his brow, with scowling eagerness,
As there he stood in bonds. But when he spoke
With such majestic earnestness, such grace
Of simple courtesy—with fervent zeal
So boldly reasoned for the truth of God,
The ardor of his heaven-taught eloquence
Wrought in the royal bosom, till its pulse
Responsive trembled with the new-born hope
"Almost to be a Christian."

So he rose,
And with the courtly train swept forth in pomp.
"Almost!"—and was this all, thou Jewish prince?
Thou listener to the ambassador of Heaven—
"Almost persuaded!" Ah! hadst thou exchanged
Thy trappings and thy purple for his bonds
Who stood before thee; hadst thou drawn his hope
Into thy bosom even with the spear
Of martyrdom—how great had been thy gain!

And ye, who linger while the call of God
Bears witness with your conscience, and would fain
Like King Agrippa follow, yet draw back
Awhile into the vortex of the world,
Perchance to swell the hoard which Death shall sweep
Like driven chaff away, 'mid stranger hands—
Perchance by pleasure's deadening opiate lulled
To false security, or by the fear
Of man constrained, or moved to give your sins
A little longer scope—beware! beware!
Lest that dread "almost" shut you out from heaven.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

3111. AHAB, Death of.

By robe or plume or equipage of king
All undistinguished, he eludes the eyes
Of captains bent to o'erpower him or surprise;
When lo! an arrow from an unknown string
Drawn at a venture, on swift, silent wing
Right to a crevice in his armor flies.
God's word of doom had fallen, and no disguise,
No power or wisdom could a respite bring.
So in life's battle-field for each and all,
Or soon or late, the cloud of doom will lower,
But not at random will God's arrows fall:
What though concealed from man the place and hour,
Enough that all has been arranged by Him
Whose eyes for us with mortal mists were dim.

R. Wilton.

3112. AHAB, Death of.

1 Kings xxii: 34, 35.

Bowman in the ranks of battle,
Deem not thine a bootless post,
Though thou, 'mid the din and rattle,
Art but one amid a host;
For an arrow from thy quiver
May be destined for an end,
Which shall serried squadrons shiver,
And the hearts of heroes rend.

Draw thy bow in earnest, bowman,
As an archer for the prize;
Yonder, as a private foeman,
Rides a monarch in disguise:
Fill thy bow with arrow gleaming,
Polished with a master's art,
For thy barb, howe'er unseeming,
May transfix that monarch's heart.

Draw thy bow, then, though at venture,
As a hero in the van;
Waver not through fear of censure,
Draw it boldly like a man;
For a shaft with will projected,
Stealing stealthy in the dark,
May as sure as shaft directed
Go unerring to its mark.

Draw thy bow, but not behind thee,
Though it be a random shot;
Firmly at the post assigned thee,
Face the foe and falter not:
Send the leaping arrow singing
Through the dim and dusty air,
Nothing doubting but its winging
May a fated message bear.

Draw thy bow, but ere the arrow
Feels the string's impulsive force,
Up to Him who guides the sparrow
On her viewless, airy course,
Lift in silence a petition,
That the shaft at venture sent,
May not on its random mission
Be in fruitless effort spent.

Draw thy bow in comprehension
Of the issues that may hinge;
Draw it to its utmost tension,
Till the bow and barb impinge;
For thine arrow's fateful sending
May the tide of battle turn,
And a kingdom's fate be pending
On the glory it may earn.

Oliver Crane.

3113. AMORITES, The Fall of the.

Joshua x: 6–14.

"Rise from thy sleep! rise from thy sleep!"
Through Israel rang the words of fear;
"The Amorites round Gibeon sweep;
Rise, Joshua! master of the spear!"

The chieftain from his slumber sprang,
He heard the panting herald's tale;
The trumpet through the mountain rang,
'Twas answered by the clash of mail!

On moved the tribes, like ocean's wave,
A rapid, dark, resistless tide;
No torch its guiding lustre gave,
No shout disclosed their march of pride.

Down through the flowery vale they rushed,
Up through the thunder-shattered hill;
Till on the night red splendor gushed,
And wailed the hostile war-horns shrill.

Ten thousand camp-fires lit the plain;
There lay the city of despair;
And there the foe, bold, bloody, vain,
An unfleshed lion in his lair.

Morn dawned; the boundless plain below
Teemed with the fiery charioteer,
The iron mace, the twanging bow,
A harvest of the shield and spear.

Still on the mount, a dazzling cloud,
Hung Israel, till the sign was given;
There the mailed head and banner bowed,
There rose the mighty hymn to heaven.

Twas done—the pagan taunt replied;
Then from the hill the trumpet pealed,
Burst the deep column down its side,
Swept king and vassal, crown and shield.

All day around the leaguered wall
Whirled Israel the unwearied sword;
Triumphed and slew, till twilight's pall
Fell on the flying heathen horde.

Then Joshua turned: a prophet's might
Was in the chief's dilated eye;
His form was clothed in sudden light;
He gazed upon the darkening sky.

"Sun, stand thou still!" The orb stood still:
New glory burned around his throne:
"And stand, thou moon, upon thy hill!"
In silvery pomp shone Ajalon.

Night was like day! Through Gibeon's band
No longer shall those horsemen ride;
Their blood is on its farthest strand,
So die the heathen homicide. *Pollio.*

3114. ANDREW.

Mark xiii : 3.

Oh that, ere death shall close my eyes in sleep,
I might behold that Galilean deep,
Sun-gilded waves, and hill-embosomed strand,
Where Andrew dwelt with his fraternal band!
Andrew, who saw and heard the Living Word,
And came, and then brought Peter to the Lord:
Andrew, next added to that favored three,
Schooled in Christ's lore upon their native sea.

Blest sight! to see those heights which round them closed,
When holy eyes on their dark shapes reposed;
To watch those gales which came upon the deep,
When in that hold their Lord was laid asleep;
To see those rocks where dwelt their thoughts of home,
And 'neath that glowing firmament to roam,
Move on the sea they moved, and there behold
The moon and stars which they beheld of old!

But ah, far more, when death has closed my eyes,
Might I but see, beyond those eastern skies,
By Andrew led, where, round our Saviour's feet,
The holy twelve in sweet communion meet
In their last haven, on that stable shore,
Beside that crystal sea for evermore!
Isaac Williams.

3115. ANDREW AND HIS CROSS.

O holy cross, on thee to hang
At Jesus' side and feel the sweet,
And taste aright each healing pang, [meet?
What saint, what virgin martyr e'er was

Two only of His own found grace
The very death He died to die.
Joyful they rushed to thine embrace,
And angel choirs, half-envying, waited by.

Joyful they speed; but how is this?
Why doubt they yet, in Jesus' power
To grasp their crown of hard-won bliss?
Well have ye fought; why faint in victory's hour?

Two brothers' hearts were they, the first
Who shone as stars in Jesus' band,
For thee in prayer and fasting nursed,
And bearing the dread cross! from land to land.

And now, in wondrous sympathy,
When thou art nearer, fain to draw
These who had yearned so long for thee,
Shrink from thy touch, and hide their eyes for awe.

He who denied—he dares not scale
With forward step thy holy stair.
Best for his giddy heart and frail, [there.
In humblest penance to hang downward

And he that saintly elder meek,
Wont, of old time, to find and bring
Brother or friend with Christ to speak,
As worthier to behold the heart-searching King:

Ah! little brooked his lowly heart
Such glorious crown should him reward.
He sought the way with duteous art,
To change his cross, yet suffer with his Lord.

He sought and found; and now, where'er
St. Andrew's holy cross we see,
In royal banner blazoned fair,
Or in dread cipher, Holiest Name of Thee,

A martyred form we may discern, [meet
There bound, there preaching: Image
Of One uplifted high, to turn
And draw to Him all hearts in bondage sweet.

And as we gaze, may He impart
The grace to bear what He shall send;
Yet stay the rash, self-pleasing heart,
Too forward with His cross our penal woe
to blend. *John Keble.*

3116. ANGELS, Defended by.
2 Kings xvi : 13-18.

Swords of fire around us play,
Shafts of flame around us fly;
Though no lightnings glare by day,
Though no meteor cross the sky.

In the sunniest summer noon
There is war amid the calm;
In the loveliest beaming moon,
Adverse spirits working harm.

Fallen man to slay in soul
Is the prize for which they fought;
Counter warrior charges roll,
Demons dark with angels bright.

The swift artillery of heaven
Passes round us every hour,
Though to man it be not given
While on earth to see its power.

Yet the prophet's servant saw,
When the Syrian host assailed,
Every heavenly warrior
And bright encampment all unveiled.

So from yonder distant sky
All the conflict we shall view;
Turn and see the dangers fly,
And praise the God that led us
through. *James Edmeston.*

3117. ANGELS, Song of the.

Hark! hark! with harps of gold
What anthem do they sing?
The radiant clouds have backward rolled,
And angels smite the string.
"Glory to God!"—bright wings
Spread glistening and afar,
And on the hallowed rapture rings
From circling star to star.

"Glory to God!" repeat
The glad earth and the sea;
And every wind and billow fleet
Bears on the jubilee.
Where Hebrew bard hath sung,
Or Hebrew bard hath trod,
Each holy spot has found a tongue:
"Let glory be to God."

Soft swells the music now
Along that shining choir,
And every seraph bends his brow
And breathes above his lyre.
What word of heavenly birth
Thrill deep our hearts again,
And fall like dew-drops to the earth?
"Peace and good-will to men."

Soft! yet the soul is bound
With rapture like a chain:
Earth, vocal, whispers them around,
And heaven repeats the strain.
Sound, harps, and hail the morn
With every golden string;
For unto us this day is born
A Saviour and a King!
E. H. Chapin.

3118. ANGELS, The Ministry of.
Hebrews i : 14.

Which of the petty kings of earth
Can boast a guard like ours,
Encircled from our second birth
With all the heavenly powers?
Myriads of bright cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.

With them we march securely on,
Thoughout Immanuel's ground,
And not an uncommissioned stone,
Our sacred feet shall wound;
No enemy shall our souls ensnare,
No casual evil grieve,
Nor can we lose a single hair
Without our Father's leave.

Angels, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide;
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.
A sudden thought to escape the blow,
A ready help we find;
And to their secret presence owe
The presence of our mind.

Their instrumental aid unknown
They day and night supply;
And free from fear we lay us down;
Though Satan's hosts be nigh.
Our lives the holy angels keep
From every hostile power;
And unconcerned we sweetly sleep,
As Adam in his bower.

Jehovah's charioteers surround,
The ministerial choir
Encamp where'er his heirs are found,
And form our wall of fire:
Ten thousand offices unseen
For us they gladly do,
Deliver in the lion's den
And safe escort us through.

But thronging round with busiest love,
They guard the dying breast;
The lurking fiends far off remove,
And sing our souls to rest.
And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretched wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms divine,
And leave forever there.
Chas. Wesley.

3119. ANGELS, The Service of.
Daniel 9 : 21.

Like an arrow through the air,
Or the fountain flow of light,
Ministering angels fair
Cleave the deep of night:
Quick as thought's electric glow,
Down into earth's chambers dark,
Fire-wheels running to and fro,
Like the eye of God, they dart;
Watching o'er the earth's green bound,
Searching all in cities round.

Flitting, flitting, ever near thee,
Sitting, sitting, by thy side,
Like your shadow, all unweary,
Angel legions guard and guide—
Mantle, with their wing, your heart,
As a mother folds her child;
Light, in cloud pavilions dark,
Shielding from the tempest wild;
Silent as the moonlight creeping,
Viewless as the ether breath,
Round the weary head when weeping,
Soothing with the peace of death.
Star-like shoots each holy one
With sword of temper bright,
Casting the Almighty shield
Round the heir of light.

Miss M. P. Aird.

3120. APOSTLES, Commission of the.
Mark xvi : 15, etc. Matthew xxviii : 18, etc.

"Go, preach My gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth My grace receive;
He shall be saved that trusts My word;
He shall be damned that won't believe.

"I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove My gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

"Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
Go cast out devils in My name;
Nor let My prophets be afraid [pheme.
Though Greeks reproach and Jews blas-

"Teach all the nations My commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in My hands;
I can destroy, and I defend."

He spake, and light shone round His head;
On a bright cloud to heaven He rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

Isaac Watts.

3121. APOSTLES, Triumphs of the.
Acts v : 12-15.

The twelve holy men are gathered in prayer,
The psalm mounts on high, the Spirit descends;
A keen silent thrilling is round them in air,
A power from The Highest in thought and word blends.

They pass by the way, to sight poor and mean;
How glorious the train that streams to and fro!
The blind, dumb, halt, withered by hundreds are seen;
The prisoners of Satan lie chained where they go.

O lay them but where the shadow may fall
Of Christ's awful saint, to prayer as he speeds;
The mighty love-token all fiends shall appall;
A gale breath from Edom assuaging all needs.

Or bring where they lie, Paul's girdle or vest:
One touch and one word; the pain fleets away,
The dark hour of frenzy is charmed into rest:
The hem of Christ's garment all creatures obey.

Christ is in His saints: from Godhead made man
The virtue goes out the whole world to bless;
O'er lands parched and weary that shadow began
To spread from Saint Peter, and ne'er shall grow less.

John Keble.

3122. ARK, Capture of the.
1 Samuel iv : 1-11; v : 1-10.

"Mourn, for the land is desolate,
The glory hath departed;
Mourn, for the Holiest hath left
His chosen broken-hearted!"

So sung the melancholy train
Of Judah's fairest daughters,
When Hophni and his brother fell
By Jordan's rolling waters!

'Twas there the star of Eli set:
The holiest of the holy,
By hands profane, polluted stood;
How mad their impious folly!

Borne from its sacred resting-place,
The Ark of Mercy, guarded
With reeking blades—for palms of peace,
The doom of death awarded.

Yes! round the rocky coasts and vales
Of Palestine, a wailing
Was heard throughout the gloomy night,
Life's purple fountain's failing.

The sun went down in splendor there,
And left no trace of sorrow;
How wan he rose above the flood
Upon that fearful morrow!

The beaming eye low-quenched in death,
The brow of beauty shaded;
The lip, whence Love his music flung,
Cold silence now pervaded.

The temple where the idol stands,
With ghastly shapes surrounded;
The temple reels—its thousand priests
Lie low, abashed, confounded.

High from his shaken pedestal
The impious god is falling,
His plague-struck ministrants, alas!
In vain for mercy calling.

David Mallock.

3123. ARMAGEDDON.

Revelation xvi: 16.

The day of God's great battle
Is breaking on the world;
The day when right shall conquer might,
And wrong to hell be hurled.
The storms that shook earth's midnight
Lower, though their reign is done,
And ghastly clouds, in blood-red shrouds,
Are struggling with the sun.

The voice of God Almighty,
A trumpet-blast sublime,
Peals out on high through all the sky,
And startles every clime;
And lo! through all the nations,
Where'er the watchword flies,
O'er hill, and plain, and ocean main,
The mustering millions rise!

I see the mighty gathering
Of uncomputed bands;
Prophet and sage, from every age,
The living of all lands;
And glorious hosts of martyrs,
For God and Freedom slain,
From dust revive, start up alive,
And mingle on the plain!

The great and good, the heroes
Who toil and die for man,
From every land illustrious stand,
And tower along the van;
Not all in earth's high places,
Not all the sons of fame,
But all well known before God's throne,
And called by Christ's own name.

No arms have all these millions,
No sword, nor spear, nor shield;
But mightier far the weapons are
With which they win the field;
For Truth, and Love, and Labor
Are more than shield or sword;
And they shall stand at God's right hand
Who conquer by His Word.

But see! another army
Is mustering for the fight,
And earth and hell its numbers swell
In dark and wrathful might;
The hosts of Gog and Magog,
And armies of the air,
Demons, and ghouls, and damnèd souls
That rave in fierce despair.

Kings of the earth, old despots
Who long have bruised mankind,
And long withstood with chains and blood
The chainless march of mind;
And dire, gigantic systems
Of error blind and hoar,
On Christian land new-marshalled stand,
And threat the world once more.

And oh, woe! woe! to mortals!
For Satan, in great wrath,
From war in heaven by Michael driven,
Descends in lightning scath;
And all his dragon-angels,
A vengeful cloud and vast,
In fury fly through all the sky,
And swell the blackening blast.

But short shall be his triumph,
For lo! heaven's gates unfold,
And hosts of light, on steeds of white,
March down the streets of gold;
And at their head, o'ercircled
By million arching wings
Flaming all sides, majestic rides
The conquering "King of kings!"

And lo! the great archangels,
With cohorts bright and fair
Of cherubim and seraphim,
Come marching down the air!
And far o'er plain and mountain,
O'er many a field and flood,
Wide o'er the world now floats unfurled
The banner stained with blood.

Up! up! ye saints of Jesus,
And make your vestments white;
And girt with flame, in God's great name,
Urge on earth's final fight!
That ensign o'er you flying
Must never, never fall,
Till Christ shall reign o'er earth and main,
Saviour and Lord of all.

O blissful age! It hastens!
It looms in light afar,
And darts a ray of heavenly day
O'er wrong, and woe, and war.
O joy! O martyred brothers,
Your great reward appears!
Up! live! and reign with Christ again
A thousand golden years!

George Lansing Taylor.

3124. ARMAGEDDON, The Day After.

Ezekiel vii: 14.

'Tis the summons to battle!
But the cry is unheard;
The trumpet has spoken,
Not a warrior has stirred.

Hark, the summons to battle!
It has sounded again;
Still louder and keener:
It has sounded in vain.

Yet a third time and shriller
That war-note has blown;
But the answer that cometh
Is the echo alone.

'Tis the silence of silence!
Tower, tent, vale, and hill,
Field, forest, and highway,
All soundless and still!

No challenge is lifted,
No signal unfurled;
'Tis man's dark hour of terror,
The awe of the world.

For the arm of Jehovah
Has been bared in its might,
And the sword of His vengeance
Has been burnished to smite.

Through the ridges of battle
His ploughshare has sped;
And the tents of the living
Are the tombs of the dead.

The rude roar of millions
Is hushed in an hour;
The array of the mighty
Is crushed in its power.

'Twas man's proudest muster
Of sinew and steel:
His army of armies,
Mail-clad to the heel.

No sun had e'er dawned on
So fearful a day,
No trumpet had marshalled
So dread an array.

As if earth, in her frenzy,
From each region afar
Had poured forth her nations
For the shock of that war.

In the flush of their manhood,
In the bud of their prime,
In veteran ripeness,
The men of each clime

Came thronging and rushing,
Like rivers in flood,
Defying the terrors
And vengeance of God.

For the ruler of darkness,
The God of this world,
Had summoned his armies,
His banner unfurled.

As the storm-cloud it gathered,
As the lightning it sped,
As the mist it has vanished—
All is still as the dead.

Like the desert at midnight,
Not a breath nor a beam;
'Tis the silence of silence,
The dream of a dream.

Now, chains for the spoiler!
Dark and swift be his doom!
Thou hast trodden the nations,
Thy treading is come!

Earth, cease now thy wailing,
Thy wounds bleed no more;
Lo, the curse is departing,
Thy sorrows are o'er!

Rise, daughter of Judah;
Awake now and sing;
It has come, the glad kingdom,
He has come, the great King.

Thy long night is ending
Of sorrow and wrong;
For shame there is glory,
For weeping a song.

The new morn is dawning,
Bursts forth the new sun;
The new verdure is smiling,
The new age is begun.

Horatius Bonar.

3125. ASCENSION, Christ's.

Acts i: 9.

He is gone—we heard Him say,
"Good that I should go away:"
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone His present grace;
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be—
No! His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

He is gone—towards their goal
World and church must onward roll;
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead
He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before,
In the heaven of heavens the same
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare:
In that world, unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone—but, not in vain,
Wait until He comes again:
He is risen, He is not here;
Far above this earthly sphere:
Evermore in heart and mind,
Where our peace in Him we find,
To our own Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

A. P. Stanley.

3126. ASCENSION, Glory of the.

holiday in heaven!—glad jubilee
Was held by festal throngs, and joyously
The grand outringing chorals of the skies
Were bursting with ten thousand harmonies.
The massy gates of light were open thrown,
In welcome, to a lofty, conquering One.
Down the long arches of the skies, on wing,
The glittering angels silent poised, to bring
The tidings of His first approach, and hail
Him welcome to the skies, and bear the tale
To myriads, round the throne on high,
Expectant of returning Deity.
There had been royal days in heaven of old,
When sweet-voiced angels with their lyres of gold
Ascribed new honors to the kingly One,
As world on world was added to His throne;
But never scene like this, with joy elate,
Did angel host in concourse celebrate.

On thrones, within the throne, that gorgeous rise,
O'erhung with radiant golden canopies,
High seraphs wait, with royal honors due,
When they shall hail the coming retinue.
But hark! the glad exalting tidings break
The silence; boundless seas of song awake.
"He comes! He comes!! The King of glory comes!!!"
Peals through the lofty arches, and high domes
Of heaven. Now loudly bursts the joyful cry,
"Lift up, ye gates!" a welcome to the sky;
"Enter for aye! the King of glory in,
The mighty in battle, and strong to win!
Be lifted up! ye everlasting doors!
Welcome His feet, ye bright and crystal floors!"
The mighty Victor enters with His train,
And brings the trophies of His blood and pain;
He beareth jewels, from the sands of Time,
And brilliants, rescued from the seas of crime.
He leads captivity a captive in,
And holds the keys of death and hell and sin.
Within His hands are dark and mournful scars,
But on His brow are radiant, flashing stars.
He reascends the throne, and far and wide
Resound the honors of the "Crucified."
His native heaven is jubilant with song,
And choral hosts tell of His triumphs long;
The Embassy of love a world hath won,
And Christ is King; His royal reign begun
Shall be the joy of endless years.

Dwight Williams.

3127. ASCENSION, Hymn of the.

A hymn of glory let us sing;
New songs throughout the world shall ring;
By a new way none ever trod,
Christ mounteth to the throne of God.

The apostles on the mountain stand-
The mystic mount, in Holy Land;
They, with the Virgin-mother, see
Jesus ascend in majesty.

The angels say to the eleven:
"Why stand ye gazing into heaven?
This is the Saviour—this is He!
Jesus hath triumphed gloriously!"

They said the Lord should come again,
As these beheld Him rising then,
Calm soaring through the radiant sky,
Mounting its dazzling summits high.

May our affections thither tend,
And thither constantly ascend,
Where, seated on the Father's throne,
Thee reigning in the heavens we own!

Be Thou our present joy, O Lord!
Who wilt be ever our reward;
And, as the countless ages flee,
May all our glory be in Thee!

Joseph of the Studium, tr. by J. M. Neale.

3128. ASCENSION, The.

Ps. xxiv: 7-10.

Our Lord is risen from the dead:
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

There His triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims those mansions as His right:
Receive the King of glory in.

Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord that all His foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

Lo, His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord of glorious power possessed,
The King of saints and angels, too,
God over all, forever blessed.

Charles Wesley.

3129. ASCENSION, Triumph of the.

Hosanna to the Prince of light,
Who clothed Himself in clay;
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And conquered all our foes.

See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to His Father flies!
With scars of honor in His flesh,
And triumph in His eyes.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down
From the right hand of Majesty,
On the celestial throne.

Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach this blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise!
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise!

Isaac Watts.

3130. ATHENS, Paul Preaching in.
Acts xvii : 16–22.

Greece! hear that joyful sound,
A stranger's voice upon thy sacred hill;
Whose tones shall bid the slumbering nations round
Wake with convulsive thrill.
Athenians! gather there; he brings you words
Brighter than all your boasted lore affords.

He brings you news of One
Above Olympian Jove; One in whose light
Your gods shall fade like stars before the sun.
On your bewildered night, [dream,
That unknown God, of whom ye darkly
In all His burning radiance shall beam.

Behold, he bids you rise
From your dark worship at that idol shrine;
He points to Him who reared your starry skies,
And bade your Phœbus shine. [bow;
Lift up your souls, from where in dust you
That God of gods commands your homage now.

But brighter tidings still!
He tells of One whose precious blood was spilt
In lavish streams upon Judea's hill,
A ransom for your guilt; [chain;
Who triumphed o'er the grave and broke its
Who conquered death and hell, and rose again.

Sages of Greece! come near—
Spirits of daring thought and giant mould.
Ye questioners of time and nature, hear
Mysteries before untold!
Immortal life revealed! light for which ye
Have tasked in vain your proud philosophy.

Searchers for some first cause [One,
'Midst doubt and darkness—lo! he points to
Where all your vaunted reason, lost, must
And faint to think upon— [pause,
That was from everlasting, that shall be
To everlasting still, eternally.

Ye followers of him
Who deemed his soul a spark of Deity!
Your fancies fade, your master's dreams grow dim
To this reality.
Stoic! unbend that brow, drink in that sound!
Sceptic! dispel those doubts, the Truth is found.

Greece! though thy sculptured walls
Have with thy triumphs and thy glories rung,
And through thy temples and thy pillared halls
Immortal poets sung,
No sounds like these have rent your startled air;
They open realms of light, and bid you enter there.

Anne C. Lynch.

3131. ATONEMENT COMPLETED.
John xix . 30.

"It is finished!" All is done
As the Eternal Father willed;
Now His well-beloved Son
Hath His generous word fulfilled;
Even he who runs may read
Here accomplished what was said,
That the woman's promised seed
Yet should bruise the serpent's head!

"It is finished!" Needs no more
Blood of heifer, goat, or ram;
Typical, in days of yore,
Of the one incarnate Lamb!
Lamb of God! for sinners slain,
Thou the curse of sin hast braved;
Braved and born it—not in vain:
Thou hast died—and man is saved.

"It is finished!" Wrath of man
Here hath wrought and done its worst;
Still subservient to His plan,
Greatest, Wisest, Last, and First!
God shall magnify His praise
By that very act of shame;
And through hatred's hellish ways,
He shall glorify His name.

"It is finished!" From the tree
Where the Lord of Life hath died,
His attendant mourners, see,
Gently lower The Crucified!
With a sister's tender care,
With a more than brother's love,
Manhood, womanhood are there,
Truth's devotedness to prove.

"It is finished!" By the veil
Of the temple, rent in twain;
By the yet more fearful tale
Of the dead uprisen again;

By that dense and darkened sky,
By each rent and rifted rock,
By that last expiring cry,
Heard amid the earthquake's shock!

"It is finished!" Bear away
To the garden-tomb its dead:
Boast not, Death! thy transient prey;
Watchers! vain your nightly tread;
"*Shining ones*" are there who wait
Till their Lord shall burst His prison,
To ascend in glorious state:
"IT IS FINISHED!" CHRIST HATH RISEN.
Bernard Barton.

3132. BAAL, Prophets of.
1 Kings xviii : 17–40.

"Ye prophets of Baal! let an offering be laid
On the altar which you to your idol have made;
Let an offering be laid on the altar I rear
To the Lord that I worship, the Lord that I fear.
Pray ye to your god, while to my God I pray
For the fire of His power to consume it away,
And let Him, the Omnipotent, who hath bestowed
The boon we request, be acknowledged as God."

When Elijah had spoken, an offering was laid
On the altar which they to their idol had made;
And the prophets of Baal to devotion were given
From the morn till the noon, from the noon till the even;
But the voice of their prayer passed like winds of the sky
That blow o'er the desert, and bring no reply;
And they smote them with lancets, and leaped in despair,
But the god of their worship was deaf to their prayer.

"Ye prophets of Baal! cry aloud, cry aloud!
Perhaps he is wrapt in his thoughts like a cloud!
Cry aloud, cry aloud with your voices of woe,
Perhaps he is now in pursuit of his foe!
Cry aloud, cry aloud, like a trumpet of war,
Perhaps he is gone on some journey afar!
Cry aloud, cry aloud, in your agony deep,
Perhaps he is laid on his pillow of sleep!"

When Elijah had spoken, an altar was reared
To the Lord that he worshipped, the Lord that he feared;
And he bowed him in prayer, and the fire was bestowed,
And the God of his sires was acknowledged as God.
And the prophets of Baal, who had offered in vain,
Were led to the banks of the Kishon and slain;
For the God of their worship appeared not to save
The blood of the heathen that crimsoned the wave.
Wm. Knox.

3133. BABEL AND PENTECOST.
Genesis xi : 7; Acts ii : 11.

Stately on Shinar's ancient plain
Uprose a mighty thought in stone;
The thinkers scoffed in pure disdain
Of forces mightier than their own.
Full many a moon had waxed and waned,
Full many a brain and hand had striven,
To pile a tower, which, unrestrained
By bound or bar, should smite the heaven.

For Thought had brooded calm and long,
And grew of its own offspring proud;
And Labor brought his sinews strong,
And Art her children cunning-browed;
And deathless Will and deathless Pride
Bade scorn the earth and brave the sky,
Till they, who all their peers outvied,
Should now with their Creator vie.

Then came the injured Godhead down,
And cursed them with an alien speech;
And from the thunder of His frown
Afar they wandered, each from each.
But in the curse a blessing lurked:
From baffled language nations grew,
And thus the wrath of Heaven hath worked
The purpose of its mercy too.

Years rolled away. Three empires vast
Had queened and faded, one by one;
A fourth had reached its prime, and cast
The purple of its setting sun;
When, as a whirlwind from the north
Awes the bowed forest in its ire,
Twelve chosen men came boldly forth,
With hearts of faith and "tongues of fire."

No haughty Cæsars from their thrones
With cohort fierce and lictor's rod;
These have no weapons, save the tones
Of voices strong with words of God.
But to men's hearts those voices leap,
And pierce through all their guarded lies,
Till, like a world aroused from sleep,
They feel the baptism of the skies.

They come from far—from sunny shores,
Which o'er the proud Ægean smile;
From regions where th' Orontes pours
Through the rich plain for many a mile;
A motley crowd of diverse name!
But on each startled listener rung,
Impetuous from the lips of flame,
God's wonders in his native tongue.

Thus Love can every doom reverse,
Restore the good long mourned as lost,
E'en as the ancient Babel's curse
Died at the breath of Pentecost.
And teeming brain and lissom hand,
By breath of heavenly grace controlled,
May work and win at God's command,
More than the builders dreamt of old.

O for the lambent fire to fall,
To purge the vile, the weak to nerve!
So when the clarion-voices call
We shall be meet to build or serve.
Come, Holy Ghost! with cleansing power,
When thou from pride our hearts hast shriven,
Then, blameless, we may rear the tower,
Whose topmost stone shall reach to heaven. *W. Morley Punshon.*

3134. BABEL, Ruins of.
Genesis xi : 8.

Since all that is not heaven must fade,
Light be the hand of ruin laid
Upon the home I love;
With lulling spell let soft decay
Steal on, and spare the giant sway,
The crash of tower and grove.

Far opening down some woodland deep
In their own quiet glade should sleep
The relics dear to thought,
And wild-flower wreaths from side to side
Their waving tracery hang, to hide
What ruthless Time has wrought.

Such are the visions green and sweet,
That o'er the wistful fancy fleet
In Asia's sea-like plain;
Where slowly, round his isles of sand,
Euphrates through the lonely land
Winds toward the pearly main.

Slumber is there, but not of rest;
There her forlorn and weary nest
The famished hawk has found,
The wild dog howls at fall of night,
The serpent's rustling coils affright
The traveller on his round.

What shapeless form, half lost on high,
Half seen against the evening sky,
Seems like a ghost to glide
And watch, from Babel's crumbling heap,
Where in her shadow, fast asleep,
Is fallen imperial Pride?

With half-closed eye a lion there
Lies basking in his noontide lair,
Or prowls in twilight gloom.
The golden city's king he seems,
Such as in old prophetic dreams
Sprang from rough ocean's womb.

But where are now his eagle wings,
That sheltered erst a thousand kings,
Hiding the glorious sky
From half the nations, till they own
No holier name, no mightier throne?
That vision is gone by.

Quenched is the golden statue's ray,
The breath of Heaven has blown away
What toiling earth had piled,
Scattering wise heart and crafty hand,
As breezes strew on ocean's sand
The fabrics of a child.

Divided thence through every age,
Thy rebels, Lord, their warfare wage,
And hoarse and jarring all
Mount up their heaven-assailing cries
To thy bright watchmen in the skies
From Babel's shattered wall.

Thrice only since, with blended might
The nations on that haughty height
Have met to scale the heaven;
Thrice only might a seraph's look
A moment's shade of sadness brook—
Such power to guilt was given.

Now the fierce bear and leopard keen
Are perished as they ne'er had been;
Oblivion is their home.
Ambition's boldest dream and last
Must melt before the clarion blast
That sounds the dirge of Rome.

Heroes and kings, obey the charm,
Withdraw the proud, high-reaching arm;
There is an oath on high,
That ne'er on brow of mortal birth
Shall blend again the crowns of earth,
Nor in according cry

Her many voices mingling own
One tyrant lord, one idol throne;
But to His triumph soon
He shall descend, who rules above,
And the pure language of His love
All tongues of men shall tune.

Nor let Ambition heartless mourn;
When Babel's very ruins burn,
Her high desires may breathe;
O'ercome thyself, and thou mayst share
With Christ His Father's throne, and wear
The world's imperial wreath.
John Keble.

3135. BABEL, The Tower of.
Gen. xi : 4.

Far in the Eastern wild, begirt by sands,
A rugged pile, like some grim giant, stands:
Rude stones, that once, perchance, with beaming grace,
Had glowed in statues, strew its circling base;
Though crushed the halls that Time's dread secrets keep,
Still, stage on stage, the crumbling platforms sweep:

High on its brow a dark mass rears its form,
Defying ages, mocking fire and storm:
Struck by a thousand lightnings, still 'tis there,
As proud in ruin, haughty in despair.
O oldest fabric reared by hands of man!
Built ere Art's dawn on Europe's shores began!
Rome's mouldering shrines, and Tadmor's columns gray,
Beside yon mass, seem things of yesterday!
In breathless awe, in musing reverence, bow,
'Tis hoary Babel glooms before you now;
The tower at which the Almighty's shaft was hurled,
The mystery, fear, and wonder of the world!
Nicholas Michell.

3136. BABYLON, Belshazzar's Feast in.

'Twas here, beneath this dark and silent mound,
Where ages heap their nameless wrecks around,
That he, the last great king, before his fall,
Spread his famed feast, and lit his gorgeous hall.
Oh, ne'er in Babylon did blaze a sight
More richly grand, magnificently bright!
Bearing his crown, and dressed in robe of state,
High on his throne of gold Belshazzar sate.
In shining robes, and stretching far away,
Like billows quivering 'neath the sunset ray,
Chiefs, nobles stood, the red lamps flashing o'er
The golden chains and purple robes they wore;
In gilded galleries damsels, too, were seen,
Like night thickset with stars, their jewels' sheen,
With rose-crowned locks, white hands, and radiant eyes,
Too fair for earth, too earthly for the skies.

The banquet speeds; the harp and psaltery sound,
And all is splendor, joy, enchantment round.
Wreathed with rich flowers, and crowned with rosy wine,
The golden cups from Salem's temple shine.
Joined by his chiefs, the exulting monarch drinks,
Nor at thy voice, condemning conscience! shrinks,
But mocks the Hebrews' God, and, with vain boast,
Extols their Bel, and Heaven's unnumbered host.
'Twas then, while pleasure held each heart in thrall,
A sudden light illumed the pillared hall;
No lamp, no earthly fire, could pour such beams—
From sun or comet no such splendor streams.
Up sprang the king, and backward swayed the crowd;
Mute was the harp, and hushed their laughter loud.
See! where in flame, yet dazzling, strong and clear,
That shadowy hand doth trace its words of fear!
It writes!—the king still stands with lips apart,
While terror's thrill runs shivering to his heart;
It writes!—and all veil there, in dread amaze,
Their dazzled eyes from that portentous blaze!

No sage was found to read those words of flame,
Till he, the exile, Salem's prophet, came.
He stood before them all, with noble mien,
Bold as unshrinking, lofty as serene.
Age marked his brow, but in his deep clear eye
Still burned the fire of glorious days gone by.
So hushed each voice, that hall appeared a tomb,
He stretched his hand, and spoke the monarch's doom!
Yes, on that night the foe, whose hosts in vain
Had fought so long those stately towers to gain,
Bowed deep Euphrates from his wonted course,
Poured to the city's heart with whirlwind force,
Slew the last king; Assyria's rule was o'er!
And Babylon, the mighty, was no more!
Nicholas Michell.

3137. BABYLON, By the Waters of.
Psalms cxxxvii : 1.

But on before me swept the moonlit stream
That had entranced me with his memories,
A thousand battles, and one burst of psalms,
Rolling his waters to the Indian sea
Beyond Balsara, and Elana far,
Nigh to two thousand miles from Ararat,
And his full music took a finer tone,
And sang me something of a gentler stream
That rolls forever to another shore,
Whereof our God Himself is the sole sea,
And Christ's dear love the pulsing of the tide,
And His sweet Spirit is the breathing wind.
Something it chanted, too, of exiled men,
On the sad bank of that strange river, Life,
Hanging the harp of their deep heart-desires
To rest upon the willow of the Cross,
And longing for the everlasting hills,
Mount Zion, and Jerusalem of God.
And then I thought I knelt, and kneeling heard
Nothing—save only the long wash of waves,
And one sweet psalm that sobbed forevermore.
William Alexander.

3138. BABYLON, Desolate.

Isaiah xiii : 20.

Where, oh! where is Babylon?
The crown is off her brow,
And the queen that ruled o'er many lands
Is untiarad now!

Say where is haughty Babylon,
The home of golden towers?
The serpent hisses in her halls,
The dragon in her bowers!

Where is the proud destroyer now?
All desolate and lorn,
A mouldering monument she stands,
To sate the eye of scorn!

Where is the sceptred city, where?
The bittern's hollow cry
Re-echoes round the reedy marsh
Where broken columns lie!

Where, where is haughty Babylon?
The deep pool mantles o'er,
With silent wave, her gorgeous domes;
Babylon is no more!

David Mallock.

3139. BABYLON, Doom of.

Jeremiah i : 23.

How trembled prostrate Babylon
That dread war-cry to hear,
When foeman's hands her rampart won,
And mocked each dreaming seer!
Mysterious writing had unrolled
The downfall of her throne;
The doom of other lands he told:
He could not read his own.

Fallen are her halls, her palaces,
The chambers of her kings;
And left a howling wilderness,
Where the night demon sings.
Here lies, to desolation given,
All that was bright and fair;
The tower "whose top should reach to heaven,"
Its relics moulder there.

From "age to age her stream hath kept"
Its joyous course along;
Its banks, as when the Hebrews wept,
Are echoless to song:
And he who asked the captive's lay
Of old by Babel's stream,
Is now as desolate as they;
His land, like theirs, a dream.

For lo! Heaven's cleaving curse, foreshown,
Hath swept the peopled land;
Chaldea's pride and Salem's throne
Have felt an equal hand.
But Judah! yet shall happier days
Break on that night of thine;
And brighter than the noontide blaze,
Thy evening star shall shine.

But o'er that city of the day
The hope of morning never
Shall dawn; a home for beasts of prey,
Forever and forever:
Never to hear man's busy hum,
Or echo to his tread;
While Desolation walks the dumb,
Drear city of the dead.

Here, where in pride the monarch dwelt,
Where slaves their homage paid,
While to the sun the Magian knelt,
And the Chaldean prayed;
Alike the sunshine and the cloud,
The calm, the tempest's sweep;
No ray so bright, no voice so loud
To break that iron sleep. *H. W. J.*

3140. BABYLON, Fallen.

Jeremiah li : 37–43.

Fallen is stately Babylon,
Her mansions from the earth are gone;
Forever quenched, no more her beam
Shall gem Euphrates' voiceless stream.
Her mirth is hushed, her music fled,
All save her very name is dead;
And the lone river rolls his flood
Where once a thousand temples stood.

Queen of the golden East! afar
Thou shon'st, Assyria's morning-star!
Till God, by righteous anger driven,
Expelled thee from thy place in heaven.
For false and treacherous was thy ray,
Like swampy lights that lead astray;
And o'er the splendor of thy name
Rolled many a cloud of sin and shame.

Forever fled thy princely shrines,
Rich with their wreaths of clustering vines;
Priest, censer, incense—all are gone
From the deserted altar-stone.
Belshazzar's halls are desolate,
And vanished their imperial state;
E'en as the pageant of a dream
That floats unheard on memory's stream.

Fallen is Babylon! and o'er
The silence of her hidden shore,
Where the gaunt satyr shrieks and sings,
Hath mystery waved his awful wings.
Concealed from eyes of mortal men,
Of angels' more pervading ken,
The ruined city lies o'erthrown,
Her site to all but God unknown.

3141. BABYLON, Prophecy of.

Revelation xviii.

Then came from heaven a mighty angel down;
The sky was kindled, and the dusky earth
Grew bright as at the rising of the sun.
And with a strong voice mightily he cried,
"Great Babylon is fallen, is fallen—is fallen!

And is the hold of unclean spirits become;
The habitation of the things of hell!
All nations of her wickedness have drunk,
And been defiled. Come, my people, forth
From out of her, that ye share not of her sins,
And that ye burn not with her plagues. For, lo!
Her wickedness hath reached unto heaven;
God hath remembered her iniquities.
Therefore, in one day shall her plagues be sent—
Famine, and death, and mourning; and with fires
Shall she be burnt out utterly. And the kings
That have partaken of her wickedness,
Standing far off, shall look upon her smoke,
Bewailing, and lamenting her, and cry,
'Great Babylon! alas! great Babylon!
Alas! that mighty city, Babylon!
For in one hour thy judgment is come down!'
"The merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn,
Standing far off for terror of her torment,
And cry, 'Alas! alas! great Babylon!
Thou mighty city, in fine linen clothed,
Purple, and scarlet; decked with gold and pearls,
And precious stones! for in one hour thy wealth
Is come to nought! what city was like thee,
Thou mighty city!' Then upon their heads
Shall they cast dust, and weep, and wail, and cry,
'Alas for that great city! whereby all
That traded on the sea in ships grew rich,
By reason of her costliness! Alas!
For in one hour is she made desolate!'"
Then, wrathfully, a mighty angel grasped
A rock, and lifted it, and to the sea
Cast it far out. The waters dashed the clouds,
And the deep sea was bared. And as he threw,
Thus, with a terrible voice, cried he, and said,
"Even so with violence shall great Babylon
Be to the earth thrown down, and found no more!
The sound of harpers and of trumpeters,
Of pipers and of singers, shall no more
Be heard in thee at all. The craftsman's hand
Shall toil in thee no more; the chariot-wheel,
The snorting steed, shall shake thy streets no more.
Thy walls no more shall echo to the laugh
Of drunken revellers; no more, no more,
Thy kings shall come from conquest of thy foes;
The voice of bridegrooms and of brides shall be
Heard never more at all within thy gates.
In thee th' Arabian shall not pitch his tent,
Nor shall the shepherd make in thee his fold,
But wild beasts of the desert shall lie in thee;
Thy houses shall be full of doleful things;
Owls in thy temples, serpents in thy halls,
And dragons in thy pleasant palaces.
For by thy sorceries was the earth deceived,
And in thee was the blood of prophets found,
Of saints, and all that on the earth were slain!"
Edwin Atherstone.

3142. BABYLON, Ruins of.
Isaiah xiii : 21.

The many-colored domes
Yet wore one dusky hue;
The cranes upon the mosque
Kept their night-clatter still,
When through the gate the early traveller passed.
And when, at evening, o'er the swampy plain
The bittern's boom came far,
Distinct in darkness seen
Above the low horizon's lingering light,
Rose the near ruins of old Babylon.

Once from her lofty walls the charioteer
Looked down on swarming myriads; once she flung
Her arches o'er Euphrates's conquered tide,
And through her brazen portals when she poured
Her armies forth, the distant nations looked
As men who watch the thunder-cloud in fear,
Lest it should burst above them. She was fallen!
The queen of cities, Babylon, was fallen!
Low lay her bulwarks; the black scorpion basked
In the palace-courts; within the sanctuary
The she-wolf hid her whelps.
Is yonder huge and shapeless heap, what once
Hath been the aërial gardens, height on height
Rising like Media's mountains crowned with wood,
Work of imperial dotage? Where the fame
Of Belus? Where the golden image now,
Which at the sound of dulcimer and lute,
Cornet and sackbut, harp and psaltery,
The Assyrian slaves adored?
A labyrinth of ruins, Babylon
Spreads o'er the blasted plain;
The wandering Arab never sets his tent
Within her walls; the shepherd eyes afar
Her evil towers, and devious drives his flock.
Alone unchanged, a free and bridgeless tide,
Euphrates rolls along,
Eternal nature's work.
Robert Southey.

3143. BABYLON, Story of.

Many a perilous age hath gone
Since the walls of Babylon
Chained the broad Euphrates' tide,
Which the great king in his pride
Turned, and drained its channel bare;
Since the towers of Belus square,
Where the solid gates were hung
That on brazen hinges swung,
Mountain-sized, arose so high
That their daring shocked the sky.

Famous city of the earth,
What magician gave thee birth?
What great prince of sky or air
Built thy floating gardens fair?
Thee the mighty hunter founded;
Thee the star-wise king surrounded
With thy mural girdle thick
Of the black bitumen brick—
Belus, who was Jove, the god:
He who each bright evening trod
On thy marble streets, and came
Downwards like a glancing flame,
Love-allured, as fables tell.
But the last who loved thee well
Was the king whose amorous pride
(All to please his Median bride)
Fenced thee round and round so fast,
That, while the crumbling earth should last,
Thou, he thought, shouldst be, and Time
Should not spoil thy look sublime.

He is gone, whose spirit spoke
To him in a golden dream:
He who saw the future gleam
On the present, and awoke
Troubled in his princely mind,
And bade his magicians blind
From their eyelids strip the scale,
And translate his hidden tale:
He is gone; but ere he died
He was tumbled from his pride,
From his Babylonian throne,
And cast out to feed alone,
Like the wild ox and the ass,
Seven years on the sprinkled grass.
He is dead: his impious deeds
Are on the brass; but who succeeds?

Over Babylon's sandy plains
Belshazzar the Assyrian reigns.
A thousand lords at his kingly call
Have met to feast in a spacious hall,
And all the imperial boards are spread
With dainties whereon the monarch fed.
Rich cates and floods of the purple grape:
And many a dancer's serpent shape
Steals slowly upon their amorous sights,
Or glances beneath the flaunting lights:
And fountains throw up their silver spray,
And cymbals clash, and the trumpets bray
Till the sounds in the arched roof are hung;
And words from the winding horn are flung:
And still the carvèd cups go round,
And revel and mirth and wine abound.

But night has o'ertaken the fading day;
And Music has raged her soul away:
The light in the bacchanal's eye is dim;
And faint is the Georgian's wild love-hymn.
"Bring forth" (on a sudden spoke the king,
And hushed were the lords, loud-rioting)—
"Bring forth the vessels of silver and gold,
Which Nebuchadnezzar, my sire, of old
Ravished from proud Jerusalem;
And we and our queens will drink from them.
And the vessels are brought, of silver and gold,
Of stone, and of brass, and of iron old,
And of wood, whose sides like a bright gem shine,
And their mouths are all filled with the sparkling wine.
Hark! the king has proclaimed with a stately nod,
"Let a health be drunk out unto Baal, the god."
They shout and they drink: but the music moans,
And hushed are the reveller's loudest tones:
For a hand comes forth, and 'tis seen by all
To write strange words on the plastered wall!
The mirth is over; the soft Greek flute
And the voices of women are low, are mute;
The bacchanals' eyes are all staring wide;
And where's the Assyrian's pomp of pride?—
That night the monarch was stung to pain:
That night Belshazzar, the king, was slain!

Many a silent age the prow
Of untiring Time, dividing
Years and days, and ever gliding
Onwards, has passed by: and now,
Where's thy wealth of streets and towers?
Where thy gay and dazzling hours?
Where thy crowds of slaves, and things
That fed on the rich breath of kings?
Where thy laughter-crownèd times?
Thou art—what?—a breath, a fame,
In the shadow of thy name
Dwelling, like a ghost unseen;
Grander than if laurels green
Or the massy gold were spread,
Crown-like, upon thy great head:
Mighty in thy own undoing,
Drawing a fresh life from ruin
And eternal prophecy:
Thou art gone, but cannot die.
Like a splendor from the sky
Through the silent ether flung,
Like a hoar tradition hung
Glittering in the ear of Time,
Thou art, like a lamp sublime,
Telling from thy wave-worn tower
Where the raging floods have power,
How ruin lives, and how time flies,
And all that on the dial lies.

Bryan Waller Procter.

3144. BABYLON, The Fall of.

But louder yet the heavens shall ring,
And brighter gleam each seraph's wing,
When doomed of old by every prophet's lyre,
Theme of the saints' appealing cry,

While underneath the shrine they lie—
Proud Babel in her hour sinks in her sea of fire.

While worldlings from afar bemoan
The shattered antichristian throne,
The golden idol bruised to summer dust—
"Where are her gems? her spices, where?
Tower, dome, and arch, so proud and fair:
Confusion is their name—the name of all earth's trust."

The while for joy and victory
Seers and apostles sing on high,
Chief the bright pair who rest in Roman earth:
Fallen Babel well their lays may earn,
Whose triumph is when souls return,
Who o'er relenting pride take part in angels' mirth. *John Keble.*

3145. BABYLON, War against.
Jeremiah l : 11-27.

"War against Babylon!" shout we around,
Be our banners through earth unfurled;
Rise up, ye nations, ye kings, at the sound:
"War against Babylon!" shout through the world.
O thou that dwellest on many waters,
Thy day of pride is ended now,
And the dark curse of Israel's daughters
Breaks, like a thunder-cloud, over thy brow!
War, war, war against Babylon!

Make bright the arrows, and gather the shields,
Set the standard of God on high;
Swarm we, like locusts, o'er all her fields,
"Zion" our watchword, and "vengeance" our cry!
Woe! woe! the time of thy visitation
Is come, proud land; thy doom is cast,
And the black surge of desolation
Sweeps o'er thy guilty head at last!
War, war, war against Babylon! *Thomas Moore.*

3146. BABYLON, Weeping by the Rivers of.

We sate down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
Made Salem's high places his prey;
And ye, O her desolate daughters!
Were scattered, all weeping, away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
Which rolled on in freedom below,
They demanded the song; but, oh never
That triumph the stranger shall know!
May this right hand be withered forever
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

On the willow that harp is suspended,
O Salem! its sound should be free;
And the hour when thy glories were ended
But left me that token of thee:
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me! *Lord Byron.*

3147. BABYLON, Woe upon.
Isaiah xiii : 1-22.

O lift ye the banner on high o'er the mountain,
Let the trumpet be loud and the scimitar keen;
For Babel shall fall as a drop from the fountain,
And leave not a trace where her glories have been.

The prince from his hall and the serf from his labor
Shall gird on their mail, and wave high the war sword;
But the hand shall relax from its grasp of the sabre,
And the heart shall grow faint in the wrath of the Lord

The moon in her light and the sun in his splendor
Shall hide their pure ray from the proud city's fall;
While thick clouds of mist and of darkness attend her,
And night wraps her streets like a funeral pall.

For the Medes from the north like a whirlwind shall gather,
And Babylon yield to the might of the brave;
While the young blooming bride and the gray-headed father
Shall lay their heads low in the dust of the grave.

Her halls shall be still, and their pavements be gory,
Not a sound heard of mirth or of revelling there;
But the pride of the Chaldees, the boast of their glory,
Extinguished like Sodom, be blasted and bare.

On the spot where thou raisest thy front, mighty nation,
Shall the owl have his nest, and the wild beast his den;
Thy courts shall be desert, thy name Desolation,
Now the tyrant of cities, the jest of them then! *G. Woods.*

3148. BALAK AND BALAAM.
Numbers xxii 41; xxiii : 1-12.

Upon the hill the prophet stood,
King Balak, in the rocky vale;
Around him, like a fiery flood,
Flashed to the sun his men of mail.

'Tis morn—'twas noon—the sacrifice
Still rolled its sheeted flame to heaven,
Still on the prophet turned their eyes;
Nor yet the fearful curse was given.

'Twas eve—the flame was feeble now,
Was dried the victim's burning blood.
The sun was sinking broad and low.
King Balak by the prophet stood.

"Now, curse, or die!" The echoing roar
Around him like a tempest came;
Again the altar streamed with gore,
And flushed again the sky with flame.

The prophet was in prayer; he rose,
His mantle from his face was flung;
He listened, where the mighty foes
To heaven their evening anthem sung.

He saw their camp, like sunset clouds,
Mixed with the desert's distant blue;
Saw on the plain their marshalled crowds,
Heard the high strain their trumpets blew.

"Young lion of the desert sand,"
Burst from his lips the prophet-cry,
"What strength before thy strength shall stand?
What hunter meet thee, but to fly?

"Come, heaven-crowned lord of Palestine,
Lord of her plain, her mountain throne;
Lord of her olive and her vine:
Come, king of nations, claim Thine own.

"Be Israel cursed!" was in his soul,
But on his lip the wild words died;
He paused, till night on Israel stole;
Still was the fearful curse untried.

Now wilder on his startled ear,
From Moab's hills and valleys dim,
Rose the fierce clash of shield and spear,
Rose the mad yells of Baalim.

"How shall I curse whom God hath blest?
With whom He dwells, with whom shall dwell?"
He clasped his pale hands on his breast;
"Then be thou blest, O Israel!"

A whirlwind from the desert rushed,
Deep thunders echoed round the hill.
King, prophet, multitude, were hushed!
The thunders sank, the blast was still.

Broad on the east, a newborn Star,
On cloud, vale, desert, poured its blaze.
The prophet knew the Sign afar,
And on it fixed his shuddering gaze.

"I shall behold Him—but not now;
I shall behold Him—but not nigh.
He comes, beneath the Cross to bow,
To toil, to triumph, and to die.

"All power is in His hand; the world
Is dust beneath His trampling heel.
The thunder from His lips is hurled,
The heavens beneath His presence reel.

"He comes a stranger to His own;
With the wild bird and fox He lies.
The King, who makes the stars His throne,
A wanderer lives, an outcast dies!

"Lost Israel! on thy diadem
What blood shall for His blood be poured?
Torn from the earth, thy royal stem,
Victim of famine, chain, and sword."

The prophet paused in awe: the Star
Rose broader on the boundless plain,
Flashing on Balak's marshalled war,
On mighty Israel's farthest vane.

And sweet and solemn echoes flowed,
From harps of more than mortals given,
Till in the central cope it glowed,
Then vanished in the heights of heaven!

George Croly.

3149. BARNABAS, Consecration of.
Acts iv : 36, 37.

See here an apostolic priest,
Commissioned from the sky,
Who dares of all himself divest,
The needy to supply!
A primitive example rare
Of gospel poverty,
To feed the flock his only care,
And like his Lord to be.

Jesus, to us apostles raise,
Like-minded pastors give
Who, freely may dispense Thy grace
As freely they receive;
Who, disengaged from all below,
May earthly things despise,
And every creature good forego
For treasure in the skies.

J. and C. Wesley.

3150. BARNABAS, The Apostle.
Acts iv : 36.

The world's a room of sickness, where each heart
Knows its own anguish and unrest;
The truest wisdom there, and noblest art,
Is his who skills of comfort best;
Whom by the softest step and gentlest tone
Enfeebled spirits own,
And love to raise the languid eye,
When, like an angel's wing, they feel him fleeting by:

Feel only—for in silence gently gliding
Fain would he shun both ear and sight,
'Twixt prayer and watchful love his heart dividing,
A nursing father day and night.
Such were the tender arms where cradled lay,
In her sweet natal day,

The Church of Jesus; such the love
He to His chosen taught for His dear
widowed Dove.

Warmed underneath the Comforter's safe
wing,
They spread the endearing warmth around
Mourners, speed here your broken hearts to
bring,
Here healing dews and balms abound;
Here are soft hands that cannot bless in vain,
By trial taught your pain;
Here loving hearts that daily know [stow.
The heavenly consolations they on you be-

Sweet thoughts are theirs, that breathe se-
renest calms,
Of holy offerings timely paid,
Of fire from heaven to bless their votive alms
And passions on God's altar laid. [shine
The world to them is closed, and now they
With rays of love divine,
Through darkest nooks of this dull earth
Pouring, in showery times, their glow of
"quiet mirth."

New hearts before their Saviour's feet to lay,
This is their first, their dearest joy:
Their next, from heart to heart to clear the
For mutual love without alloy: [way
Never so blest as when in Jesus' roll
They write some hero-soul;
More pleased upon his brightening road
To wait, than if their own with all his ra-
diance glowed.

O happy spirits, marked by God and man
Their messages of love to bear,
What though long since in heaven your
brows began
The genial amaranth wreath to wear,
And in the eternal leisure of calm love
Ye banquet there above,
Yet in your sympathetic heart [a part.
We and our earthly griefs may ask and hope

Comfort, true sons! amid the thoughts of
That strew your pillow of repose, [down
Sure 'tis one joy to muse how ye unknown
By sweet remembrance soothe our woes,
And how the spark ye lit of heavenly cheer
Lives in our embers here,
Where'er the Cross is borne with smiles,
Or lightened secretly by love's endearing
wiles.

Where'er the Levite in the temple keeps
The watch-fire of his midnight prayer,
Or issuing thence, the eyes of mourners steeps
In heavenly balm, fresh gathered there;
Thus saints, that seem to die in earth's rude
Only win double life: [strife,
They have but left our weary ways
To live in memory here, in heaven by love
and praise. *John Keble.*

3151. BARNABAS, The Apostle.

Acts xi: 22-26.

Of him the sacred record saith
He was a good man, full of faith,
Who, by the Holy Spirit led,
Rejoiced to see the Gospel spread:

Spread by the saints where'er they went
From martyrdom to banishment;
The Cross through every region bore,
And more oppressed, prevailed the more.

From doomed Jerusalem cast forth,
Eastward and westward, south and north,
On fertile field and barren clod
They sowed the seed, the Word of God.

To heathen Antioch, when they came,
And first received their Master's name,
They gloried in it, and bequeathed
The inheritance to all that breathed:

To all that breathed by second birth,
Children of God, though sons of earth;
For "Christians," Christians such shall be
Till time becomes eternity.

Well then might Barnabas rejoice,
And aid the work with heart and voice;
For though by earth and hell assailed,
The truth grew mighty and prevailed.
James Montgomery.

3152. BARABBAS.

John xviii: 40.

Barabbas, in his prison cell,
Gazed on the heavens fair,
And saw the paschal moon ascend
In night's empurpled air.
The hours crept on; with awe and dread
He waited for the morn;
He heard at last the soldier's tread,
And saw the bolt withdrawn.

"Barabbas," so the soldier spake,
I bring thee news of grace,
For Christ, the man of Nazareth,
To-day shall take thy place.
Without the gate shall Jesus bear
The cross prepared for thee,
Go thou to the atoning feast!"
The man of crime went free.

Barabbas saw the darkened earth
When came the hour of noon,
And slept in peace when Jesus wept
Beneath the paschal moon.
O man of sin! in thee I see
Myself redeemed by grace;
The blood-stained cross that rose for thee
Took every sinner's place.
Hezekiah Butterworth.

3153. BARTIMEUS.

Luke xviii : 35-40.

Then Jesus called
His twelve disciples unto Him, and said,
"Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, [be
Where all that prophets have foretold shall
Fulfilled." None knew whereof He spake,
for it
Was hid from them; but simply trusting Him
For all things that should be, they followed
Him.
I think all nature must have worn a smile
Of gladness on that day; the smallest bird
Have carolled forth its heaven-taught song
of joy;
With quiet, folded arms the trees have bowed
In adoration as the Lord passed by.
And everywhere came weary souls for whom
No rest had ever come, and empty hands
Stretched out towards Him who never turned
From lowliest prayers. [away
But in the midst of all
This harmony, beside the way there sat
A beggar, blind. No hint of beauteous
things
E'er reached his sightless eyes; no ray of
light
Had ever rent the deep, black veil that
wrapped
Its dusky folds about his life and made
His day as dark as starless night.
But from
Afar the sound of coming feet was borne
To him, and set his heart a-quivering
For fear, the while he asks, "What means
the crowd?
Oh, is there danger near?" Then one replied,
"Jesus of Nazareth is passing by."
Amid the throng none saw the look of joy
That flashed across his face, none knew the
throb
Of hope that leaped within his breast, for
each
Intent upon his own designing plans
Paid little heed. They heard his cry, "O
Christ
Hear Thou my prayer!" And one, the fore-
most of
Them all, rebuked the man and bade him hold
His peace.
But sooner might the wildwood flower
Refuse to blossom when the spring-time
comes,
Or singing bird forget its song, than that
These darkened years should fail to find
their voice.
And all the stifled moaning of his life,
The longing and the waiting for a joy
That never came, burst forth in that one
long
And pleading cry, "O Son of David, have
Thou mercy now on me!"
Above the noise
And tumult of the multitude, the prayer
Reached Jesus' ears. And suddenly a hush
Fell over the crowd, and even Nature held
Her breath as Jesus said, "Bring him to
Me!"
Obedient to His call, with trembling steps
He came, and at the Saviour's feet bowed low.
Could he have seen the smile that shone upon
Christ's face, and known 'twas meant for
him, it would
Have struck within his heart so grand a
chord
As would have filled his darkest day with
glad,
Sweet joy. He heard the low, clear voice
demand,
"What wilt thou I should do?" And all his
fear
Departed then, and he replied, "O Lord,
If but I may receive my sight!"

On his drooping head lay the Master's hand,
Through the dusk of his life-long night,
E'en as sunlight scatters the mist away,
Shone the welcome "Receive thy sight!"

As the rosy door of the morn swings wide
At the touch of the king of day,
So the shrouded eyes felt the hand divine,
And the shadows were rolled away.

Then the soul's barred windows were open
thrown,
And the light from the Saviour's face
Such a glorious gleam through the darkness
As no sorrow could ever efface. [sent,

Clara Bemis.

3154. BARTIMEUS, Blind.

Mark x : 51.

Blind Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits:
He hears the crowd—he hears a breath
Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth!"
And calls, in tones of agony,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!

The thronging multitudes increase;
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace!
But still, above the noisy crowd,
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud;
Until they say, "He calleth thee!"
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε!

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
The crowd, "What wilt thou at My hands?"
And he replies, "Oh give me light!
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight!"
And Jesus answers, *Ὕπαγε:*
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty Voices Three,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, ὕπαγε!
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

H. W. Longfellow.

3155. BARTIMEUS, Call of.
Luke xviii : 40.

How wondrous are the ways and means, O Lord,
For bringing sinners to Thy sacred feet;
By grace, and by Thy Spirit and Thy Word,
Saviour and sinner meet.

Blind Bartimeus craved Thy mighty power,
And Thou didst hear his anxious, earnest cry;
Didst stand in that supreme, expectant hour,
And call the blind man nigh.

Yet not Thy voice alone, for Thou didst please
That other voices should repeat Thy word;
Thou didst "command him to be called"
Co-workers with Thee, Lord. [by these

And many voices, now uplifted, say,
"Take courage, for He calleth thee; arise?"
These voices were the heralds of new day
To those dark, sightless eyes.

Not yet, alas! can those blind eyeballs see;
Apart from Jesus still the blind man stands,
Thou didst "command him to be brought"
By kindly helping hands. [to thee,

How great the blessedness, how dear the thought:
Not only He himself calls sinners nigh,
But He commands them "to be called" and
By brethren standing by. ["brought"

"Co-workers" still—in heart and voice and hand,
To call them, lead them, to the Saviour's feet;
Thus by Thy word, or ours at Thy command,
Saviour and sinner meet.

Robert Maguire.

3156. BARTIMEUS, Cry of.

As Jesus went into Jericho town,
'Twas darkness all, from toe to crown,
About blind Bartimeus.
He said, "When eyes are so very dim,
They are no use for seeing Him;
No matter—He can see us."

"Cry out, cry out, blind brother, cry;
Let not salvation dear go by.
Have mercy, Son of David."
Though they were blind, they both could hear;
They heard, and cried, and He drew near;
And so the blind were saved.

O Jesus Christ, I am very blind;
Nothing comes through into my mind;
'Tis well I am not dumb:
Although I see Thee not, nor hear,
I cry because Thou mayst be near:
O Son of Mary, come.

I hear it through the all things blind:
Is it Thy voice, so gentle and kind,
"Poor eyes, no more be dim?"
A hand is laid upon mine eyes;
I hear and hearken, see and rise:
'Tis He: I follow Him.

George Macdonald.

3157. BARTIMEUS, Prayer of.
Mark x : 46-52.

A sinner blind and poor,
A helpless beggar I,
The pardoning grace implore,
Of Him that passes by:
He passes now: His name I hear,
And long to see my Saviour near.

Jesus, for this I wait,
Thy Deity to know;
Pity my dark estate,
On me Thy mercy show;
Thou Son and Lord of David, be
A Prophet, Priest, and King to me.

The world rebuke in vain,
And would my clamors still,
Till mercy I obtain
I must cry on, and will.
Mercy, thou Son of David, show
And give me eyes Thyself to know.

Stopped by a sinner's prayer,
Thou canst no farther move,
Thou canst no more forbear
To manifest Thy love.
Thou waitest now to show Thy grace,
And callest me to seek Thy face.

I now Thy call obey,
Put off my sordid dress,
And cast the rags away
Of my own righteousness.
Naked, and indigent, and blind,
I run the pardoning God to find.

By Thy own mercy brought,
Before Thy face I stand;
Yet still I see Thee not
Till Thou put forth Thy hand.
And by Thy word create the light,
And by Thy touch restore my sight.

In pity to my cries
And heartfelt poverty,
Open the beggar's eyes,
That I my way may see:
My pure and living way pursue,
Till Thee I in Thy glory view.

I would my sight receive
And keep my Lord in view,
Thy faithful follower live,
Thy steps in death pursue,
And joyful lay my body down,
The cross exchanging for the crown.

Faith to be healed I have,
The faith Thou didst impart;
But now the sinner save,
And cure the blind of heart.
This instant, Lord, my sight restore,
And following Thee I sin no more.

Yes, O my suffering God,
Henceforth I follow Thee,
The narrow rugged road
Which leads to Calvary;
And there I on the cross ascend
To heavenly joys that never end.
J. and C. Wesley.

3158. BARTIMEUS, Story of.

My Saviour, what Thou didst of old,
When Thou wast dwelling here,
Thou doest yet for them who, bold
In faith, to Thee draw near.

Mourning I sat beside the way,
In sightless gloom apart,
And sadness heavy on me lay,
And longing gnawed my heart:

I heard the music of the psalms
Thy people sung to Thee;
I felt the waving of their palms;
And yet I could not see.

My pain grew more than I could bear,
Too keen my grief became;
Then I took heart in my despair
To call upon Thy name:

"O Son of David! save and heal,
As Thou so oft hast done:
O heavenly Saviour, let me feel
My load of darkness gone."

And ever weeping, as I spoke,
With bitter prayers and sighs,
My stony heart grew soft and broke,
More earnest yet my cries.

A sudden answer stilled my fear;
For it was said to me,
"O poor blind man! be of good cheer;
Arise, He calleth thee."

I felt, Lord, that Thou stoodest still;
Groping, Thy feet I sought;
From off me fell my old self-will,
A change came o'er my thought.

Thou saidst, "What is it thou wouldst have?"
"Lord, that I might have sight;
To see Thy countenance I crave."
"So be it: have thou light."

And words of Thine can never fail,
My fears are past and o'er;
My soul is glad with light, the veil
Is on my heart no more.
Fouqué, tr. by Miss Winkworth.

3159. BARTIMEUS, Testimony of.

Whence Jesus came I cannot tell,
Nor why He came to me;
One thing I know and know it well,
Though I was blind, I see!
I once was blind, but now I see!
And that is news enough for me.

When all was dark, One touched my eyes,
And that is all I know;
For light came down from paradise
And set my soul aglow;
I once was blind, but now I see!
And that is light enough for me.

How it was done I cannot say
Nor even think, nor dream;
Nor why a touch of moistened clay
Should make things what they seem.
I once was blind, but now I see!
And that is truth enough for me.

It is the Son of God! His grace
Makes trembling weakness strong;
Wipes tears away from sorrow's face
And teaches grief a song.
I once was blind, but now I see!
And that is joy enough for me.

The law of sight I may not guess,
Nor reason out my views;
For faith itself is meaningless
To Pharisees and Jews.
I once was blind but now I see!
And that is faith enough for me.

3160. BARZILLAI.

2 Samuel xix: 34-37

Son of Jesse! let me go—
Why should princely honors stay me?—
Where the streams of Gilead flow,
Where the light first met mine eye,
Thither would I turn and die;
Where my parents' ashes lie,
King of Israel, bid them lay me.

Bury me near my sire revered,
Whose feet in righteous paths so firmly trod,
Who early taught my soul with awe
To heed the prophets and the law,
And to my infant heart appeared
Majestic as a god:
Oh! when this sacred dust
The cerements of the tomb shall burst,
Might I be worthy at his feet to rise
To yonder blissful skies,
Where angel hosts resplendent shine.
Jehovah, Lord of hosts, the glory shall be Thine.
Cold age upon my breast
Hath shed a frost like death,
The wine cup hath no zest,
The rose no fragrant breath;
Music from my ear hath fled,
Yet still one sweet tone lingereth there,
The blessing that my mother shed
Upon my evening prayer.

Dim is my wasted eye
To all that beauty brings,
The brow of grace, the form of symmetry,
Are half forgotten things;
Yet one bright hue is vivid still,
A mother's holy smile that soothed my sharpest ill.

Memory, with traitor tread,
Methinks doth steal away
Treasures that the mind had laid
Up for a wintry day.
Images of sacred power,
Cherished deep in passion's hour,
Faintly now my bosom stir,
Good and evil like a dream
Half obscured and shadowy seem,
Yet with a changeless love my soul remembereth her,
Yea, it remembereth her:
Close by her blessed side make ye my sepulchre. *Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*

3161. BEGGAR, The Lame.
Acts iii: 3-11.

In this emblem see
My own unhappy case,
My nature's poverty
And utter helplessness;
So impotent to good I am,
Who from the womb a cripple came.

Here at the temple's gate
(The real temple), I,
A feeble beggar, wait,
And for His mercy cry,
Who only can my wants relieve,
And power and peace and pardon give.

Day after day distressed
On Jesus I attend,
And urging my request
Besiege the sinner's Friend;
In patient prayer expect a cure,
Till He pronounce my pardon sure.

Master, Thy pitying eye
Is fastened now on me,
Thou bidst my soul rely,
And look for help to Thee:
To Thee I steadfastly give heed
For all the good Thou knowst I need.

I every moment hope
To hear Thy pardoning word;
Mine eyes are lifted up,
Are ever to the Lord;
On Thee my fixed regard I turn,
And for the consolation mourn.

Thou seest my helplessness,
Thou hearst my sad complaint,
The riches of Thy grace,
And nothing else, I want;
Those riches which the world despise
Are all I wish, and all I prize.

The blessing I implore
Kindly vouchsafe to give,
Or through Thy servants poor,
Or by Thyself relieve.
Raise by Thine own immediate word,
And speak my soul to health restored.

Thyself lay hold on me,
And lifted up by grace,
And apprehending Thee,
I walk in all Thy ways.
More active as I further go,
And swifter than a bounding roe.

A sinner poor and lame,
At Thy command I rise;
Thine efficacious name
With springing life supplies.
Thy name, the moment I believe,
Doth strength and perfect soundness give.

Jesus, through faith alone
I answer to Thy call;
I stand, and walk, and run,
A leap o'er every wall;
Enter with joy the hallowed place,
And loudly sing my Saviour's praise.

Both strength and righteousness
In Thee I surely have,
Gladly I Thee confess
Omnipotent to save;
My helpless unbelief to heal,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

Who our weaknesses have known
Should our conversion see,
While with joyful lips we own
The name that sets us free;
By our walk the change sincere,
By holiness of life we prove,
While we humbly persevere
In gratitude and love.

Stranger far the miracle
Which doth a soul convert,
When our Lord vouchsafes to heal
Our impotence of heart:
Outward miracles are done
That we the Invisible may see,
God, who all His power makes known
In man's infirmity.

Through the ministry of man
Whoe'er their cure receive,
Fondly they at first detain,
And to the preacher cleave:
Father, taught by grace Divine,
The Author of all good they own,
Every instrument resign,
And cleave to Christ alone.

Lord, in these Thy Spirit's days
Thou dost Thy work renew,
Daily miracles of grace
On helpless sinners show:

Oh, might all the thoughtless crowd,
With wonder struck my change to see,
Flock into the courts of God,
And run for faith to Thee!
J. and C. Wesley.

3162. BELIEF AND UNBELIEF.
Hebrews iii : 12.

The tree that yields our care and grief
Is from a root of unbelief!
The pricking thorns, the arrows fierce,
Our spirit and our flesh to pierce—
The grafts that spoil our vineyard's fruit,
Are from that bitter evil root.

The branch that hangs with clustering woes,
The flagstaff of the prince of foes,
The tares that mar our golden sheaf,
All, all spring up from unbelief:
And Hope, the victim of Despair,
Points, dying, to the poison there.

But in belief we've joy and peace,
Of faith and power a sweet increase;
From burning skies a cool retreat,
A shelter safe when tempests beat—
Fresh balm of Gilead for our grief—
For every wound a healing leaf.

Belief smooths down our thorny cares,
With shooting grain uproots the tares,
Our harp from off the willow takes
And every chord to music wakes,
Till Hope, laid icy in the tomb,
Springs up with life and beauty's bloom.

When night comes murky, drear, and damp,
Belief will feed and screen our lamp,
Upon our feet her sandals bind,
About our waist her girdle wind,
Then lend a staff, and lead the way,
'Till we walk forth to beaming day.

When all the fountains of the deep
Seem broken up o'er earth to sweep;
While billowy mountains toss our bark,
Belief's the dove, from out the ark,
Across the flood to stretch her wing,
And home the branch of olive bring.

Belief hath eyes so heavenly bright,
As on the cloud to cast their light,
'Till fair and glorious hues shall form
From drops and shades that robed the storm,
Bent o'er our world in peace, to show
God's covenant sign, His unstrung bow

When through a dry and thirsty land
The pilgrim treads the desert sand,
Belief brings distant prospect near,
With fruit, and bowers, and fountains clear,
Where, when he strikes his tent, he'll be
An heir of immortality.

While unbelief would ever bring
A chain about our spirit's wing,
Belief will plume it o'er the grave—
Above the swell of Jordan's wave—
To fly, nor droop, 'till gently furled
In that sweet home, the spirit world.
Hannah F. Gould.

3163. BELSHAZZAR.
Daniel v : 1-30.

On the rushing, mighty river,
On the wide, night-covered plain,
Sounds the rattling of the quiver,
Sounds the trump, then dies again.
There, in numbers without number,
Persia's hordes are pouring on.
Thou hast slept thy final slumber,
God-defying Babylon!

On the city's thousand towers
Blaze a thousand festal fires!
Squandering his hour of hours,
Guilty son of guilty sires,
There Belshazzar, with his lords,
To the timbrel's silvery chime,
Shoutings wild, and clash of swords,
Holds high feast to Baalim.

Tyrant, thou art in thy glory,
Asia's treasures round thee blaze,
Princes proud, and sages hoary,
Like a god upon thee gaze:
Harmonies around thee winging;
Beauty in her brightest bloom
To thy golden footstool clinging.
Yet that throne shall be thy tomb!

Hark! what sudden burst of thunder
Shakes the hall, and heaves the ground!
All are hushed in fear and wonder;
There is judgment in the sound!
Conscience-struck, the crowned blasphemer,
Wild and wilder quaffs the wine:
"Shall I turn a coward dreamer,
When the living world is mine!

"Bring the golden cups!" he cries,
"Purchased by my father's sword.
High to Baal fill the prize,
Spite of Israel and his Lord!"
Still, with mortal anguish saddening,
Pledged he round his nobles all.
Ha! but are his senses maddening?
Clouds have filled the mighty hall!

Tyrant! now is run thy sand!
Tyrant! now is wove thy shroud!
Sees he now a giant hand,
Darting from a fiery cloud;
Through the midnight, murky air,
Flashing ghastly on the throne,
Like a comet's blasting glare,
Mene, Tekel, Perez, shone.

Now is heard his cry of terror:
"Bring the priest, and bring the seer!"
Crowding came, with magic mirror,
Ciphered scroll, and mystic sphere,

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All the sons of sorcery!
With the idol in their van;
Dark Egyptian, wild Chaldee,
Rushing on with shout and ban.

Now the human victims lie,
Embers in the altar's blaze;
Now, the priests of blasphemy,
Whirling, dance in mystic maze.
Vain the dance, the blood, the spell!
Still, upon the burning stone
Glares the fearful oracle,
Still untold, unread, unknown!

"Let the foul impostors die!"
Swells the roar from prince and slave.
But before their startled eye,
Like a vision from the grave,
Comes the man of Israel.
Still the fetters round him cling,
Yet his words, like arrows fell—
Woe to people, woe to king!

"Number, number, weight, and measure!
Thou art numbered, weighed, undone.
Life and empire, blood and treasure,
All are lost, and all are won."
Instant on the dazzling wall
Stooped the cloud's supernal gloom,
Instant on the mighty hall
Sat the darkness of the tomb!

Then the thunder pealed again,
But came, mingled with its roar,
Clang of cymbals, shouts of men.
From Euphrates' hollow shore
Comes the rushing charioteer;
Showers the torch on shrine and throne.
Dark Belshazzar, lie thou there!
Persia tramples Babylon.

George Croly.

3164. BELSHAZZAR.

'Tis night: the proud mansions, gloom-covered, they lie.
And closed in repose is the lewd-lighted eye.

Hark! thro' the lone streets a herald doth fly
On a high-crested steed, and this is his cry:

"Awaken! awaken! ye young and ye old!
Belshazzar the king his wassail would hold."

And the palace of gold like the sun it doth glare,
And Babylon's sons and her maidens are there.

In his lofty, high-pillared, banqueting-hall,
Belshazzar doth hold his greet festival.

The beakers are filled, his minions loud scoff,
And they jeer, and they mock, and they boisterously laugh.

Belshazzar is pleased—his goblet he breaks—
He curses Jehovah, and his clinchèd hand shakes!

Twelve slaves the gold vessels of the temple bring,
Reft from the place of Jehovah. The king

Seizes a cup, stolen from the shrine,
And fillst to the brim with o'erflowing wine.

He drinketh and crieth in ribald glee,
While foameth his mouth, "I curse thee!" cries he.

"I curse thee, Jehovah! I tell to thee now,
I'm Babylon's ruler, and greater than thou!"

But lo! while he speaks a hand doth appear
On the wall, and the king doth tremble in fear.

On the wall a hand—and writeth alway
In letters of fire—and fadeth away.

And stilled is the noise—with riveted eye
Each reveller gazeth, naught else can espy.

The magians enter—oh, full-wise are they!
But they gaze, and they tremble, and nothing can say.

Then loud laughs the king, but that laugh is in fear:
"Expound me! what meaneth this mockery here?"

The seers of Chaldea—oh, full wise are they!
But they gaze, and they tremble, and nothing can say.

A captive, a boy, he readeth the hand:
"Mene, Tekel, Upharsin! Thy death is at hand!

"Thy pride, it is broken; thy kingdom is flown;
The Persian is here, and his is thy throne!"

The morning arrives: Belshazzar lies dead,
And Babylon's splendor forever is fled!

Thomas E. Sears.

3165. BELSHAZZAR, Boast of.

Belshazzar. O ye, assembled Babylon! fair youths
And hoary elders, warriors, counsellors,
And bright-eyed women, down my festal board
Reclining! O ye thousand living men,
Do ye not hold your chartered breath from me?
And I can plunge your souls in wine and joy;
Or by a word, a look, dismiss you all
To darkness and to shame; yet are ye not
Proud of the slavery that thus enthralls you?
What king, what ruler over subject man
Or was, or is, or shall be like Belshazzar!
I summon from their graves the sceptred dead

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Of elder days, to see their shame. I cry
Unto the cloudy past, Unfold the thrones
That glorified the younger world. I call
To the dim future, Lift thy veil and show
The destined lords of human kind. They rise,
They bow their veiled heads to the dust, and own
The throne whereon Chaldea's monarch sits,
The height and pinnacle of human glory.

O ancient cities, o'er whose streets the grass
Is green, whose name hath withered from the face
Of earth! O ye by rich o'erflowing Nile,
Memphis, and hundred-gated Thebes, and thou,
Assyrian Nineveh, and ye golden towers
That redden o'er the Indian streams, what are ye
To Babylon, eternal Babylon!
That's girt with bulwarks strong as adamant,
O'er whom Euphrates' restless waves keep watch,
That, like the high and everlasting heavens,
Grows old, yet not less glorious? Yes, to you
I turn, O azure-curtained palaces!
Whose lamps are stars, whose music the sweet motion
Of your own spheres, in whom the banqueters
Are gods, nor fear my Babylonian halls
Even with your splendors to compare.
Bring wine!
I see your souls as jocund as mine own:
Pour in yon vessels of the Hebrews' God
Belshazzar's beverage—pour it high. Hear, earth!
Hear, heaven! my proud defiance! Oh, what a man,
What God—

Many Voices. The king! the king! look to the king!

Arioch. Where? I can see nor king nor people—nothing
But a bewildering, red, and gloom-like light
That swallows up the fiery canopy
Of lamps.

Sabaris. Hath blindness smitten thee?

Arioch. I know not;
But all things swim around me in darkness
That dazzles—

Sabaris. See, his shuddering joints are loosened,
And his knees smite each other; such a face
Is seen in tombs: what means it?

Arioch. Seest not thou,
That tauntedst me but now, upon the wall—
There—there—it moves—

Belshazzar. O dark and bodiless hand,
What art thou, thus upon my palace wall
Gliding in shadowy, slow, gigantic blackness?
Lo! fiery letters, where it moves, break out:
'Tis there, 'tis gone:' tis there again—no, nought
But those strange characters of flame, that burn
Upon the unkindled wall: I cannot read them—
Can ye?
I see your quivering lips that speak not—
Sabaris—Arioch—captains—elders—all
As pale and horror-stricken as myself!
Are there no wiser? Call ye forth the dreamers,
And those that read the stars, and every priest,
And he that shall interpret best shall wear
The scarlet robe and chain of gold, and sit
Third ruler of my realm. Away! No, leave me not
To gaze alone, alone, on those pale signs
Of destiny, the inextinguishable,
The indelible. Strew, strew my couch where best
I may behold what sears my burning eyeballs
To gaze on, and the cold blood round my heart
To stand, like snow. No, ache mine eyes and quiver
My palsied limbs; I cannot turn away;
Here am I bound as by thrice-linked brass,
Here, till the burthen of mine ignorance
Be from my loaded soul taken off, in silence
Deep as the midnight round a place of tombs.

H. H. Milman.

3166. BELSHAZZAR, Daniel before.

Belshazzar. Art thou that Daniel of the Hebrew race,
In whom the excellence of wisdom dwells
As in the gods? I have heard thy fame; behold
Yon mystic letters flaming on the wall,
That in the darkness of their fateful import
Baffle the wisest of Chaldea's sages!
Read and interpret; and the satrap robe
Of scarlet shall invest thy limbs, the chain
Of gold adorn thy neck, and all the world
Own thee third ruler of Chaldea's realm!

Daniel. Belshazzar, be thy gifts unto thyself,
And thy rewards to others. I, the servant
Of God, will read God's writing to the king.
The Lord of hosts to thy great ancestor,
To Nabonassar, gave the all-ruling sceptre
O'er all the nations, kingdoms, languages;
Lord paramount of life and death, he slew
Where'er he willed, and where he willed men lived;
His word exalted, and his word debased;
And so his heart swelled up, and in its pride
Arose to heaven! But then the lord of earth
Became an outcast from the sons of men,
Companion of the browsing beasts! The dews
Of night fell cold upon his crownless brow,
And the wild asses of the desert fed
Round their unenvied peer! And so he knew
That God is Sovereign o'er earth's sceptred lords.
But thou, his son, unwarned, untaught, untamed,

Belshazzar, hast arisen against the Lord,
And in the vessels of His house hast quaffed
Profane libations, 'mid thy slaves and women,
To gods of gold, and stone, and wood; and laughed
The King of kings, the God of gods, to scorn.
Now hear the words, and hear their secret meaning:
"Numbered!" Twice "Numbered! Weighed! Divided!" King,
Thy reign is numbered, and thyself art weighed,
And wanting in the balance, and thy realm
Severed, and to the conquering Persian given!
Belshazzar. Go, lead the Hebrew forth, arrayed
In the proud robe; let all thee hail,
The honored of Belshazzar.

Henry H. Milman.

3167. BELSHAZZAR, Fate of.

Joy holds her court in great Belshazzar's hall,
Where his proud lords attend their monarch's call,
The rarest dainties of the teeming East
Provoke the revel and adorn the feast.
And now the monarch rises. "Pour," he cries,
"To the great gods, the Assyrian deities!
Pour forth libations of the rosy wine
To Nebo, Bel, and all the powers divine!
Those golden vessels crown, which erewhile stood
Fast by the oracle of Judah's God,
Till that accursèd race—"
But why, O king!
Why dost thou start, with livid cheek? why fling
The untasted goblet from thy trembling hand?
Why shake thy joints, thy feet forget to stand?
Why roams thine eye, which seems in wild amaze
To shun some object, yet return to gaze
Then shrinks again appalled, as if the tomb
Had sent a spirit from its inmost gloom?

Awful the horror, when Belshazzar raised
His arm, and pointed where the vision blazed!
For see, enrobed in flame, a mystic shade,
As of a hand, a red right-hand, displayed!
And slowly moving o'er the wall, appear
Letters of fate and characters of fear.
In death-like silence grouped, the revellers all
Fix their glazed eyeballs on the illumined wall.
See! now the vision brightens; now 'tis gone,
Like meteor flash, like heaven's own lightning flown!
But, though the hand hath vanished, what is writ
Is uneffaced. Who will interpret it?
In vain the sages try their utmost skill;
The mystic letters are unconstrued still.

"Quick, bring the prophet! let his tongue proclaim
The mystery of that visionary flame."
The holy prophet came, and stood upright,
With brow serene, before Belshazzar's sight.
The monarch pointed, trembling, to the wall:
"Behold the portents that our heart appall!
Interpret them, O prophet! thou shalt know
What gifts Assyria's monarch can bestow."

Unutterably awful was the eye
Which met the monarch's; and the stern reply
Fell heavy on his soul: "Thy gifts withhold,
Nor tempt the Spirit of the Lord with gold.
Belshazzar, hear what these dread words reveal!
That lot on which the Eternal sets His seal.
Thy kingdom numbered, and thy glory flown,
The Mede and Persian revel on thy throne.
Weighed in the balance, thou hast kicked the beam.
See to yon western sun the lances gleam,
Which, ere his orient rays adorn the sky,
Thy blood shall sully with a crimson dye."
In the dire carnage of that night's dread hour,
Crushed 'mid the ruins of his crumbling power,
Belshazzar fell beneath an unknown blow,
His kingdom wasted, and its pride laid low!

T. S. Hughes.

3168. BELSHAZZAR, Sacrilege of.

Midnight came slowly sweeping on;
In silent rest lay Babylon.

But in the royal castle high
Red torches gleam and courtiers cry.

Belshazzar there in kingly hall
Is holding kingly festival.

The vassals sat in glittering line,
And emptied the goblets with glowing wine.

The goblets rattle, the choruses swell,
And it pleased the stiff-necked monarch well.

In the monarch's cheeks a wild fire glowed,
And the wine awoke his daring mood.

And onward still by his madness spurred,
He blasphemes the Lord with a sinful word;

And he brazenly boasts, blaspheming wild,
While the servile courtiers cheered and smiled.

Quick the king spoke, while his proud glance burned,
Quickly the servant went and returned.

He bore on his head the vessels of gold,
Of Jehovah's temple the plunder bold.

With daring hand, in his frenzy grim,
The king seized a beaker and filled to the brim,

And drained to the dregs the sacred cup,
And foaming he cried, as he drank it up,

"Jehovah, eternal scorn I own
To Thee. I am monarch of Babylon."

Scarce had the terrible blasphemy rolled
From his lips, ere the monarch at heart was
cold.

The yelling laughter was hushed, and all
Was still as death in the royal hall.

And see! and see! on the white wall high
The form of a hand went slowly by,

And wrote, and wrote, on the broad wall
white,
Letters of fire, and vanished in night.

Pale as death, with a steady stare,
And with trembling knees, the king sat there;

The horde of slaves sat shuddering chill,
No word they spoke, but were deathlike still.

The magians came, but of them all,
None could read the flame-scrip on the wall.

But that same night, in all his pride,
By the hand of his servants Belshazzar died.
Heinrich Heine, tr. by C. G. Leland.

3169. BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

Daniel v : 5.

What hand is this that, half revealed
And half in shadowy folds concealed,
Passeth the palace wall along,
Portentous, o'er the festal throng:
'Tis gone, and lo! a line appears
Of dark mysterious characters.
A spell, as strong and deep as death,
Chains the mute tongue and holds the breath;
No more in long and loud acclaim
The demon idol's shouted name
Is heard in oft-repeated call,
Loud as the mountain torrent's fall;
No more in clarion's martial blast
Defiance to the foe is cast;
No more the sweet lute breathes its sigh
Of soft voluptuous melody;
Untasted glows the rosy flood,
The offering of the idol god,
The sacred vessels all remain
Untouched by hand or lip profane.
But hark! a voice the silence breaks:
'Tis he; the trembling monarch speaks;
He calls his sages to divine
The import of the mystic line:
A scene so dread may well impart
A tremor to thy conscious heart,
Can memory's faded eye detect
No spot in life's long retrospect
Where thou hast bade an altar rise
To this world's lying deities,
And there hast seen, with tearless eye,
Ambition's quivering victims lie?
To ermined pride and sceptred power,
The pageants of the passing hour,
Hast poured the fragrant incense cloud,
And low an abject suppliant bowed?
Hast knelt at pleasure's flowery shrine
And called the phantom goddess thine;
To all addressed thine impious prayer,
And raised a dark pantheon there
Of gods unnumbered and unknown;
The God of heaven forgot alone,
Or what is infinitely worse,
And branded with the blackest curse,
His brightest glories turned to shame,
And cast dishonor on His name;
His Spirit's gentle power withstood,
And trampled on a Saviour's blood.
That hand, that sceptre hand that wrote,
In lines no hell-breathed cloud could blot,
The proud Chaldean's sudden doom
And hurled him to a midnight tomb,
Has written—Fate's dread book receives
On its imperishable leaves,
A destiny thy soul must hear,
Of heavier wrath, with darker fear;
A transcript of that fearful page,
That asks no aid of Hebrew sage
To tell its import, is impressed
On the dark tablet of thy breast;
But ere with ready hands Despair
Fix her eternal signet there,
May Hope, fair seraph, point to one
Unknown in heathen Babylon—
To Bethlem, Calv'ry, to Heaven—
And say, "Believe, and be forgiven."

3170. BELSHAZZAR, The Feast of.

A thousand lords before Belshazzar met,
At the rich palace of Assyria's king:
Imperial dainties and rich wines were set
Before the guests, for mirth and wassailing.
And woman's smiles were there, and eyes of
jet, [ring;
Flung passion-glances thro' the glittering
And many a brimming cup that eve was
crowned,
To the fair dames as went the revel round.

Belshazzar's brain was fired, he could not
hold
The pride that rose beneath his diadem:
"Bring forth the cups of silver and of gold,
That from the temple of Jerusalem,
The king, my conquering father, brought of
old;
We and our princes shall drink out of them!"
Thus spoke the monarch, and the cups were
brought,
With precious gems and curious carvings
wrought.

Out of these cups they drank, and vainly
praised,
Their idol-gods, as went the red wine round;
And music lent her charms, and beauty
blazed:
Within that banquet could a sigh be found?

Light joy and jocund mirth were soothly raised
In every breast, and there might well abound,
For on that eve all things were brightly blent,
To make the gorgeous feast magnificent.

Rich sculpture there had raised his skilful hand,
Waking almost to life the Parian bust;
And painting had depicted all that land
Or sea or sky contained of breathing dust;
Magnificence had waved her magic wand
Above that scene of proud Belshazzar's lust:
And night was treading on the steps of day,
Where, at that feast, sat down the proud array

Of all Assyria's lords before her king!
There, too, fair beauty sat in state and smiled—
Sweet smiles; for ye what varied worships spring!
And speaking looks all silently beguiled
The hours, as love's imagining
Flushed her white cheek; and beautifully wild,
Waved back the tendrils of her raven hair,
Which seemed in such a scene like banners in the air.

So free they wantoned with the vassal breeze
That sported on light wings thro' the gay hall,
Giving the very flowers mute ecstasies—
Dashing white spray from the cool waterfall
Which shown before a grove of fragrant trees,
Stirring the ivy of the coronal
Which, on that evening, on the hot brow shone
Of proud Belshazzar, king of Babylon!

And there was thrilling sound from lyre and lute,
There were rich clusters of the purple grape;
There were sweet breathings from the soft Greek flute,
And many a dancer's half-aërial shape.
Ha! wherefore are the lips of music mute?
Why, half-uprisen, doth Belshazzar gape?
He sees a hand, and it is seen by all,
Tracing strange words upon the palace-wall!

His countenance was changed, his thoughts were pain,
His limbs grew moveless, and his heart grew cold;
Then sank he down upon his throne again,
And summoned all his men of wisdom old,
Chaldeans and astrologers: 'twas in vain,
None could the marvel of the words unfold;
The king was troubled, all his joyance fled,
He bowed his head, and sat as one astonished,

Till Daniel came, and in his words were shown
The prophet power that filled his glowing breast,
For unto him the Lord had given alone
That knowledge which His will denied the rest.
His vision saw the streets with murders strewn,
The Medes and Persians in the rich spoils drest.
Belshazzar heard the warning; but in vain
He smiled, and turned him to his feast again.

That night Darius and his armies came,
In countless numbers rushed the Persians on.
Soon was Belshazzar's palace robed in flame,
He called upon his lords, but they had flown,
Shouted aloud his idol Baal's name,
And cursed him in his ire; when Babylon,
Scene of his lusts, beheld him call in vain;—
That night Belshazzar lay among the slain!

R. Shelton Mackenzie.

3171. BELSHAZZAR, Vision of.

Daniel v : 1.

The king was on his throne,
The satraps thronged the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine,
Jehovah's vessels, hold
The godless heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall
And wrote as if on sand;
The fingers of a man;
A solitary hand,
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice.
"Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw, but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night—
The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom passed away;
He, in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay.
The shroud his robe of state,
His canopy the stone:
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!"

Lord Byron.

3172. BETHANY, Christ at.
Luke x : 38-42.

Martha. She sitteth idly at the Master's feet,
And troubles not herself with household cares.
'Tis the old story. When a guest arrives
She gives up all to be with him; while I
Must be the drudge, make ready the guest-chamber,
Prepare the food, set everything in order,
And see that naught is wanting in the house.
She shows her love by words, and I by works.
Mary. O Master! when Thou comest, it is always
A Sabbath in the house. I cannot work;
I must sit at Thy feet; must see Thee, hear Thee!
I have a feeble, wayward, doubting heart,
Incapable of endurance or great thoughts,
Striving for something that it cannot reach,
Baffled and disappointed, wounded, hungry;
And only when I hear Thee am I happy,
And only when I see Thee am at peace!
Stronger than I, and wiser, and far better
In every manner, is my sister Martha:
Thou seest how well she orders everything
To make thee welcome; how she comes and goes,
Careful and cumbered ever with much serving,
While I but welcome Thee with foolish words!
Whene'er Thou speakest to me, I am happy;
When Thou art silent, I am satisfied.
Thy presence is enough. I ask no more.
Only to be with Thee, only to see Thee,
Sufficeth me. My heart is then at rest.
I wonder I am worthy of so much.
Martha. Lord, dost Thou care not that my sister Mary
Hath left me thus to wait on Thee alone?
I pray Thee, bid her help me.
Christ. Martha, Martha,
Careful and troubled about many things
Art thou, and yet one thing alone is needful!
Thy sister Mary hath chosen that good part,
Which never shall be taken away from her!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

3173. BETHEL.
Genesis xxxv : 15.

Holy be this, as was the place
To him of Padan-aram known,
When Abraham's God revealed His face,
And caught the pilgrim to the throne.
Oh! how transporting was the glow
That thrilled his bosom, mixed with fear,
"Lo! the Eternal walks below—
The Highest tabernacles here!"

Be ours, when faith and hope grow dim,
The glories that the patriarch saw;
And when we faint, may we, like him,
Fresh vigor from the vision draw.
Heaven's lightning hovered o'er his head,
And flashed new splendors on his view;
Break forth, thou Sun! and freely shed
Glad rays upon our Bethel too.

'Tis ours to sojourn in a waste
Barren and cold as Shinar's ground;
No fruits of Eshcol charm the taste,
No streams of Meribah are found;
But Thou canst bid the desert bud
With more than Sharon's rich display,
And Thou canst bid the cooling flood
Gush from the Rock and cheer the way.

We tread the path Thy people trod,
Alternate sunshine, bitter tears;
Go Thou before, and with Thy rod
Divide the Jordan of our fears.
Be ours the song of triumph given,—
Angelic themes to lips of clay,—
And ours the holy harp of heaven,
Whose strain dissolves the soul away.

William B. Tappan.

3174. BETHEL, Dream at.
Genesis xxviii : 12.

Calmly resting from thy toil
On this lonely spot;
Sleeping, dreaming, happy saint,
Earth and time forgot;
On this rocky waste thou liest,
Thine the blessed lot!
Soaring dreamer, on thee shine
Rays of love and joy divine,
What a dream-land now is thine!

Who would not sleep on such a bed,
With stony pillow for his head,
If they might dream with thee,
Whose glad dreaming is no seeming,
Nor whose sleeping ends in weeping,
And whose waking is no breaking
Of the bright reality.

Horatius Bonar.

3175. BETHESDA.
John v : 2-9.

I saw again the spirits on a day, [lay;
Where on the earth in mournful case they
Five porches were there, and a pool, and round,
Huddling in blankets, strewn upon the ground,
Tied up and bandaged, weary, sore, and spent,
The maimed and halt, diseased and impotent.

For a great angel came, 'twas said, and stirred
The pool at certain seasons, and the word
Was, with this people of the sick, that they
Who in the waters here their limbs should lay
Before the motion on the surface ceased,
Should of their torment straightway be released.

So with shrunk bodies, and with heads down-dropped,
Stretched on the steps, and at the pillars propped,
Watching by day and listening through the night,
They filled the place, a miserable sight.

And I beheld that on the stony floor
He too, that spoke of duty once before,
No otherwise than others here to-day,
Foredone and sick and sadly muttering lay.
"I know not, I will do—what is it I would say?
What was that word which once sufficed alone for all,
Which now I seek in vain, and never can recall?
I know not, I will do the work the Lord requires,
Asking no reason why, but serving its desires;
Will do for daily bread, for wealth, respect, good name,
The business of the day—alas! is that the same?"
And then, as weary of in vain renewing
His question, thus his mournful thought pursuing,
I know not, I must do as other men are doing.

But what the waters of that pool might be,
Of Lethe were they or philosophy;
And whether he, long waiting, did attain
Deliverance from the burden of his pain
There with the rest; or whether, yet before,
Some more diviner stranger passed the door
With his small company into that sad place,
And, breathing hope into the sick man's face,
Bade him take up his bed, and rise and go,
What the end were, and whether it were so,
Further than this I saw not, neither know.

Arthur H. Clough.

3176. BETHESDA, Christ cur.

John v: 2.

Jesu, take my sins away,
And make me know Thy name;
Thou art now as yesterday,
And evermore the same:
Thou my true Bethesda be;
I know within Thy arms is room,
All the world may unto Thee,
Their house of mercy, come.

See the porches open wide,
Thy mercy all may prove;
All the world is justified
By universal love.
Halt and withered when they lie,
And sick, and impotent, and blind,
Sinners may in Thee espy
The Saviour of mankind.

See me lying at the pool,
And waiting for Thy grace;
Oh, come down into my soul,
Disclose Thy angel-face!
If to me Thy bowels move,
If now Thou dost my sickness feel,
Let the spirit of Thy love
The helpless sinner heal.

Sick of anger, pride, and lust,
And unbelief I am;
Yet in Thee for health I trust,
In Jesu's sovereign name.
Were I taken into Thee,
Could I but step into the pool,
I from every malady
Should be at once made whole.

Persons Thou dost not respect;
Whoe'er for mercy call
Thou in no wise wilt reject:
Thy mercy is for all.
Thou wouldst freely all restore
(Would all the gracious season find),
Fill with goodness, love, and power,
And with a healthful mind.

Mercy, then, there is for me,
(Away my doubts and fears!)
Plagued with an infirmity
For more than thirty years;
Jesu, cast a pitying eye;
Thou long hast known my desperate case;
Poor and helpless here I lie,
And wait Thy healing grace.

Long hath Thy good Spirit strove
With my distemper'd soul,
But I still refused Thy love
And would not be made whole:
Hardly now at last I yield,
I yield with all my sins to part;
Let my soul be fully healed,
And throughly cleansed my heart.

Sin is now my sore disease;
But though I would be free,
When the water troubled is
There is no help for me.
Others find a cure, not I;
In Thee they wash away their sin;
I, alas! have no man nigh
To put my weakness in.

Pain and sickness at Thy word
And sin and sorrow flies;
Speak to me, Almighty Lord,
And bid my spirit rise;

Bid me take my burden up,
The bed on which Thyself didst lie,
When on Calvary's steep top
My Jesus deigned to die.

Bid me bear the hallowed cross
Which Thou hast borne before;
Walk in Thy righteous laws,
And go and sin no more,
Lest the heaviest curse of all,
The vile apostate's curse, I prove:
To the hottest hell they fall
Who fall from pardoning love.

But Thou canst preserve from sin,
And stablish me with grace,
Keep my helpless soul within
Thy arms through all my days:
Jesu, I on Thee alone
For preserving grace depend;
Love me freely, love Thine own,
And love me to the end.

J. and C. Wesley.

3177. BETHESDA, Healed at.
John v: 8, 9.

Pale, weary watcher by Bethesda's pool,
From dewy morn to silent glowing eve;
While round thee play the freshening breezes cool,
Why wilt thou grieve?

Listen! and thou shalt hear the unearthly tread
Of heaven's bright herald passing swiftly by,
O'er the calm pool his healing wing to spread;
Why wilt thou die?

At his approach once more the troubled wave
Leaps gushing into life, its torpor gone;
Once more called forth its boasted power to save,
Which else had none!

Ah! then his spirits feel a deeper grief
When o'er the rippling surface healing flows;
His wasted limbs experience no relief,
No help he knows!

Healing and strength and cure for all his woe
May linger round that sacred fountain's brim;
Yet all unable he one step to go;
No cure for him!

No friend is watching there whose anxious love
For him prompt access to the pool can win,
Soon as the angel did the waters move,
Others stepped in!

O ye who idly pass unheeding by!
Knew ye the sickening pang of hope delayed,
Your listless steps would eagerly press nigh,
And give him aid.

Ah! wretched lot, of gnawing want to die,
While smiling plenty mocks us all around;
Or shipwrecked watch, as we all helpless lie,
Others home-bound!

Yet sadder far to him who reads aright
The story of our being's end and aim,
The spirit darkened 'mid surrounding light,
By sin and shame!

To see the impervious clouds of prejudice,
Round which the sunbeams pour their light in vain;
The dead soul fettered by the films of vice,
Knows not its chain.

Then if thy spirit freedom, knowledge drink,
Bathed in that living fount which maketh pure,
Oh! aid thy brother ere he helpless sink,
To work his cure!

Hopeless and helpless, vainly did he turn
For help or pity to the busy throng;
Yet found them both in One, whose heart did burn
With love, how strong!

Bernard Barton.

3178. BETHESDA, The Pool of.

Around Bethesda's healing wave,
Waiting to hear the rustling wing
Which spoke the angel nigh who gave
Its virtue to that holy spring,
With patience, and with hope endued,
Were seen the gathered multitude.

Among them there was one whose eye
Had often seen the waters stirred;
Whose heart had often heaved the sigh,
The bitter sigh of hope deferred;
Beholding, while he suffered on,
The healing virtue given—and gone!

No power had he; no friendly aid
To him its timely succor brought;
But, while his coming he delayed,
Another won the boon he sought;
Until the Saviour's love was shown,
Which healed him by a word alone!

Had they who watched and waited there
Been conscious who was passing by,
With what unceasing, anxious care
Would they have sought His pitying eye;
And craved, with fervency of soul,
His power divine to make them whole!

But habit and tradition swayed
Their minds to trust to sense alone;
They only hoped the angel's aid;
While in their presence stood, unknown,
A greater, mightier far than he,
With power from every pain to free.

Bethesda's pool has lost its power!
No angel by his glad descent
Dispenses that diviner dower
Which with its healing waters went;
But He whose word surpassed its wave
Is still omnipotent to save.

And what that fountain once was found
Religion's outward forms remain;
With living virtue only crowned,
While their first freshness they retain;
Only replete with power to cure
When spirit-stirred, their source is pure.

Yet are there who this truth confess
Who know how little forms avail;
But whose protracted helplessness
Confirms the impotent's sad tale;
Who day by day and year by year
As emblems of his lot appear.

They hear the sounds of life and love
Which tell the visitant is nigh;
They see the troubled waters move,
Whose touch alone might health supply;
But weak of faith, infirm of will,
Are powerless, helpless, hopeless still!

Saviour! Thy love is still the same
As when that healing word was spoke;
Still in Thine all-redeeming name
Dwells power to burst the strongest yoke!
Oh! be that power, that love displayed,
Help those whom Thou alone canst aid!

Bernard Barton.

3179. BETHLEHEM.

Matthew ii : 6.

They speak to me of princely Tyre,
That old Phœnician gem,
Great Sidon's daughter of the north;
But I will speak of Bethlehem.

They speak of Rome and Babylon—
What can compare with them?
So let them praise their pride and pomp;
But I will speak of Bethlehem,

They praise the hundred-gated Thebes,
Old Mizraim's diadem,
The city of the sand-girt Nile,
But I will speak of Bethlehem.

They speak of Athens, star of Greece,
Her hill of Mars, her Academe;
Haunts of old wisdom and fair art,
But I will speak of Bethlehem.

Dear city, where heaven met with earth,
Whence sprang the rod from Jesse's stem.
Where Jacob's star first shone; of thee
I'll speak, O happy Bethlehem!

Horatius Bonar.

3180. BETHLEHEM AND CALVARY.

With pilgrim staff and hat I went
Afar through Orient lands to roam.
My years of pilgrimage are spent
And this the word I bring you home:
The pilgrim's staff you need not crave
To find Christ's cradle or His grave;
But seek within you; there shall be
His Bethlehem and His Calvary!

O heart, what helps it to adore
His cradle where the sunshine glows?
Or what avail to kneel before
The grave where long ago He rose?
That He should find in thee a birth,
That thou shouldst seek to die to earth
And live to Him: this, this must be
Thy Bethlehem and thy Calvary.

Friedrich Rückert.

3181. BETHLEHEM AND GOLGOTHA.

In Bethlehem He first arose
From whom we draw our true life's breath;
And Golgotha at last He chose,
Where His cross broke the power of death.
I wandered from the western strand,
Through strange scenes of the morning land;
But naught so great did I survey
As Bethlehem and Golgotha.

The ancient wonders of the world
Here rose aloft—the mighty seven;
How was their transient glory hurled
To earth before the might of Heaven!
In passing, I could see and tell
How all their pride to ruin fell;
There stood in quiet Gloria
But Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Cease, pyramids of Egypt, cease!
The toil that built you never gave
The faintest thought of death's great peace:
'Twas but the darkness of a grave.
Ye sphinxes, in colossal stone!
The riddle life an unread one
Ye left; the answer found its way
Through Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O Rocknabad, earth's Paradise,
Of all Shiraz the sweetest flower!
Ye Indian sea-coasts, breathing spice,
Where groves of palms in beauty tower;
I see o'er all your sunny plains
The step of Death leave sable stains.
Look up! There comes a deathless ray
From Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Thou Cāāba! black stone of the waste,
At which the feet of half our line
Yet stumble. Stand, now, proudly braced
Beneath thy crescent's waning shine!
The moon before the sun grows dim;
Thou art shattered by the sign of Him,
The conquering Prince. "Victoria!"
Shout Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O Thou, who in a shepherd-stable
An infant willingly hast lain,
And through the cross's pain wert able
To give the victory over pain!
To pride the manger seems disgrace;
The cross a vile, unworthy place;
But what shall bring this pride down? Say?
'Tis Bethlehem and Golgotha.

The Magi kings went forth to see
The Shepherd Stock, the Paschal Lamb;
And to the cross on Calvary
The pilgrimage of nations came.
Amidst the battle's stormy toss,
All flew to splinters—but the Cross;
As east and west encamping lay
Round Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Oh, march we not in martial band,
But with the Spirit's flag unfurled!
Let us subdue the Holy Land
As Christ Himself subdued the world.
Let beams of light on every side
Fly, like apostles, far and wide,
Till all men catch the beams that play
O'er Bethlehem and Golgotha.

With pilgrim staff and scallop-shell
Through Eastern climes I sought to roam;
This counsel have I found to tell,
Brought from my travels to my home:
With staff and scallop do not crave
To see Christ's cradle and His grave.
Turn inward! there in clearest day
View Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O heart! what helps it that the knee
Upon His natal spot is bended?
What helps it, reverently to see
The grave from which He soon ascended?
Let Him within thee find His birth;
And do thou die to things of earth,
And live Him; let this be for aye
Thy Bethlehem and Golgotha.
Friedrich Rückert, tr. by N. L. Frothingham.

3182. BETHLEHEM, Invitation to.
St. Luke ii : 15.

Come, let us with speed to Bethlehem go,
The house of that bread which God doth bestow:
To all He hath given and sent from above
The banquet of heaven, the Son of His love.
By faith we shall see Him promised of old,
And know it is He of whom we were told;
That heavenly Stranger fall prostrate before,
And God in a manger with angels adore.
J. and C. Wesley.

3183. BETHLEHEM, The Babe of.
Matthew ii : 1.

Far back in the past when the shadows lay
Like a curtain o'er the wide, wide earth,
There were men who told of a coming day
When a babe should be born in a lowly way,
But his coming should gladden the earth.

And the prophets looked, and the sages
For the rising of that bright sun; [longed
In palace and hovel the story was told
Of a prince who should sprinkle the earth with gold,
And join all the nations in one:
Of a king at whose throne all peoples should kneel, [heal,
Physician whose touch should all maladies
A brother whose heart full of sympathy true
Should dry up our tears, as the sun dries the dew.

But the ages came like the beating tides
That thunder against the rocky shore,
Nor heeded the cry of the saddened breast
That had looked and longed for a holy rest
Through the years which had gone before;
And the ages went like the rolling stream
Whose waters to ocean ceaseless pour;
The war trumpet sounded from ocean to main,
And fields were all strewn with mangled and slain, [drowned
And the cry of the perishing heart was
'Mid the angry battle roar.

But prophet and sage stand with lifted brow,
Feeling hope in their hearts growing strong,
While a voice speaks with a tender word,
And a message comes which ear has not heard;
In Bethlehem near where the temple crowns
Old Zion's lofty, hallowed grounds,
The Babe in a manger is born;
A sceptreless Prince in swaddling bands,
A crownless King on His mother's breast,
A sovereign Ruler of all the lands,
A Saviour to give His people rest;
Lowly He lies with the common horde,
Babe, man, and brother, King and Lord.

The birth of the Babe sent a thrill o'er the world: [corse;
'Twas the beat of a heart in the breast of a
'Twas the gift of sight to the eye of the blind; [dead;
'Twas the throb of a pulse in an arm that was
'Twas the quiver of nerve whence life had fled; [despair;
'Twas the bursting of hope o'er the reign of
And seraph and cherub their anthems sing,
As they fly to the manger to crown Him King;
And the angels of God, a joyful throng,
Proclaim to the shepherds that Christ is born;
And the stars shot smiles from their lofty height
O'er the nations that groped in deepest night,
While prophet and sage that had waited long
Answered with psalm the angels' song.

O Christ of the manger, the garden, the cross,
We bring our poor hearts as an offering to Thee;
In Thy birth we have hope,
In Thy death we have life;
O touch us and cause us Thy beauty to see.
We will join with the angels on Bethlehem's plains, [strains,
Our hearts sing responsive to heavenly
Glad tidings of joy to the world we proclaim,
Salvation to all in the one hallowed name.

Evermore may Thy light be our guide through the gloom,
Until "ashes to ashes" we sleep in the tomb.
Then, washed in Thy blood and redeemed by Thy grace,
May we dwell, blessed Lord, in the smile of Thy face. *J. H. McCarty.*

3184. BETHLEHEM, The Fountain of.
Chronicles xi : 16-19.

High on the summit of a cliff that beetled o'er the plain,
The warrior stood, his fiery eye full-flashing in disdain;
For in the breakings of the morn, beneath, in myriads lay
The wild, beleaguering hosts that swept his brightest hopes away;
Thick as the pest o'er Mizraim's land the rolling thousands came,
And Judah felt round all her coasts the devastating flame.
And as he gazed, deep thoughts of wrath his inmost bosom stirred,
As floating on the rising breeze their impious songs he heard.
From lips unholy—awful thought!—like pestilence there came,
In horrid mirth, in muttered sounds, the Unutterable Name.
Dark grew his brow; his nervous arm upraised his shining spear,
Strong in his might, his conscious heart 'mong thousands knew not fear.
Lo! buried thoughts, a glittering train, rose o'er his troubled mind,
Like painted clouds before the breath of the soft summer wind;
He thought of hours of victory, when, borne in blushing pride,
The wave of beauty rolled along and glittered by his side;
When rosy lips, in silver sounds, responded o'er the plain:
"Saul has his thousands—David has his tens of thousands slain!"
Dark grew the terrors of his brow, when gleaming from afar,
Through its tall palms, sweet Beth'lem's fount showed like a radiant star.
Pure fountain! thoughts of deepest love came on that glance of thine;
The warrior's tear, his nerveless arm, proclaim the potent sign:
Yes! peaceful thoughts of other days, when round thy shaded brink,
He watched his bleating flocks, and bore his weakling lambs to drink!
And 'neath thy sheltering palms he raised the consecrated strain,
And sung the glories of the heavens—the wonders of the main;
And in the moments of rapt thought, with more than seraph's fire,
Transcendent bard! he swept the strings, and struck the golden lyre.
Celestial thoughts were his; he cried, "All hail, pellucid spring!
Who from thy fountain's lucent wave one cooling draught may bring?
Without the gate I see thee gleam: 'twould ease this burning brow
To know, as oft in other years, thy limpid waters now.
Oh that some valiant arm might gain thine ever-living spring,
And through the godless hosts even now one cooling draught would bring!"
He spoke, and swifter than the bird that loves the mountain crest,
His warriors through the embattled lines on to the fountain prest.
. . . . . .
Exulting, to their leader they in conscious pride return,
Bearing aloft in blood-stained hands the overflowing urn!
He gazed, the sacred vessel took, and o'er the flowery sod
Libations poured, in pious joy, to Israel's chosen God:
"Unhallowed wish! Lord of my life! I consecrate to Thee
The perilled draught. Forgive my sin, and still my Guardian be."
Lord! like the glorious Prototype, we still would cast our eyes
To the red source whence Zion's wave and cleansing waters rise;
We, 'mid the shades of changing life, in sunshine, and in storm,
Would gaze on that most tranquil depth which nothing can deform;
And from its holy calmness we, through life's most checkered years,
Would find a balm for agony, an antidote for tears.
Yes! we would cast our cherished hopes, our earth-born thoughts away,
And, as an offering at Thy shrine, our brightest trophies lay.
Accept, forgive, this erring heart! Oh consecrate our strain,
And from Thy temple in the skies, smile, smile on us again!
David Mallock.

3185. BETHLEHEM, The Well of.
2 Samuel xxiii : 15-17.

There is sound of war in Judah, and over Ephrath's plain,
Though the fields are ripe for harvest, no Hebrew reaps the grain;

For the armies of the heathen have come with flame and sword
To waste the pleasant dwellings of the people of the Lord.

In the Valley of the Giants Philistine tents are spread
And their warriors are marshalled within the House of Bread.

No chief goes forth against them, and no champion comes to save,
For Israel's hope, an exile, is pent within a cave.

Around him still are gathered a chosen faithful few,
Tried in full many a battle, and to his banner true.

Upon the cliffs of limestone rock the autumn sunbeams beat,
And glare upon the hunted band with all their parching heat.

Till David, faint and thirsty, in his longing speaks to them,
Would that I had but water from the well of Bethlehem!

Then up arose three chieftains from the places where they sate,
To bring their master water from the fount beside the gate.

They reck not of the thousand swords which fain would bar their way,
But calm in strength and valor straight address them to the fray.

Three men against an army vast, they have no thought of flight,
For each against a host of men hath stood alone in fight.

Too well Philistine widows have learnt those three names in woe;
Shammah, and Eleazar, and the peerless Adino.

Those mighty men have broken through all that opposing ring,
And have borne the cooling water in triumph to their king.

But David hath the chalice out before Jehovah poured,
Saying, "This is blood, not water; I may not drink it, Lord!

O type of future story! O most deep and mystic sign
Of the longing of the nations for Him of David's line!

There is sound of war in all lands, and through its cruel bane,
Though the souls are ripe for harvest, no reaper stores the grain;

For the hosts of evil spirits make war with flame and sword
Against the Gentile watchers who are waiting for the Lord.

Afar in every country their countless legions spread,
To turn the poor and hungry from the blessed House of Bread.

And the scorching rays of sorrow on mourners ever beat,
No Rock is in the weary lands to shadow from the heat.

There is nothing to bring cooling, and naught may comfort them,
Save the Well of Living Water that springs in Bethlehem.

But three go forth to seek that fount, in faith and valor strong;
Three who reck not of hindrances, nor of that travail long.

They go o'er hills and deserts with the guiding star before,
Wise Caspar, true Baltasar, and the faithful Melchior.

In vain the hosts of Satan would beset their wandering,
For the mighty men break through them to reach their new-born King.

They haste in eager worship to that long-expected sight,
To the Well of Life whose glory gives all believers light,

To the Chief Who comes to vanquish, the Champion strong to save,
To Israel's Hope, an infant, now laid within a cave.

And where the Babe is cradled, Whom the three in awe behold,
They lay their three rich offerings, myrrh, frankincense, and gold.

Then they turn them back in triumph, once more afar to roam,
Till they bear those living waters to thirsting hearts at home.

And that chalice of Thy passion, unto the Father poured,
Although it is blood, not water, yet we may drink it, Lord!

O pledge of future glory! O most deep and mystic sign
Of the healing of the nations by Him of David's line!

Richard Frederick Littledale.

3186. BETHLEHEM, Towers of.

Above, the towers of Bethlehem
Fade on the night that falls on them;
Yet hold in guard the rocky steep,
Which Rehoboam bade them keep.

They overlook the lengthening vale,
That stretches to the Dead Sea pale,
And far beyond to Eastern plains,
Where Amnon now no longer reigns.

O city small! 'mid Judah's host,
Now growing to her crown and boast,
How high at morn thy head shall be,
For earth shall bow to hallow thee.
R. E. A. Townsend.

3187. BEULAH, Land of.
Isaiah 62: 4.

I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore.
My heaven, my home for evermore!

The Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me with His hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever-vernal trees,
And flowers that never-fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels, with the white-robed throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song.

3188. BIBLE, The Picture.

Thou folio dusk and olden,
My friend in early days,
When loving hands oft opened
Thy secrets to my gaze,
Oft o'er thy pictures bending,
Delighted I would stand,
My sports forgot, while dreaming
About the Orient land.

Thou openest the portals
Of distant zones to me;
In thee, as in a mirror,
Their glittering stores I see.
Thanks, for through thee are glimpses
Of strange, far regions sent,
Of camels, palms, and deserts,
The shepherd and his tent.

More near to view thou bringest
The hero and the sage,
By gifted seers depicted
Upon thy priceless page;
The fair and bride-like maidens,
As well their words portray,
Of each a living semblance
Thy figured leaves display.

The patriarchal ages,
What simple times were they,
When men on every journey
Met angels by the way.

Their wells and herds of cattle,
How often have I seen,
While on thy pages gazing
With quiet, thoughtful mien.

Again thou seemst, as lying
Upon the stool, of yore,
While I, intently musing,
Upon thy pages pore,
As if the old impressions,
So oft with rapture viewed,
In fresh and brilliant colors
Before me stood renewed.

As if, more bright than ever,
Again before me placed,
I saw the quaint devices
Around thy borders traced;
Branches and fruit combining,
Round every picture wrought,
Each to some picture suited,
And all with meaning fraught;

As if, in days departed,
My eager steps I bent,
To ask my gentle mother
What every picture meant;
As if some song or story,
I learned of each to tell,
While beaming mildly on us,
My father's glances fell.

O time now fled forever!
Thou seemst a tale gone by;
The picture-Bible's treasures,
The bright, believing eye,
The glad delighted parents,
The calm, contented mien,
The joy and mirth of boyhood,
All, all, alas! have been.
Ferdinand Freiligrath.

3189. BIRDS, Support of the.
Matthew x: 31.

No storehouse nor barn have we,
And winter so close at hand,
With the chilling shadow of want
Cast darkly over the land;
And cometh with morning light
A deeper and darker dread,
That harder and fiercer will be
The struggle for daily bread.

No storehouse nor barn have we,
The fluttering birds of the air;
No voice to make known our wants,
With hunger our only prayer.
Yet God feedeth us day by day
As the light of the morn comes round,
And never without His leave
Shall one of us fall to the ground.

O Saviour! I hear Thy voice
In these happy birds of the air,
Who sow not, gather, nor reap,
Yet lack not a Father's care.

They trust to a guiding Hand,
Which feedeth them day by day;
What want they with storehouse or barn?
And are we not better than they?
Hollis Freeman.

3190. BIRDS, Voices of the.

Luke xii : 6.

A little sparrow twittered near my door,
And to my ear
The meaning clearer came than e'er before,
And brought me cheer.

"Not one of us without our Father's care
Falls to the earth;
Why doubt His fonder care for you, who are
Of far more worth?"

A soaring eagle in his lofty flight
Gave me a thought,
Which to my weak and faltering soul a bright,
Fresh courage brought.

"Know ye not, they that wait upon the Lord
Strength shall renew?
Shall mount on wings as eagles? This His Word
Has promised you."

Thus humble sparrow and the prouder bird
Sweet comfort give;
And I, reminded of God's faithful Word,
More trusting live.

And throughout nature's varied forms of life,
Where'er I look,
I find them all with references rife
To that dear Book;

As though this earth companion volume were
To sacred page,
Where man beholds the illustration fair
From age to age.
Annie E. Poulsson.

3191. BLEST, Land of the.

The sunset is calm on the face of the deep,
And bright is the last look of day in the west,
And broadly the beams of its parting glance sweep,
Like the path that conducts to the land of the blest;
All golden and green is the sea as it flows
In billows just heaving its tide to the shore:
And crimson and blue is the sky as it glows
With the colors that tell us that daylight is o'er.

I sit on a rock that hangs over the wave,
And the surf heaves and tosses its snow-wreaths below,
And the flakes, gilt with sunbeams, the flowing tide pave,
Like the gems that in gardens of sorcery grow:
I sit on the rock, and I watch the light fade,
Still fainter and fainter away in the west,
And I dream I can catch, through the mantle of shade,
A glimpse of the dim distant land of the blest.

And I long for a home in that land of the soul,
Where hearts always warm glow with friendship and love,
And days ever cloudless still cheerily roll,
Like the age of eternity blazing above:
There with friendships unbroken, and loves ever true,
Life flows on, one gay dream of pleasure and rest,
And green is the fresh turf, the sky purely blue,
That mantle and arch o'er the land of the blest.

The last line of light now is crossing the sea,
And the first star is lighting its lamp in the sky;
It seems that a sweet voice is calling to me,
Like a bird on that pathway of brightness to fly:
"Far over the wave is a green sunny isle,
Where the last cloud of evening now shines in the west;
'Tis the island that Spring ever woos with her smiles;
Oh! seek it—the bright happy land of the blest."
James Gates Percival.

3192. BLIND MAN'S TESTIMONY.

John ix : 25.

He stood before the Sanhedrim;
The scowling rabbis gazed at him;
He recked not of their praise or blame;
There was no fear, there was no shame,
For one upon whose dazzled eyes
The whole world poured its vast surprise;
The open heaven was far too near,
His first day's light too sweet and clear,
To let him waste his new-gained ken
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou?
What hast thou been? What art thou now?
Thou art not he who yesterday
Sat here and begged beside the way;
For he was blind.

—And I am he,
For I was blind, but now I see.

He told the story o'er and o'er;
It was his full heart's only lore;
A prophet on the Sabbath-day
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,
And made him see who had been blind.
Their words passed by him like the wind
Which raves and howls, but cannot shock
The hundred-fathomed-rooted rock.

Their threats and fury all went wide;
They could not touch his Hebrew pride,
Their sneers at Jesus and His band,
Nameless and homeless in the land,
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,
All could not change him by one word.

I know not what this man may be,
Sinner or saint; but as for me
One thing I know, that I am he
That once was blind, but now I see.

They were all doctors of renown,
The great men of a famous town, [wise
With deep brows, wrinkled, broad and
Beneath their wide phylacteries;
The wisdom of the East was theirs,
And honor crowned their silver hairs.
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born;
But he knew better far than they
What came to him that Sabbath-day;
And what the Christ had done for him
He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.

Harper's Magazine.

3193. BLIND MEN HEALED, Two.
Matthew x: 27-34.

When from that home, with rapture wild,
That hailed from death a rescued child,
The mighty Rescuer homeward hied,
Lo! on His way two blind men cried:

"Ho! Son of David! Prince benign!
Lend us Thy sovereign aid divine!
Oh end our dismal, doleful night!
Have mercy on us! Grant us sight!"

He heard their piteous pleading loud,
But paused not in the jostling crowd;
Their faith by deeds He fain would prove,
And seeming coldness veiled His love.

Homeward to Simon's house He sped;
But soon the blind ones, thither led,
His long-sought presence gained once more,
With plea more pitcous than before.

Once more he asked: "Believe ye, both,
That I can do this?" Nothing loth,
Already light in faith's clear ray,
Instant they answered, "Yea, Lord, yea!"

"Be it according to your faith,"
In tenderest tones the Saviour saith,
And touched their eyes. Lo! day's full light
Burst glorious on their perfect sight!

Then straight, with emphasis severe,
He charged them, "See that no man hear
Or know who wrought this:" vain com-
mand—
They sound His fame through all the land.

But, as they hasted forth, they found
A man whose tongue a fiend had bound,
Till, robbed of man's distinguished boast,
The godlike gift of speech was lost.

To Him whose power themselves had blessed
They brought their brother, worse distressed,
And when the devil was cast out,
They heard the dumb man sing and shout.

The multitude with wonder tell—
"'Twas ne'er so seen in Israel!"
But maddened Pharisees still said,
"He casts out demons through their head."

O Saviour, we are blind and dumb,
To thee for sight and speech we come;
Touch Thou our eyes with truth's bright rays,
Teach Thou our lips to sing Thy praise.

Help us to feel our mournful night,
And seek, through all things, for Thy light,
Till the glad sentence we receive,
"Be it to you as you believe."

Then swift the dumb to Thee we'll bring,
Till all Thy grace shall see, and sing;
Or, at Thy word, through doubt and hate,
For ampler revelations wait.

George Lansing Taylor.

3194. BLIND, Sight Restored to the.
John ix: 11.

When the great master spoke,
He touched his withered eyes,
And at one gleam upon him broke
The glad earth and the skies.

And he saw the city's walls,
And kings' and prophets' tomb,
And mighty arches, and vaulted halls,
And the temple's lofty dome.

He looked on the river's flood,
And the flash of mountain rills,
And the gentle waves of the palms that stood
Upon Judea's hills.

He saw on heights and plains
Creatures of every race:
But a mighty thrill went through his veins
When he met the human face;

And his virgin sight beheld
The ruddy glow of even,
And the thousand shining orbs that filled
The azure depths of heaven.

And woman's voice before
Had cheered his gloomy night,
But to see the angel form she wore
Made deeper the delight;

And his heart at daylight's close
For the bright world where he trod,
And when the yellow morn arose,
Gave speechless thanks to God.

John H. Bryant.

3195. BLOOD, Protecting.
Exodus xii : 7-14.

Christ, our Passover, is slain,
To set His people free;
Free from sin's Egyptian chain
And Pharaoh's tyranny.
Lord, that we may now depart,
And truly serve our pardoning God,
Sprinkle every house and heart
With Thine atoning blood.

Let the angel of the Lord
His awful charge fulfil;
Let His pestilential sword
The first-born victims kill.
Safe in snares and death we dwell
Protected by that crimson sign
From the rage of earth and hell,
And from the wrath Divine.

Wilt thou not a difference make
Betwixt Thy friend and foe?
Vengeance on the Egyptians take,
And grace to Israel show?
Knowst Thou not, most righteous God,
We on the paschal Lamb rely?
See us covered with the blood,
And pass Thy people by.

J. and C. Wesley.

3196. BLOOD OF CHRIST, The.
Hebrews ix : 22.

Blood is the price of heaven;
All sin that price exceeds;
Oh, come to be forgiven—
He bleeds! my Saviour bleeds!

Under the olive boughs,
Falling like ruby beads
The blood drops from His brows—
He bleeds! my Saviour bleeds!

While the fierce scourges fall
The precious blood still pleads;
In front of Pilate's hall
He bleeds! my Saviour bleeds!

Beneath the thorny crown
The crimson fountain speeds;
See how it trickles down—
He bleeds! my Saviour bleeds!

Bearing the fatal wood
His band of saints He leads,
Marking the way with blood;
He bleeds! my Saviour bleeds!

On Calvary His shame
With blood still intercedes;
His open wounds proclaim
He bleeds! my Saviour bleeds!

He hangs upon the tree,
Hangs there for my misdeeds;
He sheds His blood for me;
He bleeds! my Saviour bleeds!

Ah, me! His soul is fled;
Yet still for my great needs
He bleeds when He is dead;
He bleeds! my Saviour bleeds!

His blood is flowing still;
My thirsty soul it feeds;
He lets me drink my fill;
He bleeds! my Saviour bleeds!

O sweet, O precious blood!
What love, what love it breeds!
Ransom, reward, and food—
He bleeds! my Saviour bleeds!

F. W. Faber.

3197. BORDER LANDS.

Father, into Thy loving hands
My feeble spirit I commit,
While wandering in these border lands,
Until Thy voice shall summon it.
Father, I would not dare to choose
A longer life, an earlier death;
I know not what my soul might lose
By shortened or protracted breath.

These border lands are calm and still,
And solemn are their silent shades;
And my heart welcomes them, until
The light of life's long evening fades.
I heard them spoken of with dread,
As fearful and unquiet places;
Shades, where the living and the dead
Look sadly in each other's faces;

But since Thy hand hath led me here,
And I have seen the border land,
Seen the dark river flowing near,
Stood on its brink, as now I stand,
There has been nothing to alarm
My trembling soul; how could I fear
While thus encircled with Thine arm?
I never felt Thee half so near.

What should appall me in a place
That brings me hourly nearer Thee?
Where I may almost see Thy face,—
Surely 'tis here my soul would be.
They say the waves are dark and deep,
That faith has perished in the river;
They speak of death with fear, and weep;
Shall my soul perish? never, never.

I know that Thou wilt never leave
The soul that trembles while it clings
To Thee; I know thou wilt achieve
Its passage on Thine outspread wings.
And since I first was brought so near
The stream that flows to the Dead Sea,
I think that it has grown more clear
And shallow than it used to be.

I cannot see the golden gate
Unfolding yet to welcome me;
I cannot yet anticipate
The joy of heaven's jubilee.

But I will calmly watch and pray,
Until I hear my Saviour's voice,
Calling my happy soul away,
To see His glory and rejoice.

3198. BOZRAH, Vision of.
Is. xxxiv : 6, and lxiii : 1.

On Carmel's brow the wreathy vine
Had all its honors shed,
And o'er the vales of Palestine
A sickly paleness spread;
When the old seer by vision led,
And energy sublime,
Into that shadowy region sped,
To muse on distant time.

He saw the valleys far and wide,
But sight of joy was none;
He looked o'er many a mountain side,
But silence reigned alone,
Save that a boding voice sung on,
By wave and waterfall,
As still, in harsh and heavy tone,
Deep unto deep did call.

On Kison's strand and Ephratah
The hamlets thick did lie;
No wayfarer between he saw,
No Asherite passed by:
No maiden at her task did ply,
No sportive child was seen;
The lonely dog barked wearily
Where dwellers once had been.

Oh! beauteous were the palaces
On Jordan wont to be,
And still they glimmered to the breeze,
Like stars beneath the sea!
But vultures held their jubilee
Where harp and cymbal rung,
And there as if in mockery
The baleful satyr sung.

But who had seen that prophet's eye
On Carmel that reclined!
It looked not on the times gone by,
But those that were behind:
His gray hair streamed upon the wind,
His hands were raised on high,
As mirrored on his mystic mind
Arose futurity.

He saw the feast in Bozrah spread
Prepared in ancient day;
Eastward, away the eagle sped,
And all the birds of prey.
"Who's this," he cried, "comes by the way
Of Edom, all divine,
Travelling in splendor, whose array
Is red, but not with wine?"

Blest be the herald of our King
That comes to set us free!
The dwellers of the rock shall sing,
And utter praise to Thee!
Tabor and Hermon yet shall see
Their glories glow again,
And blossoms spring on field and tree,
That ever shall remain.

"The happy child in dragon's way
Shall frolic with delight;
The lamb shall round the leopard play,
And all in love unite;
The dove on Zion's hill shall light,
That all the world must see.
Hail to the journeyer, in his might,
That comes to set us free!"

James Hogg.

3199. BOUND WOMAN HEALED.
Luke xiii : 11-13.

For eighteen years, she, patient soul,
Her eyes hath graveward sent;
All vain for her the starry pole,
She is so bowed and bent.

What mighty words! Who can be near?
What tenderness of hands!
Oh! is it strength, or fancy mere?
New hope, or breaking bands?

The pent life rushes swift along
Channels it used to know;
And up, amidst the wondering throng,
She rises firm and slow.

To bend again in grateful awe,
Will power no more at strife,
In homage to the living Law
Who gives her back her life.

Uplifter of the drooping head!
Unbinder of the bound!
Thou seest us sore-burdened
Bend hopeless to the ground.

What if they see Thee not, nor cry,
Thou watchest for the hour,
To raise the forward beaming eye,
To wake the slumbering power.

I see Thee wipe the stains of time
From off the withered face;
Lift up thy bowed old men, in prime
Of youthful manhood's grace.

Like summer days from winter's tomb,
Arise thy women fair;
Old age a shadow, not a doom,
Lo! is not anywhere.

All ills of life shall melt away
As melts a cureless woe,
When, by the dawning of the day
Surprised, the dream must go.

I think thou, Lord, wilt heal me too,
Whate'er the needful cure;
The great best only thou wilt do,
And hoping I endure.

George Macdonald.

3200. BREAD, Blessing the.

Matthew xxvi: 26-28.

Onward it speeds, the awful hour from man's
first fall decreed,
When the dark serpent's wrath shall bruise
the woman's spotless seed;
The foe He met—the desert path triumphantly He trod,
And now a darker, deadlier strife awaits the
Son of God.

Soon shall a strange and midnight gloom involve the conscious Heaven,
While in Jehovah's mystic fane the inmost
veil is riven!
Soon shall one deep and dying groan the solid
mountains rend;
The yawning grave shall yield their dead, the
buried saints ascend!

And yet, amidst his little flock, still Jesus
stands, serene,
Unawed by sufferings yet to be, unchanged
by what hath been;
Still beams the light of love undimmed in
that benignant eye,
Nor, save his own prophetic word, aught
speaks him soon to die!

He pours within the votive cup the rich
blood of the vine,
And "Drink ye all the hallowed draught,"
he cries, "this blood is mine."
He breaks the bread: then clasps His hands,
and lifts His eyes in prayer,
"Receive ye this, and view by faith My body
symbolled there!

"For like the wine that crowns this cup, My
blood shall soon be shed;
My body broken on the cross, as now I break
the bread:
For you the crimson stream shall flow—for
you the hand divine
Bares the red sword, although the heart that
meets the blows be mine;

"And oft your willing steps renew around
the sacred board,
And break the bread and pour the wine in
memory of your Lord:
To drink with me the grape's fresh juice to
you shall yet be given,
Fresh from the deathless vine that blooms in
blest abodes of heaven!"

Thomas Dale.

3201. BREAD, Our Daily.

Matthew vi: 11.

"Give us this day our daily bread;"
Hear Thou, O Lord, our prayer,
Lone children of Thy care;
It is a desert land we journey through;
Each day anew, [dew.
We need for food Thy bread, for drink Thy

"Give us this day our daily bread,"
We dare not ask for more;
Enough is ample store;
But should Thy hand a larger gift impart,
Keep Thou our heart,
Lest we be puffed with vain and selfish art.

"Give us this day our daily bread;"
Thy bread is strength indeed,
And in our deepest need
It is enough, upon life's dusty road,
To find our load [stowed.
Sustained by grace, and help each day be-

"Give us this day our daily bread."
Oh may we be content
With blessings daily sent;
We cannot eat to-morrow's bread to-day,
We need not prey
Upon the ills the future hides away.

"Give us this day our daily bread."
This answered prayer shall bring
Each cherished, needful thing; [peace
For sorrow, joy; for weakness, strength and
As storms increase;
Our never-failing good till life shall cease.

Dwight Williams.

3202. BRIDE, The Three Songs of the.

Expectans Expectavi.

A maiden, clothed in purple,
Sat on a fenced hill;
Her face, I saw, was hidden,
And her fettered hands were still.
She sat beneath a palm-tree,
With a veil upon her head;
While a voice came forth from Horeb,
As the deserts round her spread.

A rock stood up beside her,
Amidst those thirsty sands;
She sat beneath its shadow,
With her head upon her hands.
Then I listened to her singing—
Her voice was low and faint;
And thus towards the morning
I heard her make her plaint:

"I am waiting for my Loved One,
As the long dark years go by;
I am waiting for my Loved One,
Till His star is in the sky.
My sight is always failing,
My eyes with tears are dim;
And my heart is faint with waiting,
But I only wait for Him.

"I am waiting for my Loved One,
But His step I cannot hear;
And I ask the stars above me
To tell me He is near.
I look upon the mountains,
But His feet I cannot see,
Nor the promised light which telleth
That my Love doth come to me.

"My heart is cold and empty,
Which He alone can fill;
Once I thought I heard Him coming
By the lightning-girded hill.
There only came the thunder,
And His written words on stone;
Then passed away the glory,
And I was left alone.

"I waited 'midst the coverings
Of scarlet, white, and blue;
And when upward the great Temple
In its noiseless beauty grew,
Then a symbol of His presence
In that Temple made a home;
Now I wait before the curtain,
But my Loved One doth not come.

"So I sit beneath this palm-tree,
And my eyes are dim with tears,
As I look out for His coming,
Through the twilight of the years.
And I turn from every other,
For He alone can be
The golden-girdled Husband,
Whom God hath given to me."

Thus she waited for her Loved One,
Thus she veiled herself for Him;
The day-spring had not risen,
And she sat in twilight dim.
I stood beside the palm-tree,
I heard the north wind blow,
As she sorrowed for her Loved One,
And her voice was faint and low.

. . . . . .

In widow's weeds a maiden
Sat waiting for her Love;
Above her grew an apple-tree,
And in it sat a dove!
The villages were round her,
The vineyards of the King;
Through the dark-green olive-gardens
The birds were on the wing.

She was waiting for her Loved One;
All her love grew more and more,
As her wistful gaze was fastened
On the cedar-boarded door.
She was clothed in white and purple,
With a presence full of grace;
Her veil was off her forehead,
Still I could not see her face.

Then I wondered how this maiden,
With her bright and yellow hair,
Could be sitting in her sorrow,
In widow's mourning there.
So I listened to her singing,
Where the vines and palm-trees meet;
Thus she sorrowed for her Loved One,
And her voice was low and sweet:

"I am waiting for my Loved One,
I am waiting for His day;
He came to me at midnight,
He came, but went away.
He came, and once He called me,
With His hand upon the door;
I only saw Him pass me
On the thorn-strewn purple-floor.

"My Loved One came: one moment
His light upon me shone:
I rose to see His beauty,
He had turned, and He was gone.
He came, and went away again,
He went, but doth not stay;
He will come again to find me
In the brightness of the day.

"I cried about the city,
'O watchmen, can ye tell
The footsteps of my Loved One,
Or the place where He doth dwell?'
The watchmen answered roughly,
And took my veil from me:
So I wandered late and early,
But my Love I could not see.

"I am waiting for my Loved One
O weary hours, go by!
I am waiting for His coming,
Till His cross is in the sky.
He will not leave me always,
He will come again at last;
I am waiting for His coming,
Till the winter all be past.

"He hung upon the apple-tree,
When His eyes with blood were dim,
To drag me from the darkness,
So I keep myself for Him.
For when He hung uplifted,
And the thorns were round His head,
He brought me to the bridal,
And I to Him was wed.

"He stayed but for a moment;
I looked, and He was gone:
But I love Him more than ever,
Though He left me thus alone.
For though He hastened from me,
Yet He also came to stay;
Now He dwells upon His altar,
And He doth not go away.

"I am waiting for my Loved One,
For He hath gone afar;
I have promised to expect Him,
Till the rising of His star.
Yet He always is beside me
In the shadows of this night;
I am waiting for my Loved One,
In His beauty and His light."

Thus, sorrow-crowned, she waited,
With her heart all full of love;
A virgin-wife and widow,
Whilst above her moaned the dove.

As she sat beneath the apple-tree,
I heard the south wind blow;
Thus she sorrowed for her Loved One,
And her voice was sweet and low.

. . . . .

In heavenly light, a maiden
Sat at her Loved One's side;
While He gazed with love upon her
In a glory deep and wide.
I looked—her robes were ruddy;
I looked—and they were white;
Then they burned in mingled beauty,
With a blaze of golden light.

I had wandered through the deserts,
With footsteps upward turned;
When this glory flashed upon me,
When this fiery splendor burned.
The sea of glass, fire-mingled,
In its quivering brightness shone;
There the crystal stream was flowing,
And there stood the sapphire throne

The gates of pearl were open;
The lily-beds were fair;
And the bride, in burning raiment,
Sat with her Loved One there.
Through my soul astonished, fainting,
Through my senses dull and dim,
I saw the King in all His beauty,
And His sister crowned with Him.

There dark nights and days of anguish,
Grief, and death could come no more:
Shade of sorrow dims no faces
On that radiant, deathless shore.
Faithful she had been in Egypt,
Then the loneliness was past;
From her plaintive, patient waiting,
He had brought her home at last.

She had waited for her Loved One
Till He called her, till He came;
Till He set upon her forehead
Her turret-crown of flame.
I looked upon the Bridegroom,
On the ransomed gleaming throng,
As she sang and praised her Loved One,
And her voice was sweet and strong:

"He hath brought me from the darkness,
He hath bought me with His blood;
For me He made a pathway
Through the dark and stormy flood.
He won me by His dying,
He gave for me His life;
He brought me up from Egypt,
To be His virgin-wife.

"He hath given me all my graces—
I have nothing of my own;
He hath made me as His sister;
He hath set me on His throne.
I stood beside the Red Sea,
I saw its waters part,
Now His arms are ever round me,
Now my head is on His heart.

"I waited for my Loved One
Through the long and dreary days;
When my prayers could scarcely find Him,
And I knew not how to praise.
I waited for my only One
By the manger and the tree,
And by His holy sepulchre,
Till He rose and made me free.

"I waited for my Loved One
In the black and pitchy night;
When the sable veil was round me,
And I could not see the light.
I waited for my only One,
In the deep heart-breaking gloom;
Through the lonely darkened valley,
Through the shadows of the tomb.

"I waited for my Loved One,
Till this promised day had come;
I waited by His altar,
Where He dwelt as in His home.
There the tabernacle's glory
Was a glory from above,
With the beauty of my Loved One,
In the knowledge of His love.

"I saw Him come from Bozrah,
With raiment dyed in blood;
In the morning, on the mountain,
In His loveliness He stood.
In His dying and His rising,
My Love was still the same;
But His blood-stained, seamless raiment
Shone like a burning flame.

"In the wine-press, at the vintage,
He was still Eternal God;
Though thorns were strewn around Him
In the way on which He trod.
He turned not back, nor faltered
Till the vintage all was gleaned;
I loved Him through that sorrow,
And upon his heart I leaned.

"He went down to the harvest,
With His sickle sharp and bright;
And I watched Him in His reaping,
In His weakness and His might.
Now all His wheat is garnered
Beneath this starry dome;
And He makes for all a banquet
In this ceaseless harvest-home.

"My eyes were dim with watching,
When I waited in the night;
Now they are dim with gazing
On the brightness of His light.
On this beauty of my Loved One
Now I gaze for evermore;
And with all my heart upon Him,
Ever as I gaze, adore.

"I drink in all His beauty,
As on His heart I lie;
As there burneth in my memory
The day when He did die—
When He did die to save me,
And bring me home to this;
This fulness of His presence
In this thrillingness of bliss.

"I drink in all His beauty,
All my heart to Him is bowed;
All my heart is faint with loving,
With the love that once I vowed.
I knew not when I vowed it,
What one day it would be;
In this bridal never-ceasing,
In this fire of charity.

"I drink in all His beauty,
As on His heart I lie;
One thrilling joy is with me—
That He is ever nigh.
In His heart a torrent floweth;
All my love is perfect now,
As I gaze upon my Loved One,
With His crowns upon His brow.

"As I lie amidst these splendors,
His strong arms round me fold;
He gives me all His treasures,
All His silver and His gold.
But purer, stronger, brighter
Than this fiery crystal sea,
Is the love with which He loves me—
Is the love He gives to me.

"Thus for Him I ever waited,
Till He made me all His own;
Then at last He brought me to Him,
Then He set me on His throne.
Now He kisses me and loves me,
My God, and spouse divine;
He has married me forever,
I am His and He is mine."

Thus she sang her heavenly anthem,
Sitting at her Loved One's side;
Rapturous, fainting, crowned, exulting,
Sceptred as His sister-bride;
On His heart, and in His kingdom,
Where old things are passed away—
Where the eternal hills are lighted
By the everlasting day.

Ever drinking in His beauty,
Thus she sang of love and grace;
Sang of triumph, sang of glory,
Looking in her Loved One's face.
There her song kept ever rising,
By the pierced hands and feet;
All the Bridegroom's love was round her,
And her voice was strong and sweet.

H. A. Rawes.

3203. BROIDERY-WORK.

Exodus xxxvi: 1.

Beneath the desert's rim went down the sun,
And from their tent-doors, all their service done,
Came forth the Hebrew women, one by one.

For Bezaleel, the master, who had rare
And curious skill, and gifts beyond compare,
Greater than old Mizraim's greatest ware,

Had bidden them approach at his command,
As on a goat-skin spread upon the sand,
He sat, and saw them grouped on every hand.

And soon, as came to pass, a silence fell,
He spake and said: "Daughters of Israel,
I bring a word; I pray ye, hearken well.

"God's tabernacle, by His pattern made,
Shall fail in finish, though in order laid,
Unless ye women lift your hands to aid!"

A murmur ran the crouched assembly through,
As each her veil about her closer drew:
"We are but women! What can women do?"

And Bezaleel made answer: "Not a man
Of all our tribes, from Judah unto Dan,
Can do the thing that just ye women can!

"The gold and broidered work about the hem
Of the priest's robes—pomegranate, knop and stem—
Man's clumsy fingers cannot compass them.

"The sanctuary curtains that must wreathen be,
And bossed with cherubim, the colors three,
Blue, purple, scarlet, who can twine but ye?

"Yours is the very skill for which I call;
So bring your cunning needlework, though small
Your gifts may seem: the Lord hath need of all!"

. . . . . .

O Christian women! for the temple set
Throughout earth's desert lands, do you forget
The sanctuary curtains need your broidery yet?

Margaret J. Preston.

3204. BUILDER, The Foolish.

Matthew vii: 26, 27.

Upon the loose, unstable sands
He built his home unblest:
"And this," he cried, "my bulwark stands,
And here shall be my rest."

The deep floods rose, the wild winds blew,
The rain and tempest came;
The wind, and storm, and flood o'erthrew
His home, and hope, and name.

It fell, nor left a longer trace
Than those dark clouds that lowered;
For founded on a faithless base
The mighty fabric towered!

He knew not of a rock that stood
Secure 'mid storm and rain,
Where warning wind and swelling flood
Had risen and raged in vain.

Oh! had his home been founded there,
Amid the tempest's shock
Had risen secure that fabric fair,
On that eternal Rock! *H. W. J.*

3205. BUSH, A Modern Burning.

In the tangled, dim old garden,
Where the frost had traced its name,
I saw one autumn morning
A sumac bush aflame;
All its leaves like burning falchions
Leaped up in a glowing blaze,
And I thought, the old-time marvel
Is wrought in latter days.

Not a fibre curled or shrivelled,
No tissue scorched or lost,
Yet it flamed like the fiery pillar
That led old Israel's host.
And a voice like perfume stealing,
Spake soft, but made no sound;
And I knew that God was saying,
"This ground is holy ground;

"There's no backward glancing needed
To teach thee what to do;
For the bush that burned for Moses
Glows bright to-day for you;
And the voice that thrilled the prophet
To deeds before unwrought,
Is the same that now interprets
Jehovah's mighty thought;

"O'er the busy present's pathway
Still 'signs and wonders' move,
And the miracles of Nature
Her laws unchanging prove;
Ye have need to walk with reverence,
Bare-browed and feet unshod,
Lest ye fail to see the glory
And hear the Word of God."

Chicago Unity.

3206. BUSH, The Burning.
Exodus iii: 1-5.

The historic Muse, from age to age,
Through many a waste heart-sickening page
Hath traced the works of man:
But a celestial call to-day
Stays her, like Moses, on her way,
The works of God to scan.

Far seen across the sandy wild,
Where, like a solitary child,
He thoughtless roamed and free,
One towering thorn was wrapt in flame,
Bright without blaze it went and came;
Who would not turn and see?

Along the mountain ledges green
The scattered sheep at will may glean
The desert's spicy stores:
The while, with undivided heart,
The shepherd talks with God apart,
And, as he talks, adores.

Ye too, who tend Christ's wildering flock,
Well may ye gather round the rock
That once was Sion's hill:
To watch the fire upon the mount
Still blazing, like the solar fount,
Yet unconsuming still.

Caught from that blaze by wrath divine,
Lost branches of the once-loved vine,
Now withered, spent, and sere,
See Israel's sons, like glowing brands,
Tossed wildly o'er a thousand lands
For twice a thousand year.

God will not quench nor slay them quite,
But lifts them like a beacon light
The apostate church to scare;
Or like pale ghosts that darkling roam,
Hovering around their ancient home,
But find no refuge there.

Ye blessed angels! if of you
There be, who love the ways to view
Of kings and kingdoms here
(And sure 'tis worth an angel's gaze
To see, throughout the dreary maze,
God teaching love and fear):

Oh say, in all the bleak expanse,
Is there a spot to win your glance,
So bright, so dark as this?
A hopeless faith, a homeless race,
Yet seeking the most holy place,
And owning the true bliss!

John Keble.

3207. BUSH, The Burning.
Exodus iii: 2-5.

It was a lonely desert spot, and near,
Outlined against the clear blue atmosphere,
A mountain rose, in bold and towering form;
In sunshine calm, majestic in the storm;
And Moses hither led his peaceful flock;
Or paused for rest, by tall o'erhanging rock;
Or still among the mountain dells pursued
For pasturage his way of solitude;
When, lo! a sudden flame burst on his sight,
An awful brightness of unearthly light;
And Moses marvelled at its flashing hue.
Still wondering, he near and nearer drew,
Until he saw a bush, with wild amaze,
Still unconsumed within the fiery blaze;

And then he heard with dread a voice that came,
And broke the silence of the scene of flame;
The voice was in the fire; the mighty one,
The angel spoke, and Moses heard alone:
"Take off thy shoes; the place is holy ground."
And Moses hid his face in fear profound.
And then in gentler strain the voice returned,
Still from the bush, within the fire unburned;
And God with Moses spake, and gave command,
With promise of deliverance by His hand,
To all His people, still in bondage sore,
When He should open wide their prison door. *Dwight Williams.*

3208. CAIN.

Genesis iv: 8-15.

He fled! Ah! whither bends the assassin's path
Whose hand is crimsoned with a brother's blood?
He fled, wild-howling from the avenging wrath,
That branded the fell murderer as he stood:
On his dark brow the Almighty seal is set,
That all who see may fear, and fearing shun;
O Cain! thy punishment is deeper yet
To think on that thine own red arm hath done!

To live, and think on the dead Abel's love,
His gentle bearing, and his causeless wrong?
Alas! what demon could thy fury move
To slay the bright, the innocent, the young—
He who upon the same fond bosom hung,
Nurtured by one fond mother's hand, and taught
To lisp twin prayers with thee, in infant tongue?
Oh! canst thou pray who hast this ruin wrought?

Thou canst not, fratricide! a voice pursues
Thy trembling step; a cry is in thine ear
That freezes breath; the feeling that bedews
Sorrow's wan cheek yields not one softening tear
To thy despair: the tempest is within;
The quenchless fire, the never-dying worm!
O wretched man of horror and of sin,
Where wilt thou hide thee from life's coming storm?

Where wilt thou hide thee, whom no smiling home
Again shall cheer and woo to balmy rest?
'Tis thine a wretched fugitive to roam
O'er trackless wastes that foot hath never prest!
'Tis thine to till the earth, for thee accurst;
To win thy bread in sorrow and in pain;
To rear a cruel race; and oh! yet worse,
To ask of Heaven the death thou gavest—in vain!

Thou canst not pray, nor could thy prayers atone
The past, or give that peace thou ne'er shalt know;
Oh! vain to still thy Abel's dying groan,
Or stanch the bubbling life-streams as they flow!
The shaft is sped—the foul unhallowed deed
That glares, that flashes on thy shrinking eye!
Again thine arm is raised, thou seest him bleed—
Smile on his murderer; look to heaven—and die!

Hark! 'tis thy mother's voice! She comes to seek
Her wandering sons, to chide, to weep, to bless.
Hark! where thy father Adam tries to speak
The peace he feels not; fearful visions press
On his rapt soul; and thy fair sister one,
Whose thrilling accents on the night breeze flow
In liquid music. Oh! if aught atone
For guilty deed, thy heart atoneth now.

They reach the spot—breaks forth one bitter cry:
"My son, my Abel! wake thee; let my breath
Breathe life into thy lifeless form! Oh, why
Still dost thou sleep? Great God! can this be death?
It is, it is! yet who this deed hath done?
Who could thy precious blood inhuman shed?"
And Adam faintly whispered, "Cain, our son."
The murderer shuddering heard, and shrieking fled.

He fled, not unpursued! Oh! woman's love
Endures through all—want, woe, abasement, guilt.
Her fears are earthward, but her hope above.
She knelt for pardon on the life-blood spilt—
Knelt first to Heaven, then to the weeping pair
That sorrow for the living and the dead—
Kissed her pale sister-form of lone despair,
"I go to Cain," and unrepining fled.

And forth they went; for oh! he dares not meet
A father's eye, nor brook a mother's tears;
And forth they went, to press with toilsome feet
Unpractised wastes, through long and lonely years;
Fruit of his deadly crime: yet pitying Heaven,
That e'en in chastening still delights to save,
To life's dark pilgrimage through time hath given
A beacon-light, a hope beyond the grave! *John Bird.*

3209. CAIN, Brother of.
Genesis iv : 9.

Here it found me: "Where is thy brother?"
Out of the very heavens it fell,
Sharp as a peal of rattling thunder;
Then the echo leapt up from hell.

He—Jehovah—"Where is thy brother?"
I knew, He knew; the devil laughed,
He that gave me the staff to fell him.
So the archer reviled the shaft!

O my brother, my brother, my brother!
Thy blood panted and throbbed in me;
We were children of one mother,
Little children upon her knee.

O my brother, my brother, my brother!
Sad-eyed, tender, good, and true;
Never more on hill or valley,
Never tracked through morning dew.

I held up the staff before me,
Down it crashed on the gentle head;
One live look of wondering sorrow,
One sharp quiver—that was dead.

Thou! Thou gavest me a brother—
Gave me a life to cast away.
Hast Thou in heaven such another?
Hast Thou in heaven a sword to slay?

Hasten Thou: "Where is thy brother?"
Voice my curst lips dare not name,
Hasten! write with thy fiery finger
On my forehead the murderer's shame.

I am doomed—alone forever.
Yet, so long as the slow years part,
Thou shalt brand new Cains with curses,
Not on the forehead, but in the heart!

Rose Terry Cooke.

3210. CAIN, Curse of.

Said Enoch: "On this spot began
The fatal curse: man perished here by man;
The earliest death a son of Adam died
Was murder, and that murder fratricide!
Here Abel fell a corse along this shore;
Here Cain's recoiling footsteps reeked with gore;
Horror upraised his locks, unloosed his knees;
He heard a voice; he hid among the trees.
'Where is thy brother?' From the whirlwind came
The voice of God amidst enfolding flame:
'Am I my brother's keeper?' hoarse and low,
Cain muttered from the copse, 'that I should know.'
Lo! from the dust the blood of Abel cries:
'Curst from the earth that drank his blood, with toil
Thine hand shall plough in vain her barren soil;
An exile and a wanderer thou shalt be;
A brother's eye shall never look on thee.'

"The shuddering culprit answered in despair:
'Greater the punishment than flesh can bear.'
'Yet thou shalt bear it; on thy brow revealed
Thus be thy sentence and thy safeguard sealed!'
Silently, swiftly as the lightning blast,
A hand of fire athwart his temples passed;
He ran, as in the terror of a dream,
To quench his burning anguish in the stream;
But, bending o'er the brink, the swelling wave
Back to the eye his branded visage gave.
As soon on murdered Abel durst he look,
Yet power to fly his palsied limbs forsook;
There, turned to stone for his presumptuous crime,
A monument of wrath to latest time,
Might Cain have stood; but Mercy raised his head
In prayer for help; his strength returned—he fled.
That mound of myrtles o'er their favorite child
Eve planted, and the hand of Adam piled;
Yon mossy stone, above his ashes raised,
His altar once with Abel's offering blazed,
When God, well pleased, beheld the flame arise,
And smiled acceptance on the sacrifice."

James Montgomery.

3211. CALVARY.
Luke xxiii : 33.

Mount of horrors! Calvary!
Where, on the accursed tree,
Christ His life a ransom gave,
Man's rebellious race to save.
Mount of horrors! thee I sing,
Wafted on contrition's wing
To thy summit, thence to view
What our guilt had rendered due.

Yonder rugged, flinty way,
First, my mournful soul, survey.
Lo! where the delirious throng
Urge the Man of woes along,
Overburdened, bruised, and faint,
Who the cruel scene may paint!
See him sink, as up the steep
He strains! Weep, Salem's daughters, weep!
Not alone for Him you see
On His road to Calvary,
Weep, but for yourselves; for you
And your babes the deed shall rue!

Onward still, Thou Man Divine,
Lies that thorny track of Thine;
More indignity and pain,
Ere the destined spot Thou gain,

Doomed to suffer. Why that pause?
How the scene my spirit awes!
Is the final crime begun?
Is that bruised, that mangled one
To the cross supinely bound?
See, His hands and feet they wound!
Was it thus Messiah died?
Hide the spectacle, oh! hide.

Ah! 'tis done! Upon the rood,
Crimsoned with His sacred blood,
There he hangs the thieves between.
He of meek, majestic mien,
He, His Father's image pure,
Sin's demerit to endure!

And is no kind soother near?
None to succor, none to cheer?
Where is he who vowed to shed
His life's blood for Him? he has fled.
Where is he who on His breast,
Much-favored youth, was wont to rest?
Gone, e'en that beloved one—gone!
He treads the wine-press all alone,
With no refuge but the grave,
Of all deserted, all to save!
By God above, and men below,
By earth and heaven forsaken now.
See Him languish! hear Him groan!
Mortals, have ye hearts of stone?
Is not hatred yet appeased?
Has not yet your malice ceased?
Still the Jew's blaspheming leer;
Still the Roman's callous jeer;
Still those dying sons of crime
Railing out their fleeting time!
All conspire the dregs to pour
Of wrath's full cup on that dread hour.

Hark! with the voice of God He cries,
"'Tis finished!" Scorn turns pale—He dies!
For so Redeeming Mercy willed.
All is now at length fulfilled;
Christ has bowed His sacred head,
And seeks the regions of the dead.
As I contemplate the sight,
Shrinks my spirit with affright;
Trembles all the man within,
Conscious of that blackest sin!
Well might heaven its light withdraw!
Well might earth recoil with awe!
Well the temple's veil might rend!
Well the wondering dead ascend,
Startled by the daring deed
Which doomed the Lord of life to bleed!

Whom on Calvary thus I view,
Oh 'twas I, 'twas I that slew!
I transpierced him, mocked him, spurned;
I such love with hate returned!
Spirit, that canst bid them flow,
Touch the springs of holy woe;
Let mine eyes as fountains be,
Pouring tears incessantly,
Like a deluge, down my cheek;
Break this flinty heart, oh! break.

Mount of wonders! Calvary!
When I fix my gaze on thee,
Adoration sways my soul;
Mysteries round thy summit roll.
Angel's ken can never pierce,
Nor archangel's power disperse.

Who, with garments dyed in blood,
Victor in that conflict stood,
Which the power of Satan broke,
And released us from his yoke?
Who was thus for sinners slain?
Who this ignominious pain
Freely, gladly underwent?
God, the Lord Omnipotent:
He who glory's middle throne
Fills—the unbegotten Son;
In the plenitude of bliss,
Forming, ruling all that is.
He the guiltless, He the God,
Thus endured His Father's rod;
Whom we chiefly might expect
To renounce us, and reject;
Whose just vengeance might have rushed
Forth on our guilty heads, and crushed.
We against Him had rebelled,
We His goodness had repelled;
We His word had disbelieved,
And His Holy Spirit grieved:
Yet for us His throne He left,
Of His royalties bereft,
And in fashion as a man,
Perfected redemption's plan,
Humbled by His creatures so,
Burdened with such matchless woe!

Oh the patience! Oh the love!
All our loftiest thoughts above,
Which could thus with sinners bear!
Which could hold them still so dear!
Which could such a ransom give,
That our ruined race might live!
Mount of wonders! 'tis on thee
Mercy can with Truth agree;
Righteousness and Peace can kiss;
Man recover strength and bliss.
Angels view thee with amaze,
Wondering more the more they gaze;
Deeper, wishing, still to pry
Into that boundless mystery.
I with angels would adore,
And with them still more and more
Into things desire to look
Thou recordest in thy book,—
Fount of grace, which thou hast given,
To reveal the will of Heaven!
On me pour increasing light,
That the length, the breadth, the height,
And the depth, my soul may know—
All Thy saints can reach below—
Of that vast, stupendous love,
Human knowledge far above!

Mount of triumph! Calvary!
What effulgence beams from thee!
How my night is turned to day,
How my fears are chased away,

How my fainting heart grows bold
When thy glories I behold!

Yes, redemption is complete!
Trampled 'neath Messiah's feet
Sin and death forever lie;
He hath won the victory.
And the captor's captive led—
He hath bruised the serpent's head.
Hope, welcome visitant, appears,
Points to Thee, and dries my tears;
Faith her station at my side
Takes, from my prison-house to guide;
And Charity, supremely fair,
Enters my breast, and nestles there;
Moulding to Thy image, Lord,
The heart with holiness abhorred,
And creating all anew,
When thy wondrous grace I view.

Mount of triumph! what shall now
My firm expectance overthrow?
Is it life, or is it death,
Aught around, above, beneath?
Who shall my accuser be,
Lord, if I am found in Thee?
Who condemneth? Thou hast died,
Through Thy Godhead crucified;
As the warrior backward steps,
Who on his foe resistless leaps;
That Thou from the ravening grave
Mightst be omnipotent to save,
And from that roaring lion's power
Who ever seeketh to devour.
What shall harm me, while I lean
On the cross in spirit seen?
Nought! Thy strength can never fail,
Never shall my foes prevail:
Though in tenfold might they rise,
My soul their utmost rage defies.
When to Calvary I turn,
There I my privilege discern,
And in thy redemption strong,
March triumphantly along:
March rejoicing, for I feel
Thy kind hand my bruises heal,
And a taste at times bestow
Of heaven's enjoyments here below.
Upward looking, I behold
Paradise its gates unfold;
Where a mansion waits for me,
Where of life's unfading tree
I the blessed fruit shall share,
And to those living founts repair,
Which, gushing forth at God's right hand,
Flow copious through Immanuel's land.
Till the hour when over death
Exulting with my latest breath,
Prompt me with this mortal tongue
To thy praise to pour my song,
Captain of my saivation! Thou
From whom each perfect gift must flow,
Thou who all this bliss for me
Purchasedst on Cavalry!

T. Greenwood.

3212. CALVARY, Scenes of.

Sing, trembling Muse, how on the awful brow
Of Calvary, veiled in unearthly shadows
As on a darkened theatre, was wrought
The tragedy that moved the universe,
And moulded all its destinies anew!

The mist of years hath melted. Where am I?
Without thy walls, templed Jerusalem!
Amid the throng of thy tumultuous people,
Upon the hill of death. Three crosses rise
From yonder rocky bed. Three forms of men
Are quivering on them! Are they all alike—
Felons upon whose dark, atrocious deeds,
Stern justice hath affixed her burning brand?
Speak, ye invisible spirits! who attend
On injured innocence; is there not One,
Pronounced unblamed by Rome's proud procurator,
Even in the solemn, public judgment-hall?
Ah! ye are silent. Some dread mystery
Hangs o'er this scene, ye cannot pierce as yet!
Spirit of prophecy! unveil thy light,
And to my trembling heart the truth disclose.

The veil of heaven is rent; and through the gloom
I see, I see, upon that midmost cross,
In fashion as a man, and humbled low
(Oh, awful "mystery of godliness!"
Awful, and yet engaging; dear, though dread),
My Lord! my God! God manifest in flesh!
And "numbered with transgressors!" It is He!
Bear witness, blessed spirits! ye who bowed
Around His throne on high: bear witness now
To His eternal glory. On that throne [left
Man's misery touched His heart: for man He
That glory; threw aside the form of God,
Assumed a servant's state, and to the world
Came, gentle as a man to sympathize,
Yet able as the Omnipotent to save!
The world beheld Him, but it knew Him not:
Blind to the beauty of His holiness, [all
It turned from Him in scorn. In vain were
His miracles of mercy, and His words
Fraught with celestial wisdom. One betrayed
And others crucified Him! Tell it not
In hell, lest demons triumph; nor in heaven,
Lest angels tremble.
He had come to die!
He saw the storm of ruin that o'erhung
Man's whole horizon. Was there none could save?
He threw Himself upon the lifted cross,
'Twixt earth and heaven. The bolt of vengeance fell,
That would have shivered and consumed the world,
But fell on Him. He, self-devoted, caught
The wrath in His own bosom, and quenched it there!

Stupendous sacrifice! I see Thee now,
Incarnate Love! I see Thee on that tree
Of agony and execration hung;
Girt round with scornful men. Oh! they have wreathed
Thy throbbing temples with the pointed thorn,
In bitter mockery of Thy regal claims;
Illustrious victim! Prince of life! I see
The crimson current draining drop by drop,
Through every wound with anguish; yet the look
Of bland and suffering meekness changes not!
Methinks that silent meekness doth upbraid
Thy murderers, methinks expostulates
With me. Hark! Didst Thou speak, my dying Lord?

"O man of many sins! behold the price
Of thy redemption. Look, and sin no more!"
I hear Thee, lover of my soul! I hear,
And my whole heart is moved. Oh let me die
To sin with Thee! I would not leave Thy view.
I feel a sweet and secret sympathy
Grow as I gaze upon Thee. I would share,
My suffering Saviour! every pang of Thine,
Each throb, each pulse, each thought!
So shall I know
The bitterness of sin: so shall I feel
What dread desert of death was mine, what love
Unbounded Thine! my Life! my Hope! my Joy!
My Triumph, and my Song!
But 'tis the hour
Of Thy soul's travail. Mysterious hour!
How like a mountain doth our guilt oppress
That wrung, and crushed, and quivering heart! I see
The fainting head sink on that throbbing breast,
The languid eye pour its last look of love,
Then darken into death.

. . . . . .

There was a sound
Of agony, and prayer, and triumph came
From those expiring lips! My heart shall drink
The spirit of His words, and life forever!
"'Tis finished!" Heaven hath caught the rising cry,
And echoed back to earth. But who can tell
The fulness of its meaning? Yet a while,
And He who uttered will Himself explain,
And pour the brightness of eternity
Where rested time's dark shadow!
Calvary!
Thy name to me is balm. My thoughts repose
On thee the livelong day; and when at night
Deep sleep descends on men, my thoughts awake,
And muse upon thy wonders. Round the cross
Twine my eternal hopes, and flourish there!

John Newton.

3213. CALVARY, Shrine of.

Luke xxiv: 46.

Oh close the book, and seal the seal,
And let the veil drop over all;
Would that oblivion could conceal
What memory shudders to recall!

'Twas here, on this accursed hill,
"Without the gate," the deed was done,
Which made the vexed earth's heart to thrill,
And darkened the indignant sun.

Here rose the taunts of cruel scorn,
Here hung the felons by His side;
Less vile than they who wove the thorn
And reared the cross on which He died.

Well might the night o'erspread the day,
As darkness ruled ere time began,
When He, whom heavenly hosts obey,
"Was made a curse" for sinful man.

"Was made a curse;" but never yet
Did curse such fruit of blessing bear;
For all our sin, and doom, and debt,
By costliest price were cancelled there.

Hence more than other, Calvary slopes
Invite the pilgrim feet to stray,
As some fair shrine, where buried hopes
Love has embalmed to cheat decay.

The full heart here, all shrines above,
Its wealthier adoration pours;
In sight of that all-suffering love,
The eyes may weep, the faith adores.

'Tis not the life, divinely pure,
And even more, divinely kind:
'Tis not the power all ills to cure,
Nor flash earth's beauty on the blind:

'Tis not that loaves to banquets grew
Whene'er He willed the thousands fed;
Nor, at His word, that life anew
Quickened the swathed or buried dead:

'Tis not His teaching, though He spake
The wisest words to human thought;
Words, which the proud ones oft mistake,
But sweetly to the child-heart taught:

Life, healing, teaching! in all these
Some purpose and some lesson lie;
But faith the deeper mystery sees,
"That it behoved" the "Christ to die."

To die, not in oblation vain,
The seal to all His words to give;
Not in the martyr's scorn of pain;
To die that all the world might live!

Oh for the heart this truth to learn,
Erewhile too darkly understood!
We for the living Saviour yearn;
Our trust is in the sprinkled blood.

And while by faith we humbly cling
To Christ the crucified alone,
Each to His cross our sins would bring,
Eager to crucify our own.
W. Morley Punshon.

3214. CALVARY, The Highway to.
John xviii: 33.

Repair to Pilat's hall,
Which place, when thou hast found,
Then shall thou see a pillar stand,
To which thy Lord was bound.

'Tis easie to be known
To anie Christian eye;
The bloudie whips doe point it out
From all that stand thereby.

By it there lies a robe
Of purple, and a reed
Which Pilat's servants used t' abuse
In sinne's deriding deed;

When they pronounced "All hail!
God save thee!" with a breath,
And by the same cride presently,
"Let Christ be done to death."

His person had in scorne,
His doctrine made a iest,
Their mockeries were a martirdome;
No wrongs but Him opprest.

What courage less than His
Would have endured like shame,
But would with griefs of such contempt
Have dide t' indure the same!

A little from that place,
Upon the left hand side,
There is a curious portlie dore
Right beautifull and wide.

Leave that in anie wise,
Forbid thy foot goe thether;
For out thereat did Judas goe—
Despaire and he together.

But to the right hand turn,
Where is a narrow gate;
Forth which St. Peter went to weepe
His poor distrest estate.

Doe immitate the like,
Goe out at sorrowe's dore;
Weepe bitterly as he did weepe,
That wept to sinne no more.

Keep wide of Cayphus' house,
Though courtous thoughts infence:
There bribery haunts, despare was hatcht;
False Judas came from thence.

But go on forward still,
Where Pilat's pallace stands;
There, where he first did false condemne,
There washed his guiltie hands,

Confessed he found no cause,
And yet condemned to die,
Fearing an earthly Ceaser more
Than God that rules on hie.

By this direction then
The way is vnderstood;
No porch, no dore, nor hal to passe,
Vnsprinkled with Christ's blood.

So shall no errour put
Misguiding steppes betweene;
For every drop sweet Jesus shed
Is freshly to be seene.

A crowne of piercing thornes
There lies imbrued in gore;
The garland that thy Sauiour's head
For thy offences wore.

Which, when thou shalt behold,
Thinke what His loue hath binne,
Whose head was loaden with those briars
'T vnlade thee of thy sinne.

Whose sacred flesh was torne,
Whose holie skinne was rent;
Whose tortures and extreamest paines
Thy pains in hell preuent.

As God from Babilon
Did turne, when they, past cure,
Refused help whome He would heale,
Denying health t' indure:

So from Hierusalem
The soule's Phisition goes,
When they forsook His sauing health
And vowed themselves His foes.

Goe with Him, happy soule,
From that forsaken towne,
Vpon whose wals lies not a stone
But ruin must throw downe.

Follow His feet that goes
For to redeeme thy losse,
And carries alle our sinnes with Him
To cansel on His crosse.

Behold what multitudes
Doe guard thy God about,
Who, bleeding, beares His dying tree
Amidst the Jewish rout!

Look on with liquid eies,
And sigh from sorrowing mind,
To see the death's-man goe before,
The murdering troopes behind.

Centurion hard at hand,
The thieues upon the side,
The exclamations, shouts, and cries,
The shame He doth abide.

Then presse amongst the throng,
Thyselfe with sorrowes weed;
Get very neare to Christ, and see
What teares the women shed

Teares that did turne Him backe
They were of such a force—
Teares that did purchase daughters' names
Of Father's kind remorse.

To whom He said: "Weepe not;
For me drop not a teare;
Bewaile your offspring and yourselues
Griefe's cause vnseen is neare."

Follow their steppes in teares,
And with these women mourn;
But not for Christ; weepe for thyselfe,
And Christ will grace returne.

To Pilat's bold demands
He yeelded no replie;
Although the iudge importuned much,
Yet silence did denie.

Vnto his manie words
No answer Christ would make;
Yet to those women did He speake
For teares' and weepings' sake.

Thinke on their force by tears—
Teares that obtained love;
Where words too weak could not persuade,
How teares had power to moue.

Then looke towards Jesus' load,
More than He could indure;
And how for helpe to beare the same,
A hireling they procure.

Joine thou vnto the crosse;
Beare it of loue's desire;
Doe not as Cyrenæus did,
That took it vp for hire.

It is a gratefull deede,
If willing vnderta'ne;
But if compulsion set aworke,
The labour's done in vaine.

The voluntarie death
That Christ did die for thee,
Gives life to none but such as ioy
Crosse-bearing friends to be.

Vp to Mount Caluarie,
If thou desire to goe,
Then take thy crosse and followe Christ,
Thou canst not miss it so.

When there thou art arriued,
His glorious wounds to see,
Say but as faithful as the thiefe:
"O Lord, remember me!"

Assure thyselfe to haue
A gift all gifts excelling;
Once sold by sinne, once bought by Christ,
For saints' eternall dwelling.

By Adam, Paradise
Was sinne's polluted shade;
By Christ, the dunghill Golgotha,
A paradise was made.

Samuel Rowlands.

3215. CALVARY, The Star of.

It is the same infrequent star,
The all-mysterious light,
That like a watcher, gazing on
The changes of the night,
Toward the hill of Bethlem took
Its solitary flight.

It is the same infrequent star,
Its sameness startleth me;
Although the disk is red as blood
And downward, silently,
It looketh on another hill,
The hill of Calvary!

Nor noon, nor night; for to the west
The heavy sun doth glow;
And like a ship, the lazy mist
Is sailing on below;
Between the broad sun and the earth
It tacketh to and fro.

There is no living wind astir;
The bat's unholy wing
Threads through the noiseless olive-trees,
Like some unquiet thing
Which playeth in the darkness when
The leaves are whispering.

Mount Calvary! Mount Calvary,
All sorrowfully still,
That mournful tread, it rends the heart
With an unwelcome thrill;
The mournful tread of them that crowd
Thy melancholy hill!

There is a cross, not one alone,
'Tis even three I count,
Like columns on the mossy marge
Of some old Grecian fount;
So pale they stand, so drearily,
On that mysterious Mount.

Behold, O Israel! behold,
It is no human One
That ye have dared to crucify.
What evil hath He done?
It is your King, O Israel?
The God-begotten Son!

A wreath of thorns, a wreath of thorns!
Why have ye crowned Him so?
That brow is bathed in agony,
'Tis veiled in every woe;
Ye saw not the immortal trace
Of Deity below.

It is the foremost of the Three;
Resignedly they fall,
Those death-like, drooping features,
Unbending, blighted all:
The Man of Sorrows, how He bears
The agonizing thrall!

'Tis fixed on thee, O Israel!
His gaze! how strange to brook;
But that there's mercy blended deep
In each reproachful look,
'Twould search thee, till the very heart
Its withered home forsook.

To God! to God! how eloquent
The cry, as if it grew
By those cold lips unuttered, yet
All heartfelt rising through,
"Father in heaven! forgive them, for
They know not what they do!"
Nathaniel Hawthorne.

3216. CANA, Christ in.

John ii : 1-11.

Dear Friend, whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign
Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
Change water into wine.

Come, visit us! and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls and let us see
Life's water turned to wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes grow half divine,
When Jesus visits us to make
Life's water glow as wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Grow bright with angel visits when
The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love,
Not knowing mine nor thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water turned to wine.
J. F. Clarke.

3217. CANA, The Marriage at.

John ii : 1.

They stand amid their earnest friends, joyful yet awed and still,
As priestly hands the rite of old by God ordained fulfil;
The few and simple words they breathe, though scarce they meet the ear,
Pledge heart to heart, and life to life through many a coming year.

As meet their hands with tender grasp, each heart renounces there
Whatever thought of earthly bliss the other may not share.

Henceforth together do they pass, in joy and sorrow one,
Nor that mysterious union ends, till life itself be done.

And now with blushes and with smiles, the young bride meets her friends;
With voice of trembling earnestness, a father o'er her bends,
A sister's tear is on her cheek, a mother's heart o'erflows,
As hope and fear their visions to her anxious eyes disclose.

That trusting one, whose deepest love is yielded to his claim,
Who now by smiling friends addressed, first hears her matron name!
To her he vows himself anew, before that secret shrine
Where conscience to the heart reveals the majesty divine.

Blest Saviour! though no bridal wreath entwine Thy awful brow,
Not void of sympathy for aught of blameless joy wast Thou.
And walking in Thy gospel's light, Thy true disciples prove
The purity of wedded bliss, the holiness of love.
S. G. Bulfinch.

3218. CANAAN, From Egypt to.

My God, while journeying to Canaan's land,
For peace I do not pray;
Nor seek beneath Thy sheltering sweetness,
To rest each circling day; [Lord,
I cry to Thee for strength to struggle on,
But do not ask that smooth the way may be;
Sufficient for Thy servant 'tis to know [Thee.
That earth's bleak desert ends at last with

I do not ask of Thee that loving friends
Should wander by my side,
Or that my hand should feel an angel's touch,
A guardian and a guide;
But Israel's God, do Thou go on before,
An ever-present beacon in the way:
A fiery pillar in dark sorrow's night,
A cloudy column in my prosperous day.

I do not ask, O Master dear! to lean
My head upon Thy breast;
Nor seek within Thy circling arms to find
An ever-present rest;
I beg from Thee that crown of prickly thorns
That once Thy sacred forehead rudely tore:
And I will press those crimson brambles close
To my poor heart and ask from Thee no more.

But when, at length, my scorched and weary
Shall reach their journey's end, [feet
And I have gained the longed-for promised
Where milk and honey blend, [land,

Then give me rest and food and drink, dear Lord;
For then another pilgrim will have passed,
As Thou didst, o'er the wastes of barren sand
From Egypt into Canaan, safe at last.

3219. CANAAN, The Heavenly.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green
And rivers of delight!

All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

Samuel Stennett.

3220. CANAAN, The Prospect of.

Deuteronomy iii: 27.

Lo! in longing hope I stand,
To enter, Lord, the goodly land,
Land of liberty and peace,
Happy land of righteousness!
We, who have rebellious been,
Bring into the rest from sin,
Into the rest of ripest love,
Into the rest of saints above.

For Thy people's rest I sigh,
Ready on Jordan's brink to die;
Must I, Lord, excluded be,
Never tread the land I see?
Oh! for mercy's sake receive,
Bid me in Thine image live;
And then in perfect peace depart,
Holy and just, and pure of heart.

Charles Wesley.

3221. CANAAN, Woman of.

Matthew xv: 22-28.

Prayer an answer will obtain,
Though the Lord a while delay;
None shall seek His face in vain,
None be empty sent away.

When the woman came from Tyre,
And for help to Jesus sought,
Though He granted her desire,
Yet at first He answered not.

Could she guess at His intent,
When He to His followers said,
"I to Israel's sheep am sent,
Dogs must not have children's bread."

She was not of Israel's seed,
But of Canaan's wretched race:
Thought herself a dog indeed?
Was not this a hopeless case?

Yet although from Canaan sprung,
Though a dog herself she styled,
She had Israel's faith and tongue,
And was owned for Abrah'm's child.

From His words she draws a plea:
"Though unworthy children's bread,
'Tis enough for one like me,
If with crumbs I may be fed."

Jesus then His heart revealed:
"Woman, canst thou thus believe?
I to thy petition yield;
All that thou canst wish, receive."

'Tis a pattern set for us,
How we ought to wait and pray;
None who plead and wrestle thus,
Shall be empty sent away.

John Newton.

3222. CANAANITE, Prayer of the.

Matthew xv: 22-28.

Lord, regard my earnest cry,
A potsherd of the earth;
A poor guilty worm am I,
A Canaanite by birth:
Save me from this tyranny,
From all the power of Satan save;
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, have!

To the sheep of Israel's fold
Thou in Thy flesh wast sent;
Yet the Gentiles now behold
In Thee their covenant:
See me then, with pity see,
A sinner whom Thou cam'st to save;
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, have!

Still I cannot part with Thee;
I will not let Thee go;
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, show!
Vilest of the sinful race,
On Thee, importunate, I call,
Help me, Jesus, show Thy grace;
Thy grace is free for all.

Nothing am I in Thy sight,
Nothing have I to plead;
Unto dogs it is not right
To cast the children's bread.
Yet the dogs the crumbs may eat
That from the master's table fall;
Let the fragments be my meat;
Thy grace is free for all.

Give me, Lord, the victory,
My heart's desire fulfil,
Let it now be done to me
According to my will?
Give me living bread to eat,
And say, in answer to my call,
"Canaanite, thy faith is great,
My grace is free for all."

If Thy grace for all is free,
Thy call now let me hear,
Show this token upon me,
And bring salvation near;
Now the gracious word repeat,
The word of healing to my soul,
"Canaanite, thy faith is great!
Thy faith has made thee whole."
J. and C. Wesley.

3223. CANAANITE, The.

Within the cool quadrangle's welcome shade,
Beneath the linen awning, Jesus sought
A moment's quiet, while the fountain played
Her pleasant interlude to weary thought.

Through the porch gleamed the rose-red sunset snows
Of the wild crags of northern Galilee;
What awful life is in the God-repose,
That with the past and present welds futurity!

Up the benched gateway thrills a woman's cry,
As if the swollen torrent of deep care
Had torn down silence in its agony
To fling grief's secret on the trembling air!

The loneliness of one unuttered woe,
The silent tears when every hope had fled,
The sacred love, which mothers best may know,
When sickness glooms around a first-born's bed.

The weary hours beside her little child,
The patient sadness of her darling's eye,
As with unselfish love she feebly smiled,
All, all, came sobbing on that bitter cry.

"O Lord, Thou Son of David, pity me!"
So 'mid the wreck, bareheaded, 'gainst the spray,
A drowning man might shriek across the sea,
When hope of human help had passed away.

O Lord, thou Son of David, pity me!
While ghastly doubts stung her sin-laden breast,
If for the guilt done by her secretly,
God's curse had fallen on what she loved the best.

He did not answer her one single word,
Yet love was speaking in His every look.
When earth is silent then may heaven be heard,
In sorrow's gloom faith best reads God's own book.

Thinkst thou He hears not, when for many a day
Thy knees are worn with fasting and with prayer?
Thinkst thou He turns with any love away,
Because thou seest no angel on the air?

Tempter, away! each throb of pain He knows;
I will kneel on, and wait His blessed time;
Up the steep staircase of life's darksome woes
I'll climb and sing, till overhead God's chime

Break with one roar of an eternal sea;
And lo! if I have prayed He giveth more;
I stagger down, half blind with victory,
Whispering the chant from out the opening door.
A. Brodrick.

3224. CAPERNAUM.
Matthew xi : 23.

But near where Jordan, rippling, joins the lake,
And towering hills a wilder aspect take,
Dark groups of ruin draw the traveller's eye,
And while they prompt reflection ask a sigh.
Frieze, cornice, pillar, lie in mouldering heaps,
Where in the sun the listless adder sleeps.
With ivies hung by Ruin's mocking hand,
A huge black pile o'erlooks the wave-kissed sand;
Here frowns a building, pierced with arches gray,
Temple or royal palace, who may say?
Within those courts their tents wild Arabs spread,
Or some fell robber hides his dastard head:
Bright pleasure's town, where sorrow shed no tear,
'Tis proud Capernaum, all thou seest here!
Nicholas Michell.

3225. CAPTIVES, Song of the Jewish.
Psalm cxxxvii : 1-6.

We sat us down by Babel's streams,
And dreamed soul-saddening memory's dreams;
And dark thoughts o'er our spirits crept
Of Sion—and we wept, we wept!
Our harps upon the willows hung
Silent, and tuneless, and unstrung;
For they who wrought our pains and wrongs,
Asked us for Sion's pleasant songs.

How can we sing Jehovah's praise
To those who Baal's altars raise?
How warble Judah's freeborn hymns,
With Babel's fetters on our limbs?
How chant thy lays, dear Fatherland,
To strangers on a foreign strand?
Ah no! we'll bear grief's keenest sting,
But dare not Sion's anthems sing.

Place us where Sharon's roses blow;
Place us where Siloe's waters flow;
Place us on Lebanon, that waves
Its cedars o'er our fathers' graves:
Place us upon that holy mount,
Where stand the temple, gleams the fount;
And love and joy shall loose our tongues,
To warble Sion's pleasant songs.

If I should e'er, earth's fairest gem,
Forget thee, O Jerusalem!
May my right hand forget its skill
To wake the slumbering lyre at will!
If from my heart, e'en when most gay,
Thy memory e'er should fade away,
May my tongue rest within my head
Mute as the voices of the dead!

Remember, oh! remember, Lord,
In that day Edom's race abhorred;
When once again o'er Salem's towers
The son of joy its radiance pours,
Forget not them whose hateful cry
Rose loud and fiend-like to the sky;
'Be that unholy city crushed,
Raze, raze it even with the dust!'

Daughter of Babylon, the hour
Is coming that shall bow thy power,
The Persian sword shall make thee groan,
The Mede shall fill Belshazzar's throne;
Best shall be he who bids thee sip
The cup thou heldst to Salem's lip,
And mocks thee, weeping o'er the stones
Red with thy children's bleeding bones.

Henry Neile.

3226. CARMEL, Elijah on.

1 Kings xviii: 43.

Where ancient Carmel, vast, abrupt, and steep,
Lifts its blue summit o'er the midland deep,
The prophet kneeled, to pray that genial rain
Might spread fresh verdure o'er the scorched plain:
For God, to punish Israel's sin had banned
The clouds of heaven, and drought consumed the land.
Each spring had failed, and every blade of grass,
The earth seemed iron, and the heavens brass;
And three long years the sluices of the sky
Their influence to a guilty land deny,
Turning the vales where milk and honey flowed
To barren wilds, gaunt famine's dread abode.
At length the penal vengeance passed away,
And melting Mercy heard the prophet pray;
Inspired the faith that turned aside the rod,
And touched with tenderness the heart of God.
He bowed, he prayed, but still the sky was clear,
Nor sound of gust, nor sight of cloud, was near;
Then from the earth on which he leaned his head,
The prophet rose, and to his servant said,
"Haste to the summit, the horizon sweep,
And cast thine eye along the distant deep;"
He went, he gazed upon the sky and main,
Still there was nothing—not a sign of rain.
Elijah said, "Go seven times," and bowed
His face between his knees, and now a cloud
Small as a human hand at first appeared,
But quick as thought the mighty column reared
Along the sky—and black and wide it spread,
While the wind whistled round the mountain's head.

Say, muse, what truth dost thou from this deduce,
Has it a moral, meant for Christian use?
Yes, pilgrim, listen! there are gems and gold
Beneath the surface of this common mould.
In all thy trials through this world of woe;
In all thy ills, and thou hast ills to know,
Go to thy God, in patience, for redress;
Go seven times! and each the promise press:
But leave to Him the mode, the time, the place
To hear thy prayer, and remedy thy case:
Be not impatient of a quick reply,
He may delay it but He can't deny!
Pray, wait and watch—then watch, and wait, and pray,
And do it seven times on every day;
Thy full deliverance is surely planned,
Although it come but as a little hand;
The blessing in some simple medium lurks,
For not by miracle, but means, He works.

Joshua Marsden.

3227. CENTURION'S SERVANT HEALED, The.

Matthew viii: 5-13.

From that mount where Christ's discourse
From the lips of seeming man,
Like a river from its source,
Deep with wondrous wisdom ran.

Homeward now the Saviour moves,
Toward Capernaum's gates once more,
Toward the city that He loves,
But whose blindness grieves Him sore.

As the favored town He nears,
Lo, a hastening cavalcade,
Issuing from its gate appears,
Sent to beg His instant aid!

Palsy-smitten, moaning lies
A centurion's servant dear;
In another hour he dies—
When the Lord's approach they hear.

In the good centurion's heart
Hope and fear alternate strive—
"He can bid disease depart,
He can bid my servant live.

"But, a Gentile foe, I fear
My own prayer He will refuse;
Let me—for He now is near—
Send the elders of the Jews."

Now they plead with interest bold:
"Worthy he who asks Thy grace;
Yonder synagogue behold,
Reared by Him; He loves our race."

Soon their pompous plea is spent,
Spent in praise of pride and pelf;
Ah, how humbler he who sent,
He who hastens now himself!

"Lord, I am not worthy Thou
Under my poor roof shouldst stand,
And, if Thou but speak, I know,
E'en as at my own command,

"This man comes, another goes,
Or my servant does my will,
So, whate'er our mortal woes,
All obey Thy power and skill.

"If Thou wilt but speak the word,
Lo, my servant shall be healed."
Marvelling much, the Saviour heard,
Nor His wonder long concealed.

"Not in Israel have I found
Faith like this a Gentile shows!
Trust so perfect, so profound,
Faith that failure fears nor knows!"

"Go; and as thou hast believed,
Be it unto thee and thine!"
Lo, they find the man relieved,
Healed and saved by power divine!

Thou who didst the Gentile meet
In his sad extremity,
To our inmost souls repeat—
Faith needs true humility.

And whene'er we seek thy face,
Let us leave our works behind;
Seek Thee only through Thy grace,
Seeking thus we can but find.

George Lansing Taylor.

3228. CHILDREN BLESSED BY CHRIST.
Mark x: 13-16.

It was the sunset hour—and thousands came
From the lone villages and distant hills
Of far-off Galilee, to meet the Lord,
Bearing, with gentle step and anxious eye,
The sufferers of their race to Jesus' feet,
That He might lay His sin-subduing hand
In blessing on their wan and wasted frames,
And heal them with a sanctifying touch.

Amid the crowds that, with adoring looks,
Hung on the footsteps of the Son of God,
A Galilean mother brought her child,
In its young loveliness, its laughing eyes
Dancing in dewy light—and kneeling, prayed
A benediction from those sinless lips
Upon the cherub beauty of the babe—
But the disciples with officious zeal
Silenced the suppliant with this stern rebuke:
"Why troublest thou the Master?"
Jesus heard,
And in displeasure turned His radiant eye
With a reproving glance on him that spake;
Then in a voice of calm authority,
With gentle accents briefly thus replied:
"Suffer these little ones to come to Me,
Nor let them be forbidden; for of such
My Father's kingdom is."

Then Jesus took the infant in His arms,
And gently with His blessed hand put back
The silken curls that clustered on its brow;
And bending o'er it, pressed His holy lips
Upon the stainless forehead of the babe—
Making the brow of childhood, from that hour,
A thing of holiness—the only shrine
Which the Redeemer hallowed with a kiss.

"Suffer these little ones to come to me,"
Was the command of Him who, on the cross,
Bowed His anointed head, and with His blood
Purchased redemption for our fallen race;
And blessed they who to that holy task
Devote the energies of their young years,
Teaching, with pious care, the dawning light
Of infant intellect to know the Lord:
Thrice blessed they who guide with gentle hand
The timid steps of childhood in that path
Which, rightly trodden, leads the wanderers home,
Where they shall meet the teachers and the taught,
On that blest Sabbath which shall have no end.

C. Huntingdon.

3229. CHILDREN, Christ Blessing.

"The Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day:
"He is healing the people who throng Him,
With a touch of His finger, they say.
And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel and Samuel and John;
I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly;
But he shook his head and smiled:
"Now, who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?

If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel"—

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan;
I feel such a burden of care:
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.
If He lay His hands on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know;
For a blessing forever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So, over the hills of Judah,
Along the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between,
'Mong the people who hung on His teaching,
Or waited His touch and His word, [ing,
Through the row of proud Pharisees hasten-
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not how, from morning till evening,
He teacheth, and healeth disease?"
Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children;
Permit them to come unto Me:"
And He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He set on His knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As He laid His hands on the brothers,
And blessed them with tenderest love;
As He said of the babes in His bosom,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven;"
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

Julia Gill.

3230. CHILDREN, Christ Blessing the.
Matthew xix: 13, 14.

The errand upon earth was well-nigh done;
A little more, and that dread passer-on,
Time, that not even at the cross stood still,
Must come with Calvary's ninth hour. And Christ
Turned toward Jerusalem. Galilee was sweet
With its fair mount, that was the step of heaven
(Whereon He had but just now stood, and through
The door flung open to the throne of God,
Drank strength in the transfiguring light), and here
Dwelt Mary, holy mother, and 'twas here
His childhood had been passed; and here the life
E'en Christ must learn to love, to be "like us,"
Had been most sweet to Him. But not where life
So gently beautiful is known; oh, not
Where Nature with her calm rebuke is heard;
Could the great wrong be done! in Mammon's mart,
The crowded city, where the small still voice
Is, like the leaf's low whisper, overborne;
Where the dark shadow, which before us falls
When we are turning from the light away,
Seems at another's feet and not our own;
Where, 'mid the multitude's bewildering shout,
Anguish may moan unheedly and even
Lama sabacthani go up unheard—
There only, could the Son of God be slain!
And when to His disciples Jesus said,
"Behold, we go up to Jerusalem,"
Then turned His path from peaceful Galilee;
Thence to the scourge, the buffet and the scorn,
Gethsemane's last conflict, and the cross—
The meek first step to Calvary was there!

And Christ passed over Jordan to the coast
Of populous Judea, and there came
Multitudes to Him, listening as He taught,
And wondering at His miracles; for lo!
His calm word healed all sicknesses; the blind
Rose up and gazed upon the luminous brow
Whose glory had shone through their darkened lids;
The dumb spoke, and the leper became clean,
And devils were cast out which had defied
The word of His disciples. With new awe,
Touched with compassionating love, looked these
Upon their Master now; for near at hand
They felt the shadow of His coming hour,
And though His face shone with the strengh new given
By the celestial sacrament of light
Upon the mount administered, they still
Trembled as men, for One who as a man,
Must pass through death—death of such agony
As for a world's transgressions might atone—
Whose bitter cup even the Son of God
Must shrink from, with a prayer that it might pass!

Christ had told o'er His sorrows to the end.
They knew what must befall. In silence sad
Listened the twelve, while jeered the Pharisee,
And tempted Him the Scribe—for so must He
To His last victory come; but eager still,
Looked they where they might minister to Him,
Or watchfully, from that dark path of woe,
Pluck out the needless thorn.
The eventide
Found Him among His questioners the same,
Patient and meek as in the morning hour;
And while the Scribes, with His mild answers foiled,
Sat by and reasoned in their hearts, behold
There was a stir in the close multitude,
And voices pleaded to come nigh; and straight,
The crowd divided, and a mother came,
Holding her babe before her, and on Christ

Fixing her moist eye steadfastly. He turned,
Benignant, as she tremblingly came near,
And the sad earnestness His face had worn
While He disputed with the crafty Scribes,
Was touched with the foreshadowing of a smile.
And lo! another and another still,
Led by this sweet encouragement to come,
Pressed where the first had made her trusting way,
And soon a fair young company they stood:
A band who (by a lamp of love, new lit
And fed by oil of tenderness from heaven,
By recognition, instinct as the eye
To know 'mid clouds the twinkle of a star—
By mother's love) knew what must holiest be,
And where to bring their children to be blest.
And as Christ looked upon them where they stood,
And each would lay her infant in His arms,
To see it there and know that He had borne
Her burden on His bosom, there rose up
Some of the twelve; and mindful of the night,
And of the trials of the weary day,
They came between, and bade them to depart,
And trouble not the Master. Then did Christ,
Reproving His disciples, call again
The mothers they had turned from Him away;
And leaning gently toward them as they came,
Tenderly took the babes unto His arms,
And laid His hand upon their foreheads fair,
And blessed them, saying: "Suffer them to come,
For in My Father's kingdom, such are they.
Whoso is humble as a little child,
The same is greatest in the courts of heaven."
Spotless is infancy, we fondly feel;
Angels in heaven are like it, He hath said.

Mothers have dreamed the smile upon the lips
Of slumbering babes to be the memory
Of a bright world they come from; and that, here,
'Mid the temptations of this fallen star,
They bide the trial for a loftier sphere—
Ever progressing. Fearfully, if so,
Give we, to childhood, guidance for high heaven!
But be this lofty vision as it may,
Christ blessed them here. And oh! if in the hour
Of His first steps to Calvary, and 'mid
The tempters, who, He knew, had thus begun
The wrongs that were to lead Him to the cross
If here, 'mid weariness and gathering woe,
The heart of Christ turned meltingly to them,
And, for a harsh word to these little ones,
Though uttered but with sheltering care for Him,
He spoke rebukingly to those He loved—
If babes thus pure and priceless were to Christ,
Holy, indeed, the trust to whom they're given!
Sacred are they! *N. P. Willis.*

3231. CHILDREN, Christ's Love for.
Matthew xiv: 13, 14.

There is no sweeter story told
In all the blessed book,
Than how the Lord within His arms
The little children took.

We love Him for the tender touch
That made the leper whole,
And for the wondrous words that healed
The tired, sin-sick soul.

But closer to His loving self
Our human hearts are brought,
When for the little children's sake
Love's sweetest spell is wrought.

For their young eyes His sorrowing face
A smile of gladness wore—
A smile that for His little ones
It weareth evermore.

The voice that silenced priest and scribe,
For them grew low and sweet;
And still for them His gentle lips
The loving words repeat:

"Forbid them not!" O blessed Christ!
We bring them unto Thee,
And pray that on their heads may rest
Thy benedicite!

3232. CHINNERETH.
St. John xvi: 3-8.

The limpid waters of the sacred lake
All sparkling lay;
Each wave an opal, laughed and danced,
As o'er the emerald hills first glanced
The new-born day.

A tiny ship all through the night had rocked
Upon the wave;
Its owners heeded not the morning wind,
For baffled hopes had made them, heart and mind,
No longer brave.

But lo! as toward the shining, pebbly shore
Their eyes they turn,
They see, bathed in the morning's glorious light,
A form so fair, their sad hearts at the sight
Within them burn.

Ah, waters pure! above all waters blest,
True name is thine,
A harp: Chinnereth; and thy strings are pressed
By sacred feet; thy music lulled to rest
Manhood divine.

Across the conscious billows came a voice,
"What will ye gain,
My children, from your weary night's turmoil?
For without Me even hard and earnest toil
Must be in vain.

"Cast ye your nets upon the ship's right side,
And ye shall find."
Obedient, they met their sure reward;

Their nets were filled. "We knew Thee not, O Lord!
For we were blind."

Across the billows of life's troubled sea
There comes a voice [tossed,
To us, who all night long have toiled and
Almost despairing at our labor lost,
And we rejoice.

"O thou of little faith! when wilt thou learn
That without Me [plete?
Thy heart, thy hopes, thy dreams are incom-
Cast now thy life on this side, at My feet,
And thou shalt see

"That He who in the wilderness can feed
Ten thousand men
With loaves and fishes, He can surely make
Of thy poor gift, when offered for His sake,
E'en talents ten." *A. F. P.*

3233. CHRIST, Agony of.

Matthew xxvi : 36-46.

A wreath of glory circles still His head,
And yet He kneels, and yet He seems to be
Convulsed with more than human agony;
On His pale brow the drops are large and red
As victim's blood on votive altar shed;
His hands are clasped, His eyes are raised in prayer.
Alas! and is there strife He cannot bear
Who calmed the tempest, and Who raised the dead?
There is! there is! for now the powers of hell
Are struggling for the mastery. 'Tis the hour
When death exerts his last permitted power;
When the dread weight of sin since Adam fell,
Is visited on Him who deigned to dwell
A man with men, that He might bear the stroke
Of wrath divine, and burst the captive's yoke.
But oh! of that dread strife what words can tell?
Those, only those, which broke with many a groan
From His full heart, "O Father, take away
The cup of vengeance I must drink to-day;
Yet, Father, not my will, but Thine be done!"
It could not pass away, for He alone
Was mighty to endure and strong to save;
Nor would Jehovah leave Him in the grave,
Nor could corruption taint His Holy One.

3234. CHRIST, Ascension of.

Luke xxiv : 50, 51.

Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise
Into Thy native skies—
Assume Thy right;
And when in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled,
Pass through the gates of gold,
And reign in light!

Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,
Thou Lamb once slain!

Enter incarnate God!
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider your portals throw!
Saviour, triumphant, go,
And take Thy crown.

Yet who are these behind,
In numbers more than mind
Can count or say;
Clothed in immortal stoles,
Illumining the poles
A galaxy of souls,
In white array?

And then was heard afar,
Star answering to star:
Lo! these have come,
Followers of Him who gave
His life their lives to save;
And now their palms they wave,
Brought safely home!

O Lord, ascend Thy throne!
For Thou shalt rule alone
Beside Thy sire,
With the great Paraclete
The Three in One complete,
Before whose awful feet
All foes expire.

Egerton Brydges.

3235. CHRIST, Ascension of.

John xx : 30, 31.

See the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
See the King in royal state
Riding on the clouds His chariot
To His heavenly palace gate;
Hark! the choirs of angel voices
Joyful hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies
He has gained the victory;
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

While He lifts His hands in blessing,
He is parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends;

He who walked with God, and pleased Him,
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated
To His everlasting home.

Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With His blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place,
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

He has raised our human nature
In the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Him in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

Christopher Wordsworth.

3236. CHRIST, Baptism of.

Matthew iii : 13–17.

It was a green spot in the wilderness,
Touched by the river Jordan. The dark pine
Never had dropped its tassels on the moss
Tufting the leaning bank; nor on the grass
Of the broad circle stretching evenly
To the straight larches, had a heavier foot
Than the wild heron's trodden. Softly in
Through a long aisle of willows, dim and cool,
Stole the clear waters with their muffled feet,
And, hushing as they spread into the light,
Circled the edges of the pebbled tank
Slowly, then rippled through the woods away.
Hither had come the apostle of the wild,
Winding the river's course. 'Twas near the flush
Of eve, and, with a multitude around,
Who from the cities had come out to hear,
He stood breast-high amid the running stream,
Baptizing as the Spirit gave Him power.
His simple raiment was of camel's hair,
A leathern girdle close about his loins,
His beard unshorn, and for his daily meat
The locust and wild honey of the wood;
But like the face of Moses on the mount
Shone his rapt countenance, and in his eye
Burned the mild fire of love; and as he spoke
The ear leaned to him, and persuasion swift
To the chained spirit of the listener stole.
Silent upon the green and sloping bank
The people sat, and while the leaves were shook
With the birds dropping early to their nests,
And the gray eve came on, within their hearts
They mused if he were Christ. The rippling stream
Still turned its silver courses from his breast
As he divined their thought. "I but baptize,"
He said, "with water; but there cometh One,
The latchet of whose shoes I may not dare
E'en to unloose. He will baptize with fire
And with the Holy Ghost." And lo! while yet
The words were on his lips, he raised his eyes,
And on the bank stood Jesus. He had laid
His raiment off, and with His loins alone
Girt with a mantle, and His perfect limbs,
In their angelic slightness, meek and bare,
He waited to go in. But John forbade,
And hurried to His feet and stayed Him there,
And said, "Nay, Master! I have need of Thine,
Not Thou of mine!" And Jesus, with a smile
Of heavenly sadness, met his earnest looks,
And answered, "Suffer it to be so now;
For thus it doth become Me to fulfil
All righteousness." And, leaning to the stream,
He took around Him the apostle's arm,
And drew him gently to the midst. The wood
Was thick with the dim twilight as they came
Up from the water. With his clasped hands
Laid on his breast, the apostle silently
Followed his Master's steps; when lo! a light,
Bright as the tenfold glory of the sun,
Yet lambent as the softly burning stars,
Enveloped them, and from the heavens away
Parted the dim blue ether like a veil;
And as a voice, fearful exceedingly,
Broke from the midst, "This is My much-loved Son,
In whom I am well pleased," a snow-white dove,
Floating upon its wings, descended through;
And, shedding a swift music from its plumes,
Circled, and fluttered to the Saviour's breast.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

3237. CHRIST, Baptism of.

Luke iii : 21–23.

To be baptized, not cleansed, cometh He,
Who is more spotless than that living Light
Which gilds the crest of heaven's sublimity;
He comes, by being washed, to wash white
Baptism itself, that it henceforth from Him
And His pure touch, with purity may swim.

As when, amongst a gross ignoble crowd
Of flints, and pebbles, and such earth-bred stones,
A heaven-descended diamond strives to shroud
Its lustre's brave ejaculations; [though it 'scapes
Although it 'scapes the test of vulgar eyes,
The wiser jeweller the gem descries;

So most judicious John's discerning eye
This stranger's shy but noble splendor read;
Besides, when others to their baptism by
A penitent confession prefaced,
He waived that useless circumstance, and so
Himself concealed, yet intimated too.

See how suspense astounds the Baptist: for
The promised sign his Master to descry
Appeared not; this made his just demur
Dispute the case, and resolutely cry,
"If Thou art spotless, fitter 'tis for me,
Who sinful am, to be baptized by Thee."

But when his Lord replied, "For once let
Prevail, since thus alone we must fulfil [Me
The sum of righteousness," ambiguous, he
Felt sacred awe surprise his trembling will:
He mused, and guessed, and hovered about
The glimmering truth with many a yielding
thought;

Which Jesus seeing, He upon him threw
The urgent yoke of an express injunction;
Whose virtue forthwith efficacious grew,
And made the meek saint bow to His high
function:
Cast but thine eye a little up the stream,
Wading in crystal there thou seest them.

Old Jordan smiled, receiving such high pay
For those small pains obedient he had spent,
Making his waters guard the dried way
Through wonders when to Canaan Israel
went;
Nor does he envy now Pactolus' streams
Or eastern floods, whose paths are paved
with gems.

The waves came crowding one upon another
To their fair Lord, their chaste salute to
give:
Each one did chide and jostle back his
brother,
And with laborious foaming murmur strive
To kiss those feet, and so more spotless grow,
Than from its virgin spring it first did flow.

But those most happy drops the Baptist cast
On life's pure head, into the joyless sea
Which borroweth from death its stile, made
haste,
And soon confuted that sad heraldry:
The deep that day revived, and clapped his
hands,
And rolled his smiles about his wondering
strands. *James Beaumont.*

3238. CHRIST, Birth of.
Luke ii: 1-7.

Blessed night, when first that plain
Echoed with the joyful strain:
"Peace has come to earth again."

Blessed hills, that heard the song
Of the glorious angel-throng,
Swelling all your slopes along.

Happy shepherds, on whose ear
Fell the tidings glad and dear,
"God to man is drawing near."

Happy shepherds, on whose eye
Shone the glory from on high,
Of the heavenly Majesty.

Happy, happy Bethlehem,
Judah's least but brightest gem,
Where the rod from Jesse's stem,

Scion of a princely race,
Sprung in Heaven's own perfect grace,
Yet in feeble lowliness.

This, the woman's promised seed,
Abram's mighty son indeed;
Succorer of earth's great need.

This the victor in our war,
This the glory seen afar,
This the light of Jacob's star!

Happy Judah, rise and own
Him, the heir of David's throne,
David's Lord, and David's Son.

Babe of promise, born at last,
After weary ages past,
When our hopes were overcast.

Babe of weakness, can it be
That earth's last great victory
Is to be achieved by Thee?

Child of meekness, can it be
That the proud rebellious knee
Of this world shall bend to Thee?

Child of poverty, art Thou
He to whom all Heaven shall bow,
And all earth shall pay the vow?

Can that feeble head alone
Bear the weight of such a crown,
As belongs to David's son?

Can these helpless hands of Thine
Wield a sceptre so divine,
As belongs to Jesse's line?

Heir of pain and toil, whom none
In this evil day will own,
Art Thou the Eternal One?

Thou, o'er whom the sword and rod
Wave, in haste to drink Thy blood,
Art Thou very Son of God?

Thus revealed to shepherds' eyes,
Hidden from the great and wise,
Entering earth in lowly guise;

Entering by this narrow door,
Laid upon this rocky floor,
Placed in yonder manger poor.

We adore Thee as our King,
And to Thee our song we sing;
Our best offering to Thee bring.

Guarded by the shepherd's rod,
'Mid their flock Thy poor abode,
Thus we own Thee, Lamb of God.

Lamb of God, Thy lowly name,
Kings of kings we Thee proclaim;
Heaven and earth shall hear its fame.

Bearer of our sins' sad load,
Wielder of the iron rod,
Judah's Lion, Lamb of God!

Mighty King of righteousness,
King of Glory, King of Peace,
Never shall Thy kingdom cease!

Thee, earth's heir and Lord, we own;
Raise again its fallen throne,
Take its everlasting crown.

Blessed Babe of Bethlehem,
Owner of earth's diadem,
Claim and wear the radiant gem.

Scatter darkness with Thy light,
End the sorrows of our night,
Speak the word, and all is bright.

Spoil the spoiler of the earth,
Bring creation's second birth,
Promised day of song and mirth.

'Tis Thine Israel's voice that calls,
Build again Thy Salem's walls,
Dwell within her holy halls.

'Tis Thy Church's voice that cries,
Rend these long unrended skies,
Bridegroom of the Church, arise.

Take to Thee Thy power and reign,
Purify this earth again;
Cleanse it from each curse and stain.

Sun of peace, no longer stay,
Let the shadows flee away,
And the long night end in day.

Let the dayspring from on high,
That arose in Judah's sky,
Cover earth eternally.

Babe of Bethlehem, to Thee,
Infant of eternity,
Everlasting glory be.

Horatius Bonar.

3239. CHRIST, Birth-Song of.
Luke ii : 13, 14.

Calm on the listening ear of night
Come Heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
O'er silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music in the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet from all their holy heights
The Day-Spring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From Heaven's eternal King."

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem:
The Saviour now is born,
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

Edmund H. Sears.

3240. CHRIST, Burial of.
Mark xv : 43.

At length the worst is o'er, and Thou art laid
Deep in Thy darksome bed;
All still and cold beneath yon dreary stone,
Thy sacred form is gone; [hung,
Around those lips where power and mercy
The dews of death have clung.
The dull earth o'er Thee and thy foes around,
Thou sleepst a silent corse in funeral fetters
bound.

Where'er Thou roamst, one happy soul, we
Seen at Thy side in woe, [know,
Waits on Thy triumph—even as all the blest
With him and Thee shall rest.
Each on his cross, by Thee we hang a while,
Watching Thy patient smile,
Till we have learned to say, "'Tis justly
done;
Only in glory, Lord, Thy sinful servant own."

Soon wilt Thou take us to Thy tranquil
To rest one little hour, [bower
Till Thine elect are numbered, and the grave
Call Thee to come and save;
Then on Thy bosom borne shall we descend,
Again with earth to blend,
Earth all refined with bright supernal fires,
Tinctured with holy blood, and winged with
pure desires.

Oh come that day, when in this restless heart
Earth shall resign her part,
When in the grave with Thee my limbs shall
My soul with Thee be blest! [rest,
But stay, presumptuous—Christ with thee
In the rock's dreary sides; [abides
He from the stone will wring celestial dew,
If but the prisoner's heart be faithful found
and true.

John Keble.

3241. CHRIST, Crucifixion of.
Matthew xxvii : 35–38.

Ringing out on the air,
Hear their impious prayer,
As they shout, in wild rout,
And Omnipotence dare:
"On our heads evermore,
Be the blood which we pour!"—
Rising high, hear the cry,
In its murderous roar.

Now mocking, they cry
"Let the Nazarene die!"
"Spare Him not!" 'tis the plot
Of His doom, drawing nigh;
"Ha! ha! King of the Jews,"
How they taunt and abuse,
With their sneers, and their jeers,
Him they madly accuse.

"Barabbas" they cry;
"Let Him live, and not die!"
"Bring Him out!" how they shout,
"Lift the Nazarene high!"
See the crown on His brow,
They are mocking Him now,
As they smite Him in spite,
And with insult they bow.

Look at Pilate, afraid,
As in purple arrayed,
Jesus waits in the gates,
Where decision is made;
Hear him cry as he stands,
While he washes his hands,
"Not the blood of the good
The occasion demands!

"No fault have I found
In the man ye have bound;
Loose the bands from His hands,
Nor the innocent wound!
Even Herod hath said,
Let His blood be not shed;
Let me rise and chastise
This your captive, instead.

"Shall I lift Him on high!
Must the Innocent die!
Shall I bring out your King,
At your murderous cry?"
"None but Cæsar!" they shout,
With fierce clamor and rout;
"Let Him hang, till death's pang:
Bring the Nazarene out!!"

How they surge on the street;
Oh those murderous feet.
He is led with the tread
Of a storm in the heat.
To the mountain of pain,
Where the blood of the slain
Shall be poured on the sward,
As the earth's richest stain.

"Lifted up," as He said,
On the cross where He bled;
'Tis the hour of His power,
By the blood which He shed;
By His grief, by His pain,
He shall conquer and reign;
He shall win from its sin,
Rebel earth with its train.

Ages past, ages yet,
Are on Calvary met,
Evermore as before,
He hath cancelled our debt;
So He came to this hour,
From dominion and power;
Yielding life in the strife
As a frail tender flower.

By the cross is the crown,
On past the world's frown;
Let it smite, in the fight,
Here we conquer alone.
From the night of the grave
Came the mighty to save;
And He rose o'er His foes,
With the life which He gave.

Dwight Williams.

3242. CHRIST FORSAKEN.
Matthew xxvi : 56.

Fled!—and from whom? The Man of woe
Who in Gethsemane had felt
Such pangs as bade the blood-drops flow,
And the crushed heart with anguish melt?
They who were gathered round His board,
Partook His love, beheld His power,
Saw the sick healed, the dead restored,
Failed they to watch one fearful hour?

All fled? Yet one there was who laid
His head upon that sacred breast,
By friendship's holy ardor made
A cherished, an illustrious guest;
One, too, who walked with Christ the wave,
When the mad sea confessed His sway,
And strangely sealed her gaping grave—
Fled these forgetfully away?

Yes: all forsook the Master's side
When foes and dangers clustered round,
And when in bitterness He cried,
'Mid the dread garden's awful bound.
Yet knew they not how near Him stood
The host of heaven, a guardian train,
Deploring man's ingratitude,
And wondering at his Saviour's pain.

O ye, whose hearts in secret bleed
O'er transient hope, like morning dew,
O'er friendship faithless in your need,
Or love to all its vows untrue;
Who shrink from persecution's rod,
Or slander's fang, or treachery's tone,
Look meekly to the Son of God,
And in His griefs forget your own.

Forsaken are ye?—so was He;
Reviled?—yet check the vengeful word;
Rejected?—should the servant be
Exalted o'er His suffering Lord?
Nor deem that Heaven's omniscient eye
Is e'er regardless of your lot;
Deluded man from God may fly,
But when was man by God forgot?

L. H. Sigourney.

3243. CHRIST, Infancy of.

Home of the Christ-child at Nazareth,
Let my thoughts within thee dwell;
There, where, shrouded in man's weakness,
Dwelleth Light Ineffable.

Angels circle round adoring,
Watchful as the hours go by,
As the mystery advanceth
Of that wondrous infancy.

Cradled by a human mother,
Though with grace divine imprest,
Playing with soft aimless touches
On her cheek and on her breast.

In the water from the fountain,
'Mid the oleanders wild,
In the early morn and evening,
Mary bathes the unsullied Child.

Joyfully she clothes and feeds Him,
And she trains Him day by day,
Till the beautiful child Jesus
Has been taught to kneel and pray.

Humbly were the small hands folded,
Bended was the golden head:
But God only, in the heavens,
Understood the prayer He said.

For of all the cries and pleadings
That have yet ascended there,
None has ever come before Him
Mighty as that Infant's prayer.

'Twas the highest act of homage
That the world had ever shown;
And the purest pulse of worship
That man's heart had ever known.

Then He learned to be obedient;
And with simple, winning grace,
In the precincts of that cottage
He has filled a child's true place.

And the name at which archangels
Bow adoring, and say, "Lord,"
In that peasant-home was spoken,
As a common household word.

Caroline M. Noel.

3244. CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

Matthew xv: 22-27.

Lo! in the moonless night,
In the rough wind's despite,
They ply the oar.

Keen gusts smite in their teeth;
The hoarse winds chafe beneath
With muffled roar.

Numb fingers, failing force,
Scarce serve to hold the course
Hard-won, half-way,
When o'er the tossing tide,
Pallid and heavy-eyed,
Scowls the dim day.

And now in the wan light,
Walking the waters white,
A shape draws near,
Each soul, in troubled wise,
Staring with starting eyes,
Cries out for fear.

Each grasps his neighbor tight,
In helpless, huddled fright
Shaken and swayed.
And lo! the Master nigh
Speaks softly, "It is I;
Be not afraid."

E'en so to us, that strain
Over life's moaning main,
Thou drawest near,
And, knowing not Thy guise,
We gaze with troubled eyes,
And cry for fear.

A strange voice whispers low,
"This joy must thou forego,
Thy first and best."
A shrouded phantom stands
Crossing the best-loved hands
For church-yard rest.

Then, soft as is the fall
Of that white gleaming pall
By snowflakes made,
Stilling each startled cry,
Thou speakest, "It is I;
Be not afraid."

3245. CHRIST KNOCKING.

Revelations iii: 20.

Behold, I knock! 'Tis piercing cold abroad
This bitter winter-time;
The ice upon the dark pines has not thawed,
The earth is white with rime;
O human hearts! are ye all frozen too,
That at closed doors I vainly call to you?
Is there not one will open to his Lord?
Behold, I knock!

Behold, I knock! The evening shadows lie
So peaceful near and far;
Earth sleepeth, but in yonder cloudless sky
Glimmers the evening star;
'Tis in such holy twilight time, that oft
Full many a stony heart hath waxed soft,
Like Nicodemus, in the dark-drawn night,
Behold, I knock!

Behold, I knock! O soul, art thou at home?
For thy Belovèd's here;
Hast thou made ready flowers ere He should come?
Is thy lamp burning clear?
Know'st thou how such a friend received should be?
Art thou in bridal garments dressed for Me?
Decked with thy jewels as for guests most dear?
Behold, I knock!

Behold, I knock! Say not, "'Tis zephyr mild
Which rustles the dead leaf."
It is thy Saviour, 'tis thy God, my child,
Let not thine ear be deaf;
If I come now in breezes soft and warm,
I may return again upon the storm;
'Tis no light fancy—firm be thy belief;
Behold, I knock.

Behold, I knock! As yet I am thy guest,
Waiting without for thee;
The time shall come when, homeless and dis-tressed,
Thou, soul, shalt knock for Me;
To those who heard My voice 'ere 'twas too late,
I open in that hour My peaceful gate;
To those who scorned, a closed door will be.
Behold, I knock!

3246. CHRIST KNOCKING STILL.

Knocking, knocking, who is there?
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before.
Ah! my soul, for such a wonder,
Wilt thou not undo the door?

Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

Knocking, knocking, what! still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the piercèd hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crownèd hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour waiting there.
Harriet Beecher Stowe.

3247. CHRIST, Loneliness of.

Luke ix : 58.

Birds have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
All creatures have their rest;
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

Winds have their hour of calm,
And waves to slumber on the voiceless deep;
Eve hath its breath of balm
To hush all senses and all sounds to sleep.
The wild deer hath its lair,
The homeward flocks the shelter of their shed;
All have their rest from care,
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest,
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber on His breast.

What, then, am I, my God,
Permitted thus the paths of peace to tread,
Peace purchased by the blood
Of Him who had not where to lay His head.

I who once made Him grieve,
I who once bid His gentle spirit mourn;
Whose hand essayed to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn.

Oh! why should I have peace?
Why? but for that unchanged, undying love
Which would not, could not, cease,
Until it made me heir of joy above

Yes, but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of that face,
That once was pale and agonized for me.

Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
Come, Saviour, in my breast,
Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head!

Come! give me rest, and take
The only rest on earth Thou lovest, within
A heart, that for Thy sake
Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.
J. S. Monsell.

3248. CHRIST, Mother of.

Luke ii : 19.

Thy boy was sad, yet fair.
The marvels of His birth were strange to hear,
And, to regard His gentle face and speak
Some fond word of Him to His youthful mother,
Seemed kindness to the humble Nazarenes
Who stopped at Mary's door; but thoughtfully,
She listened to their praises of the child—
So less than all she knew—and let her heart
Look with its answer up to God. And day
Followed on day, like any childhood's passing;
And silently sat Mary at her wheel,
And watched the boy Messiah as she spun,
And—as a human child unto his mother
"Subject" the while—He did her low-voiced bidding,
Or gently came to lean upon her knee
And asked her of the thoughts that in Him stirred
Dimly as yet, or with affection sweet,

Tell murmuring of His weariness; and there,
All tearful-hearted, as a human mother
Unutterably fond, while touched with awe—
She paused, or with a tremulous hand spun on,
The blessing that her lips instinctive gave,
Asked of Him with an instant thought again.

And when they "went up to Jerusalem,
After the custom of the feast," and there
"Fulfilled the days," and back to Nazareth
Went a day's journey, and sought Jesus there,
Among their kinsfolk who had gone before,
And found Him not—the mother's heart of Mary
Well knew, that wheresoever strayed the child,
He could not go by angels unattended;
But, therefore, was her tenderness untroubled? No.
Though in her memory lay Gabriel's words,
Brought her on wings at God's own throne unfolded;
Though in rapt speech, Anna, the prophetess,
Had named Him the Redeemer, newly born;
And Simeon, forbidden to see death
Till he had seen the Christ, had taken Him
Into his arms, and prayed that he might now
Depart in peace; though of the song they sang
(That host, who, while the glory of the Lord
Shone round about, told of His birth by night
Unto the shepherds as they watched), she knew
The burden was a work yet unfulfilled—
To him the Saviour given, and yet to do.
Still was the child she loved gone from her now,
And Mary "sought Him sorrowing."
And who
"Kept all His sayings in her heart" but Mary?
It was not with unnatural brightness beaming
From the fair forehead of the boy, nor yet
By revelations from His infant lips,
Too wondrous to deny, that Jesus first
Gave out the dawn of the Messiah morn
Breaking within His soul. With wisdom only
Reached by the child's simplicity—so oft
Truer than sage's lore—and outward pressed
By the divinity half conscious now,
He argued in the temple, and amazed
The elders, seated in their midst; but none,
In these first teachings, saw the Son of God,
And He went back to Nazareth, a child,
Unsought by the disputing priests again,
And His strange words forgotten but by Mary,
Who "kept them in her heart."
Oh, not alone
In His pure teachings and in Calvary's woe,
Lay the blest errand of the Saviour here.
His walk through life's dark pathway blessed yet more.
Distant from God so infinitely far
Was human weakness, till He came to bear,
With us, our weaknesses awhile, that fear
Had heard Jehovah's voice, in thunder only,
And worshipped trembling. Heaven is nearer now.
At God's right hand sits One who was a child,
Born as the humblest, and who here abode
Till of our sorrows He had suffered all.
They who now weep remember that He wept.
The tempted, the despised, the sorrowing, feel
That Jesus, too, drank of these cups of woe.
And oh! if of our joys He tasted less;
If all but one passed from His lips away—
That one—a mother's love—by His partaking
Is like a thread of heaven spun through our life,
And we, in the untiring watch, the tears,
The tenderness and fond trust of a mother,
May feel a heavenly closeness unto God—
For such, all human in its blest excess,
Was Mary's love for Jesus.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

3249. CHRIST, My Advocate.

Hebrews ix : 24.

Entered the holy place above,
Covered with meritorious scars,
The tokens of His dying love
Our great High-priest in glory bears;
He pleads His passion on the tree,
He shows himself to God for me.

Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My Friend and Advocate appears;
My name is graven on His hands,
And Him the Father always hears;
While low at Jesus' cross I bow,
He hears the blood of sprinkling now.

This instant now I may receive
The answer of His powerful prayer:
This instant now by Him I live,
His prevalence with God declares;
And soon my spirit, in His hands,
Shall stand where my Forerunner stands.

Wesleyan Hymns

3250. CHRIST, My Guest.

Speechless Sorrow sat with me;
I was sighing wearily!
Lamp and fire were out: the rain
Wildly beat the window-pane.
In the dark we heard a knock;
And a hand was on the lock;
One in waiting spake to me,
Saying sweetly,
"I am come to sup with thee!"

All my room was dark and damp;
"Sorrow!" said I, "trim the lamp;

Light the fire, and cheer thy face;
Set the guest-chair in its place."
And again I heard the knock;
In the dark I found the lock:
"Enter! I have turned the key!—
Enter, Stranger!
Who art come to sup with me."

Opening wide the door, he came;
But I could not speak his name:
In the guest-chair took his place;
But I could not see his face!
When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for thee,
Lo! my Master
Was the Guest that supped with me!

Harriet M. Kimball.

3251. CHRIST, No Room for.
Luke ii : 7.

Footsore and weary, Mary tried
Some rest to seek, but was denied.
"There is no room," the blind ones cried.

Meekly the Virgin turned away,
No voice entreating her to stay;
There was no room for God that day.

No room for her round whose tired feet
Angels are bowed in transport sweet,
The Mother of their God to greet.

No room for Him in whose small hand
The troubled sea and mighty land
Lie cradled like a grain of sand.

No room, O Babe divine! for Thee
That Christmas night; and even we
Dare shut our hearts and turn the key.

In vain Thy pleading baby cry
Strikes our deaf souls; we pass Thee by,
Unsheltered 'neath the wintry sky.

No room for God! O Christ! that we
Should bar our doors, nor ever see
Our Saviour waiting patiently.

Fling wide the doors! Dear Christ, turn back!
The ashes on my hearth lie black,
Of light and warmth a total lack.

How can I bid Thee enter here
Amid the desolation drear
Of lukewarm love and craven fear?

What bleaker shelter can there be
Than my cold heart's tepidity—
Chill, wind-tossed, as the winter sea?

Dear Lord, I shrink from Thy pure eye,
No home to offer Thee have I;
Yet in Thy mercy pass not by.

Catholic World.

3252. CHRIST, Passion of.
Isaiah liii : 7.

Kneeling on the earth, He prays,
Man of sorrows, all alone!
Yet, in depth of agony,
Still He comforteth His own.
Pale, the blood-sweat o'er Him flows,
To the Father's will He bows.

Judas kisses and betrays:
Crowds in fury onward roll;
Lo! He speaks the healing word,
And the smitten ear is whole.
Prisoner, He is led alone,
Friend and lover both are gone.

Binding Him in cruel chains,
On they drag Him at their will;
Smiting with their fists His back,
His deep cup of woe they fill;
Stripe on stripe they on Him lay,
Mixed with bitter mockery.

Innocent, He stands condemned,
Spite of taunts, serenely meek;
Questioned, answers not a word,
Bears the buffet on His cheek;
Hears unmoved the nation's cry,
Crucify Him! crucify.

Horatius Bonar.

3253. CHRIST, Poverty of.
Matthew viii : 20.

O'er the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.

The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind;
And on His low unsheltered head,
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

Why seeks He not a home of rest?
Why seeks He not a pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest;
Christ hath not where to lay His head.

Such was the lot He freely chose,
To save from woe the human race;
And from His poverty there flows
Enriching streams of heavenly grace.

Russell.

3254. CHRIST, Prophecy of.
John iii : 30.

He must grow greater, I grow less and less;
I like the mist which o'er the mountain flies,
And in the rising glory vanishes;
He like the sun in yon fair morning skies;
Amen, amen! I would not have it otherwise.

His name among the nations shall go forth,
Above all names that earth has ever known;
A name for ages, name of matchless worth,
Enduring when each other name is gone,
And this poor name of mine to dark oblivion thrown.

His story over earth shall yet be told,
A story for the universe to hear;
A wondrous story, which shall ne'er grow old,
But fresher yet shall grow, and yet more dear,
When my brief tale is told of sin and want and fear.

His love, the more than sunshine for all things
And beings, or above or here below,
Shall fly abroad on everlasting wings,
Gladdening all space and time with its swift flow,
Till this cold love of mine be lost in its bright glow.

His voice, that fills the heaven of heavens with bliss,
The more than music of each listening ear,
Itself the melody of melodies,
Swells out o'er space, entrancing sphere on sphere,
Till this frail voice of mine is hushed with love and fear.

His throne, before whose majesty so few
On earth now bow, shall be of thrones the throne,
Its splendor ever bright and ever new;
While on His head there rests the eternal crown,
When from each brow of earth the glittering gold has gone.

Horatius Bonar.

3255. CHRIST, Resurrection of.

Mark xvi: 1.

Morning of the Sabbath day,
O thou sweetest hour of prime!
Dart a retrospective ray
O'er the eastern hills of time;
Daybreak let my spirit see
At the foot of Calvary.

Joseph's sepulchre is nigh;
Here the seal upon the stone,
There the sentinel, with eye,
Star-like, fixed on that alone;
All around is calm and clear,
Life and death keep Sabbath here.

Bright and brighter, beam on beam,
Now, like first created light,
From the rock-cleft, gleam by gleam,
Shoot athwart the waning night,
Till the splendor grows intense,
Overpowering mortal sense.

Glory turns with me to gloom,
Sight, pulsation, thought depart,
And the stone that closed the tomb,
Seems to lie upon my heart;
With that shock the vision flies;
Christ is risen: and I may rise.

Rise, like Him, as from this trance,
When the trumpet calls the just
To the saints' inheritance,
From their dwellings in the dust;
By Thy resurrection's power,
Jesus, save me in that hour.

Sabbath morning, hail to thee,
O thou sweetest hour of prime!
From the foot of Calvary,
Now to Zion's top I climb,
There my risen Lord to meet,
In His temple, at His feet.

James Montgomery.

3256. CHRIST, Resurrection of.

Matthew xxviii: 2-4.

Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die,
Vain were the terrors that gathered around Him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound Him,
Resplendent in glory to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high:
"The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die,"

Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being He gave us death cannot destroy,
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

H. Ware, Jr.

3257. CHRIST RISEN.

Matthew xii. 44.

The tomb is empty; wouldst thou have it full?
Still sadly clasping the unbreathing clay;
O weak in faith, O slow of heart and dull,
To dote on darkness, and shut out the day!

The tomb is empty; He who, three short days,
After a sorrowing life's long weariness,
Found refuge in this rocky resting-place,
Has now ascended to the throne of bliss.

Here lay the Holy One, the Christ of God,
He who for death gave death, and life for life;
Our heavenly Kinsman, our true flesh and blood;
Victor for us on hell's dark field of strife.

This was the Bethel, where, on stony bed,
While angels went and came from morn till even,
Our truer Jacob laid His wearied head;
This was to Him the very gate of heaven.

The Conqueror, not the conquered, He to whom
The keys of death and of the grave belong,
Crossed the cold threshold of the stranger's tomb,
To spoil the spoiler and to bind the strong.

Here death had reigned; into no tomb like this
Had man's fell foe aforetime found his way;
So grand a trophy ne'er before was his,
So vast a treasure, so divine a prey.

But now His triumph ends; the rock-barred door
Is opened wide, and the great prisoner gone;
Look round and see, upon the vacant floor
The napkin and the grave-clothes lie alone.

Yes, death's last hope, his strongest fort and prison
Is shattered, never to be built again;
And He, the mighty captive, He is risen,
Leaving behind the gate, the bar, the chain.

Yes, He is risen who is the First and Last;
Who was and is; who liveth and was dead;
Beyond the reach of death He now has passed,
Of the one glorious church the glorious Head. *Horatius Bonar.*

3258. CHRIST, Samson and.
Judges xvi : 2, 3.

He laid him down in Gaza town,
The forceful Nazarite,
And the heathen guard kept watch and ward
To slay him at morning-light.

But at midnight he rose from the midst of
No longer would he stay; [his foes,
And to Hebron's hill of his own strong will,
He carried their gates away.
The Nazarene captive whom hell had ensnared,
Around whom the hosts of the evil one glared,
Hath gone from among them in conquering state,
And broken in pieces their bars and their gate.

Oh now His rolling chariot wheels
Lead bound captivity,
And where His presence He reveals
His people bow the knee.
He takes to Him a priestly bride,
And He Himself is glorified,
And clad in white and gold:
He sitteth on the royal seat,
And all the nations at His feet
Lay tribute manifold.

The riddle erewhile spoken,
May now be read with ease;
The slaughtered lion's tokens,
The honey and the bees.
To-day in full completeness
The mystery stands good,
Since from the strong comes sweetness,
And from the eater food.

Hearken to Him as He comes in His might,
Monarch of monarchs, victorious in fight:
Speaks He in anger, the sinner to blame?
Speaks He in sorrow, the dastard to shame?

With no reproach for blindness
He meets His own to-day,
In perfect loving-kindness
Thus only will He say.

The winter time away is past, the rain is gone and o'er,
The flowerets bloom again at last, the birds are heard once more;
And in our land we list afresh the cooing of the dove,
The figs and vines are green and lush: oh come away, my love!
R. F. Littledale.

3259. CHRIST, Scourging.
Matthew xxvii : 26–30.

Pilate then, Jesus' spotless life to save,
Command to soldiers for His scourging gave;
Within the common hall the armed bands
Strip Him, and to a pillar tie His hands;
With knotted cords His tender flesh they lashed,
Long gaping furrows in His muscles gashed;
His blood which gushing ran from every pore,
Bathed Him a second time in His own gore;
His head they with a wreath of thorns surround,
And every thorn gave a peculiar wound;
His blood afresh in showers came trickling down,
From the sharp, numerous gorings of His crown;
Mock-purple robes He on His shoulders wore,
For sceptre, in His hand a reed He bore;
With bended knee His patience they abuse,
Spit in His face, and cry, Hail, King of Jews. *Bishop Ken.*

3260. CHRIST, Seeking.
Matthew xi : 7–9.

What went ye out to see
O'er the rude sandy lea,
Where stately Jordan flows by many a palm,
Or where Gennesaret's wave
Delights the flowers to lave, [balm?
That o'er her western slope breathe airs of

All through the summer night
Those blossoms red and bright
Spread their soft breasts, unheeding, to the breeze,
Like hermits watching still
Around the sacred hill,
Where erst our Saviour watched upon His knees.

The paschal moon above
Seems like a saint to rise,
Left shining in the world with Christ alone;
Below the lake's still face
Sleeps sweetly in the embrace
Of mountain terraced high with mossy stone.

Here may we sit and dream
Over the heavenly theme,
Till to our soul the former days return;
Till on the grassy bed,
Where thousands once He fed,
The world's incarnate Maker we discern.

Oh cross no more the main,
Wandering so wild and vain,
To count the reeds that tremble in the wind,
On listless dalliance bound,
Like children gazing round,
Who on God's works no seal of Godhead find:

Bask not in courtly bower,
Or sun-bright hall of power,
Pass Babel quick, and seek the holy land;
From robes of Tyrian dye
Turn with undazzled eye
To Bethlehem's glade or Carmel's hand,

Or choose thee out a cell
In Kedron's storied dell,
Beside the springs of Love, that never die;
Among the olives kneel
The chill night-blast to feel,
And watch the moon that saw thy Master's agony.

Then rise at dawn of day,
And wind thy thoughtful way
Where rested once the Temple's stately shade.
With due feet tracing round
The city's northern bound,
To the other holy garden, where the Lord was laid.

Who thus alternate see
His death and victory,
Rising and falling as on angel wings,
They, while they seem to roam,
Draw daily nearer home,
Their heart untravelled still adores the King of kings.

Or if at home they stay,
Yet are they, day by day,
In spirit journeying through the glorious land,
Not for light fancy's reed,
Nor honor's purple meed,
Nor gifted prophets' lore, nor science' wondrous wand.

But more than prophet, more
Than angels can adore
With face unveiled, is He they go to seek:
Blessed be God, whose grace
Shows Him in every place
To homeliest hearts of pilgrims pure and meek.

John Keble.

3261. CHRIST, Seeking for.

Christ, whose first appearance lighted
Gloomy death's obscure domain,
Long in Herod's courts benighted
Sought I Thee, but sought in vain:
All was glitter, pomp and pleasure,
Sensuality and pride;
But my heart found not its treasure,
And remained unsatisfied.

Then to learned scribes and sages
Seeking Christ I wandered on;
But upon their barren pages
Jacob's Star had never shone:
True, indeed, like men in prison
Groping for the light of day,
Spake they of the Light new risen,
But themselves saw not one ray.

To the temple I was guided
By the altar-fire and lights;
But, though all else was provided,
Christ was absent from the rites.
Then more precious time I wasted
In thy streets, Jerusalem;
But I sought in vain, and hasted
On my way to Bethlehem.

In the streets I wandered slowly,
Looking for some trusty guide;
All was dark and melancholy,
None I met with, far and wide.
On a sudden I perceivèd
O'er my head a star to shine;
Lo, because I had believèd,
And had sought Him, Christ was mine!

Only seek and you will find Him:
Never cease to seek the Lord;
And should He delay, remind Him
Boldly of His plighted word.
Follow Him, and He will lead you;
Trust Him in the darkest night;
Jacob's Star will still precede you,
Jacob's Star will give you light.

Spitta, tr. by R. Massie.

3262. CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.
Mark xi: 9-11.

From Olivet's sequestered seats,
What sounds of transport spread?
What concourse moves through Salem's streets,
To Zion's holy head?
Behold Him there in lowliest guise!
The Saviour of mankind:
Triumphal shouts before Him rise,
And shouts reply behind:

And "strike," they cry, "your loudest string,
He comes! Hosanna to our King!"

Not those alone, the present train,
Their present King adored;
An earlier and a later strain
Extolled the self-same Lord.
Obedient to His Father's will,
He came, He lived, He died;
And gratulating voices still
Before and after cried,
"All hail! the Prince of David's line!
Hosanna to the Man Divine!"

He came to earth: from eldest years,
A long and bright array
Of prophet-bards and patriarch-seers
Proclaimed the glorious day:
The light of heaven in every breast,
Its fire on every lip,
In tuneful chorus on they pressed,
A goodly fellowship;
And still their pealing anthem ran,
"Hosanna to the Son of Man!"

He came to earth: through life He passed
A Man of griefs: and, lo!
A noble army following fast
His track of pain and woe:
All decked with palms, and strangely bright,
That suffering host appears;
And stainless are their robes of white,
Though steeped in blood and tears;
And sweet their martyr-anthem flows
"Hosanna to the Man of Woes!"

From ages past descends the lay
To ages yet to be,
Till far its echoes roll away
Into eternity.
But, oh! while saints and angels high,
Thy final triumph share,
Amidst Thy followers, Lord, shall I,
Though last and meanest there,
Receive a place, and feebly raise
A faint hosanna to Thy praise.

J. W. Cunningham.

3263. CHRIST, Silence of.
Mark xv : 5.

While for us He undertakes,
Burdened with our sinful load,
No defence our proxy makes,
Speechless at the bar of God;
Dumb before the Judge supreme,
All our crimes He owns to Him.

Man will speak accused by man,
Fearful of disgrace and loss,
Long his innocence maintain,
Eagerly defend his cause;
God with us accepts the shame,
Yields to death a silent Lamb.

Sealed His lips with wisdom's seal,
Sealed by meek humility,
Reverence for His Father's will,
Love for all mankind and me:
Nothing need the Lamb reply;
All His business is to die.

But His silence intercedes,
If their guilt the guilty own,
For the self-condemned it pleads,
Powerful at the gracious throne;
But His blood a voice hath found,
Life and heaven is in the sound!

J. and C. Wesley.

3264. CHRIST, The.

Monarchs are feasting in their towers;
E'en through the starry midnight hours,
The festal radiance streams around.
O'er the hushed cities, blent the sound
Of music and luxurious mirth;
For boundless peace is on the earth.
Around them famous captains sit;
Beauty, nobility, and wit:
Each to his proud heart saith, with glee,
"I am a king; there's none like me!"
Ah, foolish pride! Ah, vaunting cheer!
A King more mighty far is near.
He walks the desert, and His throne
Is of the massy mountain-stone:
He walks the waters, and they spread
In silent homage to His tread:
And the wild winds, with playful sweep,
Herald His path across the deep.
Heaven's spirits in their glory speed
To wait, or minister at need.
Know ye not whence this Monarch springs?
He is the King of kings!

The world speeds on as it has sped
Through all the ages that are fled.
The city streets with sunshine glow;
The city throng moves to and fro;
The gay, the gainful, and the grave,
Mingle like air-drops in the wave;
Mingle, yet mix not; seen and lost!
Each with his own sole thoughts engrossed.
They hope no change, they fear no change;
They feel at hand no era strange;
But from the desert scorched and dry
Comes the wild prophet's warning cry:
And by the brooks and shepherd's fold
There walks One awful to behold;
And by the borders of the sea,
Passing, He says, "Come, follow Me!"
And men rise up, forsaking all,
Through power of that mysterious call.
What word is that? The same which spake,
Made earth, and shall unmake!

In synagogues throughout the land
The priest and the proud Levite stand,
Dealing without or stint or flaw
The terrors of the ancient law;
Bad to the bad, and to the worse
A heavier doom, a bitterer curse.
But there sits One in wilds apart,
Awful in aspect, meek in heart;

And from His graceful lips descend
Blessing, and blessing without end.

The eager crowds around Him press;
His very glance doth heal and bless.
By desert, mountain, rock, and sea,
They follow Him continually.
His form is glorious to behold;
His words are drops of living gold;
His face is like a king's, but sad,
Yet in its light all souls are glad;
Amaze, and dread, and love devour
All hearts, new thoughts and words of power.
Whence brings He joy in such increase?
He is the Prince of Peace!

The sage, in his most secret cell,
Ponders each antiquated spell;
Each prophet-scroll, each starry sign,
For advent of the Hope Divine.
O fool! in knowledge lost and drowned,
They who sought not, the first have found.
Even now the ignorant and low
Hear words of wonder overflow;
Stupendous visions view the dark:
The dumb is singing like the lark:
Lameness runs far and wide to tell
Tidings of many a miracle.
What need of seer or sage renowned,
To tell such hearts whom they have found?
The very demons shriek with fear:
The Christ! the Christ is here!

The old man faints upon his bed;
The young man in his strength is dead;
In silent chambers tears descend
Through anguish for the perished friend.
But at one death, one parting cry,
Earth trembles, darkness fills the sky.
The deed is done, the deed of woe!
The King of kings has been below:
The Prince of peace has trod the earth;
The very Christ has had His birth.

No word of old is rendered vain,
The world's Desire is found and slain,
Time has not such a guest as He!
Time never more such scenes shall see!
But every breath of His shall time
Bear to remotest age and clime,
His words that to the winds were sown,
In heedless ears, and places lone,
Like rains upon the mountains shed,
Shall run and fill an ocean-bed; [spring
Like beams that fall, seemed quenched, yet
Upward in every living thing; [burn,
Thus shall they live, spread, breathe, and
Till Time expire, and Christ return.

William Howitt.

3265. CHRIST, The Temptation of.

Luke iv: 1-13.

Too weak, alas! too weak is the temptation
For one whose soul to nobler things aspires
Than sensual desires!

Ah! could I, by some sudden aberration,
Lead and delude to suicidal death
This Christ of Nazareth!

Unto the holy Temple on Moriah,
With its resplendent domes, and manifold
Bright pinnacles of gold,
Where they await Thy coming, O Messiah!
Lo! I have brought thee. Let Thy glory here
Be manifest and clear.

Reveal Thyself by royal act and gesture,
Descending with the bright triumphant host
Of all the highermost
Archangels, and about Thee as a vesture
The shining clouds, and all Thy splendors
show
Unto the world below!

Cast Thyself down, it is the hour appointed;
And God hath given His angels charge and
care
To keep Thee and upbear
Upon their hands His only Son, the Anointed,
Lest He should dash His foot against a stone,
And die, and be unknown.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

3266. CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Luke ii: 32.

Light of the Kosmos, Reason, Cause
Of all that is, below, above,
Centre and spring of life and love,
And Lord of love's eternal laws;

One world of Thine we dimly scan,
And own it full of wrong and woe;
We know not why it should be so,
Nor why should sin Thy offspring, man.

We know we sin. Through mind and heart,
Through soul and sense defilement stains;
The good in us is bound in chains
Whose links we will not rend apart.

And darkness, vast and dense and sad
Hangs o'er us all, a tearful cloud;
Each heart with aching throbs aloud,
With none, none, none to make us glad.

What, none? Nay, nay! O Thou divine!
Thou Light of worlds! We see Thee stand
'Mid suns abashed on either hand,
O'erawed we see Thee stand and shine!

Thou shin'st for us! In mortal frame,
With mortal weakness compassed round
In Thee, and Thee alone were found
Love's spotless light and scathless flame!

Thou shin'st in us. Truth's crystal ray
From Thee, Thyself the truth who art,
Fills reason's eye and passion's heart,
And lifts us toward Thy nameless day.

Thou shin'st through us. From man to man,
From age to age, from race to race,
Thy broadening beams our darkness chase,
To crown with light what light began.

As truth and love took human mould
To touch and teach and save at first,
So still, from soul to soul, as erst,
Must goodness win its way, and hold.

Our goodness Thou, our love and light,
In us set up Thy kingdom soon;
Shine, shine to boundless, blissful noon,
To noon that knows nor shade nor night.

Like sunrise lances through a wood,
So through our hearts, through nations, climes,
Flash, till the clash of heavenly chimes
Shall hail o'er earth the dawn of good!

Rise, orbed in glory! Saviour! King!
Jehovah! Jesus! Truth! Light! Love!
Lion of Judah! Lamb and Dove!
Reign Thou, till earth like heaven shall sing!

George Lansing Taylor.

3267. CHRIST, The Third Temptation of.

Matthew iv: 8.

The mountain is a blaze of light!
Who stands upon its topmost height?
His only robe the lightning,
His burning crown, his tossing wing;
Nor spear nor sceptre in his hand,
But flashing from his eye command!
There, tempter, towers the haughty frame,
That not the thunderbolt could tame;
Nor age on age's dreary flight,
Nor dungeons of eternal night:
In pride, in grandeur and despair,
There stands the princedom of the air.

Who stands upon the mountain's height?
No form of majesty and might,
No splendors darting from His robe,
To startle or to blast the globe;
But patience in his heavenward eye,
Like one who came to toil and die.
The Infant of the Virgin's womb—
He comes to make the earth His tomb;
Beneath the pagan scourge to bleed,
To bear the sceptre of the reed;
To wear the robe of mockery,
To meet the scorn, the taunt, the lie;
To feel the tortures of the slave;
Victor, yet victim, of the grave!
With more than mortal anguish wan,
Stands, on that height, the Son of Man!
Twice had His holy strength been tried.
Twice had He smote the Tempter's pride;
But now along the desert-sand
Bursts, tempest-like, the wild command:
"Ye kingdoms, in your glory rise."
Earth hears it from her farthest skies.
From the chill Tartar's boundless plain,
From jewelled India's mountain-chain;
From forest depth, and golden cave,
Beyond the ocean's western wave;
The visions of the empires come,
Circling thy central glory, Rome!

The wild command is heard once more!
In panoply earth's millions pour;
As, borne upon the eagle's wings,
Rise the rich musterings of her kings;
Helm, turban, golden diadem,
Pour onward like a fiery stream,
On horse, on foot, on scythed car;
The living hurricane of war!
As rushed they on the tempter's gaze
Around him shot a broader blaze;
The flash of triumph in his eye,
His words, the words of victory; [crown,
"Man, wouldst thou wear of crowns the
Worship its lord; the world's thine own."

The grandeur of the God awoke?
In sounds of death the judgment broke:
"Satan, avaunt!" Despair, despair,
Was in his groan, and shrinking glare;
Prone on his face, the guilt-struck fell!
The panther bounded at his yell.
The viper started from the spring,
The vulture rushed upon the wing.
The jackal cowered beside the dead,
The hungry lion howled and fled.
The vision and the fiend were gone!
There stood the Conqueror—alone.

But o'er the mountain's pinnacle,
What splendors upon splendors swell,
What more than mortal harmonies,
What clouds of more than incense rise!
The shout of joy, the holy hymn,
Are from your lips, ye seraphim;
Your shout, your song, "for man forgiven,"
Your King, Messiah, King of heaven!

George Croly.

3268. CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA.

Matthew xiv: 22-36.

The multitudes, miraculously fed,
Had to their distant homes been sent away;
Jesus had sought apart the mountain head,
'Mid Nature's solitude to pray.
In darkness and in storm had closed the day,
And on the water of Gennesaret
The bark that held His faithful followers lay,
Tossed to and fro; their Master comes not yet.
Can He, who fed the crowd, His chosen few forget?

Believe it not; though heaven above be dark,
And ocean stormy, still His love and might
Are with the inmates of that little bark;
And, in the fourth watch of that fearful night,
A heavenly form arrayed in vestments bright,

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Treads with unfaltering feet, the billowy tide;
The moon has risen, and sheds her silvery light
Full on that form which toward them seems to glide
As if the winds to chain, and all their fears to chide.

Can it be human? One of mortal mould
Could walk not thus the waves in majesty.
Fear strikes the timid, awe o'ercomes the bold,
As, underneath that shadowy moonlit sky,
The glorious vision silently draws nigh,
Shining more brightly from surrounding shade;
"It is a spirit" in their fear they cry.
Soon does their Master's voice those fears upbraid,
"Be of good cheer," He says; "'tis I: be not afraid."

Peter goes forth to meet Him; but the sound
E'en of the sinking tempest's lingering breath,
The clouds of night yet darkly hovering round
The parting waves his only path beneath,
Recall to him but images of death,
And fear had sank Him; but with outstretched hand
His Lord exclaims, "O thou of little faith!
Why didst thou doubt?" his hope and faith expand,
And by his Master's side he walks as on dry land.

Oh! well might they before whose eyes were trod
The deep's unyielding waves, then worship Thee;
Confess Thee of a truth the Son of God
And bend in prayer and praise the reverent knee:
Should theirs alone such rites of homage be?
Forbid the thought! unseen of mortal eye,
E'en in this day, on life's tempestuous sea,
Thou walk'st its waves when stormy winds are high;
Thy people's guide and guard: nor wilt Thou pass them by.

As to Thy loved disciples in their bark
Thou showedst Thyself upon the fearful night,
E'en now, when waves are rough and skies are dark,
Dost Thou in condescending love delight
To manifest Thy saving arm of might,
For such as look to Thee alone for aid;
To those who walk by faith and not by sight;
Yet visible in sorrow's dreariest shade
And heard proclaiming still, "'Tis I, be not afraid;"

Then wind and wave are hushed, and all is calm;
Light from above breaks forth, the clouds are riven,
And for the cry of fear the grateful psalm
Of joy and praise is to the spirit given.
No more the bark is tempest-tossed or driven,
But as in the delightful, tranquil scene,
The parting clouds one vistas into heaven;
For fear and doubt spring faith and hope serene,
And holy peace presides where horror late hath been.

Saviour, Redeemer, and Incarnate Word!
Since Scripture hath declared that every knee
To Thee shall bow, each tongue confess "Thee" Lord,
In mercy or in judgment grant that we
May in the hour of mercy bow to Thee.
If not, in judgment, gracious Lord, arise;
And on the wave of trial's stormiest sea,
Beneath the gloom of sorrow's darkest skies,
Come as Thou camest of yore to Thy disciples' eyes. *Bernard Barton.*

3269. CHRIST, Weariness of.

St. John iv : 6.

Weary on the well reclined,
Mercy in Thy weariness,
Mercy in Thy rest we find;
Then Thou stay'st to grant Thy peace
Waitest there to seize Thy stray,
Rest and pardon to bestow,
Wearied with her sinful way
That she may her Saviour know.

Welcome weariness and pain!
Servant of Thy Church and Thee,
Saviour, shall I not sustain
That Thou didst sustain for me?
Let my toil advance Thy praise,
My repose resemble Thine,
Tend to minister Thy grace,
Serve the blessed cause divine.
J. and C. Wesley.

3270. CHRIST, Weep not for.

Luke xxiii : 27, 28.

Jerusalem's daughters, for Me do not weep!
Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep,
For days of sad sighing, deep wailing, and moan;
For the dead and the dying; for cities o'erthrown.
When you pray that the mountains may fall on your head
Then from those misty fountains salt tears may be shed:
But, Jerusalem's daughters, for Me do not weep;
Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep.

When mothers, soul-mourning, curse the day
when was pressed
The child of long yearning most close to the
breast;
When those eyes they are blessing which
ne'er saw a son,
And those arms, which caressing of daughters
had none;
When the maid, thickly sobbing, her own
love shall mourn,
And the father's heart, throbbing, breaks
o'er his first-born:
Then, Jerusalem's daughters, for Me do not
weep;
Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep.

When the helmeted foeman shall stride o'er
the wall,
And Titus, the Roman, "No quarter!" shall
call;
When his horse through your city proud
prancing shall steep
In blood, shed without pity, his hoof fet-
lock deep.
When the temple is crashing in horror and
flame,
And the priests are down dashing in anguish
and shame:
Then, Jerusalem's daughters, for Me do not
weep;
Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep.

Weep for strongholds down battered, for
vineyards uptorn,
For a nation all scattered, a byword and
scorn:
Weep for chieftains still meeting, where'er
be their track,
Vile words of base greeting, gyve, gibbet,
and rack;
Weep for outrage on woman, for bondage
and thrall,
For compassion from no man, and spurning
from all:
So, Jerusalem's daughters, for Me do not
weep,
Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep!

Though, soft-hearted maiden! you now see
that I,
Deserted, cross-laden, stagger onward to die;
The cross I am bearing will yet be the gem
For the lofty knight's wearing, the king's
diadem.
And the words I have spoken shall, over the
earth,
To the sad and heart-broken of comfort give
birth:
Then, Jerusalem's daughters, for Me do not
weep;
Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep!

Now is ended My mission: I answer the call,
I fulfil the condition, of One slain for all!
Though dark seems the story, the moment is
near
When, throned in heaven's glory, I beaming
appear!
From its light ne'er to sunder, till here am I
found,
Amid lightnings and thunder, when the
trumpet shall sound:
Then Jerusalem's daughters, for Me do not
weep;
Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep!
Dr. Maginn.

3271. CHRIST? What Think Ye of.
Matthew xxvi: 42-46.

I think Him David's Son
Whom David Lord doth call;
I think Him God and man in one,
I think Him all in all.

I think Him the Most High,
Sole, self-existing God,
Made flesh, a sinful world to buy,
And save us through His blood.

I think Him perfect love
Who groaned on Calvary;
I more than think His bowels move
For such a worm as me.

I think Him still the same
My Ransomer divine;
I think if His through life I am,
He is forever mine.
J. and C. Wesley.

3272. CHRIST, Wisdom of.

Abashed be all the boast of age,
Be hoary learning dumb!
Expounder of the mystic page,
Behold an infant come!

O wisdom! whose unfading power
Beside the Eternal stood,
To frame in nature's earliest hour
The land, the sky, the flood;

Yet didst Thou not disdain a while
An infant's form to wear;
To bless Thy mother with a smile,
And lisp Thy faltered prayer.

But in Thy Father's own abode,
With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
Thy chiefest joy was found.

So may our youth adore Thy name!
And, Saviour, deign to bless
With fostering grace the timid flame
Of early holiness. *Bishop Heber.*

3273. CHRIST, Words of.
Luke ii: 47.

The voice of God was mighty, when it brake
Through the deep stillness of chaotic night,
Uttering the potent words, "Let there be
light!"

And light was kindled as th' Eternal spake;
While hosts seraphic hymned the wondrous plan
Which formed heaven, earth, sun, sea, and crowned the work with man.

The voice of God was mighty, when it came
From Sinai's summit wrapped in midnight gloom;
When ceaseless thunders told the sinner's doom,
And answering lightnings flashed devouring flame;
Till prostrate Israel breathed th' imploring cry,
"Veil, Lord, Thy terrors; cease Thy thunders, or we die!"

The voice of God was mighty, when alone
Elijah stood on Horeb, and the blast
Rent the huge mountains as Jehovah passed,
And the earth quaked beneath the Holy One;
When ceased the storm, the blast, the lightning glare,
And but the "still small voice" was heard, yet God was there.

Yet not alone in thunder or in storm
The voice of God was mighty, as it came
From the red mountain, or the car of flame:
When stooped the Godhead to a mortal form;
When Jesus came to work His Father's will,
His was the voice of God, and it was mighty still.

He chid the billows, and the heaving sea
Lay hushed; the warring winds obeyed His word;
The conscious demons knew and owned their Lord,
And at His bidding set the captive free.
But is not hatred strong as wave or wind,
And are the hosts of hell more stubborn than mankind?

These, too, He vanquished. When the holy law
From His pure lips like mountain honey flowed:
Still, as He spake, the haughty heart was bowed,
Passion was calmed, and malice crouched in awe;
The Scribe, perversely blind, began to see,
And mute conviction held the humbled Pharisee.

"Man never spake like this man," was their cry;
And yet He spake, and yet they heard in vain:
E'en as their sires to idols turned again
When Sinai's thunders shook no more the sky,
So these went back to bend at Mammon's shrine,
And heard that voice no more, yet felt it was divine! *Thomas Dale.*

3274. CHRIST, Worthiness of.

Revelations v: 9-13.

Worthy the Lamb to interpret the pages
Writ with the Trinity's counsels sublime;
Worthy to open the seals that for ages
Shrouded the destinies future of time:
Worthy to take the book,
Worthy thereon to look,
Worthy the name He took,
Worthy forever the Lamb that was slain.

Worthy the Lamb who was slain to redeem us,
Washing our sins in His pardoning blood;
Worthy the Lamb who has deigned to esteem us,
Making us kings and us priests unto God:
Worthy angelic lays,
Worthy redemption's praise,
Worthy in all His ways,
Worthy forever the Lamb that was slain.

Worthy the Lamb who from every nation,
Out of each kindred and people and tongue,
Gathered and loved us and gave us salvation,
Worthy the anthem adoringly sung:
Worthy the crown to own,
Worthy of heaven's throne,
Worthy all homage shown,
Worthy forever the Lamb that was slain.

Worthy the Lamb His dominion possessing,
Worthy of riches and wisdom and strength;
Worthy of honor and glory and blessing,
Worthy the highest hosannas at length:
Worthy the choral strain,
Worthy the new refrain,
Worthy to rule and reign,
Worthy forever the Lamb that was slain.
Oliver Crane.

3275. CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Luke ii: 1-7.

Hark! the bells of Christmas ringing,
All abroad their echoes flinging,
Wider still and wider winging
On the waste of wintry air;
On their solemn, swift vibrations,
Rapture, rapture through the nations;
Rapture, till their glad pulsations
Million blissful bosoms share.

Every bell to every hammer
Answers with a joyous clamor;
Answers, till from out the glamour
Of the ages far and dim,
Till from Bethlehem's stable lowly,
Fair as moonrise, opening slowly,
Streams of radiance pure and holy
Down the brightening centuries swim.

Then the bells ring fine and tender;
And from out that far-off splendor,
Veiled in light no dreams could lend her,
Lo! the virgin mother mild,
Pale from guiltless pain unspoken,

Calm in faith's deep trust unbroken,
Bright with Heaven's unconscious token,
Bends above her wondrous child.

Still the bells ring, softly, sweetly,
Mingling all their chimes so meetly,
Trancing all my soul completely,
Till the rosy clouds divide;
And o'er Bethlehem's mountains hoary
Bursts a strange celestial glory,
Swells a sweet seraphic story,
Trembling o'er the pastures wide.

Glory! glory! God, descending,
Weds with man in bliss unending.
Hark! the ecstatic choirs attending
Smite their lyres with tempest sound.
Shout! Old Discord's reign is riven.
Peace on earth! good-will is given.
Shout the joy through highest heaven;
Make the crystal spheres resound!

Earth's sad wails of woe and wrangling,
Like wild bells in night-storms jangling,
Now their jarring tones untangling
In some deep, harmonious rhyme,
Touched by Love's own hand supernal,
Hush their dissonance infernal,
Catch the rhythmic march eternal,
Throbbing through the pulse of time.

Lo! the Babe, where, glad, they found Him,
By the chrismal light that crowned Him;
See the shaggy shepherds round Him,
Round His manger kneeling low!
See the star-led Magi speeding,
Priest and scribe the record reading,
Craft and hate each omen heeding,
Brooding swift the direful blow!

Vain the wrath of kings conspiring;
Vain the malice demons firing;
On the nations, long desiring,
Lo, at last the Day-star shines.
Earth shall bless the hour that bore Him,
Unborn empires fall before Him,
Unknown climes and tribes adore Him,
In ten thousand tongues and shrines.

Hark! the Christmas bells resounding,
Earth's old jargon all confounding!
Round the world their tumult, bounding,
Spreads Immanuel's matchless fame!
Million hands their offerings bringing,
Million hearts around Him clinging,
Million tongues hosanna singing,
Swell the honors of His name!

Crown Him, monarchs, seers, and sages
Crown Him, bards, in deathless pages!
Crown Him King of all the ages!
Let the mighty anthem rise.
Hark! the crash of tuneful noises;
Hark! the children's thrilling voices,
Hark! the world in song rejoices,
Till the chorus shakes the skies!

Living Christ, o'er sin victorious,
Dying Lamb, all-meritorious,
Rising God, forever glorious,
Take our songs and hearts, we pray.
May we, Thee by faith descrying,
On Thy death for life relying,
Rise to rapture never dying,
Rise with Thee in endless day.

George Lansing Taylor.

3276. CHRISTMAS DAY.

What sudden blaze of song
Spreads o'er the expanse of heaven
In waves of light it thrills along,
The angelic signal given:
"Glory to God!" from yonder central fire
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry choir.

Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on forever:
"Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And love towards men of love, salvation and release!"

Yet stay, before thou dare
To join that festal throng;
Listen, and mark what gentle air
First stirred the tide of song:
'Tis not, "The Saviour born in David's home,
To whom for power and health obedient worlds should come."

'Tis not, "The Christ the Lord:"
With fixed adoring look
The choir of angels caught the word,
Nor yet their silence broke: [should be,
But when they heard the sign, where Christ
In sudden light they shone, and heavenly harmony.

Wrapped in His swaddling bands,
And in His manger laid,
The Hope and Glory of all lands
Is come to the world's aid:
No peaceful home upon His cradle smiled;
Guests rudely went and came, where slept the royal Child.

But where Thou dwellest, Lord,
No other thought should be;
Once duly welcomed and adored,
How should I part with Thee?
Bethlehem must lose Thee soon; but Thou wilt grace
The single heart to be Thy sure abiding-place.

Thee, on the bosom laid
Of a pure virgin mind,
In quiet ever and in shade
Shepherd and sage may find; [sway,
They who have bowed untaught to Nature's
And they who follow Truth along her star-paved way.

The pastoral spirits first
Approach Thee, Babe divine:
For they in lowly thoughts are nursed,
Meet for Thy lowly shrine: [dost dwell,
Sooner than they should miss where Thou
Angels from heaven will stoop to guide them
to Thy cell.

Still, as the day comes round
For Thee to be revealed,
By wakeful shepherds Thou art found,
Abiding in the field; [night air
All through the wintry heaven and chill
In music and in light Thou dawnest on their
prayer.

Oh faint not ye for fear!
What though your wandering sheep,
Reckless of what they see and hear,
Lie lost in wilful sleep?
High Heaven, in mercy to your sad annoy,
Still greets you with glad tidings of immortal joy.

Think on the eternal home
The Saviour left for you;
Think on the Lord most holy, come
To dwell with hearts untrue:
So shall ye tread untired His pastoral ways,
And in the darkness sing your carol of high
praise. *John Keble.*

3277. CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea!
No sound was heard of clashing wars;
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

'Twas in the calm and silent night!—
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home!
Triumphal arches gleaming swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor:
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He passed—for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars! his only thought;
The air how calm and cold and thin,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

O strange indifference! Low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares:
The earth was still, but knew not why;
The world was listening, unawares!
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and silent night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay new-born
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!
Alfred Domett.

3278. CHRISTMAS, The First.

I.

The magi, skilled in astrologic lore
Had scanned for years the starry concave o'er,
And looked and gazed in vain;
But, on this most memorial night of nights
They saw, among the old accustomed lights,
A stranger on the plain.

"Behold the Star! Behold! behold the Star!
It shines afar," they cry, "it shines afar!"
To gladden all the earth. [King!
The King! our King! the promised, coming
Let all make haste our joyful gifts to bring
And celebrate His birth!"

The shepherds left unkept their bleating
Alone to pasture on the barren rocks, [flocks
To drink from springs run dry.
The wise men left unturned their horoscopes,
While each one, as in midnight darkness
gropes,
To see and know the Babe on whom the hopes
Of all the future lie.

II.

Now, on the outstretched finger of the night,
Bright beams a jewel, a clear sparkling gem,
That points the world by its prophetic light,
Where sweetly sleeps the Babe of Bethlehem.

O tell us, Magi! answer, learned seer!
Who long foretold the branch from Jesse's
stem;
Know ye the time the meteor should appear,
That ushers in the Babe of Bethlehem?

What power of divination has been given
To serpent wand or wizard diadem,
To read the secrets of the front of heaven,
And find the Babe just born in Bethlehem?

III.

Each wise man seized his astrolabe, [wand,
Each gray-beard wizard stretched his
To find where breathed the Holy Babe
That should be King of all the land.

When hark the stillness of the night
Is broken by triumphant song:
The plains are bright with heavenly light
Reflected from that heavenly throng.

And this the burden of their song:
"To God the highest glory give,
For right shall triumph over wrong,
Repentant sinners now may live.
For lo! the Prince of peace is born,
Hosannah in the highest sing!
For you in Bethlehem is born
The lordliest Lord, the kingliest King!
This day, within a manger, born
The Priest who shall good tidings bring.
Sing ye, the Mighty Conqueror, sing!
For Christ is born this Christmas morn!"

Simeon Tucker Clark.

3279. CHRISTMAS, The Nativity.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light insufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome Him to this His new abode,
Now while the heaven by the sun's team untrod.
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright.

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet:
Oh run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to Him
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She wooes the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes [ties.
Should look so near upon her foul deformi-

But He her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She crowned with olive green, came swiftly sliding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready harbinger, [ing,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds divid-
And waving with her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle sound
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until the Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame

The new enlightened world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below,
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet,
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air such pleasure loth to lose
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling:
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed;
The helmed cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn choir
With unexpressive notes to heaven's newborn Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the welt'ring waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our humble ears
(If ye have power to touch our senses so),
And let your silvery chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt with earthly mould,
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both Himself and us to glorify:
Yet first to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of Doom must thunder through the deep.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbreak;
The aged earth, aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake:
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day,
Th' old Dragon underground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from his prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament,
From haunted spring and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;

With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint,
In urns and altars round
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shrine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammus mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dread,
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Naught but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark,
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infants' hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine;
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,
Can in His swaddling bands control the damned crew.

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted Fayes
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see the Virgin blest,
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
Time is our tedious song should here have ending;
Heaven's youngest-teemed star;
Hath fixed her polished car tending;
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp at-
And all about the courtly stable
Bright harnest angels sit in order serviceable. *John Milton.*

3280. CHURCH, The Primitive.
Acts iv : 32.

Happy the souls that first believed,
To Jesus and each other cleaved;
Joined by the unction from above,
In mystic fellowship of love.

Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They lived, and spake, and thought the same!
Brake the commemorative bread,
And drank the Spirit of their Head.

On God they cast their every care,
Wrestling with God in mighty prayer
They claimed the grace through Jesus given.
By prayer they shut and opened heaven.

To Jesus they performed their vows,
A little church in every house;
They joyfully conspired to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

Proprietors were there unknown,
None called what he possessed his own:
Where all the common blessings share,
No selfish happiness was there.

With grace abundantly endued
A pure, believing multitude,
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.

O what an age of golden days!
O what a choice, peculiar race!
Washed in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
Anointed kings and priests to God!

Where shall I wander now to find
The successors they left behind?
The faithful whom I seek in vain,
Are minished from the sons of men.

Ye different sects, who all declare,
"Lo, here is Christ!" or "Christ is there!"
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show me where the Christians live.

Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;
Ye want the genuine mark of love:
Thou only, Lord, Thine own canst show,
For sure Thou hast a church below.

The gates of hell cannot prevail;
The church on earth can never fail.
Ah! join me to Thy secret ones!
Ah! gather all Thy living stones!

Scattered o'er all the earth they lie,
Till Thou collect them with Thine eye
Draw by the music of Thy name
And charm into a beauteous frame.

For this the pleading Spirit groans,
And cries in all Thy banished ones;
Greatest of Gifts, Thy love impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.

Join every soul that looks to Thee,
In bonds of perfect charity;
Now, Lord, the glorious fulness give,
And all in all forever live!

J. and C. Wesley.

3281. CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST, The.
Luke ii : 21.

Ye flaming pow'rs, and winged warriors bright,
That erst with music, and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distill no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
He who with all heav'n's heraldry whilere
Entered the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
Alas, how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to seize!
O more exceeding love, or law more just!
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remediless
Were lost in death, till He that dwelt above
High throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied His glory, ev'n to nakedness;
And that great covenant which we still transgress
Entirely satisfied,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,
This day; but oh! ere long
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near His heart.

John Milton.

3282. CLOUD AND PILLAR OF FIRE.
Nehemiah ix : 12.

In cloud by day, in fire by night,
Jehovah's pillared symbol hung;
And day and night, in Israel's sight,
Its heaven-sent token earthward flung.

It rested o'er their sacred tent,
And in their camp the host abode;
It lifted thence, and onward went,
And they its desert pathway trode.

They saw it rest, they saw it rise,
The signal of Jehovah's will;
They watched it with unfailing eyes,
And struck their tents, or waited still.

Not now in columned shade or flame,
Our steps, O God! Thy glory leads;
But signs divine Thy will proclaim,
Thy banner still Thy church precedes.

Thy light is on our pathway shed,
Thy counsel on our hearts impressed,
And by Thy guiding Spirit lead
Thy watching host move on, or rest.

Samuel Wolcott.

3283. CLOUDS, Christ and the.
Acts i : 9.

I cannot look above and see
Yon high-piled pillowy mass
Of evening clouds, so swimmingly,
In gold and purple pass,
And think not, Lord, how Thou wast seen
On Israel's desert way
Before them, in Thy shadowy screen,
Pavilioned all the day!

Or of those robes of gorgeous hue,
Which the Redeemer wore,
When, ravished from His followers' view,
Aloft His flight He bore;
When lifted, as on mighty wing,
He curtained his ascent,
And wrapped in clouds, went triumphing
Above the firmament.

Is it a trail of that same pall
Of many-colored dyes,
That high above, o'er mantling all
Hangs midway down the skies—
Or borders of those sweeping folds
Which shall be all unfurled
About the Saviour, whom He holds
His judgment on the world?

For in like manner as He went—
My soul, hast thou forgot?—
Shall be His terrible descent,
When man expecteth not!
Strength, Son of man, against that hour,
Be to our spirits given,
When Thou shalt come again with power,
Upon the clouds of heaven!

William Croswell.

3284. CROSS, Attraction of the.
Galatians vi : 14.

O cross, O cross of shame!
In every age the same,
Thou symbol of a shameful thing,
Meet for a slave and not a King;
Symbol of shame and loss,
Where is thy grace, O cross! that hand,
That I should bear thee thus with heart and
Where earth's rude scorners stand;
Myself a laughing-stock for thee,
A byword and a mockery?

O cross, O cross of pain!
Where is to me the gain
That in this bleeding heart of mine
I nail each bitter nail of thine;

That still with every breath
I live a life of death—
A life that is a daily dying still,
A death that may not kill,
But hour by hour and day by day
Feeds on the life it will not slay?

O cross, O cross of light,
With heavenly beauty bright!
I love and glory in thy shame;
For He I love has borne the same;
The world may scorn and threat
Her idle vengeance yet,
But I will bear thee still with heart and hand,
Though men with devils band;
For He I love is with me still,
And shame is sweet if His dear will.

O cross, O cross of joy,
O sweetness without cloy!
Still wound and pierce my bleeding heart,
For honey streams from every dart.
O crimson, crimson tree!
Still let me cling to thee;
In thy dear arms reposing day by day,
Still let me die alway;
For He I love is by my side,
And death is sweet, for He has died.

O cross, O cross of woe!
When heaven and earth shall glow,
When blazing in the eastern sky
The Son of Man's dread sign shall lie,
His sign no more of shame,
His cross a cross of flame,
To whom the gain, to whom the endless loss,
At that dread day, O cross!
To scorner or to scorned on high?
The fire shall try . . . . the fire shall try.

Folliott S. Pierpont.

3285. CROSS, The.

Colossians i : 20.

The cross is ever good,
Although with tears bedewed;
A Father's hand from heaven
This very cross has given.
Take it as children should;
What bitter is at present,
We own ere long as pleasant,
It is so good, so good!

The cross is ever fair;
And though no beauty there
The eye of sight discerneth,
Such glory round it burneth,
That watching angels wear
Sweet looks of joy and wonder
As on the cross they ponder,
It is so fair, so fair!

And with the cross is light:
Before it naught aright
Of thine own self thou knowest,
While unto it thou owest,
Of God the first true sight.
The cross in darkness finds thee,
But scatters all that binds thee:
For with the cross is light!

The cross makes all things pure:
No falsehood can endure
Its coming; guilt long hidden
Arises then unbidden;
And though severe the cure,
At sorrow's touch must perish
The sins we fain would cherish,
It makes so pure, so pure!

The cross makes man so small,
His proudest hopes must fall,
Their glory fast dispelling
The while the cross is telling
That God alone is all;
That only He is holy,
And must be worshipped solely,
Man is so small, so small!

The cross to me is dear,
It brings the Saviour near;
And worldly joy resigning,
I take it unrepining.
Lord of the cross, 'tis here
My life, my all I tender
To Thee, in full surrender,
And thus the cross is dear!

Lyra Messianica.

3286. CROSS, The.

Blessed cross, hail, holy rood!
Death, by thee, was first subdued
When my God was crucified,
When my King and Saviour died.

Queen of trees art thou, O palm!
For our wounds the sovereign balm,
Strong support when burdens press,
Solace in our sore distress.

Tree of life, O sacred tree!
Glorious sign of victory;
Christ thy fruit, O tree divine!
Never fruit so sweet as thine.

When before Thy judgment-seat
Friend and foe at last shall meet,
Jesus, then propitious be;
Son of God, remember me.

Tr. by N. B. Smithers.

3287. CROWN OF THORNS, The.

John xix : 2-5.

If thou wilt indeed and truly
Find whereof to boast, and duly
Be with glory crowned of God,
View this coronal, think o'er it,
Track the steps of Him who bore it,
Follow in the path He trod.

For our King this emblem lowly
Bore with honor, make it holy,
On the brows divine it stood;
In this helmet He arrayed Him,
Met the ancient fiend, and laid him,
Therein triumphed on the wood.

Helmet unto him that fighteth,
Wreath of bays when victory lighteth,
Mitre for the princely brow;
First it was of thorns enwoven,
Then, on that divine head proven,
Touched Him, and is golden now.

Yea, the virtue of Christ's passion
Twined it in a nobler fashion,
Changed each prickly spur to gold:
Pierced with many sins and sorrows,
Heir to endless death, man borrows
Ease for thorns and wreath untold.

Crown compact of ills tormenting
To the sinner unrepenting
Thorny is it, rough with pain;
When the way of truth he learneth,
Straight to virgin gold it turneth,
While the heart grows pure again.

Jesu, in Thy love stand near us,
Help in our own fight, and cheer us,
Lavish Thy victorious aid;
So, we pray Thee, shape our spirit,
That we glory may inherit
Of the crown that cannot fade.
From the Latin, tr. by P. S. Worsley.

3288. CRUCIFIXION, Christ's.

Matthew xxvii: 35-38.

Soon as they at Mount Calvary arrived,
Where malefactors were of life deprived;
For anodyne, to criminals then used,
Of wine, with frankincense and myrrh infused,
The envious Jews, His angors to augment,
A cup of gall and vinegar present;
He, thirsty, of the odious portion sips,
And from it straight withdrew His injured lips.
Naked they stript Him to increase disgrace,
Then on the cross His frame supine they place;
His tender hands and feet with cords they retch,
And when extended to their utmost stretch,
With nails, to fix Him to the tree, they gore,
Of a large size, to make the wider bore:
Jesus thus nailed, the cross on high they heaved,
And that He might be with fresh torments grieved,
Each, the same moment, letting go his hand,
Into the hole in which it was to stand,
With such a mighty torturing jerk it fell,
The malice could not be outdone by hell.

His body, which his wounds alone support,
Feels now of torment the extreme effort,
It racks His joints, unsockets all His bones,
Each muscle in Him agonizing groans,
Each artery, nerve, tendon, fibre, vein,
Each atom felt strong confluential pain.
But 'midst His dire convulsions, pangs, and throes,
No wrongs His charity could discompose;
He pardon begs for pagan and for Jew:
Father, forgive; they know not what they do.

The crime for which the malefactor bled,
Was by old custom labelled o'er his head;
This sole inscription Pilate chose to use:
Jesus of Nazareth, the King of Jews.
As He in torment hung, contemned and scorned.
God with this public witness Him adorned.
Of sacred truth, though Pilate nothing knew,
He gave the title to Messiah's due.

High Heaven, which could not the sad sight endure,
To see the source of light divine obscure,
Its cheerful glories on a sudden shrouds,
In thick, black, mournful, confluential clouds;
The sun, who of its light then wholly failed,
The full-cheeked moon which hindered it, bewailed;
The spheres, which moved in harmony before,
Began in groans their Maker to deplore;
Sun, moon, and stars, withdrew their conscious light,
Egypt ne'er felt such horrid, dismal night;
From the sixth hour until the ninth, the realm
Of darkness seemed the land to overwhelm;
All nature, when the God of nature bled,
Was struck with horrid, universal dread,
Despairing filial God to have survived,
From whose high will it origin derived.
The rocks cleft, earth to hell began to quake,
And to increase the fiery brimstone lake;
From its dark, subterraneous stores to throw
Whole mines of flaming sulphur down below;
Infernal ghosts ne'er suffered, since they fell,
So hot, so insupportable a hell:
And all the tortured spirits cursed the day
When they sent Judas, Jesus to betray;
The graves flew open, and exposed their store,
And into bodies shook the human ore;
The troubled sea its bed no longer kept,
But o'er its shores its inundations wept;
The temple corner-stones were seen to yield,
And to and fro the laboring fabric reeled;
The hallowed loaves were thrown the floor about,
And the seven golden burning lamps went out;
The sacred incense lost its odorous scent,
The awful veil was into pieces rent; [done,
The trembling priests leave holy rites un-
Affrighted Levites from their stations run;

Harps, psalteries, cymbals, trumpets, on the ground,
Lie bruised and broken all the temple round.
Caiaphas hid his self-upbraiding head,
The impious council were from Gazith fled;
Black horrors haunted the accursed room,
Where envious sinners hatched their Saviour's doom;
The evening lamb, which was but newly fired,
As on the cross the Lamb of God expired,
Grew on the altar, on a sudden, cold,
And from the grate the dying embers rolled.

The pagan soldiers trembled in their stands,
Down dropped their weapons from their feeble hands,
None ever had recovered of the fright,
Had not our God restored the solar light.
Aloud the thoughtful, wise centurion cried,
The mighty Son of God is crucified;
Each envious Jew-spectator smote his breast,
And in his actions plainly Christ confessed;
They all, convicted at that moving light,
Denied Messias only out of spite;
Tyrannic sin of empire lay bereft,
The idol ghosts their tottering temples left,
Of their own fatal oracles afraid;
Which, forced by Heaven, unwelcome truth displayed
Eden's bright cherub sheathed his two-edged flame;
Heaven bid him open Paradise proclaim;
Fear the old world into hard labor threw,
It groaned till 'twas delivered of a new.

Bishop Ken.

3289. CRUCIFIXION, Scene of the.
Luke xxiii: 33-38.

City of God! Jerusalem,
Why rushes out thy living stream?
The turbaned priest, the hoary seer,
The Roman in his pride, are there!
And thousand, tens of thousands, still
Cluster round Calvary's wild hill.

Still onward rolls the living tide;
There rush the bridegroom and the bride,
Prince, beggar, soldier, Pharisee,
The old, the young, the bond, the free,
The nation's furious multitude,
All maddening with the cry of blood.

'Tis glorious morn; from height to height,
Shot the keen arrows of the light;
And glorious in their central shower,
Palace of holiness and power,
The temple on Moriah's brow
Looks a new-risen sun below.

But woe to hill, and woe to vale!
Against them shall come forth a wail;
And woe to bridegroom and to bride!
For death shall on the whirlwind ride;
And woe to thee, resplendent shrine,
The sword is out for thee and thine!

Hide, hide thee in the heavens, thou sun,
Before the deed of blood is done!
Upon that temple's haughty steep
Jerusalem's last angels weep;
They see destruction's funeral pall,
Blackening o'er Zion's sacred wall.

Like tempests gathering on the shore,
They hear the coming armies roar:
They see in Zion's halls of state
The sign that maketh desolate;
The idol-standard, pagan spear,
The tomb, the flame, the massacre.

They see the vengeance fall; the chain,
The long, long age of guilt and pain:
The exile's thousand desperate years,
The more than groans, the more than tears;
Jerusalem a vanished name,
Its tribe earth's warning, scoff, and shame.

Still pours along the multitude,
Still rends the heavens the shout of blood;
But in the murderer's furious van,
Who totters on? A weary man;
A cross upon his shoulder bound,
His brow, his frame, one gushing wound.

And now he treads on Calvary—
What slave upon that hill must die?
What hand, what heart, in guilt imbued,
Must be the mountain vulture's food?
There stand two victims gaunt and bare,
Two culprits, emblems of despair.

Yet who the third? The yell of shame
Is frenzied at the sufferer's name. [torn,
Hands clinched, teeth gnashing, vestures
The curse, the taunt, the laugh of scorn,
All that the dying hour can sting, [King!
Are round Thee now, Thou thorn-crowned

Yet cursed and tortured, taunted, spurned,
No wrath is for the wrath returned;
No vengeance flashes from the eye,
The sufferer calmly waits to die;
The sceptre-reed, the thorny crown,
Wake on that pallid brow no frown.

At last the word of death is given,
The form is bound, the nails are driven:
Now triumph, Scribe and Pharisee!
Now Roman, bend the mocking knee!
The cross is reared. The deed is done.
There stands Messiah's earthly throne!

This was the earth's consummate hour,
For this hath blazed the prophet's power;
For this hath swept the conqueror's sword;
Hath ravaged, raised, cast down, restored.
Persepolis, Rome, Babylon,
For this ye sank, for this ye shone!

Yet things to which earth's brightest beam
Were darkness—earth itself a dream,
Foreheads on which shall crowns be laid
Sublime, when sun and stars shall fade:

Worlds upon worlds, eternal things,
Hung on Thy anguish, King of kings!

Still from His lips no curse has come,
His lofty eye has looked no doom!
No earthquake burst, no angel brand,
Crushes the black, blaspheming band:
What say those lips, by anguish riven?
"God, be my murderers forgiven!"

He dies! in whose high victory
The slayer, death himself, shall die.
He dies! by whose all-conquering tread
Shall yet be crushed the serpent's head;
From his proud throne, to darkness hurled,
The God and tempter of the world.

He dies! Creation's awful Lord,
Jehovah, Christ, eternal word!
To come in thunder from the skies,
To bid the buried world arise;
The earth his footstool; heaven His throne;
Redeemer! may Thy will be done!

George Croly.

3290. CRUCIFIXION, The.

Mark xv: 24-28.

Sunlight upon Judea's hills!
And on the waves of Galilee,
On Jordan's stream, and on the rills
That feed the dead and sleeping sea.
Most freshly from the greenwood springs
The light breeze on its scented wings;
And gayly quiver in the sun,
The cedar tops of Lebanon!

A few more hours, a change hath come!
The sky is dark without a cloud!
The shouts of wrath and joy are dumb,
And proud knees unto earth are bowed.
A change is on the hill of Death,
The helmed watchers pant for breath,
And turn with wild and maniac eyes,
From the dark scene of sacrifice!

That Sacrifice!—the death of Him,
The High and ever Holy One!
Well may the conscious Heaven grow dim
And blacken the beholding sun.
The wonted light hath fled away,
Night settles on the middle day,
And earthquake from his caverned bed
Is waking with a thrill of dread!

The dead are waking underneath!
Their prison door is rent away!
And, ghastly with the seal of death,
They wander in the eye of day;
The temple of the cherubim,
The house of God is cold and dim;
A curse is on its trembling walls,
Its mighty veil asunder falls!

Well may the cavern-depths of earth
Be shaken, and her mountains nod;
Well may the sheeted dead come forth
To gaze upon a suffering God!
Well may the temple-shrine grow dim,
And shadows veil the cherubim,
When He, the chosen one of Heaven,
A sacrifice for guilt is given!

And shall the sinful heart alone
Behold unmoved the atoning hour,
When Nature trembles on her throne,
And Death resigns his iron power?
Oh, shall the heart, whose sinfulness
Gave keenness to His sore distress,
And added to His tears of blood,
Refuse its trembling gratitude!

John G. Whittier.

3291. CRUCIFIXION, The.

John xix: 18-24.

O'erwhelmed in depths of woe,
Upon the tree of scorn,
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

See how the nails those hands
And feet so tender rend!
See down His face, and neck, and breast,
His sacred blood descend!

Hark! With what awful cry
His spirit takes its flight;
That cry, it pierced His mother's heart,
And whelmed her soul in night.

Earth hears, and to its base
Rocks wildly to and fro;
Tombs burst; seas, rivers, mountains, quake;
The veil is rent in two.

The sun withdraws his light;
The midday heavens grow pale;
The moon, the stars, the universe,
Their Maker's death bewail.

Shall man alone be mute?
Come, youth! Come, hoary hairs!
Come, rich and poor! Come, all mankind!
And bathe those feet in tears.

Come! fall before His cross
Who shed for us His blood;
Who died the victim of pure love,
To make us sons of God.

Jesus, all praise to Thee,
Our joy and endless rest!
Be Thou our guide while pilgrims here,
Our crown amid the blest.

Lyra Catholica.

3292. CRUCIFIXION, The.

Matthew xxv: 47-50.

The stones they raise,
Life's hope decays;
With insults greeted
And woes repeated,

Affection gone,
Woe stands alone;
Who suffers this? Oh tell!
'Tis He who loves so well.

Lights darkened all,
The stone-showers fall,
The wild winds blowing,
His long hair flowing,
His eyes are wet,
Thorns wound His feet.
Who suffers this? Oh tell!
'Tis He who loves so well.

Perplexed the road,
His breast a load;
His heart is torn;
The world in scorn,—
The flowers are faded,
The sun is shaded,
Who suffers this? Oh tell!
'Tis He who loves so well.

What weary sighs,
And weeping eyes,
And plaints forbid,
And glories hid,
And absence drear
From friends sincere.
Who suffers this? Oh, tell!
'Tis He who loves so well.

A clouded star,
A journey far,
A fearful doom,
A day of gloom;
The path mistaken,
By all forsaken.
Who suffers this? Oh tell!
'Tis He who loves so well.

Maria Doceo, tr. by J. Bowring.

3293. "CRUCIFY HIM!"

Luke xxiii : 21.

At the bar of Pilate, bound,
Falsely tried, and marred and crowned,
Jesus meekly, dumbly stood,
Pleading with the multitude.
Vainly plead His suffering,
Vainly looked He more than king;
Loudly rose their bitter cry:
"Crucify Him! Crucify!"

Him they hated without cause;
Loyal He to all their laws;
His a life of word and deed
Sacrificed to human need.
Full His fellowship with God,
Right and true the path He trod;
Yet against Him stormed the cry—
"Crucify Him! Crucify!"

What the revelation here
Of the ruin, far and near,
Wrought to man, without, within,
By the cruel course of sin!
What the disregard for life,
What the envy, blindness, strife,
What the murder in the cry!—
"Crucify Him! Crucify!"

Sin revealed in what it would
'Gainst communion with the Good,
'Gainst the manifesting Light,
'Gainst the will of thronèd Right,
Hurling all the might of hell
'Gainst this one, Immanuel;
Mean the cross, the rage, the cry:
"Crucify Him! Crucify!"

Break with sin, O brother! break,
For thy own and heaven's sake;
Arm against it, brother, arm,
Only sin can do thee harm;
Hate it, brother, fear and shun,
Sin defies the Holy One;
Join not, brother, in the cry;
"Crucify Him! Crucify!"

James Madison Williams.

3294. DANIEL.

Daniel xii : 13.

Son of sorrow, doomed by fate
To a lot most desolate;
To joyless youth and childless age,
Last of thy father's lineage:
Blighted being! whence hast thou
That lofty mien and cloudless brow?

Ask'st thou whence that cloudless brow?
Bitter is the cup, I trow;
A cup of weary well-spent years,
A cup of sorrows, fasts and tears,
That cup whose virtue can impart
Such calmness to the troubled heart.

Last of his father's lineage, he,
Many a night on bended knee,
In hunger many a livelong day,
Has striven to cast his slough away:
Yea, and that long prayer is granted,
Yea, his soul is disenchanted.

O blest above the sons of men!
For thou with more than prophet's ken,
Deep in the secrets of the tomb,
Hast read thine own, thine endless doom,
Thou, by the hand of the Most High,
Art sealed for immortality.

So may I read thy story right,
And in my flesh so tame my spright,
That when the mighty ones go forth,
And from the east and from the north
Unwilling ghosts shall gathered be,
I in my lot may stand with thee.

Lyra Apostolica.

3295. DANIEL.

Daniel i : 19.

We sit beside the streams of Babylon,
'Neath willowy shades, and hang our harps thereon,
Remembering Zion. What strong cords of love
Shall bind the exile to his home above?
Loved intercessor, thou the arts canst tell
Which draw from heaven that all-constraining spell:
Whether thou sitt'st by Hiddekel's broad stream,
Or where on Ulai sleeps the noonday beam;
Or stand'st with outstretched hands in palace hall,
Where fiery characters night's shades appall.
It is in steadfast prayer, the earnest eyes
Set toward the living temple of the skies;
Stern hardihood, 'mid fasts and watches won,
And that pure lamp that shall outshine the sun,
The virgin soul—these, in thy breast inurned,
All glowing thoughts to love seraphic turned:
Until an ear in wakeful trance was given,
Converse to hold with pursuivants of heaven;
An eye, the shapes in Time's dark womb to scan,
And see amid the clouds the Son of man;
A better boon than sons or daughters fair,
To find a place within God's house of prayer.

Isaac Williams.

3296. DANIEL, Deliverance of.

Daniel vi : 16–24.

Darius. See that den!
There Daniel met the furious lions' rage!
There were the patient martyr's mangled limbs
Torn piecemeal! Never hide thy tears, Araspes;
'Tis virtuous sorrow, unalloyed, like mine,
By guilt and fell remorse! Let us approach;
Who knows but that dread Power, to whom he prayed
So often and so fervently, has heard him!
[*He goes to the mouth of the den.*
O Daniel, servant of the living God!
He whom thou hast served so long, and loved so well,
From the devouring lion's famished jaws,
Can he deliver thee?
Daniel. He can—he has.
Darius. Methought I heard him speak!
Araspes. O wond'rous force
Of strong imagination! Were thy voice
Loud as the trumpet's blast, it could not wake him
From that eternal sleep!
Daniel. [*In the den*] Hail, King Darius!
The God I serve has shut the lions' mouths
To vindicate my innocence.
Darius. He speaks!
He lives!
Araspes. 'Tis no illusion; 'tis the sound
Of his known voice.
Darius. Where are my servants? Haste!
Fly, swift as lightning, free him from the den;
Release him, bring him hither! break the seal
Which keeps him from me! See, Araspes! look!
See the charmed lions! Mark their mild demeanor:
Araspes, mark! they have no power to hurt him!
See how they hang their heads and smooth their fierceness
At his mild aspect!
Araspes. Who that sees this sight,
Who that in after times shall hear this told,
Can doubt if Daniel's God be God indeed?
Darius. None, none, Araspes!
Araspes. Ah, he comes, he comes!

[*Enter Daniel.*]

Daniel. Hail, great Darius!
Darius. Dost thou live indeed!
And live unhurt?
Araspes. O miracle of joy!
Darius. I scarce can trust my eyes! How didst thou 'scape?
Daniel. That bright and glorious Being, who vouchsafed
Presence divine when the three martyred brothers
Essayed the caldron's flame, supported me!
E'en in the furious lions' dreadful den,
The prisoner of hope, even then I turned
To the stronghold, the bulwark of my strength,
Ready to hear and mighty to redeem!

Hannah More.

3297. DANIEL, Fidelity of.

Daniel vi : 10.

Araspes. O holy Daniel! prophet, father, friend,
I come the wretched messenger of ill!
Thy foes complot thy death. For what can mean
This new-made law, extorted from the king
Almost by force? What can it mean, O Daniel!
But to involve thee in the toils they spread
To snare thy precious life?
Daniel. How! was the king
Consenting to this edict?
Araspes. They surprised
His easy nature; took him when his heart
Was softened by their blandishments. They wore
The mask of public virtue to deceive him.
Beneath the specious name of general good,
They wrought him to their purposes: no time
Allowed him to deliberate. One short hour,
Another moment, and his soul had gained
Her natural tone of virtue.
Daniel. That great Power
Who suffers evil only to produce

Some unseen good, permits that this should be;
And He permitting, I well pleased resign.
Retire, my friend: this is my second hour
Of daily prayer. Anon we'll meet again.
Here in the open face of that bright sun
Thy fathers worshipped, will I offer up,
As is my rule, petitions to my God,
For thee, for me, for Solyma, for all!
Araspes. Oh, stay, what mean'st thou? sure thou hast not heard
The edict of the king? I thought but now
Thou knew'st its purport. It expressly says,
That no petition henceforth shall be made
For thirty days, save only to the king;
Nor prayer nor intercession shall be heard
Of any God or man, but of Darius.
Daniel. And think'st thou then my reverence for the king,
Good as he is, shall tempt me to renounce
My sworn allegiance to the King of kings?
Hast thou commanded legions? strove in battle,
Defied the face of danger, mocked at death
In all its frightful forms, and tremblest now?
Come learn of me: I'll teach thee to be bold,
Though sword I never drew. Fear not, Araspes,
The feeble vengeance of a mortal man,
Whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein
Is he to be accounted of? but fear
The awakened vengeance of the living Lord,
He who can plunge the everlasting soul
In infinite perdition!
Araspes. Then, O Daniel!
If thou persist to disobey the edict,
Retire and hide thee from the prying eyes
Of busy malice!
Daniel. He who is ashamed
To vindicate the honor of his God,
Of him the living Lord shall be ashamed
When He shall judge the tribes!
Araspes. Yet, oh, remember!
Oft have I heard thee say the secret heart
Is fair devotion's temple; there the saint,
E'en on that living altar, lights the flame
Of purest sacrifice, which burns unseen,
Not unaccepted. I remember, too,
When Syrian Naaman by Elisha's hand
Was cleansed from foul pollution, and his mind,
Enlightened by the miracle, confessed
The Almighty God of Jacob, that he deemed
No flagrant violation of his faith [it
To bend at Rimmon's shrine; nor did the
Forbid the rite external. [seer
Daniel. Know, Araspes,
Heaven designs to suit our trials to our strength;
A recent convert, feeble in his faith,
Naaman, perhaps, had sunk beneath the weight
Of so severe a duty. Gracious Heaven
Forbears to bruise the reed or quench the flax
When feeble and expiring. But shall I,
Shall Daniel, shall the servant of the Lord,
A veteran in His cause, long trained to know
And do His will, long exercised in woe,
Bred in captivity and born to suffer—
Shall I, from known, from certain duty shrink
To shun a threatened danger? O Araspes!
Shall I, advanced in age, in zeal, decline?
Grow careless as I reach my journey's end,
And slacken in my pace, the goal in view?
Perish discretion, when it interferes
With duty! Perish the false policy
Of human wit, which would commute our safety
With God's eternal honor! Shall His law
Be set at nought that I may live at ease?
How would the heathen triumph should I fall
Through coward fear! How would God's enemies
Insultingly blaspheme!
Araspes. Yet think a moment.
Daniel. No!
Where evil may be done, 'tis right to ponder;
Where only suffered, know the shortest pause
Is much too long. Had great Darius paused,
This ill had been prevented. But for me,
Araspes, to deliberate is sin.
Araspes. Think of thy power, thy favor with Darius;
Think of thy life's importance to the tribes,
Scarce yet returned in safety. Live, oh! live,
To serve the cause of God.
Daniel. God will Himself
Sustain His righteous cause. He knows to raise
Fit instruments to serve Him. Know, Araspes,
He does not need our crimes to help His cause,
Nor does His equitable law permit
A sinful act, from the preposterous plea
That good may follow it. For me, my friend,
The spacious earth holds not a bait to tempt me.
What would it profit me if I should gain
Imperial Ecbatan, the extended land
Of fruitful Media, nay, the world's wide empire,
If mine eternal soul must be the price?
Farewell, my friend! time presses; I have stolen
Some moments from my duty to confirm
And strengthen thy young faith! Let us fulfil
What Heaven enjoins, and leave to Heaven th' event! *Hannah More.*

3298. DANIEL IN CAPTIVITY.

How changed our fate!
Not for myself, O Judah! but for thee,
I shed these tears of joy. For I no more
Must view the cedars which adorn the brow
Of Syrian Lebanon; no more shall see
Thy pleasant stream, O Jordan; nor the flocks

Which whiten all the mountains of Judea;
No more these eyes delighted shall review
Or Carmel's heights or Sharon's flowery vales.
I must remain in Babylon! So Heaven,
To whose awards I bow me, has decreed.
I ne'er shall see thee, Salem! I am old;
And few and toilsome are my days to come.
But we shall meet in those celestial climes,
Compared with which created glories sink;
Where sinners shall have power to harm no more,
And martyred virtue rests her weary head.
Though ere my day of promised grace shall come,
I shall be tried by perils strange and new;
Nor shall I taste of death, so have I learned,
Till I have seen the captive tribes restored.

Hannah More.

3299. DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS.

Daniel vi : 16–24.

God of Daniel, hear my prayer,
And let Thy power be seen;
Stop the lion's mouth, and bear
Me safe out of his den:
Save me in this dreadful hour;
Earth and hell and nature join,
All stand ready to devour
This helpless soul of mine.

No way to escape, I see
The sure-approaching death;
Vain are all my hopes to flee
Out of the lion's teeth;
In the mire of sin I lie,
In the dungeon of despair;
Hear my lamentable cry,
O God of Daniel, hear!

Thee I serve, my Lord, my God,
In me Thy power display,
Save me, save me, and defraud
The lion of his prey.
Angel of the covenant,
Jesus mighty to retrieve,
Let Him to my help be sent;
In Jesus I believe.

Save me for Thine own great name,
That all the world may know
Daniel's God is still the same,
And reigns supreme below.
Him let all mankind adore,
Spread His glorious name abroad;
Tremble all, and bow before
The great, the living God.

Absolute, unchangeable,
O'er all His works He reigns;
His dominion cannot fail,
But undisturbed remains;
His dominion standeth fast,
Is when time no more shall be,
Still shall His dominion last
Through all eternity.

He delivers by His love,
He rescues souls from death;
Signs He works in heaven above,
And signs in earth beneath;
Daniel He doth every hour
From the lion's paw retrieve:
I am saved from Satan's power,
And lo! by grace I live.

J. and C. Wesley.

3300. DANIEL, Prayers of.

Daniel vi : 10.

Imperial Persia bowed to his wise sway,
A hundred provinces his daily care;
A queenly city with its gardens fair [away.
Smiled round him, but his heart was far
Forsaking pomp and power "three times a day"
For chamber lone, he seeks his solace there;
Through windows opening westward floats his prayer,
Towards the dear distance where Jerusalem lay.
So let me morn, noon, evening, steal aside,
And, shutting my heart's door to earth's vain pleasure
And manifold solicitudes, find leisure
The windows of my soul to open wide
Towards that blest city and that heavenly treasure,
Which past these visible horizons hide.

R. Wilton.

3301. DANIEL'S BAND.

Daniel iii : 16.

Standing by a purpose true,
Heeding God's command,
Honor them, the faithful few!
All hail to Daniel's Band!

Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host
By joining Daniel's Band.

Many giants great and tall,
Stalking through the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall,
If met by Daniel's Band.

Hold the gospel banner high!
On to vict'ry grand!
Satan and his host defy,
And shout for Daniel's Band.

P. P. Bliss.

3302. DAVID, Call of.

1 Samuel xvi : 12.

Latest born of Jesse's race,
Wonder lights thy bashful face,
While the prophet's gifted oil
Seals thee for a path of toil.
We, thy angels, circling round thee,
Ne'er shall find thee as we found thee,
When thy faith first brought us near
In thy lion-fight severe.

Go! and 'mid thy flocks awhile,
At thy doom of greatness smile;
Bold to bear God's heaviest load,
Dimly guessing of the road—
Rocky road, and scarce ascended,
Though thy foot be angel-tended;
Double praise thou shalt attain,
In royal court and battle plain.

Then comes heart-ache, care, distress,
Blighted hope and loneliness;
Wounds from friend and gifts from foe,
Dizzied faith, and guilt and woe,
Loftiest aims by earth defiled,
Gleams of wisdom sin-beguiled,
Sated power's tyrannic mood,
Counsels shared with men of blood,
Sad success, parental tears,
And a dreary gift of years.

Strange that guileless face and form
To lavish on the scarring storm!
Yet we take thee in thy blindness,
And we harass thee in kindness;
Little chary of thy fame—
Dust unborn may bless or blame;
But we mould thee for the root,
Of man's promised healing fruit,
And we mould thee hence to rise
As our brother to the skies.

John H. Newman.

3303. DAVID, Choice of.
2 Samuel xxiv : 10-17.

O Lord our God! how wonderful
That Thy dread wrath should be—
Thou, in Thy strength—more merciful
Than beings frail as we!
Yea, rather would I brave Thy might,
The thunder, fire, and storm,
The bared arm of the Infinite,
Than man, the cruel worm.

"I feel my sin, I choose my doom,
I trust Thee though Thou slay;
Ten thousand midnights cannot gloom
Thy pity's tender ray:
Wroth art Thou with us now, and deep,
Deep must our sufferings be,
But through Thy vengeance' 'sternest sweep'
I'll trust to none but Thee.

"Take back my choice, thou man of God,
And pray when thou hast done:
The sword is ravenous for blood,
Though wielded by a son;
And famine with its silent sting,
That dull, slow serpent foe;
God, let Thy angel spread His wing,
And through my kingdom go!"

'Twas said, and pestilence went forth
To reap for death and hell,
To make a garner of the earth
Where'er his sickle fell.

No step was heard; he spake no word:
All silently wrought he,
Like a laborer grim, till the twilight dim,
And again with the sun rose he.

He strode along, a conqueror,
By his single power, of more
Than thrice ten thousand warriors
E'er slew 'mid battle's roar:
Yet not a banner round him wreathed,
The trump was blown by none;
He only stepped, he only breathed,
Breathed once, and life was gone.

He strode along, the breadth and length
Of Judah prostrate lay,
Its myriad hopes, its gathered strength,
His work was but to slay!
And captives weary of the light,
And babes unused to sigh,
And old mailed warriors in their might,
Their work was but to die.

Two days, two nights, and then a voice
Bade the avenger cease;
He heard the word, he sheathed his sword,
And Israel slept in peace!
O Lord our God! how wonderful
That Thy dread wrath should be—
Thou, in Thy strength—more merciful
Than beings frail as we!

Maria J. Jewsbury.

3304. DAVID, Death of.
1 Chronicles xxix : 26-28.

Thus David slept, the great, the wise, the good;
The man who long, by Heaven's appointment, stood
His country's friend; who met the giant foe,
While yet a ruddy youth, and laid him low;
The patriot prince, who guided Israel's bands
With firm integrity and skilful hands;
The holy seer, who, rapt to future times,
Sang of Messiah dying for the crimes
Of countless ages—his illustrious Son,
His glorious deeds, His reign on earth begun;
The sacred hand, who oft attuned the lyre
To themes prophetic, with a prophet's fire;
He who with Israel's God communed, and wept
O'er Israel's wrongs, and Israel's honor kept,
A trust inviolate, from men of blood:
Great David softly slept—he slept in God,
"Of honors, days, and riches full; a calm release!
And to his fathers laid," reposed in peace.

Bishop.

3305. DAVID, Exploits of.
1 Samuel xvii : 34-37.

David. This youthful arm has been imbrued in blood,
Though yet no blood of man has ever stained
Thy servant's occupation is a shepherd. [it.

With jealous care I watched my father's
A brindled lion and a furious bear [flock:
Forth from the thicket rushed upon the fold,
Seized a young lamb, and tore their bleating
spoil.
Urged by compassion for my helpless charge,
I felt a new-born vigor nerve my arm,
And, eager, on the foaming monsters rushed.
The famished lion by his grizzly beard
Enraged I caught, and smote him to the
ground.
The panting monster, struggling in my gripe,
Shook terribly his bristling mane, and lashed
His own gaunt, gory sides; fiercely he
ground
His gnashing teeth, and rolled his starting
eyes,
Bloodshot with agony; then, with a groan
That waked the echoes of the mountain,
died.
Nor did his grim associate 'scape my arm;
Thy servant slew the lion and the bear;
I killed them both, and bore their shaggy
spoils
In triumph home: and shall I fear to meet
The uncircumcised Philistine? No: that God
Who saved me from the bear's destructive
fang
And hungry lion's jaw, will not He save me
From this idolater?
Saul. He will! He will!
Go, noble youth! be valiant and be blessed!
The God thou serv'st will shield thee in the
fight,
And nerve thy arm with more than mortal
strength. *Hannah More.*

3306. DAVID, Five Smooth Stones of.
1 Samuel xvii: 40.

Ready for battle's grim array,
Encamped two hostile armies lay—
Now trumpet sounds and drum;
But still from yonder mountain's side,
Though signs there are of martial pride,
None armed for combat come.
A mighty champion's standing here,
And all his form gigantic fear:
Fierce is his look, his challenge loud;
Pale terror haunts the fainting crowd.

His height six cubits and a span,
By half he passes mortal man.
Who can his stature reach?
The very love God gives of life
To turn from such unequal strife
Would all but madmen teach.
Thus argue still the worldly wise,
Forever seeing mountains rise,
And trembling lest a little breath
Should swell into the storm of death.

A brazen helmet on his head
Nods terrible, and plates are spread
Of polished brass around;
Of stature vast he treads the earth,
Like offspring of some monstrous birth,
And shakes the solid ground.

Impregnable appears the shield
One bears before him on the field;
His hands, like hazel wand, uprear
Of dreadful length his iron spear.

Methinks I trace in him again
The great arch-enemy of men,
In verse immortal told:
He when his fury fiercest burned
From armory celestial turned—
And why art thou less bold?
'Twas angels and an arm divine
Repulsed him then: such arms are thine;
The soldiers of a heavenly King
To combat heavenly weapons bring.

Thou who in youth hast often read,
"Salvation sure shall fence the head,
True peace the feet defend;
Strong faith, resisting every dart
With ample shield, fence every part,
And round thy steps descend"—
His simple word to thee is "Stand!
Girt round with truth, and in thy hand
Tight grasp, to serve for spear and sword,
The two-edged falchion of His Word."

There's but one secret in the fight—
The trusting to Another's might;
For, strange as it may seem,
Whoe'er shall to the lists descend,
Though armed in proof, without this friend,
Will find his strength a dream.
We wrestle not with things of earth,
But subtle foes of airy birth:
Who combats in that shadowy field
Must more than mortal weapons wield.

He who this champion vast withstood
Thought not e'en royal armor good
Whose temper was unknown;
But, mindful of a former strife,
Trusted who then preserved his life
Would still with triumph crown.
Now first, ere join we in the fray,
A moment each in earnest pray;
Together turn we then and look
For five smooth pebbles in the brook.

Inquire you where that river flows?
On Sinai first the fountain rose,
Then Judah's valleys laves,
Till, mixing with the waters free,
From one small well in Galilee
It swelled to mightiest waves:
And still with never-ceasing song
It rolls majestical along,
Fountain of peace in every land,
Or Zembla's ice, or Afric's sand.

One stone resplendent o'er the rest,
Fit jewel for an angel's breast,
Shines bright in cold or heat;
And not in all yon eastern train,
'Mid mines of gold where sultans reign,
May such your vision meet:

No larger than the mustard's seed,
From it such lustrous rays proceed;
Where'er Faith's lucid sparkles shine
They make whate'er they touch divine.

Fragment of some unshaken rock
This seems, whose force may bear the shock
Of tempest and of tide;
And though, perchance, of rougher face,
It stands with more enduring grace
Than smoother works of pride:
If placed beside the waters' brink,
Who treads on it shall never sink;
Wild though the waves of sorrow roll,
They may not whelm the patient soul.

In the clear depths another lies
Of which secure a shaft may rise
Ascending day by day;
Upright and pure, the busy morn
Shines on it from the early dawn,
Till gleams the evening ray;
Contented with the rules of old,
It seeks no adventitious gold
Of man's device. Thus spake the Lord:
Obedience asks no further word.

Goodly thy structure: clouds will form
And shroud it with the coming storm;
Perchance thy heart may quail,
The pillar of obedience rock
Unsteady 'neath the thunder shock,
Well-nigh the basement fail;
Faith's jewel will its light supply
More radiant through its bright ally:
Who could with earthly sorrow cope
Unlighted by the gleams of hope?

Now all seems polished, fixed, secure,
Rock, pillar, jewel to endure
And shine through years to come;
Yet somewhat still deficient seems,
A warmer glow to shed its beams
On neighbor and on home:
It shines with such diffusive ray,
Ne'er on one spot its glories stay;
Base, column, capital above,
All sparkle with the rays of love.

Oh might I such a temple rise,
Compact with what the Lord supplies,
The unction of His grace!
Oh might my life henceforward be
Pure, straight, from worldly follies free,
Steadfast in its own place!
Patient myself, with active zeal,
True love that can for others feel,
With hope still cheerful in my breast,
And faith in an eternal rest.

J. M. King.

3307. DAVID, Goliath and.
1 Samuel xvii: 38-52.

He lays his mantle by, and shepherd's crook,
And dons the cumbrous armor of the king,
One moment; then resumes his well-proved sling,
And simple pebbles rounded by the brook.
On wings of faith and prayer the "smooth stone" took
Its fatal flight, urged by the circling string;
And the prone giant's shield and helmet ring
Hollow, and earth at his loud downfall shook.
So with one promise from the sacred pages,
The streams whereof make glad the Church below,
One text worn smooth by use of rolling ages,
Our soul's strong enemy we overthrow;
Faith in God's Word the help of God engages,
And "It is written" puts to flight the foe.

R. Wilton.

3308. DAVID, Goliath and.
1 Samuel xvii.

Who is this gigantic foe
That proudly stalks along,
Overlooks the crowd below,
In brazen armor strong?
Loudly of his strength he boasts,
On his sword and spear relies;
Meets the God of Israel's hosts,
And all their force defies.

Tallest of the earth-born race,
They tremble at his power,
Flee before the monster's face,
And own him conqueror.
Who this mighty champion is,
Nature answers from within;
He is my own wickedness,
My own besetting sin.

In the strength of Jesu's name
I with the monster fight;
Feeble and unarmed I am,
But Jesus is my might.
Mindful of His mercies past,
Still I trust the same to prove;
Still my helpless soul I cast
On His redeeming love.

With my sling and stone I go
To fight the Philistine;
God hath said it shall be so,
And I shall conquer sin;
On His promise I rely,
Trust in an Almighty Lord,
Sure to win the victory,
For He hath spoke the word.

In the strength of God I rise,
I run to meet my foe;
Faith the word of power applies,
And lays the giant low.
Faith in Jesu's conquering name
Slings the sin-destroying stone,
Points the word's unerring aim,
And brings the monster down.

Rise, ye men of Israel, rise!
Your routed foe pursue;
Shout His praises to the skies
Who conquers sin for you.

Jesus doth for you appear,
He His conquering grace affords,
Saves you, not with sword and spear,
The battle is the Lord's.

Every day the Lord of Hosts
His mighty power displays;
Stills the proud Philistine's boasts,
The threatening Gittite slays;
Israel's God, let all below
Conqueror over sin proclaim;
Oh that all the earth might know
The power of Jesu's name.

J. and C. Wesley.

3309. DAVID, Grief of.
2 Samuel xvii: 15–23.

David awoke
And robed himself, and prayed. The inmates, now,
Of the vast palace were astir, and feet
Glided along the tessellated floors
With a pervading murmur, and the fount,
Whose music had been all the night unheard,
Played as if light had made it audible;
And each one, waking, blessed it unaware.
The fragrant strife of sunshine with the morn
Sweetened the air to ecstasy! and now
The king's wont was to lie upon his couch
Beneath the sky-roof of the inner court,
And, shut in from the world, but not from heaven,
Play with his loved son by the fountain's lip;
For, with idolatry confessed alone,
To the rapt wires of his reproofless harp,
He loved the child of Bathsheba. And when
The golden selvedge of his robe was heard
Sweeping the marble pavement, from within
Broke forth a child's laugh suddenly, and words—
Articulate, perhaps, to his heart only—
Pleading to come to him. They brought the boy,
An infant cherub, leaping as if used
To hover with that motion upon wings,
And marvellously beautiful! His brow
Had the inspired up-lift of the king's,
And kingly was his infantine regard.
. . . . . .
It was the morning of the seventh day.
A hush was in the palace, for all eyes,
Had woke before the morn; and they who drew
The curtains to let in the welcome light
Moved in their chambers with unslippered feet,
And listened breathlessly. And still no stir!
The servants who kept watch without the door
Sat motionless; the purple casement-shades
From the low windows had been rolled away,
To give the child air; and the flickering light
That, all the night, within the spacious court,
Had drawn the watcher's eyes to one spot only,
Paled with the sunrise and fled in.
And hushed
With more than stillness was the room where lay
The king's son on his mother's breast. His locks
Slept at the lips of Bathsheba unstirred—
So fearfully, with heart and pulse kept down,
She watched his breathless slumber. The low moan
That from his lips all night broke fitfully
Had silenced with the daybreak; and a smile—
Or something that would fain have been a smile—
Played in his parted mouth; and though his lids
Hid not the blue of his unconscious eyes,
His senses seemed all peacefully asleep,
And Bathsheba in silence blessed the morn,
That brought back hope to her! But when the king
Heard not the voice of the complaining child,
Nor breath from out the room, nor foot astir,
But morning there, so welcomeless and still,
He groaned and turned upon his face. The nights
Had wasted and the mornings come; and days
Crept through the sky, unnumbered by the king,
Since the child sickened; and without the door,
Upon the bare earth prostrate, he had lain,
Listening only to the moans that brought
Their inarticulate tidings, and the voice
Of Bathsheba, whose pity and caress,
In loving utterance all broke with tears,
Spoke as his heart would speak if he were there,
And filled his prayer with agony. O God!
To Thy bright mercy-seat the way is far!
How fail the weak words while the heart keeps on!
And when the spirit, mournfully, at last,
Kneels at Thy throne, how cold, how distantly
The comforting of friends falls on the ear,
The anguish they would speak to, gone to Thee!

But suddenly the watchers at the door
Rose up, and they who ministered within
Crept to the threshold and looked earnestly
Where the king lay. And still, while Bathsheba
Held the unmoving child upon her knees,
The curtains were let down, and all came forth,
And, gathering with fearful looks apart,
Whispered together.

And the king arose
And gazed on them a moment, and with voice
Of quick, uncertain utterance, he asked,
"Is the child dead?" They answered, "He is dead!"
But when they looked to see him fall again
Upon his face, and rend himself and weep—
For, while the child was sick, his agony
Would bear no comforters, and they had thought
His heartstrings with the tidings must give way—
Behold! his face grew calm, and, with his robe
Gathered together like his kingly wont,
He silently went in.
And David came,
Robed and anointed, forth, and to the house
Of God went up to pray. And he returned,
And they set bread before him, and he ate;
And when they marvelled, he said, "Wherefore mourn?
The child is dead, and I shall go to him,
But he will not return to me."

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

3310. DAVID, Harp of.
1 Samuel xvi : 23.

The harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The king of men, the loved of heaven,
Which music hallowed while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,
Redoubled be her tears, its cords are riven!
It softened men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not, fired not to the tone, [throne.
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his

It told the triumphs of our King,
It wafted glory to our God;
It made our gladdened valleys ring,
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
Its sound aspired to heaven, and there abode!
Since then, though heard on earth no more,
Devotion, and her daughter, Love,
Still bid the bursting spirit soar
To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light cannot remove.

Lord Byron.

3311. DAVID NUMBERING THE PEOPLE.
2 Samuel xxiv : 14.

If e'er I fall beneath Thy rod,
As through life's snares I go,
Save me from David's lot, O God!
And choose Thyself the woe.

How should I face Thy plagues? which scare,
And haunt, and stun, until
The heart or sinks in mute despair,
Or names a random ill.

If else . . . the guide in David's path,
Who chose the holier pain;
Satan and man are tools of wrath,
An angel's scourge is gain.

John H. Newman.

3312. DAVID, Offering of.
2 Samuel 23 : 13-17.

Faint on Rephaim's sultry side
Sat Israel's warrior king;
"Oh for one draught," the hero cried,
"From Bethlehem's cooling spring!
From Bethlehem's spring, upon whose brink
My youthful knee bent down to drink!

"I know the spot, by yonder gate,
Beside my father's home,
Where pilgrims love at eve to wait,
And girls for water come.
Oh for that healing water now,
To quench my lip, to cool my brow!

"But round that gate, and in that home,
And by that sacred well,
Now hostile feet insulting roam,
And impious voices swell.
The Philistine holds Bethlehem's halls,
While we pine here beneath its walls."

Three gallant men stood nigh, and heard
The wish their king expressed;
Exchanged a glance, but not a word,
And dashed from 'midst the rest.
And strong in zeal, with ardor flushed,
They up the hill to Bethlehem rushed.

The foe fast mustering to attack,
Their fierceness could not rein,
No friendly voice could call them back.
"Shall David long in vain?
Long for a cup from Bethlehem's spring,
And none attempt the boon to bring?"

And now the city gate they gain,
And now in conflict close;
Unequal odds! three dauntless men
Against unnumbered foes.
Yet through their ranks they plough their way,
Like galleys through the ocean spray.

The gate is forced, the crowd is passed;
They scour the open street;
While hosts are gathering fierce and fast,
To block up their retreat.
Haste back, haste back, ye desperate three,
Or Bethlehem soon your grave must be!

They come again, and with them bring
Nor gems nor golden prey;
A single cup from Bethlehem's spring
Is all they bear away,
And through the densest of the train
Fight back their glorious way again.

O'er broken shield and prostrate foes
They urge their conquering course.
Go try the tempest to oppose,
Arrest the lightning's force;
But hope not, pagans, to withstand
The shock of Israel's chosen band!

Hurrah! hurrah! again they're free;
And 'neath the open sky,
On the green turf, they bend the knee,
And lift the prize on high;
Then onward through the shouting throng
To David bear their spoil along.

All in their blood and dust they sink
Full low before their king.
"Again," they cry, "let David drink
Of his own silver spring;
And if the draught our lord delight,
His servants' toil 'twill well requite."

With deep emotion David took
From their red hands the cup,
Cast on its stains a shuddering look,
And held it heavenward up.
"I prize your boon," exclaimed the king,
"But dare not taste the draught you bring.

"I prize the zeal that perilled life
A wish of mine to crown;
I prize the might that in the strife
Bore foes by thousand down;
But dare not please myself with aught
By Israel's blood and peril bought.

"To Heaven the glorious spoil is due,
And His the offering be
Whose arm has borne you safely through,
My brave, but reckless, three!"
Then on the earth the cup he poured,
A free libation to the Lord.

There is a well in Bethlehem still,
A fountain, at whose brink
The weary soul may rest at will,
The thirsty stoop and drink:
And unrepelled by foe or fence
Draw living waters freely thence.

Oh! did we thirst, as David then,
For this diviner spring;
Had we the zeal of David's men
To please a higher King;
What precious draughts we thence might drain,
What holy triumphs daily gain!

Henry Francis Lyte.

3313. DAVID, Offering of.
1 Chronicles xi: 15-19.

Watch-fires are blazing on hill and plain;
The noonday light is restored again;
There are shining arms in Raphaim's vale,
And bright is the glitter of clanging mail.

The Philistine hath fixed his encampment here;
Afar stretch his lines of banner and spear,
And his chariots of brass are ranged side by side,
And his war steeds neigh loud in their trappings of pride.

His tents are placed where the waters flow;
The sun hath dried up the springs below,
And Israel hath neither well nor pool,
The rage of her soldiers' thirst to cool.

In the cave of Adullam King David lies,
Overcome with the glare of the burning skies;
And his lip is parched and his tongue is dry,
But none can the grateful draught supply.

Though a crownèd king, in that painful hour
One flowing cup might have bought his power.
What worth, in the fire of thirst, could be
The purple pomp of his sovereignty?

But no cooling cup from river or spring
To relieve his want can his servants bring;
And he cries, "Are there none in my train or state
Will fetch me the water of Bethlehem gate?"

Then three of his warriors, the "mighty three,"
The boast of the monarch's chivalry,
Uprose in their strength, and their bucklers rang,
As with eyes of flame on their steeds they sprang.

On their steeds they sprang, and with spurs of speed
Rushed forth in the strength of a noble deed,
And dashed on the foe like the torrent flood,
Till he floated away in a tide of blood.

To the right, to the left, where their blue swords shine
Like autumn corn falls the Philistine; [fate,
And sweeping along with the vengeance of
The "mighty" rush onward to Bethlehem gate.

Through a bloody gap in his shattered array,
To Bethlehem's well they have hewn their way;
Then backward they turn on the corse-covered plain,
And charge through the foe to their monarch again.

The king looks at the cup, but the crystal draught
At a price too high for his want hath been bought;
They urge him to drink, but he wets not his lip;
Though great is his need, he refuses to sip.

But he pours it forth to Heaven's Majesty,
He pours it forth to the Lord of the sky;
'Tis a draught of death, 'tis a cup blood-stained,
'Tis a prize from man's suffering and agony gained.

Should he taste of a cup that his "mighty three"
Had obtained by their peril and jeopardy?
Should he drink of their life? 'Twas the thought of a king;
And again he returned to his suffering.
New Monthly Magazine.

3314. DAVID, Psalms of.

The cloud is on the monarch's soul,
Foreshadower of his future doom;
So mists, before the thunders roll,
Come down and wrap the hill in gloom.

Go, call the gentle Bethlemite,
And bid him wake his sweetest lay,
Perchance that music, pure and light,
May drive the threatening fiend away.

The shepherd boy has brought his lute,
He sings, he strikes the pliant chords;
Each ear is caught, each lip hangs mute,
On the sweet air, the wondrous words.

He stays his hand, th' impassioned strain
Along the lofty palace dies;
The listening courtiers breathe again,
The cloud has left the monarch's eyes.

Ah, no! the measure died not all:
The echoes of that golden rhyme
Are ringing on from fall to fall,
Forever down the stream of time.

At matin hour, in vespers low,
They ring, they ring, those silver bells,
For praise, for plaint, for joy or woe
Whene'er our strain of worship swells.

The silken thread so wrought and wrought
Into the tissue of its frame,
It hath a tongue for every thought,
Through all its moods, and still the same.

The fair cathedral's arches grand,
Her marble saints with lifted palms,
Her carven pillars ever stand,
Wrapt in a dream of rolling psalms.

The gray old wall beneath the yew,
With modest porch, and taper spire,
Have ripened to their music too,
Rung from the clamorous village choir.

When wakeful men, with ears unstopped
Through weary hours have told each sound
That broke upon the dark, then dropped
Into the pulseless silence round.

While the strained eye impatient longs
For the first throb of breaking light,
What snatches of those heavenly songs
Have come to him at dead of night!

Some grand Laudate's lofty roll,
Some tender penitential wail,
Have made a music in his soul,
Sweeter than any nightingale.

Come, blessed Psalms! when mists of sin
Over my soul beclouded lie,
Pierce through the wild world's strife and din,
And bid the evil spirit fly.

Come, blessed Psalms! when weak and lone
My heart breaks down and finds no aid,
And let me find in your deep tone
Some voice of comfort ready made.

For who shall find, in pain or loss,
Words of such sweet sustaining power,
As those that hung about the cross,
And soothed my Saviour's dying hour?
Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

3315. DAVID, Victories of.
1 Samuel xviii : 7.

Prepare! your festal rites prepare!
Let your triumphs rend the air!
Idol gods shall reign no more:
We the living God adore!
Let heathen host on human help repose,
Since Israel's God has routed Israel's foes.

Let remotest nations know
Proud Goliath's overthrow;
Fallen, Philistia, is thy trust,
Dagon mingles with the dust!
Who fears the Lord of glory need not fear
The brazen armor or the lifted spear.

See! the routed squadrons fly!
Hark! their clamors rend the sky!
Blood and carnage stain the field!
See the vanquished nations yield!
Dismay and terror fill the frightened land,
While conquering David routs the trembling band.

Lo! upon the tented field
Royal Saul has thousands killed!
Lo! upon the ensanguined plain
David has ten thousands slain!
Let mighty Saul his vanquished thousands tell,
While tenfold triumphs David's victories swell.
Hannah More.

3316. DAY OF THE LORD AT HAND.

The day of the Lord is at hand, at hand;
The storms roll up the sky;
A nation sleeps starving on heaps of gold,
All dreamers toss and sigh.
When the pain is sorest the child is born,
And the day is darkest before the morn
Of the day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God;
Chivalry, justice, and truth:
Come, for the earth is grown coward and old;
Come down and renew us her youth!
Freedom, self-sacrifice, mercy, and love,
Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above
To the day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell,
Famine and plague and war;
Idleness, bigotry, cant, and misrule
Gather, and fall in the snare! [knaves,
Hirelings and Mammonites, pedants and
Crawl to the battle, or sneak to your graves,
In the day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and whine for a lost
Age of Gold
While the Lord of all ages is here?
True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of
God,
And those who can suffer can dare.
Each past age of gold was an iron age, too,
And the meekest of saints may find stern
work to do
In the day of the Lord at hand.

Charles Kingsley.

3317. DAY, Wishing for the.
Acts xxvii : 29.

In the horror of great darkness,
In the starless midnight gloom,
'Mid the shrieking of the tempest,
'Mid the hissing of the foam;
When the sons of men are quailing,
When the strongest faith is failing,
Sailor! cast an anchor,
Wishing for the day.

When the chilly sea-fog curtain
Gathers close with stealthy tread,
While weird voices strangely whisper:
"Breakers, breakers close ahead!"
In the agony of keeping
The stern watch that knows no sleeping,
Sailor! cast an anchor,
Wishing for the day.

When a more than midnight darkness
Hangs its heavy pall of clouds,
When a worse than ocean tempest
Rattles through the shivering shrouds,
When the life-blood is congealing,
When the heart and brain are reeling,
Christian! cast an anchor,
Wishing for the day.

When the icy hand of sorrow
Lays its grasp upon thy heart,
And the very thought of thinking
Makes thine inmost being start;
When the pulse of hope is failing,
When the last faint star is paling,
Christian! cast an anchor,
Wishing for the day.

When the One who's gone before thee,
In the bitter thorny road,
Bids thee trace the bleeding footprints
Of the wounded Son of God!
When the willing spirit chooses,
And the writhing flesh refuses,
Christian! cast an anchor,
Wishing for the day.

When the corn of wheat is dying,
In its dark forgotten tomb,
And the glowing golden harvest
Scarcely glimmers through the gloom;
When the hand that sows is weary,
And the barren land looks dreary,
Christian! cast an anchor,
Wishing for the day.

When the sound of coming judgment
Falls on many a startled ear,
And a voice is on the mountains,
Lo! the Bridegroom draweth near!
When earth's bravest sons are quaking,
And the world's foundations shaking,
Christian! ride at anchor,
'Tis the break of day.

C. P.

3318. DEAF AND DUMB HEALED.
Luke ix : 41, 42.

The Son of God in doing good
Was fain to look to heaven and sigh:
And shall the heirs of sinful blood
Seek joy unmixed in charity?
God will not let love's work impart
Full solace, lest it steal the heart;
Be thou content in tears to sow,
Blessing, like Jesus, in thy woe.

He looked to heaven, and sadly sighed,
What saw my gracious Saviour there,
What fear and anguish to divide
The joy of heaven-accepted prayer!
So o'er the bed where Lazarus slept
He to His Father groaned and wept:
What saw He mournful in that grave,
Knowing Himself so strong to save?

O'erwhelming thoughts of pain and grief
Over His sinking spirits sweep!
What boots it gathering one lost leaf
Out of yon sere and withered heap,
Where souls and bodies, hopes and joys,
All that earth owns or sin destroys,
Under the spurning hoof are cast,
Or tossing in the autumnal blast?

The deaf may hear the Saviour's voice,
The fettered tongue its chain may break;
But the deaf heart, the dumb by choice,
The laggard soul, that will not wake,
The guilt that scorns to be forgiven;
These baffle e'en the spells of heaven;
In thought of these, His brows benign
Not even in healing cloudless shine.

No eye but His might ever bear
To gaze all down that drear abyss,
Because none ever saw so clear
The shore of endless bliss;
The giddy wave so restless hurled,
The vexed pulse of this feverish world,
He views and counts with steady sight
Used to behold the Infinite.

But that in such communion high
He hath a fount of strength within,
Sure His meek heart would break and die,
O'erburdened by His brethren's sin;
Weak eyes on darkness dare not gaze,
It dazzles like the noonday blaze;
But He who sees God's face may brook
On the true face of Sin to look.

What then shall wretched sinners do,
When in their last, their hopeless day,
Sin as it is, shall meet their view,
God turn His face for aye away?
Lord, by Thy sad and earnest eye,
When Thou didst look to heaven and sigh;
Thy voice, that with a word could chase
The dumb, deaf spirit from his place.

As Thou hast touched our ears, and taught
Our tongues to speak Thy praises plain,
Quell Thou each thankless, godless thought
That would make fast our bonds again.
From worldly strife, from mirth unblest,
Drowning Thy music in the breast,
From foul reproach, from thrilling fears,
Preserve, good Lord, Thy servant's ears.

From idle words, that restless throng,
And haunt our hearts when we would pray
From pride's false chime, and jarring wrong,
Seal Thou my lips and guard the way;
For Thou hast sworn that every ear,
Willing or loth, Thy trump shall hear,
And every tongue unchained be
To own no hope, no God, but Thee.

John Keble.

3319. DEBORAH, Song of.

Judges v.

Wake, Deborah! wake; and thou, Barak!
arise,
And swell the proud chorus which gladdens
the skies:
Attend, O ye kings, and ye princes, give ear!
I, Deborah, speak, but Jehovah is near.

O Lord, it was Thou with Thy people didst
ride,
When they conquering burst from rough
Edom's dark side,
The huge mountains staggered along on Thy
way,
While the hearts of the nations all melted
away.

But forsaken by Thee, then how triumphed
our foes,
Till I, mother in Israel, Deborah, rose;
How silent our valleys, how wasted our
plains,
While we sat down in sackcloth, and wept
o'er our chains.

Speak, Deborah! speak; and thou, Barak!
oh, say,
How captivity captive was led on that day!

All honor to you who, inspired by our
breath,
So bravely did jeopard your lives to the
death.

But curse ye the cowards, who, trembling
with fear,
Resolved not the summons of rescue to hear;
Yes, bitterly curse them, who mocked at the
word—
'Gainst the Mighty, oh, come! to the help
of the Lord.

Oh! that was a triumph, a glorious fight,
When ye came, O ye kings! to Megiddo to
fight;
Ah, Sisera! well may your chariots be
nought,
When against you the stars in their bright
courses fought.

Then tell me, O Kishon! then tell me, oh,
whither
Hast thou swept all their glory, thou deep-
flowing river?
Where has vanished so swiftly their boastful
array?
O my soul! down what strength hast thou
trodden this day.

By the window she sat of the watch-tower
so high—
It was Sisera's mother: she looked at the
sky;
"Why tarries his chariot so long on the
way?
Why thus, O my conquering son! dost thou
stay?"

Her wise ladies answered, "The spoil to
divide,
The glad warriors rest on the steep moun-
tain's side;
They come"—dreamers, hush! shall I tell
you the tale,
How your Sisera died by the sharp-piercing
nail?

Thus perish, consumed, at the flash of Thy
sword,
The madmen who challenge Thy honor, O
Lord!
But they who love Thee, on strong pinions
unfurled,
Like suns shall mount upward, and tread on
the world.

E. Dudley Jackson.

3320. DEBTOR, A Great.

Luke xvi: 5.

When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ, in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall,
When I see them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge brink,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harps' melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

Even on earth, as through a glass
Darkly, let Thy glory pass,
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet;
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
But, when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light;
Blessed Jesus! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led;
Oft I fall, but still arise,
The Spirit comes, the tempter flies;
Blessed Spirit! bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe.

Oft the nights of sorrow reign—
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;
But a night Thine anger burns—
Morning comes and joy returns.
God of comforts! bid me show
To Thy poor how much I owe.

Robert Murray McCheyne.

3321. DEBTORS, The Two.
Luke vii : 41–43.

O precious alabaster!
And unction, fragrant, sweet,
That she who was a sinner
Poured on the Saviour's feet;
While Jesus sat reclining,
And she lay prostrate there,
And washed them with her tear-drops,
And wiped them with her hair.

O precious faith! that opened
The fountain of that spring,
And from its secret chambers
Such costly tears did bring
Warm from the heart's deep feeling,
Human and yet divine;
Seasoned, embittered, salted,
With penitential brine.

O precious love! forgiving
The debt I owed to Thee—
The "fifty" or "five hundred,"
I could not either pay;
And Thou didst frankly cancel
The debt both great and small:
The more Thou dost forgive me,
The more I owe Thee all.

O precious truth, and priceless!
The vilest, deepest-lost,
Who owed Thee most, now oweth
The debt of love the most.
Not that our Father's children
Should still in wrath be found;
Nor yet in sin continue,
That grace may more abound.

O precious Saviour! love me,
And make my offering meet,
The box of alabaster,
In fragments at Thy feet;
Accept this heart all-broken,
And speak the saving word;
My fount of tears outpouring
Its baptism on my Lord.

My sinful tears are flowing
In this defilèd flood;
The baptism of Thy washing
Is poured on me in blood;
My soul is all defilement,
My tears all bitterness;
But Thou art my salvation,
And Thou my righteousness.

O blessèd contemplation—
The sinner, guilty, lost,
Now feels—the most forgiven
Is bound to love Him most.
My soul, bring forth thy treasures,
Thy spices, fragrant, sweet;
Oh bring thy all to Jesus,
And pour it at His feet!

Robert Maguire.

3322. DEBTORS, The Two.
Luke viii : 47.

Once a woman silent stood,
While Jesus sat at meat;
From her eyes she poured a flood,
To wash His sacred feet;
Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possessed her mind,
That she e'er so vile could prove,
Yet now forgiveness find.

"How came this vile woman here?
Will Jesus notice such?
Sure, if He a prophet were,
He would disdain her touch!"
Simon thus, with scornful heart,
Slighted one whom Jesus loved;
But her Saviour took her part,
And thus his pride reproved:

"If two men in debt were bound,
One less, the other more,
Fifty or five hundred pound,
And both alike were poor;
Should the lender both forgive,
When he saw them both distressed,
Which of them would you believe
Engaged to love him best?"

"Surely he who most did owe,"
The Pharisee replied;
Then our Lord, "By judging so,
Thou dost for her decide;
Simon, if, like her, you knew
How much you forgiveness need;
You like her had acted too,
And welcomed me indeed.

"When the load of sin is felt,
And much forgiveness known,
Then the heart of course will melt,
Though hard before as stone;
Blame not then her love and tears,
Greatly she in debt has been;
But I have removed her fears,
And pardoned all her sin."

John Newton.

3323. DELILAH, Fame of.

Fame, if not double-faced, is double-
mouthed, [deeds;
And with contrary blast proclaims most
On both his wings, one black, the other
white,
Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.
My name perhaps among the circumcised
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
To all posterity may stand defamed,
With malediction mentioned, and the blot
Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced.
But in my country, where I most desire,
In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,
I shall be named among the famousest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals.
Living and dead recorded, who to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
With odors visited, and annual flowers;
Not less renowned than in mount Ephraim
Jael, who with inhospitable guile [nailed.
Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples
Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
The public marks of honor and reward
Conferred upon me, for the piety
Which to my country I was judged to have
shown. *John Milton.*

3324. DELUGE, Escape from the.
Genesis viii: 16–21.

A world of sinners once was drowned,
A deluge swept them all away;
One family alone had found
Mercy in that great judgment-day.

Forewarned of wrath to come, they feared,
And, taught by God, prepared an ark,
Which o'er the waves in sunshine steered,
Where all below was dead and dark.

Again the Spirit of the Lord
Moved on the formless deep and void,
And to the patriarch's sight restored
The relics of that world destroyed;

A world without a breathing soul,
Or sign of life in plant or tree;
Stretched like a corpse from pole to pole,
Untravelled land, unvoyaged sea.

Then from their hiding-place they came,
And straightway built an altar there;
Whence rose to heaven the double flame
Of pure burnt sacrifice and prayer.

We, in an ark not made with hands,
God's own new covenant of peace,
Which on the rock of ages stands,
Seek refuge till His anger cease.

Then as the cloud-born rainbow smiled
On Noah's ransomed ones, we trace
Our heavenly Father reconciled
In our incarnate Saviour's face.

James Montgomery.

3325. DELUGE, The.
Genesis vii.

The gloom of
Coming wrath was thickening o'er all the
land.
The sky was livid, and the sun looked down
With a ghastly glare. While reason slum-
bered,
Instinct stood upon her watch-tower,
And warned both man and beast of approach-
ing ill.
Filled all at once with strong expectancy
Of some mighty ruin, the world is hushed.
As though some shock had stiffened all its
nerves,
Its pulse is still. At their employ men stand
The same in posture, but mute, motionless.
The grazing herds in groups collect and shake
With fear; the agile goats that frisked upon
The tops of verdant hills repress their sport;
Wild beasts of prey that urged their panting
game,
Affrighted, cease pursuit; and ravening birds
Poised o'er their eyries drop from gory beaks
Their prey. But silence such as reigned
before [pause,
Earth was, endured not long; 'twas Nature's
While she armed her own elements against

Herself. Anon the earthquake's awful tread
Is felt; its rumbling wheels roll through earth's depths;
It sinks the hills, lifts up the vales, and shakes
The seas; it breaks the silent spell that binds
All flesh, tears off the mask of coming woe,
Shows its haggard forms; deeply thrills all hearts [wail.
With fears of death; unstops all mouths to
Then the cry ascends from pole to pole of
Nature in despair; the astonished depths
Leap up and foam along the trembling shores;
The shores reply with yells of forest beasts;
From fields the lowing herds moan forth their prayer,
And birds with screams fill up the ghastly air.
The sinful race 'gainst whom Jehovah drives,
The raging elements, a fearful band,
When unconfined and winged with wrath they fly
To execute His dire command, no more
Are mute; with cries and wails that might have moved
All heaven, had heaven listened, they pour
Their guilty souls to God in prayer to stay
His awful hand. Yet not all prayed; despair
Closed up the lips of some, and some defied
The God that made them, and urged with curses
And horrid oaths the Omnipotent to arms.
Around the whole horizon's edge there lay
A ridge of clouds so smooth and watery,
That it seemed like a mighty river winding
Round the world; now chafed by pent-up winds, it
Foams, it leaps, it scales the skies; anon it
Looks like frothy seas, which rush to dash in
Wrath around the invisible zenith.
From out their stormy fonts the lightnings leap,
With crash of many thunder-bolts they meet;
Earth feels the shock and trembling groans aloud, [shroud.
Shut from the light, wrapped in a watery
On every hand
They hear the peals of desperate woe that
Break from out the agony of hearts; they
Hear their neighbors, kinsmen, in frightful screams,
Imploring life, life, by all the ties
That knit the heart to earth, by all the groans
That they must breathe in dying such a death,
By all the present misery that made [of
The brute earth quake with its piercing cries,
Him whom they had long defied: but thunders [burn
Mingle with their prayers, and lightnings
Upon their suppliant eyes. With the roar
Of many waters, leaping, thundering, down
Precipice or rock, the ponderous clouds
Now meet the earth; the rivers scales their banks, [through
The valleys sink, men leave the vales, and
The misty sea rush to the hills; fathers
Gray-haired with age, and aged mothers, pursue
Their sons and daughters, fleet with youth; soon they
Lag behind, and with their homes are buried
In the deep. Struck by the lashing billows
The ark creaks through all its joints, reels, heaves,
Then mounts the waves, and rides secure amid
The watery gloom. All day the waters rave and
Rise; then night in stormy darkness settles
Round the world; all night the hills resound with
Cries of mortals herded on their brows. Day
Dawns with misty light; still the waters rise;
Another night, another day returns;
But no abatement of the storm; the clouds,
Like seas, dash round the earth, ingulf the hills, [by
And roar against the mountain cliffs. Forced
The tempest, the bounding ark strikes Oreb,
Rebounds, then on the swelling tide rides up
Its dark and foaming side. From the window
Japheth looks out upon the scene; far as
His eye could reach live forms seem thronging up
The lofty steeps before the climbing floods,
And beasts of every kind were herded
There; and fierce hunger gnawed their entrails, but
They were harmless, crept among the men, and
Gazed into their faces as if to ask
Some aid; they did howl most piteously
Through the gloom of their coming destiny;
And dragons crawled out of their rocky dens,
And lay innoxious at the feet of men.
The eagles from their drenched eyries screamed, and
Other birds in flocks hung round the summits
And uttered cries and shrieks. One fear, one thought,
Filled all flesh: it was the thought of death. From
Out the crowd of miserable beings,
Half famished, half drowned with rain, a lion
Leaped, and stood on the water's edge; his mane [tail
Like water streamed down his neck; with his
He lashed his dripping sides; gazed on the ark
With desperate look, then leaped towards it,
But fell into the sea. With teeth and claws
He seized and tore the wood awhile, but soon
His kingly strength was spent, and sunk beneath
The wave. Still upward the throng ascends; some
Gain the mountain's top, and there stand and gaze
Around; others press up and form below
In columns dense, others lower down, and
Still lower, till they reach the water's edge.
The last are first destroyed; the ranks above
Next feel the shock of dashing seas; thus
They disappear, till all are drowned.

The Classic.

3326. DELUGE, Tokens after the.

Sweet dove! the softest, steadiest plume
In all the sun-bright sky,
Brightening in ever-changeful bloom
As breezes change on high;

Sweet leaf! the pledge of peace and mirth
"Long sought, and lately won,"
Blessed increase of reviving earth,
When first it felt the sun;

Sweet rainbow! pride of summer days,
High set at Heaven's command,
Though into drear and husky haze
Thou melt on either hand:

Dear tokens of a pardoning God,
We hail ye, one and all,
As when our fathers walked abroad,
Freed from their twelvemonth's thrall,

How joyful from th' imprisoning ark
On the green earth they spring!
Not blither, after showers, the lark
Mounts up with glistening wing.

So home-bound sailors spring to shore,
Two oceans safely past;
So happy souls, when life is o'er
Plunge in th' empyrean vast.

What wins their first and fondest gaze
In all the blissful field,
And keeps it through a thousand days?
Love face to face revealed:

And that most welcome and serene
Dawns on the patriarch's eye,
In all th' emerging hills so green,
In all the brightening sky?

What but the gentle rainbow's gleam,
Soothing the wearied sight,
That cannot bear the solar beam
With soft undazzling light?

Lord, if our fathers turned to Thee
With such adoring gaze,
Wondering frail man Thy light should see
Without Thy scorching blaze;

Where is our love, and where our hearts,
We who have seen Thy Son,
Have tried Thy Spirit's winning arts,
And yet we are not won?

The Son of God in radiance beamed
Too bright for us to scan,
But we may face the rays that streamed
From the mild Son of man.

There, parted into rainbow hues,
In sweet, harmonious strife,
We see celestial love diffuse
Its light o'er Jesus' life.

God, by His bow, vouchsafes to write
This truth in heaven above;
As every lovely hue is light,
So every grace is love. *John Keble.*

3327. DEMONIAC OF CAPERNAUM, The.
Mark i: 23-27.

Sabbath's soft silence sweetly falls
Around Capernaum's domes and walls;
No hurrying crowds the markets fill,
Harbor and wharves and streets are still.

In the high synagogue the throng
Chant loud in David's grand old song.
Moses once more God's law proclaims,
Ezekiel glows, Isaiah flames.

Then rose another, He whose word
On trembling Sinai Moses heard,
Who breathed through David's royal lyre,
And touched Isaiah's lips with fire.

Godlike authority and grace
Majestic brightened all His face,
Yet pity, and sweet love benign,
Blent there, in harmony divine.

He speaks, not like the timorous Scribes,
Weak with vain lore, or dumb with bribes;
His word, with terrors all its own,
Fell on their hearts with power unknown.

Astonishment and awe and fear
Attend the doctrine as they hear,
Till, sharp and wild, a fearful cry
Appalls each heart and chains each eye.

"Let us alone! for what have we,
Jesus, thou Nazarene, with Thee?
We know Thee—once we felt Thy rod—
Thou dread, Thou Holy One of God!

"Art Thou come hither to destroy
Our poor revenge, our transient joy?
To drive us—here adored as gods—
Back to those dismal, dire abodes?"

"Silence! Come out of him!" In pain
The victim writhes, convulsed amain,
As with one mad, despairing yell,
The foul, fell demon sinks to hell.

Amazed, yet blind with doubt, the throng
In useless questioning linger long,
Nor feel, nor own, that none save God
Rules hell, as heaven, with His nod.

O wondrous Saviour! strong! divine!
Thine ancient empire still is Thine;
The truth, man's darkness to inform;
The power, his frozen heart to warm.

Oh let Thine own, Thy heavenly power
Still arm Thy Gospel every hour;
The sharp conviction still impart,
And cast out sin from every heart.
George Lansing Taylor.

3328. DEMONIAC, Restoration of a
Matthew xii : 22–30.

Through Galilee's remotest bound
The Saviour sped His second round,
And all its towns and cities heard
With wondering joy the saving word.

Home to Capernaum come once more,
Again the throng assailed his door,
So eager, all, to hear and greet,
That Christ could neither rest nor eat.

But when His friends and brethren knew,
With zeal officious forth they flew,
Doubting His self-control, and strove
To force Him from His work of love.

But in that hour a man they brought,
In whom a frenzying fiend had wrought
Till soul and sense grew strange and numb;
His eyes were blind, his tongue was dumb.

And Christ pronounced the word of power
That healed him in that self-same hour;
Obedient to that instant law,
The blind and dumb both spake and saw!

Then all the people were amazed,
And feared and wondered as they gazed,
And asked, o'erjoyed at what was done,
"Is not this David's promised son?"

But Pharisees and Scribes which came
From proud Jerusalem, heard His fame,
And raged, of vile blaspheming full,
"This fellow hath Beëlzebul!"

"And through the prince of fiends he rules
These imps, his trained and trembling tools!"
But Christ their inmost hatred scanned,
And thus His parable He planned:

"What kingdom, city, house, or land,
Divided 'gainst itself, can stand?
If Satan 'gainst himself contend,
His realm embroiled, his reign must end.

"If by Beëlzebul I thrive,
By whom do your disciples strive?
But if God's hand with Me appear,
No doubt His kingdom now is near.

"And in that reign shall be forgiven
All sins of men, 'gainst earth or heaven;
But he who reviles the Holy Ghost
Sinks unforgiven—forever lost."

O Spirit! by whose power divine
These bright, attesting wonders shine,
Chase every doubt from every soul,
For, doubting these, we doubt the whole!

What thousands saw, let us believe;
What foes confessed, let us receive;
Nor let the fiends, of old cast out,
Still taint the world with damning doubt.

And oh! all-conquering proof, may we
In our own hearts Thy victories see,
Till through our inmost nature shine
The glories of Thy grace divine!

George Lansing Taylor.

3329. DEMONS, A Legion of, Cast Out.
Matthew viii : 28–34.

'Scaped Gennesaret's humbled main,
Jesus and His grateful band
Tread the trusted earth again;
Gádara's towers before them stand.

As they pass her rock-hewn tombs,
Many a plain or princely grave,
Lo! from out the sculptured glooms
Two demoniac madmen rave.

On they come, by furies driven,
Urged by demons hot from hell;
While the hideous air is riven,
Tortured by their frenzied yell.

Naked, scarred with stones, and chains
Rent by superhuman might,
Frantic with infernal pains,
Here they wander, day and night.

None can tame them, none assuage
Such immeasurable woe;
Love forsakes such fiendish rage.
No man dares that way to go.

Lost to mortal sympathy,
Sundered from the human race,
Evermore they moan and cry
In this sad and dreary place.

But when Christ from far they know,
Filled with trembling fear they fly;
Dreading instant, endless woe,
Prostrate at His feet they cry:

"What have we to do with Thee,
Jesus, Son of God Most High?
Must we back to darkness flee?
Chained in fiery tortures lie?

"Oh torment us not, we pray!
We adjure Thee, let us wait!
Let our lingering doom delay
Till the hour of final fate!"

"What's thy name?" the Saviour asked,
While the listeners shook with fear.
"Legion!" cried the demons masked,
"For a host of us is here.

"Oh condemn us not to roam
Far from this, our chosen haunt,
Banished from our human home,
Lonely, naked, grim, and gaunt!

"Drive us not to howl and weep
On the moaning wintry wind,
Wailing o'er the weltering deep!"
Chattered wild the woful fiend.

"Lo, where yonder grovelling herd
Graze by thousands in a line,
If thou speak'st th' expelling word,
Let us go into the swine."

"Go!" They flew; the quivering air
Owned their dusk and deadly flight;
See! their victims gnash and tear,
Stung, as by a serpent's bite!

Howling toward the horrid brink,
Lo! their headlong route they urge;
Leap, and dash below, and sink,
Swallowed in the seething surge!

Filled with fright, the swineherds flee;
Wide the wondrous news they tell;
All the town comes out to see—
All the town, that knew them well.

Sitting, clothed, at Jesus' feet,
Lo! the maniacs now they find;
Glad their former friends to greet,
Sound in body, soul, and mind!

While the startling tale they hear,
Told by those who heard and saw,
Every cheek is white with fear,
Every heart is hushed with awe.

But when gain the soul has blurred,
Conscience wields but faint control;
Selfishness and sin, once stirred,
Soon usurp and rule the whole.

"What are two such outcasts worth,
E'en though saved by power divine,"
Cries the mammon god of earth,
"Matched with twice a thousand swine?"

"Leave, oh leave our coasts, we pray;
Let us as aforetime dwell;
Thou hast wrought us ruth this day,
Ruined what we rear and sell!"

Fit for demons such a land!
Jesus leaves it, filled with woe;
While the shallop chafes the strand
The restored ones plead to go.

"Nay; go home and tell your kin
All God's goodness shown in this;"
Straight with gladness they begin,
Startling all Decapolis.

Thou whom legions feared of old,
And who rul'st them now as then,
Save us from the demon Gold,
Darkening still and damning men!

Let him ne'er our souls enslave,
Blight us with his withering ban,
Drown us in his Lethean wave,
Till a swine outweighs a man.

George Lansing Taylor.

3330. DESERT, A Vision in the.

By night, amid the desert waste, we camped
upon the ground;
Beside our reinless steeds outstretched,
Bedouins slept around.
Far on the mountains of the Nile the yellow
moonlight beamed,
And many a camel's bleaching bones from
out the sand-waves gleamed.

But sleep I could not; on my saddle pillowed
lay my head,
And piled beneath the husky fruit from
lofty date-palms shed,
My outspread caftan's flowing folds o'er
breast and feet I drew;
Beside me lay my naked sword, my spear
and musket true.

Deep the silence; but a moment crackles the
low fire,
Or wandering and benighted screams the
lonely vulture dire;
In his sleep but for a moment stamps the
unbridled steed,
Or turns some rider in his dreams to grasp
the barbed jereed.

The earth is shaken to and fro, and shadows
dusk and dun
Obscure the moon, wild beasts athwart the
desert howling run,
Fierce prance our snorting steeds, while
grasps our flag the foremost man,
Then drops it as he murmurs low, "The
spectre caravan."

Lo! it cometh—on their camels sweep the
ghostly drivers past;
Secure aloft the women sit, no veil around
them cast;
Beside them maidens wander, bearing pitch-
ers, like Rebecca
At the fountain; riders follow, sweeping on
to Mecca.

More yet? Who can their number tell? it
seems an endless train;
Yes! all these camels' bleaching bones with
life aglow again;
And this brown dust in whirling masses
heaved so oft on high,
Is changed to dusky-visaged men who guide
the camels by.

This is the night when all who 'mid the sand-
plains sleep forlorn,
Whose scattered ashes parch our tongues, by
sultry breezes borne;
Whose skulls beneath our horses' hoofs
moulder in dust away,
Arise, and haste in crowded ranks at Mecca's
shrine to pray!

Still on they come! The rearmost guard
our troop hath scarcely passed,
And yonder comes the van again, with loose
rein driving fast,
From the green hills that skirt the shore of
Babelmandeb strait;
Before my steed can break his cord, they
hurry swift as fate.

Steady now! our beasts are startled! and
mount each man to horse,
Nor basely shrink, like timid sheep, before
the lion's course.
What though their floating robes ye touch,
as on their path they hie,
At Allah's name both man and beast will
pass forever by.

Wait till your turban feathers float in morning's dewy breeze;
For morning's dawn and morning air are
death to things like these.
When daylight gleams these spectre pilgrims
fade to dust away;
Night wanes e'en now, my neighing steed
salutes the welcome day.

G. F. Freiligrath.

3331. DESERT, Journeying in the.
Jeremiah ii : 6.

Safe across the waters,
Here in peace we stand;
See the wrecks of Egypt
Strewn along the land.

Safe across the waters,
Foes forever gone,
Now we march in safety,
God our guide alone.

'Tis the silent desert,
Sand and rock and waste;
But the chain is broken,
And the peril past.

Onward, then, right onward,
This our watchword still,
Till we reach the glory
Of the wondrous hill.

Now for the journey girded
We hasten on our way,
The pillar-cloud above us
Our guide by night and day.

The sky is burning o'er us;
Beneath, the burning soil;
But God, our God, shall keep us
In heat and thirst and toil.

Then on through waste and bleakness,
On o'er our desert road;
On, on, till Sinai greets us,
The mountain of our God.

Horatius Bonar.

3332. DESERT, Springs in the.
Numbers xx : 11; Isaiah xxxv : 7.

"Water! water!" went forth the sorrowing cry;
"We die, we die:
Parched is the desert, barren is the plain;
We look in vain
For morning dew, or the sweet summer rain;
No blessed cloud floats o'er the torrid sky,
And 'neath its brazen arch in misery we die!"
Thus murmured Israel's host, but soon
A shout arose; beneath the fiery noon
Gleamed, cool and beautiful, a crystal spring,
Gleamed like an angel's wing,
That limpid wave.
The murmuring host fell down, and homage gave
Unto the Power omnipotent to save,
Then rushed with eager haste,
And burning lips to taste, [waste.
That brimming cup of joy amid the desert

Another sorrowing wail went up on high;
The host fell to the earth: "O Master! why
Have we gone forth from Egypt's land to die?
The bitter waters mock our thirst,
The fountain of the desert is accursed,
And still we die!"

The Lord was strong to save.
His prophet cast a palm into the wave,
And lo! the bitter waters at his feet
Were rippling pure and sweet.
Then Israel rose to bless
The Power that saved them in the wilderness.
Ah! angel-guarded band,
Well may your songs ascend
Unto that Father friend, [land,
Who wandered with you o'er that desert
Who kept you in the hollow of His hand.

Are we not wanderers through a wilderness?
Is not that Power over us to bless?
Doth He not lead us with a gentle hand
Toward the confines of a better land?
Have we not felt a burning drouth,
Borne by hot breezes from a joyless south?
Have we not oft-times paused upon the brink
Of Marah's bitter fount, and stopped to drink,
And in our bitter anguish turned to die,
E'en while the healing palm was bending nigh?

We faint with thirst, and lo! before our sight
Gleam, as through trees and bowers of de-
Waves clear and bright. [light,
Ah! bitterly we turn away,
And woe betide the day,
When to the barren wilderness we came,
To shrink and wither 'neath yon orb of flame;
To look with longing eyes unto the brazen sky,
To murmur and to die.
But lo! a tree of life is growing nigh,
Its fadeless verdure droops above the wave.
That healing palm
Can make each bitter drop a saving balm,
There Mercy waits to save.

The bitter waters rippling at her feet
Grow pure and sweet.
Fall down, immortal; praise and bless
The God that guides thee through the wilderness;
To Him thy heartfelt song of triumph give,
And drink and live. *E. E. Edwards.*

3333. DESERT, The Flower in the.

One day in the desert
With pleasure I spied
A flower in its beauty,
Looking up at my side.
And I said, "O sweet floweret,
That bloomest alone!
What's the worth of thy beauty,
Thus shining unknown?"

But the flower gave me answer,
With a smile quite divine,
"'Tis the nature, O stranger!
Of beauty to shine.
Take all I can give thee,
And when thou art gone,
The light that is in me.
Will keep shining on.

"And, O gentle stranger!
Permit me to say,
To keep up thy spirits
Along this lone way;
While thy heart shall flow outward
To gladden and bless,
The fount at its centre
Will never grow less."

I was struck with its answer,
And left it to glow
To the clear sky above it,
And the pale sands below;
Above and around it,
Its lights to impart,
But never exhausting
The fount at its heart.

Thomas C. Upham.

3334. DISCIPLES, The Sleeping.
Luke xxii : 45.

Upon the cold, cold earth they lie,
While night-winds wildly o'er them sweep,
Their canopy the cloudless sky,
And they are sad, and yet they sleep.

Their Master, Saviour, guide, their all,
Their polar star on life's dark deep,
Is soon by traitor hands to fall;
They fear it, yet in grief they sleep.

Yes! the big drops of agony,
The cold dank limbs of Jesus steep,
And they so near Him close the eye
Of sorrow, and for grief they sleep.

How soundly sleep! though nature sighs,
And heaven is sad, and seraphs weep,
And, to His God in sorrow, cries
Their tortured friend—and yet they sleep.

Oh, what strange anguish must have wrung
Their hearts on Olive's rocky steep,
When nature failed, and all unstrung,
They sank into reluctant sleep!

But He who led them from the shore
Of their own native lake, to sweep
Their nets for men, though lone and poor,
Assuaged their sorrow by a sleep;

And when, by slumber, nerved to bear
The vigils of the night, whose deep,
Dark tragedy 'twas theirs to share,
He gently broke their mournful sleep;

Called them from worldly griefs away,
To view His empire on the steep
Acclivity of heaven, which lay
Far, far beyond the realms of sleep.

Oh thus, when I, by sorrow wrung,
Am tempest-tossed on life's dark deep,
The canvas torn, the helm unhung,
And earthly pilots all asleep:

May He who felt, Himself, the throes
Of mortal anguish, o'er me keep
His sleepless watch, and soothe my woes,
And call me from my sinful sleep;

Direct my vision to the skies,
Where saints forever cease to weep,
Where seraphs lift unclouded eyes,
And sorrow never sinks to sleep!

J. K. Mitchell.

3335. DISCIPLES, Last Command to the.
Matthew xxviii : 19.

Go to the lands afar,
Where the changeless winter reigns,
Night hath her empire there,
The night of deep despair;
Go bid the morning star
Rise o'er those snowy plains.

Go, love's soft dew to shower
On the far-off southern isles;
Though darkness hath her hour,
Truth is a mightier power;
Go, bid the lily flower,
And the rose of Sharon smile.

Go where its glittering wave
The spreading Ganges pours;
No hidden power to save
Those earth-born waters have;
Oh, purer streamlets lave
Zion's thrice-hallowed shores!

Go where o'er golden sands
The streams of Afric glide;
Bear to those distant lands
The Saviour's sweet commands,
Firm, firm His purpose stands,
"Lo! I am by thy side!"

Wide is the glorious field;
Throughout the world go forth,
The Spirit's sword to wield,
To bear the Spirit's shield,
Till every nation yield,
And blessings crown the earth.

Oh! speed the rising rays
Of the Sun of Righteousness!
So shall the glad earth raise
A noble song of praise,
Touched by the light which plays
From a nobler world than this!

Early and late still sow
The seed which God hath given;
Seek not reward below,
The glorious flower shall blow
Where cloudless summers glow;
The harvest is in heaven.

3336. DIVES AND LAZARUS.

Luke xvi: 19–31.

You friend of God, for God's dear sake,
Show me the gulf that's fixed between
The upper Hades and the subterrene;
He yielding, Thought obtained a vista clear,
To lower Hades, from the upper sphere;
There Dives for one watery drop still cried,
Yet still denied.
You, said Thought, when to pain confined,
Had a regard for those you left behind;
From distributions, which unequal seem,
Of temporal things, which worldlings most esteem,
Say, is great God unjust, when He bestows
Wealth on the wicked, and loads saints with woes?
Most just, said Dives: men who dare dispute
God's justice when in life, in hell themselves confute;
I, when in life, you know, fed every day
Deliciously, wore garments rich and gay,
My slaves searched all Engaddi's vines,
To choose the richest wines;
I gratified each sense to the utmost heights,
Wallowed in gold, purveyed for all delights;
The world my presence honored and admired,
Oh! I had all my lust desired,
Yet all could ne'er me happy make.
Oh, 'tis a damnable mistake
To think on earth true bliss to gain,
Where Solomon found all that glittered vain.

Like me, the wicked live in fear
At judgment to appear;
Th' uncertainty of vital breath,
The certainty of death;
Sharp pains acute disease,
When wealth gives neither cure nor ease;
The cries to Heaven of indigents oppressed,
Horrors of conscience, which corrode the breast;
Vexation which on wealth attends,
Insidious flatteries and false friends;
Of carnal sweets
The disappointing cheats;
The terrors of exchanging all
For endless torments, at death's call,
All wicked mortals more or less infest,
That, like the troubled sea, they feel no rest;
They here their hell foretaste, and none can say,
That sinners live one happy day;
Such terrors to the deep the worldlings sink,
Whene'er they think;
Or if they think not, greater risks they run,
Their reprobation is in life begun;
Pride hardened me the needy to pass by,
Dogs were more merciful than I.

Fool as I was, I thought my ease and health,
Honor, prosperity, command, and wealth,
The blessings of kind Heaven, that Heaven had chose
Me for a favorite, and secured from woes;
But now, too late, I find
Heaven only for my trial them designed
My portion, while I lived, I misemployed,
And what I should have merely used, enjoyed;
What were my idols once, me now forsake,
They no cool drop give in this burning lake.
The fool who to himself, from plenteous store,
Promised long life and ne'er to sorrow more,
Into a neighboring furnace flung,
Begging, like me, one drop to cool his tongue;
Though fool in life, true wisdom learnt in hell,
And the like mournful truth can tell.
My luxury would spare no time to look
Into the Sacred Book;
Ah! had I cast on that considerate eyes,
One line of Solomon had made me wise;
Wealth fuelled sin, and had it been withheld,
In these fierce flames I ne'er had yelled;
I, to my sad experience, feel too late
The woes of what the world styles happy state;
View Lazarus in bliss, and me in flame,
And if you can, God's justice blame;
On earth men live on purpose to be tried,
Death best God's just allotments will decide.

Thought next to Lazarus addressed:
When in the world you lived distressed,
With painful sores, and want of bread,
And wanting place to lay your head,
Exposed to cold, to nakedness, to all
That men could miserable call,
Did you for your afflicting lot
On God's strict justice cast a blot?
Oh no, said he, I still God's justice cleared,
God all my woes endeared;
I had no merit at God's throne to plead,
God saw 'twas best for me to live in need;
A heaven-erected mind,
Good conscience, and a will resigned,
Woes which enervate sin,
And raise a calm within;
Death which would free me in short time
From possibility of crime,

The lively sense
Of Jesu's love immense,
Assurance of God's promises fulfilled,
On which glad hope of heaven the faithful build;
One glance of God's paternal, tender eye,
One short foretaste of bliss on high,
Create unutterable joys,
Which worldly woe a thousand times o'erpoise
No saint below men should unhappy style,
Were his wants great, and his condition vile;
His wants, which God for medicine sends,
For which one pulse above makes infinite amends. *Bishop Ken.*

3337. DIVES AND LAZARUS.

The rich man sat in his father's seat—
Purple an' linen, an' a' thing fine!
The puir man lay at his gate i' the street,
Sairs an' tatters, an' weary pine!

To the rich man's table ilk dainty comes;
Mony a morsel gaed frae't, or fell;
The puir man fain wad hae dined on the crumbs,
But whether he got them I canna tell.

Servants prood, salt-fittit an' stoot,
Stan' by the rich man's curtained doors;
Maisterless dogs 'at rin aboot
Cam to the puir man an' lickit his sores.

The rich man deed, an' they buried him gran';
In linen fine his body they wrap;
But the angels tuik up the beggar man,
An' laid him doon in Abraham's lap.

The guid upo' this side, the ill upo' that—
Sic was the rich man's waesome fa';
But his brithers they eat, an' they drink, an' they chat,
An' care na a strae for their father's ha'.

The trowth's the trowth, think what ye will;
An! some they kenna what they wad be at;
But the beggar man thoucht he did no that ill,
Wi' the dogs o' this side, the angels o' that.
George Macdonald.

3338. DIVES AND LAZARUS, Ballad of.

Dives put on his purple robes,
And linen white and fine,
With glittering jewels on his hands,
And sate him down to dine.
He sate in a crimson chair of state,
And cushions many a one
Were ranged around, and on the floor,
To set his feet upon.
There were twenty dishes of wild fowl,
And twenty of the tame,
And flesh of kine, and curious meats,
Which on the table came;
And he ate from plate of ruddy gold,
With a fork of silver fine,
And drank the while, in a crystal cup,
The bright and foaming wine.
And twenty men beside him stood,
As silent as might be,
To wait upon him whilst he dined,
Amid his luxury.

Now Lazarus was a beggar poor,
A cripple old and gray;
Too old to work, a childless man,
And he begged upon the way;
And, as he went along the road,
Great pain on him was laid,
So he sate him down upon a stone,
And unto God he prayed.
'Twas in the dismal winter-time,
And on a stone he sate,
A weary, miserable man,
And 'twas at Dives' gate.
And many servants out and in,
Did pass there to and fro,
And Lazarus prayed, for the love of God,
Some mercy they would show;
And that the small crumbs might be his,
Which fell upon the floor;
Or he should die for lack of food,
Before the palace door.

Now, Dives on a silken couch,
In sumptuous ease was laid,
And soft-toned lutes, and dulcimers,
A drowsy music made;
And he heard the voice of Lazarus,
Low wailing where he lay,
And he said unto his serving-men,
"Yon beggar drive away!"
"He's old," said one; another spake:
"He's lame, and cannot go."
Said a third, "He asketh for the crumbs
That lie the board below."

"It matters not," said Dives;
"My blood-hounds, gaunt and grim,
Go take them from their kennel warm,
And set the dogs on him,
And hunt him from the gate away;
For while he thus doth moan
I cannot get a wink of sleep;"
And so the thing was done.
But when they saw the poor old man,
Who not a word did say,
The very dogs did pity him,
And licked him as he lay.
And in the middle of the night,
Sore smitten with want and pain,
Lazarus lay down on the frosty ground,
But he ne'er arose again.

And Dives likewise laid him down,
On a bed of soft delight,
And silver lamps were burning dim
In his chamber all the night,
But ghostly form stole softly in,
And the curtains drew aside,

And laid its hand upon his heart;
And the rich man likewise died.
Then burning guilt, like heavy lead,
Upon his soul was laid,
And down and down; yet lower and lower,
To the lowest depths of shade,
Went the wicked soul of Dives,
Like a rock into the sea;
To the bottomless pit, where the evil ones
Wailed over their misery;
And he wildly opened his burning eyes
In a gulf of flaming leven;
And afar he saw, all green and cool,
The pleasant land of heaven;
And a broad clear river went winding there
'Mong trees in leafy pride,
And there sate the beggar, Lazarus,
And Abraham by his side.
"O, father!" then cried Dives;
"Let Lazarus come along
And dip his finger in yon wave,
To cool my burning tongue;
For I'm tormented in this flame
Which burneth evermore!"
Said Abraham: "Dives, think upon
The days that now are o'er:
Thou hadst thy soft and pleasant things,
Thy water, food, and wine;
And decked thyself in costly robes,
Purple and linen fine;
Yet was thy heart an evil one
Amid thy pomp and gold?
And Lazarus sate before thy gate
Despised, and poor, and old,
A beggar vainly craving bread,
And whom thou didst revile,
Wretched and weak, yet praising God,
With a faithful heart the while.
And now in the blooming land of heaven,
Great comfort doth he know;
But thou must be in torments dark,
In the burning seas below.
Besides all this there is a gulf
That lieth us between,
A boundless gulf, o'er which the wing
Of the blessed ne'er hath been."

So Dives saw them pass away
From the broad, green river's shore,
And angels many, on snowy wings,
The beggar Lazarus bore.

Mary Howitt.

3339. DORCAS.

Acts ix: 36–41.

If I might guess, then guess I would:
Amid the gathered folk,
This gentle Dorcas one day stood,
And heard what Jesus spoke.

She saw the woven, seamless coat,
Half envious for His sake:
"O happy hands," she said, "that wrought
That honored thing to make!"

Her eyes with longing tears grew dim,
She never can come nigh
To work one service poor for Him
For whom she glad would die!

But hark! He speaks a mighty word:
She hearkens now, indeed!
"When did we see Thee naked, Lord,
And clothed Thee in Thy need?

"The King shall answer, Inasmuch
As to My brothers ye
Did it, even to the least of such,
Ye did it unto Me."

Home, home she went, and plied the loom,
And Jesus' poor arrayed.
She died: they wept about the room,
And showed the coats she made.

George Macdonald.

3340. DORCAS, Resurrection of.

The poor afflicted saints
Their common loss bemoan,
And God regards in their complaints
The Spirit of His Son;
Who gave the Son of man,
He lets the servant go
Out of His arms to earth again,
And tend His church below.

What heart can e'er conceive
How great the soul's surprise
When, sent again in flesh to live,
She here lifts up her eyes!
Did not her eyes o'erflow,
This weeping vale to see,
These scenes of wretchedness and woe,
Of sinful misery?

The poor might well embrace
With joy their friend restored,
The church their powerful Saviour praise,
Who thus confirmed His word:
But could a saint return
To dwell beneath the skies,
And not with deepest sorrow mourn
Her twice lost paradise?

From spirits glorified,
As soon as she withdrew,
Oblivion's veil was drawn to hide
The vision from her view:
She then with double zeal
Employed her added days,
To do the Saviour's perfect will,
T' improve His utmost grace.

Superior joys above
For lengthened toils prepared,
And richer stores of heavenly love
Enhanced her vast reward;
Called to a happier state,
When all her work was done,
She found a more exceeding weight
Of glory in her crown!

J. and C. Wesley.

3341. DOVE, Homeward Flight of the.

The dove let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from earthly care,
From pride and passion free,
Aloft through faith and love's pure air,
To hold my course to Thee.
No lure to tempt, no art to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

Thomas Moore.

3342. DOVE, Noah's.

Genesis viii : 8, 9.

Speed thy light course; fly, winged one, fly,
Along that shoreless sea;
That deluged earth, that clouded sky,
Are not a home for thee.

There are no mates for thee on earth.
Save those the ark has won;
And the bright valleys of thy birth,
And waving groves, are gone.

For all the glory of the spring
The dark seas overwhelm,
And the leviathan is king
Of an unbounded realm.

The mount, whose towering crest had dwelt
'Mid darkling storms alone,
A stranger visitant hath felt
Invade his cloudy throne.

And all beneath is but the grave
Of that creation fair;
There gleams no rock above the wave,
No port of rest is there.

Then seek afar the tempest-tost
Companions of thy ark,
That dimly floats—now seen, now lost—
In yon horizon dark.

Swift be thy flight: those waters green
Can show no home for thee;
Nor yet the mountain-tops are seen,
Nor yet the olive-tree.

H. W. J.

3343. DOVE, Oh for the Wings of a.

Psalms lv : 6.

So prayed the Psalmist to be free
From mortal bonds and earthly thrall,
And such, or soon or late, shall be
Full oft the heart-breathed prayer of all.

And we, when life's last sands are rove,
With faltering foot and aching breast,
Shall sigh for wings that waft the dove
To flee away and be at rest.

While hearts are young, and hopes are high,
A fairy scene doth life appear,
Its sights are beauty to the eye,
Its sounds are beauty to the ear.
But soon it glides from youth to age,
And of its joys no more possessed,
We, like the captives of the cage,
Would fly away and be at rest.

Beyond the hills, beyond the sea,
Oh for the pinions of a dove!
Oh for the morning's wings to flee
Away, and be with them we love!
When all is fled that's bright and fair,
And life is but a wintry waste,
This, this at last our prayer must be,
To flee away and be at rest.

Malcolm.

3344. DRAW-NET, Parable of the.

Matthew xiii : 47–50.

"The field the world;" and now the sea
Yields up its treasures, Lord, to Thee;
The toilers with the gospel net
Shall, with Thy blessing, gather yet,
From far and near, at home, abroad,
The fulness of the seas to God.

As seed broadcast throughout the soil
Doth yield the blessèd fruits of toil,
So from the ocean to the shore
The net shall draw its goodly store:
Fishers of men, sent forth to be
The toilers of the broad deep sea.

The "barren sea," that none hath tilled,
With plenteous seed of souls is filled;
And these the net must gather in,
From native element of sin;
And draw them out, for life renewed,
To die to sin, and live to God.

All that the fishers' net hath caught,
Into the Church on earth are brought,
Of every sort, of every kind,
Of every phase of heart and mind;
The meshes of the net include
The true, the false, both bad and good.

Thus is it here; thus is it now;
And, while on earth, it must be so:
Where prejudice is dark and blind,
And one knows not another's mind;
Where motives are misunderstood,
And evil mingled with the good.

But when the fishers' work is o'er,
And when the net is drawn to shore,
Then shall it be, in that great day,
Some gathered in, some cast away:
From depths of sin's unfathomed sea,
May I be "gathered," Lord, to Thee!

Robert Maguire.

3345. DRY BONES, Ezekiel's Vision of.
Ezekiel xxxvii : 1–10.

Hark! the prophet lays his hand
Once more upon the trembling chords, and
A valley, desolate as Tophet, filled [lo!
With bones innumerable, sere and bleached,
As though the sudden pestilence of God
Had fallen on some mighty host, and men
Had left them in the sun and winds to rot.
Death brooded o'er them. But a voice from heaven
Startles the awful silence: and behold
A shaking, and the bones, bone to his bone,
Together framed the perfect skeleton;
And sinews covered them, and flesh and skin,
The very lineaments of life. Again
The prophet's voice falls on them; and the winds
Breathed like the quickening Spirit of the Lord
Above the lifeless slain: and lo! they rose,
An army numberless, equipped for fight.
Edward Henry Bickersteth.

3346. DRY BONES, The Valley of.
Ezekiel xxxvii : 10.

In vision wrapt, by Hinnom's vale,
The mystic prophet stood;
And still, where'er he looked, the dale
With lifeless bones were strewed.
No breath of air, no voice, nor sound,
Disturbed the awful gloom:
But all above, beneath, around,
Was silent as the tomb.

At length a gentle voice from heaven
Upon that stillness broke;
"Can life to these dry bones be given?"
'Twas thus the Godhead spoke;
One doubtful glance the prophet threw
O'er every mouldering bone;
Then answer made with reverence due,
"That, Lord, to Thee is known!"

"Then prophesy," Jehovah said,
"That each to life shall wake;"
The wondering seer at once obeyed,
And all began to shake;
Now limb to meet its kindred limb,
With strange precision flew;
And each of late so gaunt and grim,
With flesh was clothed anew.

Again the Lord's command was given
Upon the wind to call,
To breathe from every end of heaven,
And animate them all;
The prophet called, the breezes blew,
And soon beneath their breath
A living army sprung to view
Through all that vale of death.

'Tis abject thus, O Lord! and lone,
The sin-bound spirit lies;
And sapless as a mould'ring bone
All human aid defies;
Or if beneath the gospel sound,
A shape it seem to wear;
The form of life alone is found,
The power is wanting there.

But if thy Spirit deign to blow,
A wond'rous change it brings:
At once the soul from death and woe
To life and vigor springs;
With rapture strange the inward eye
Imbibes celestial rays;
The heart with hope and love beats high
The mouth is filled with praise.

Oh then, if wrapt in slumber deep,
Our poor, dead souls remain;
Let Thy dear Spirit break our sleep,
And burst each earthly chain;
That fired with hope, and filled with love,
And freed from fleshly dross,
We now may spring to life, and prove
Good soldiers of the Cross! *H. E.*

3347. EAGLES, Gathering of the.
Matthew 24 : 28.

Lured by the grateful scent of blood,
With instinct from above endued,
The eagles their commission knew,
To death devoted Salem flew,
And gathering where the carcass lay,
The Roman hosts devoured their prey.

But lo! a deeper mystery
We in yon sacred body see.
The bleeding marks of death it bears,
'Tis covered still with glorious scars.
His wounded feet, and hands, and side,
And cross proclaim the Crucified.

Thither the saints shall soon repair,
When flames His standard in the air,
With bodies spiritual remove
From earth, and seek the realms above;
On eagle's wings mount up and fly
To Jesus gathered in the sky.
J. and C. Wesley.

3348. EAST, The Poet in the.

The poet came to the land of the east,
When spring was in the air:
The earth was dressed for a wedding feast,
So young she seemed, and fair;
And the poet knew the land of the east—
His soul was native there.

All things to him were the visible forms
Of early and precious dreams—
Familiar visions that mocked his quest,
Beside the western streams,
Or gleamed in the gold of the clouds, unrolled
In the sunset's dying beams.

He looked above in the cloudless calm,
And the sun sat on his throne;

The breath of gardens, deep in balm,
Was all about him blown,
And a brother to him was the princely palm,
For he cannot live alone.

His feet went forth on the myrtled hills,
And the flowers their welcome shed;
The meads of milk-white asphodel
They knew the poet's tread,
And far and wide, in a scarlet tide,
The poppy's bonfire spread.

And, half in shade and half in sun,
The rose sat in her bower,
With a passionate thrill in her crimson heart,
She had waited for the hour!
And, like a bride's, the poet kissed
The lips of the glorious flower.

Then the nightingale, who sat above
In the boughs of the citron-tree,
Sang: "We are no rivals, brother mine,
Except in ministrelsy;
For the rose you kissed with the kiss of love,
She is faithful still to me."

And further sang the nightingale:
"Your power not distant lies.
I heard the sound of a Persian lute
From the jasmined window rise, [bars,
And, twin-bright stars, through the lattice-
I saw the sultana's eyes."

The poet said: "I will here abide,
In the sun's unclouded door;
Here are the wells of all delight
On the lost Arcadian shore:
Here is the light on sea and land,
And the dream deceives no more."

Bayard Taylor.

3349. EAST, Turning to the.

2 Chronicles vi : 39.

'Tis to the east the Hebrew bends,
When morn unveils its brow;
And while the evening rite ascends,
The east receives his vow.
Dear to the exile is the soil
That reared Jehovah's vine;
Dear to the wretched heir of toil
Thy memory, Palestine!

'Tis to the east the Hebrew turns,
The east! to Hebrews dear,
When kindling recollection burns,
When memory claims the tear.
Land of the patriarch! he recalls
The days of promise, when
The timbrel rang along thy halls,
And God communed with men.

Where Babel murmured Judah's wrongs,
The banished Hebrew sighs;
Where Zion swelled her holy songs,
His tribute seems to rise;
And hope still wings his thought afar—
It tells to those that roam,
That He who rode the cloudy car
Will guide His children home.

William B. Tappan.

3350. EDEN, Lost.

2 Chronicles vi : 39.

Unto the East we turn, in thoughtful gaze,
Like longing exiles to their ancient home,
Mindful of our lost Eden. Thence may come
Genial, ambrosial airs around the ways
Of daily life, and fragrant thoughts that raise
Home sympathies: so may we cease to roam,
Seeking some resting-place before the tomb,
To which on wandering wings devotion strays.
But true to our high birthright, and to Him
Who leads us by the flaming cherubim,
Death's gate, our pilgrim spirits may arise
O'er earth's affections, and 'mid worldlings rude,
Walk loosely in their holier solitude,
And breathe the air of their lost paradise.

Isaac Williams.

3351. EDEN, Where is?

Genesis ii : 8.

Where is that garden of the Lord God, planted
Eastward in Eden in tne days of old;
Where the large blossoms and the fruits enchanted,
That filled the earliest tale our mothers told?

Lingers it yet, kept by an angel warden,
Over the purple mountains far away;
Untouched, since sinless Adam dressed the garden,
And the Lord walked there in the cool of day?

Nay, ask not; wherefore should our spirits venture
Over the eastern hills, beyond the bars,
Where the broad sun, girt with his rosy cincture,
Comes burning up, and darkens all the stars?

Why should we wish o'er sea and desert going
To find the vision true in some far land;
To dwell beside the gate, and hear the flowing
Of the great river with its golden sand?

The font stands yet in many a church's portal,
The prayers still echo round where we were made
Heirs of an Eden beautiful, immortal,
Where never serpent glided through the glade.

There flows eternally the gifted river,
Whose healing wave is as the crystal clear;
There grows the tree of life that sheddeth never
Its twelve bright fruits renewed twelve times a year.

For us that cooling wave, for us the beauty
Of that bright place that has nor sun, nor night,
If but by Christ's dear grace, in love and duty,
We walk below like children of the light.

So may we dream of those invisible bowers,
The water's tremulous flow, the flowery sod,
Hopeful that Christ's new Eden shall be ours,
The home of saints, the paradise of God.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

3352. EDOM, The Conqueror from.
Isaiah lxiii : 1–6.

What mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state
Along the Idumean road,
Away from Bozrah's gate!

The glory of His robes proclaim,
'Tis some victorious king;
"'Tis I, the Just, the Almighty One,
That your salvation bring."

Why, mighty Lord, Thy saints inquire,
Why Thine apparel red;
And all Thy vesture stained like those
Who in the wine-press tread?

"I, by Myself, have trod the press,
And crushed My foes alone;
My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
My fury stamped them down.

"'Tis Edom's blood that dyes My robes
With joyful scarlet stains:
The triumph that My raiment wears,
Sprung from their bleeding veins.

"Thus shall the nations be destroyed
That dare insult My saints,
I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
An ear for their complaints."

Isaac Watts.

3353. EDOM, The Victor from.
Isaiah lxiii : 1–6.

Who cometh here from Edom's rocks,
From Bozrah's haughty tower,
That journeyeth glorious in array,
Majestic in His power?
With garments red from fields of blood,
A conqueror he doth seem!
"I come, Who speak in righteousness,
The Mighty to redeem!"

And why is Thine apparel red,
Like his who treads the wine?
And why, like his who treads the vat,
Do all Thy garments shine?
"The wine-press I have trodden out,
Have trodden it alone;
And in that bloody vintage hour
With Me there stood not one.

"In anger did I trample them,
In fury did I tread;
Their blood is sprinkled on My robe,
My raiment all is red;
The awful day is in Mine heart
Of vengeance on My foes,
The year is come when I redeem
My people from their woes.

"And I beheld, and none could save
His brethren by his hand;
I wondering saw no child of man
In that dread day could stand;
Therefore Mine own right arm alone
My great salvation brought;
And by My strength of zeal upheld
The conquest I have wrought!"

Yes! Thou hast conquered mightier foes
Than Edom's hostile power;
Hast Victor come from stronger holds
Than Bozrah's haughty tower!
For Thou hast burst the gates of death,
And laid beneath Thee low,
By Thy right hand and holy arm,
Thine Israel's hellish foe!

Thou didst behold no child of man
His brother's soul could save;
Or make agreement unto God
To free him from the grave;
A costlier price their souls demand
Than man hath power to pay;
And therefore Thou, O Christ! wouldst die
That we might live for aye.

And therefore, when the appointed year
Of Thy redeemed came,
Thou didst assume the flesh of man,
Didst take a mortal frame;
Thou didst the bloody wine-press tread
Of suffering from Thy foes,
To save Thy people from their sins,
From hell's eternal woes.

And therefore, when o'er hell and death
The conquest Thou hadst won,
Thou didst ascend to God's right hand,
And take Thy glorious throne;
There still dost Thou retain, O Lord!
The Mediator's seat,
Until the Lord shall make Thy foes
The footstool for Thy feet.

Gird then, O Thou most mighty One!
Thy sword upon Thy thigh.
Ride forth! Avenge Thee on Thy foes
Who still Thy name defy!
But when that wine-press of God's wrath
Thy conquering feet shall tread,
Help us, Thy children, Lord, for whom
Thy precious blood was shed!

Richard Mant.

3354. EDOM? Who Cometh from.
Isaiah lxiii : 1-6.

Strange scene of glory! am I well awake,
Or is it my fancy's wild mistake?
It cannot be a dream; bright beams of light
Flow from the visions fair, and pierce my tender sight.
No common vision this; I see
Some marks of more than human majesty,
Who is this mighty Hero, who,
With glories round his head, and terror in his brow?

From Bozrah, lo! He comes; a scarlet dye
O'erspreads his clothes, and does outvie
The blushes of the morning sky.
Triumphant and victorious He appears,
And honor in His looks and habit wears:
How strong He treads, how stately does He go!
Pompous and solemn is His pace,
And full of majesty as His face.
Who is this mighty Hero, who?

'Tis I who to my promise faithful stand;
I, who the powers of death, hell, and the grave
Have foiled with this all-conquering hand;
I who most ready am, and mighty too, to save.

Why wearest Thou, then, this scarlet dye?
Say, mighty Hero, why?
Why do Thy garments look all red,
Like them that in the wine-vat tread?

The wine-press I alone have trod,
That vast unwieldy frame, which long did stand
Unmoved, and which no mortal force could e'er command,
That ponderous mass I plied alone,
And with me to assist were none. [God!
A mighty task it was, worthy the Son of
Angels stood trembling at the dreadful sight,
Concerned with what success I should go through
The work I undertook to do;
I put forth all my might,
And down the engine pressed; the violent force
Disturbed the universe, put nature out of course;
The blood gushed out in streams, and checkered o'er
My garments with its deepest gore;
With ornamental drops bedecked I stood,
And writ my victory with my enemy's blood.
The day, the signal day is come
When of my enemies I must vengeance take;
The day when Death shall have its doom,
And the dark kingdom with its powers shall shake.
Fate in her calendar marked out this day with red,
She folded down the iron leaf, and thus she said:
"This day, if aught I can divine be true,
Shall, for a single victory,
Be celebrated to posterity:
Then shall the Prince of Light descend,
And rescue mortals from the infernal fiend;
Break through his strongest forts, and all his hosts subdue."
This said, she shut the adamantine volume close,
And wished she might the crowding year transpose;
So much she longed to have the scene display,
And see the vast event of this important day.

And now in midst of the revolving years,
This great, this mighty One appears:
The faithful traveller, the sun,
Has numbered out the days, and the set period run.
I looked, and to assist was none;
My angelic guards stood trembling by,
But durst not venture nigh.

In vain, too, from my Father did I look
For help; my Father me forsook.
Amazed I was to see,
How all deserted me,
I took My fury for My soul support,
And with My single arm the conquest won.
Loud acclamations filled all heaven's court:
The hymning guards above,
Strained to an higher pitch of joy and love,
The great Jehovah praised, and His victorious Son.

John Norris.

3355. EGYPT, Christ called from.
Matthew ii : 15.

Come out of Egypt, O mine undefiled,
Dove of the Lord; innocuous, wondrous Child!
Thy foes are dead, and sleeps the sword that swept
The homes of Rama, when their Rachel wept.

Come out of Egypt—to that land of death
The shut-up heavens reveal, not now, life's breath;
To Zion shall the Light of Life return;
O'er Palestine the Gospel Star shall burn.

Come out of Egypt; not "in haste," "by night,
As when fear waited on Messiah's flight;
In peace return to David's royal town,
Whose throne awaits Thee not nor lineal crown."

Come out of Egypt; yet, as sinks the sun,
To rise again when night's due course is run,
So thou, from Mizraim, shalt withdraw thy ray,
To flood her with thy beams another day.

Come out of Egypt; yet, to trials come;
To suffering, lack of ease, of friends, of home;
Yes, griefs by day, at night with tears to lie;
Come thou, to be betrayed, to groan and die.

Come out of Egypt, from the grave to rise,
And, for its slain, to ope the eternal skies;
To plant Religion's Rose in every wild,
To bless a world, oh come, Incarnate Child!
William B. Tappan.

3356. EGYPT, Dead.
Isaiah xix: 25.

Are thy pyramids still smiling
To the everlasting sun,
Mighty Mizraim of the sand-waste,
As they smiled in ages gone?

Is thy Sphinx still grandly gazing
With those melancholy eyes,
Drinking in delicious moonlight
From those silver-showering skies?

Does thy gray Mukattam cliff-range
Yet protect thy level shore?
Is that highway to the desert
Still as lonely as of yore?

Is the bronze on thy brown ripples
Still as brilliant as when she,
Stately queen of spells and splendor,
Glided o'er her river sea?

Does that river-sea so royal,
With its soft, slow-swelling tide,
Still do battle single-handed
With the wastes on either side?

Are thy Pharaohs resting yonder,
Filling each his fragrant shroud,
With their own calm stars above them,
As of old, without a cloud?

Do they still claim awful homage,
Oldest peerage of the dead,
In their chiselled shrines unconscious
Of the ages that have sped?

Does the breath of ancient odors
Sweeten still their cheerless room?
Do the robes of princely Pathos
Still adorn them in the tomb?

Is thy Memphis still the Memphis
Of young Mizraim when he came
From his cradle-plain of Shinar,
Here to build a boundless name?

Mystic-realm of magic story,
Never-changing clime and stream,
Shadowy fatherland of science,
Home of fable and of dream.

From thy temples marched the ages
Of our earth's unwritten prime;
These majestic Nubian portals
Are the mouldering gates of time.

Buried dark beneath the ruins
Of dead kingdoms thou hast lain;
But thy day of honor dawneth,
Thou shalt rise to youth again.

In His hour of infant exile,
Once the Son of God in thee
Found a refuge from the tyrant,
Underneath thy sheltering tree.

And for this thou art remembered;
This great debt shall be repaid.
In earth's age of promised glory
Israel's God shall lift thy head.

The voice of seers hath spoken
Words of glorious light and rest;
It has blest thee, lonely Egypt;
And thou shalt—thou shalt be blest.
Horatius Bonar.

3357. EGYPT, Israel's Escape from.
Exodus xiv.

The morning saw a cavalcade
Drawn up in order and arrayed.
Six hundred thousand men of strength
Made up the van of wondrous length;
And wives and children in the rear
Turned from their bondage dark and drear.
To feel no more a tyrant's hand,
And seek afar the promised land.
Their line of march is toward the sea,
And forth they journey glad and free;
The cloudy pillar goes before,
And leads them on the desert o'er;
Or, standing in the rear at night,
It shines and all their path is light.
The towers of Egypt in the haze
Fade slowly from their backward gaze.
Behind them lie their broken chains,
Before them freedom's unknown plains.
And thus they journey, day by day,
Led by the cloud along their way,
Till sand and wilderness are past,
They stand before the sea at last.

But hark! a sound upon the breeze:
Is it the murmur of the seas?
Is it the simoom's distant roar
That wildly sweeps the desert o'er?
Is it the storm with banner rent
With lightnings on the firmament?
Now louder, deeper, is the swell,
And rolling clouds of dust arise.
"They come! they come!!" what horrors, tell;
"The Egyptians come!" what frantic cries;
The camp with fear and dread is wild,
And ghastly pale is sire and child.
"O God!" they cry, in bitter prayer;
"O save us, Lord; in pity spare!"
In panic wild they seek their chief,
And him upbraid in frantic grief:
"Ah! better had we died as slaves,
And mouldered in Egyptian graves,
Than perish here by cruel hands,
And waste upon the desert sands."

And Moses said, "Stand still and see,
The Lord your strong defence will be!"

He waiting stood, and thus he heard
A voice that spoke this awful word:
"Speak to My people! forward go!
What if the path ye do not know;
I am the Lord, 'tis mine to lead;
Then forward! to the sea, with speed!"

The angel of the Lord turned back
And stood across the Egyptian's track;
And hid the camp of Israel,
While on their foes dense darkness fell.

The Red Sea waves were chanting low;
And day was fading fast and slow;
When Israel's leader stood beside,
With lifted hand the murmuring tide;
He stretched his rod upon the sea,
And gave the waters his decree.

The east wind rose, and all that night
It blew until the morning light;
When, lo! the water stood on heaps,
And down the dark and briny steeps
They saw a pathway broad, and bare,
'Mid mountain walls of water there;
Down, down they go, with solemn tread;
Down through the caverns of the dead;
Down by the sea king's dark domain,
Where never from the morn of time,
The might of man disturbed his reign,
Or trod his solitudes sublime.
On, through the water's dark defiles;
On, through the vast o'erhanging piles,
They pass as gently on their way,
As if through summer fields it lay;
Until they reach the rocky stair
That leads them to the upper air;
And on the Red Sea's other shore,
They wondering stand, and God adore.

With heart of ice and brain of fire,
The maddened Pharaoh with desire,
Enters the sea with double ire.

His charioteers with frenzy drive;
And jostling horsemen hurried strive
To capture Israel alive.

Down through the sea wall's open doors,
Down to the dark abysmal floors,
The frantic throng tumultuous pours.

The furious monarch heads his train.
And vows to measure swords again
With God, who left his first-born slain.

Down in the mid sea's darkest hall
He dreams of sport and carnival,
When he shall pass the deep sea wall.

As when a lightning bolt is hurled,
As when a tempest cloud unfurled,
Falls crashing on a thoughtless world;

So, tumbling waves fall from the verge;
So, wall smote wall with awful surge;
God's last o'erwhelming judgment scourge.

And there was one wild shriek of doom;
Then all was silent in the gloom
Of that unsculptured ocean tomb.

And king and horseman breathless lay;
Cold ghastly statues of dismay;
In stillness 'neath the wild sea spray.

Ah! long in royal halls they wait;
When Pharaoh shall return in state;
And march his captives back to fate.

But silent weeps the queen alone;
The king comes never to his throne,
And wives of lords make bitter moan.

No garlands grace their arches high;
No proud and gorgeous pageantry
Tells Egypt's glory passing by.

God cancels thus the debt of years,
Where Pharaoh with his charioteers,
Goes down 'mid Egypt's love and tears.

God liveth yet; and often He
Hath traced the path of history
Through many a dark and deep "Red Sea."

The foes of God and foes of man,
He dooms by His almighty plan;
And leads Himself His loyal van.

Hail! hail! ye grand prophetic years;
The dawn of jubilee appears,—
Sweet promise of the ancient seers.

The Christ of nations is in view;
The ever strong; the only true;
He smites the sea and passes through.

"I am the way," hark how He saith;
And through the waves we go by faith,
A sure, triumphant, royal path.

So Moses sang beside the sea;
And these his words of jubilee,
An olden anthem of the free:

Oh sing to Jehovah,
And speak of His fame;
Exalt Him forever;
The Lord is His name.
At the breath of His nostrils
The waters on heaps
Were parted asunder,
A way through the deeps;
And hither His people He led like a flock,
Down, down through the shadows, a path-
way of rock:
But the horse and His rider he drowned in
the sea;
Jehovah hath triumphed, and Israel is free.

The Holy and Mighty One
Bareth His arm;
And Pharaoh's proud captains
Are faint with alarm;

He stilleth their clamor
Where mountain waves leap,
And hushes forever
Their shouts in the deep;
From madness to stillness; a shriek and a moan;
They sink to the bottom as sinketh a stone;
The horse and his rider are drowned in the sea;
Jehovah hath triumphed, and Israel is free.

Forever and ever,
O Lord! be Thy reign;
Thy mountain of beauty,
Thy people shall gain;
The proud dukes of Edom
Shall vanish away,
And princes of Moab
Be filled with dismay;
For gently Thou leddest Thy flock through the deep,
And tenderly folded in safety Thy sheep;
The horse and his rider are drowned in the sea,
Jehovah hath triumphed, and Israel is free.

From "Moses," *by Dwight Williams.*

3358. EGYPT, Last Plague of.
Exodus xii: 29, 30.

How brightly does the sunlight fall
On temple, tower, and princely hall!
Wild gleams afar the mighty Nile,
As if each wave had learned to smile;
And every light and stealing breeze
That loves to grace the morning hours,
Hath dallied with the spicy trees,
And kissed the young and rising flowers.

Yet there is gloom in Memphis now,
A cold despair on every brow;
From him who toils his life away,
The victim of a tyrant's sway,
To him who from his gorgeous throne
Looks down on Egypt as his own.
All shudder, as the morning sun
Reveals a woe they may not shun;
That sun in mockery resteth now
On pallid lip and rigid brow:
On manhood's features, harsh and grim,
The beamless eye and pulseless limb,
The cold, pale lips of childhood wear,
The last faint smile that quivered there;
And beauty's raven locks are thrown
O'er features fixed as sculptured stone.

Wild, deep, and long the wail is made
Above the unregarding dead;
The loud lament for glory gone;
The wail for Egypt's elder-born!
The monarch from his eye of pride
Hath dashed in scorn the tear aside,
And checked within himself the groan,
When fell the heir of Egypt's throne!
The princely hall, the mailèd shed,
Have each their own devoted dead;
Each hath the mourner's thilling cry,
The mother's tear, and father's sigh.

Groans Israel 'neath the spoiler's tread;
Rises her wail above the dead?
Not so; from bondage, chains, and toil,
The tyrant's jest, the heathen's spoil,
Unharmed by all the plagues that bowed
The spirits of the stern and proud,
With cymbal tone, and minstrel lay,
Her joyous thousands pass away,
And brightly in their pathway rise
The grateful fires of sacrifice.

3359. EGYPT, Last Plague of.
Exodus xi: 4-7.

Night, gentle night! sweet season of rest,
When even the slave as the monarch is blest;
Mother benign! in whose bounty may share
The wearied with pleasure, the wearied with care;
Once more hast thou sheltered the land with thy pall,
And lonely, and lovely, and peaceful is all!
Breathless the city as yonder dark hill,
The temples deserted, the palaces still;
The warrior unmailed as the infant is calm,
His banner droops down like the plumes of the palm;
The judge hath put off his stately array,
Only in visions the ruler bears sway;
Fair eyes have closed like the sisters the flowers, [hours;
Watchful ears heed not the flight of the
Mother and babe one soft slumber keep,
Captive and mourner awhile cease to weep,
And Egypt the splendid, the warlike, but seems
A kingdom of silence, a valley of dreams.

'Tis morn, and the spirit of slumber hath fled: [dead!
Woe now to the living! woe, woe for the
Myriads beheld the last setting sun,
Myriads behold him now day is begun;
Warrior, and priest, and ruler are here,
Maiden, and sire, and stripling appear.
There is grandeur, and beauty, and prowess at hand, [land?
But where are the first-born, the pride of the
The prince in his palace—where else should he dwell? [cell;
The babe with its mother, the slave in his
Hunter and herdsman, abroad in the field,
Chieftain and soldier, each one by his shield;
How vary those first-born in fortune and fame! [same;
But traverse wide Egypt, their fate is the
Not by the pestilence, not by the sword,
But smitten in slumber, the slain of the Lord:
Of their late breathing thousands alone may be said, [dead!"
"They lay down the living, they lie now the

Burst forth, glorious sun, on this day long decreed; [freed!
The haughty are humbled, the captives are
Farewell to four ages of bondage and fears;
Farewell to the land they have moistened with tears;

The tribes of the chosen are gathering fast;
Their late lords are crouching—farewell to the past!
They need not the splendors of martial array,
Jehovah Himself is the guide of their way;
His bright cloud their banners, His arm their own shield;
Stern rocks shall be fountains, the desert a field!
Oh shine as at noontide, great sun! on this host,
And symbol the glories their future shall boast;
And thou, hoary Ocean, with all thy wild waves,
Cease, cease thy vain roaring, wind rest in thy caves;
Make ready a path through the dark depths of old,
For Judah must pass like a flock to the fold;
But Egypt shall follow, priest, people, and throne;
Then rage, mighty Ocean, that host is thine own.

M. J. J.

3360. EGYPT LEFT BEHIND.

Zechariah x : 10.

Rise, my soul, thy God directs thee,
Stranger hands no more impede;
Pass thou on, His strength protects thee,
Strength that has the captive freed.
Is the wilderness before thee,
Desert lands where drought abides?
Heavenly springs shall there restore thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.

Light divine surrounds thy going,
God Himself shall mark thy way;
Secret blessings, richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.
God, thine everlasting portion,
Feeds thee with the mighty's meat;
Saved from Egypt's hard extortion,
Egypt's food no more to eat.

Art thou weaned from Egypt's pleasures?
God, in secret, shall thee keep;
There unfold His hidden treasures,
There His love's exhaustless deep.
In the desert God will teach thee
What the God that thou hast found,
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy:
All His grace shall there abound.

On to Canaan's rest still wending,
E'en thy wants and woes shall bring
Suited grace from high descending,
Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.
Though thy way be long and dreary,
Eagle strength He'll still renew;
Garments fresh and feet unweary,
Tell how God had brought thee through.

When to Canaan's long-loved dwelling
Love divine thy foot shall bring,
There, with shouts of triumph swelling,
Zion's songs in rest to sing.
There no stranger-God shall meet thee;
Stranger thou in courts above!
He who to His rest shall greet thee,
Greets thee with a well-known love

3361. EGYPT, The Flight into.

Matthew ii : 13, 14.

'Tis noon—the sun is in the sky;
And from his broad and burning ray
To groves and glens the shepherds fly
Where welcome shade excludes the day,
Or rest, where sparkling waters play
Like fairy streams of liquid gold,
Such as mysterious legends say
Around the Fire-King's palace rolled.

Behold yon scattered group recline
Beneath a tall oak's ample shade,
A form of manly port benign,
And one who seems a loveliest maid,
Save that within her arms is laid,
An Infant like his mother fair;
Though never earth-born babe displayed
Such beauties as are blended there.

No tints of healthful crimson glow
In that fair Infant's polished cheek;
Paler His brow than mountain snow,
His dove-like eyes serenely meek.
No smiles around His lips bespeak
The joy of heart to childhood given:
But vain, oh, vain it were to seek
For charms of earth in Child of Heaven!

For this is He, the mystic Child!
Yea, this the Virgin's promised Son!
Behold the mother undefiled!
Behold her babe, the Holy One!
And do they wander forth alone,
By Israel slighted or forgot;
And, when the Highest seeks "His own,"
Do even "His own" receive Him not?

Yes! from a despot's fell decree,
To seek a foreign home they fly;
And, Egypt, once again in thee
Shall dwell the Holy Family.
Where erst in bitter slavery
Sad Israel mourned his joyless doom;
There shall he now his Light descry;
Thence shall his God, his Glory, come!

O happy mother! happiest far
Of all who felt a mother's throes!
What though no more the mystic star
Above thy path through darkness glows,
When gazing on the calm repose
Of Him, thy cherished Babe divine:
The bliss earth's fondest mother knows,
Oh! can it give a thought of thine?

Thomas Dale.

3362. EGYPT, The Hope of.

The oar is dipping in the waves,
  That bear me on their watery wings.
Farewell to Egypt's land of graves!
  Farewell, the monuments of kings!
They died; and changed the living throne
For chambers of the mountain stone.

I trod the vast sepulchral halls,
  Designed their lifeless dust to keep,
And read upon the chiselled walls
  The emblems of their final sleep;
And learned, that when they bowed to die
They hoped for immortality.

Dark was the way. They knew not how
  That other life would come again,
To rend the flinty mountain's brow,
  That overlooks the Theban plain.
But if aright their hearts they read,
The rocks at last would yield their dead.

Oh yes! The instincts of the heart,
  In every land, in every clime,
The great, ennobling truth impart,
  That life has empire over time.
Death for eternal life makes room,
And heaven is born upon the tomb.

They saw the end, but not the way,
  The life to come, but not the power;
And felt, when called in dust to lay,
  The dust and anguish of the hour.
O Christ! By Thee the word is spoken;
The power is given; the tomb is broken.

Thomas C. Upham.

3363. ELAH, The Vale of.

1 Samuel xvii: 40–42.

In Elah's vale, at summer eve,
  The pilgrim oft delays,
O'er the now faded joys to grieve
  For Israel's brighter days;
And lingers 'neath the silent shade
  Of many an olive wood,
Where once, in glittering lines arrayed,
  The hostile legions stood.

In Elah's vale a brook's cool waves
  With silvery lustre gleam,
And many a lovely floweret laves
  Its blossom in the stream.
The murmuring bee doth revel here,
  And in the sultry ray
Oft doth the way-worn traveller
  His parching thirst allay.

There, in the lapse of ages fled,
  The fearless shepherd took
His weapons from the pebbly bed
  Of this pellucid brook;
Upheld by energy divine,
  As sacred records tell,
And soon the giant Philistine
  Before the stripling fell.

Though dimmed be Israel's glory now,
  Forlorn, but not forsaken,
Hope doth impart a fervent glow,
  The breath of prayer to waken;
That still "the bright and morning star"
  May shed a healing ray,
The harbinger to realms afar
  Of Israel's happier day.

T. G. Nicholas.

3364. EL GHOR, The Rock in.

Dead Petra in her hill-tomb sleeps,
  Her stones of emptiness remain;
Around her sculptured mystery sweeps
  The lonely waste of Edom's plain.

From the doomed dwellers in the cleft
  The bow of vengeance turns not back;
Of all her myriads none are left
  Along the Wady Mousa's track.

Clear in the hot Arabian day
  Her arches spring, her statues climb,
Unchanged, the graven wonders pay
  No tribute to the spoiler, Time!

Unchanged the awful lithograph
  Of power and glory undertrod,
Of nations scattered like the chaff
  Blown from the threshing-floor of God.

Yet shall the thoughtful stranger turn
  From Petra's gates, with deeper awe,
To mark afar the burial urn
  Of Aaron on the cliffs of Hor;

And where upon its ancient guard
  Thy rock, El Ghor, is standing yet,
Looks from its turrets desertward,
  And keeps the watch that God has set.

The same as when in thunders loud
  It heard the voice of God to man,
As when it saw in fire and cloud
  The angels walk in Israel's van.

Or when from Ezion-Geber's way
  It saw the long procession file,
And heard the Hebrew timbrels play
  The music of the lordly Nile;

Or saw the tabernacle pause,
  Cloud-bound, by Kadesh Barnea's wells,
While Moses graved the sacred laws,
  And Aaron swung his golden bells.

Rock of the desert, prophet-sung!
  How grew its shadowing pile at length,
A symbol, in the Hebrew tongue,
  Of God's eternal love and strength.

On lip of bard and scroll of seer,
  From age to age went down the name,
Until the Shiloh's promised year,
  And Christ, the Rock of Ages, came!

The path of life we walk to-day
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod:
We need the shadowing rock, as they;
We need, like them, the guides of God.

God send His angels, Cloud and Fire,
To lead us o'er the desert sand!
God give our hearts their long desire,
His shadow in a weary land!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

3365. ELIJAH.

Malachi iv: 6.

Stern, awful was thy mercy, Tishbite seer,
To close heaven's crystal doors for three long year,
With bands of thy strong prayer, and from men's eyes
To sweep each cloud from the offended skies.
Sure our apostate land is worse than thine,
Nor know we what to seek, what to decline.

Where wast thou wafted o'er earth's azure roof,
Borne on the whirlwind wheel and fiery hoof?
From whence thou camest forth to realms of sight,
With Moses on the mount in radiant light;
And by the gifted eye of faith was seen
In the stern Baptist's vest and awful mien.

From heaven's calm mansions and ethereal cell,
Where thou beyond the summer clouds dost dwell,
Wilt thou again upon the earth appear,
In living form, or type, or vision clear,
To harbinger the great Elisha's sway,
The coming in of the eternal day?

Full much we need thee, and thy mantle strong,
To part the rising waters! Envious wrong
And filial disobedience lift on high
Their swelling waves, and seem to threat the sky.

Isaac Williams.

3366. ELIJAH, Angel's Invitation to.

1 Kings xix: 5.

Christian, did no one, thinkest thou, behold thee,
What time thou faintedst in the noonday heat?
Heard'st thou no angel's voice which sweetly told thee,
The journey is too great; arise and eat.

An angel's voice? Nay, 'twas thy God that spake it
In fonder tones than angel could repeat;
Himself the food, His own the hands that brake it;
His own the words that bade thee, Rise and eat.

O fainting, faltering wanderer, art thou able
Still to refuse thy suppliant God's request?
Be filled, ye hungry, from My bounteous table,
And come, ye weary, I will give you rest.

Oh, may His gracious, oft-urged invitation
Subdue thee with its tones so soft and sweet;
Mayst thou at length, with heartfelt adoration,
And tearful penitence, Arise and eat.

Another banquet is for thee preparing,
Another feast thy longing eyes shall greet;
An angel's voice shall break thy rest, declaring,
Behold, all things are ready; rise and eat.

Lyra Eucharistica.

3367. ELIJAH and the PROPHETS OF BAAL.

1 Kings xviii: 20-40.

The mountain lifts its form on high
Against the azure of the sky;
And far beneath appears in view
The sea, with waves of darker blue.

But what triumphant multitude
Upon that flowery mountain stood?
What acclamations, loud and long,
Arose from that assembled throng?

A prophet of the Lord was there,
With form erect and forehead bare,
And flowing locks of radiant white,
Transfigured in the golden light.

Fearless he stood without dismay,
Surrounded by that strange array;
But well the godless legions knew
That they were false, and he was true.

At Baal's shrine they vainly call,
No sacrificial fire shall fall;
But rocks unhewn, on grassy sod,
Receive the flame when reared to God.

But lo! upon the evening air,
Was heard the prophet's voice in prayer:
"O Lord, the fount of fire unseal;
As Thou art God, Thyself reveal!"

That prayer, so earnest, so intense,
Went up with faith's true eloquence;
And winged from heaven with rushing flame,
The suppliant's awful answer came!

The astonished people, in amaze
Shrink from the preternatural blaze,
Then falling on their faces, cry,
"The Lord, He is the God, most high!"

Oh, vainly had the men of pride,
The living God so long defied!
On stubborn necks the sword He drew,
And priest and idol perished too.

Thus, when a giant wrong has grown,
And Evil builds itself a throne;
When "Who is God?" the proud ones say,
"That we should worship and obey?"

Then, from His ancient seat in heaven,
The word goes forth, the sign is given;
"The Lord is God!" the people cry,
And right shall live, and wrong shall die.

In every age, and everywhere,
The burden of the prophet's prayer,
Though not of fire or vengeful sword,
Shall win an answer from the Lord.
Arthur John Lockhart.

3368. ELIJAH, Antitype of.
2 Kings ii : 11, 12.

See the true Elijah flies,
Lord of those unfolding skies!
Swifter than the whirlwind's wings
Flies the glorious King of kings;
Girt with flames of living fire,
Higher still He soars and higher,
Till He gains His bright abode,
Carries up our hearts to God!

Jesus, dear departing Lord,
Hang we on Thy latest word;
Us who can Thy word receive,
Fatherless Thou wilt not leave:
Though we may a moment mourn,
Yet we look for Thy return;
Now enjoy the earnest given,
Then ascend with Thee to heaven.

Lord of hosts, to Thee we bow,
Israel's car and horsemen Thou!
Shall we not Thy loss deplore,
Whom we see on earth no more?
Ever mindful of Thine own,
Thou for us to heaven art gone,
Gone but to prepare our place,
Room for all the ransomed race.
J. and C. Wesley.

3369. ELIJAH, Ascent of.
2 Kings ii : 11–12.

Servant of God, thy fight is fought;
Servant of God, thy crown is wrought:
Lingerest thou yet upon the joyless earth?
Thy place is now in heaven's high bowers,
Far from this mournful world of ours,
Among the sons of light, that have a different birth.

Thy human task is ended now;
No more the lightning of thy brow
Shall wake strange terror in the soul of guilt;
As when thou wentest forth to fling
The curse upon the shuddering King,
Yet reeking with the blood, the sinless blood, he spilt.

And all that thou hast braved and borne,
The heathen's hate, the heathen's scorn,
The wasting famine, and the galling chain,
Henceforth these things to thee shall seem
The phantoms of a bygone dream;
And rest shall be for toil, and blessedness for pain.

Such visions of deep joy might roll
Through the rapt prophet's inmost soul,
As, with his fond disciple by his side,
He passed with dry and stainless tread
O'er the submissive river's bed,
And took his onward way from Jordan's refluent tide.

High converse held those gifted seers
Of the dark fates of after years,
Of coming judgments, terrible and fast;
The father's crime, the children's woe,
The noisome pest, the victor foe,
And mercy sealed, and truth made manifest at last.

Thus as they reasoned, hark! on high
Rolled back the portals of the sky;
And from the courts of the empyrean dome
Came forth what seemed a fiery car,
On rushing wheels, each wheel a star,
And bore the prophet thence—oh, whither? —to his home!

With head thrown back, and hand upraised,
Long, long that sad disciple gazed,
As his loved teacher passed for aye away:
"Alas, my father!" still he cried,
"One look, one word to soothe and guide!
Chariot and horse are gone from Israel's tents to-day!"

Earth saw the sign; Earth saw and smiled,
As to her Maker reconciled; [along;
With gladder murmur flowed the streams
Unstirred by breath of lightest breeze
Trembled the conscious cedar trees,
And all around the birds breathed gratitude in song.

Death frowned far off his icy frown,
The monarch of the iron crown,
First-born of Sin, the universal foe;
Twice had his baffled darts been vain;
Death trembled for his tottering reign,
And poised the harmless shaft, and drew the idle bow.

. . . . . .

To us between the world and heaven
A rougher path, alas! is given;
Red glares the torch, dark waves the funeral pall;
The sceptred king, the trampled slave,
Go down into the common grave, [all.
And there is one decay, one nothingness for

It is a fearful thing to die!
To watch the cheerful day flit by,
With all its myriad shapes of life and love;
To sink into the dreamy gloom
That broods forever o'er the tomb,
Where clouds are all around, though heaven may shine above!

But still a firm and faithful trust
Supports, consoles, the pure and just:
Serene, though sad, they feel life's joys expire;
And bitter though the death-pang be,
Their spirits through its tortures see
Elijah's car of light, Elijah's steeds of fire.
Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

3370. ELIJAH, Description of.

The Tishbite dread, Elijah, stood in Ahab's ivory hall:
His cloak the skin of mountain goat; his robe a mohair pall;
His garb around his sinewy loins a raw-hide belt confined;
His hair and beard, like raven plumes, streamed dark along the wind;
A strong acacia's spiky stem, scarce smoothed, was in his hand;
His feet were fleshless, callous, bare, and tawny as the sand;
His brow, a soaring crag, o'erhung his swart and shaggy chest,
And 'neath its shades his eyes gleamed keen as eagles from their nest.
Remote from courts, corruption, crime, in that high shepherd land,
With God alone, his soul had grown to stature bold and grand;
And many a wild and lonely glen, and many sublime,
Could tell how agonies with God breed souls that conquer time.
From "Elijah," by George Lansing Taylor.

3371. ELIJAH, Discouragement of.
1 Kings xix : 1-8.

Judea's holy men, in desert caves, [shroud;
From the free light of day themselves did
The fear was on them of untimely graves,
To which by Jezebel their forms were vowed,
A woman, cruel, idolatrous, and proud!
Oh! many were the brows before her pale,
Of men with God's superior gifts endowed,
His priests and prophets, whose firm hearts did fail;
For hundreds had she sacrificed to Baal!

Even Elijah, God's most favored one,
Fled to the desert in his spirit's fear;
And, wearied with his journey, slept alone
Beneath a juniper; where to him there,
In visioned glory, did a form appear—
God's messenger: "Elijah! wake, arise!"
The angel cried to the reposing seer;
"Awake! renew, with these required supplies,
For forty days and nights thy wasted energies!"

Thrilled with the seraph's voice, Elijah rose,
And from his waking eyes the vision fled:
No longer, vexed with shame and Israel's woes,
Called he on God to name him with the dead!
But ate and drank, and on his journey sped,
Sustained with food the angel had supplied;
And by the Lord in spirit to Horeb led,
A cave he found within the mountain side,
And lonely in his grief did there awhile abide.

Thus far from man he dwelt; yet in the eye
Of the All-seeing present, though alone.
A voice he heard; a message from the sky
Stole on his ear, with its mysterious tone:
The playful wind that kissed the caverned stone
Perchance it seemed? No. Well Elijah knew
The voice, with him through years familiar grown:
He heard; and his emotions to subdue
He strove, and girt his loins, and to the cave's mouth drew.

Then gloom was on the mountain, and the flame
Of heaven flashed round him with a fearful light;
And the impetuous winds all wildly came,
Till rocks were rent before them in their flight;
And day, as with anticipated night, [air;
Was black; and thunders shook the murky
An earthquake tossed the mountain in its might;
Yet with all these was God not present there,
In the dread earthquake's shock, the winds nor lightning's glare.

The thunder ceased; the earthquake's violent rush
Was quieted; the lightnings flashed no more;
And in the gentle solitude and hush,
As died away the storm's majestic roar,
The "still small voice" was audible as before:
"What doest thou here, Elijah?" The seer heard,
And on the earth fell prostrate, to adore
That awful Presence, whose mysterious word
Pierced to his inmost heart; then he this plaint preferred:

"Oh! I was jealous for the Lord of hosts,
With Israel vexed, and to the desert fled;
The hand of violence is on all her coasts,
Her altars are o'erturned, her priests have bled;
The temple is profaned, the seers are dead,
The righteous to the unrighteous are a prey,
And for Jehovah, Baal is worshipped;
And I, I only, live to see this day,
Yet even my life they seek, and feign would take away."

Oh, time of trial for the just and true!
Of fiery ordeal to the pure in heart!
A time the lukewarm spirit to subdue!
To cause the weak and wavering to depart;
But not the righteous! No: in them to start
Redoubled zeal, redoubled power to bear
The keenest efforts of the torturer's art;
Nobly to die for God! but not to dare
To breathe at other shrines the voice of praise and prayer.

Yet are there seasons when the spirit seems
Reft of that holy influence, which so well
From lowest degradation oft redeems
Man's frailer sense, that fainly would rebel:
In such an hour it was that Adam fell,
And thence was from his Paradise exiled;
In such an hour Elijah fled, to dwell,
Doubtful to trust in God, with fears beguiled,
In Horeb's mountain cave, a refuge in the wild. *Richard Howitt.*

3372. ELIJAH, Elisha and.
2 Kings ii: 15.

Stern remembrancer of error,
With the lightning of thine eye
Locking with the key of terror
All the portals of the sky,
Calling while the blessing lingers,
Laving flames on Carmel's steep,
Ere the cloud with dewy fingers
Scoops the vapors of the deep:
Man of God, no Christ I see;
What have I to do with thee?

Earth with fire and blood baptizing,
Mingling with the gracious rain,
Then, on wheels of flame uprising,
Shine upon the mount again;
There with wrathful Moses standing,
Smiting with the vengeful rod,
Fire from heaven and earth commanding,
Make thee like the Son of God:
Darkest of the clouded Three,
We will build no house for thee!

Cast thy mantle on another,
Who shall all thy terrors quell,
Kissing father, kissing mother,
Ere he bids the world farewell;
Like thee only once in cursing,
When the scoffing sons rebel,
As the spirit gently nursing,
Save when Ananias fell:
There the Son of God I see;
Prophet, let me cleave to thee!

Thine the still small voice remaining,
Chiding Horeb's stormy blast,
Hushing all the world's complaining;
When the flaming law is past;
Bidding with the minstrel's soothing
All our angry passions cease,
Softened by the spirit's smoothing
All to gentleness and peace,
Perfect love without a fear,
Son of God, I see Thee near!
H. Kynaston.

3373. ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS.
1 Kings xvii: 6.

Elijah's example declares,
Whatever distress may betide,
The saints may commit all their cares
To Him who will surely provide;
When rain long withheld from the earth
Occasioned a famine of bread,
The prophet, secured from the dearth,
By ravens was constantly fed.

More likely to rob than to feed
Were ravens who lived upon prey;
But when the Lord's people have need,
His goodness will find out a way:
This instance to those may seem strange
Who know not how faith can prevail;
But sooner all nature shall change
Than one of God's promises fail.

Nor is it a singular case:
The wonder is often renewed;
And many can say, to His praise,
He sends them by ravens their food:
Thus worldlings, though ravens indeed,
Though greedy and selfish their mind,
If God has a servant to feed,
Against their own wills can be kind.

Thus Satan, that raven unclean,
Who croaks in the ears of the saints,
Compelled by a power unseen
Administers oft to their wants;
God teaches them how to find food,
From all the temptations they feel;
This raven who thirsts for my blood
Has helped me to many a meal.

How safe and how happy are they
Who on the good shepherd rely!
He gives them out strength for their day,
Their wants he will surely supply;
He ravens and lions can tame,
All creatures obey his command:
Then let me rejoice in his name,
And leave all my cares in His hand.
John Newton.

3374. ELIJAH IN THE WILDERNESS.
1 Kings xix: 1–9.

When from before the threatening queen
Far, for his life, the prophet fled,
He durst not seek the fields of green,
But straightway to the desert sped.

There, 'neath the juniper, he came
To make its flavoring shade his rest,
For languor bent his aged frame,
And heavier woe his heart oppressed.

Losing his trust, that weary day,
He lifts the murmuring voice on high:
"Now take, O Lord, my life away!
It is enough—now let me die!"

As thus he lay amid the waste,
His faithful God beheld him there,
And, pitying, bade His angel haste
His grief to soothe, his meal prepare.

Then rose the seer His name to bless,
Who for the houseless wanderer spread
A table in the wilderness,
And there with strengthening waters fed.

3375. ELIJAH IN THE WILDERNESS.

Thus prayed the prophet in the wilderness:
"God of my fathers! look on my distress;
My days are spent in vanity and strife.
Oh that the Lord would please to take my life!
Beneath the clods through this lone valley spread,
Fain would I join the generation dead!"

Heaven deigned no answer to that murmuring prayer:
Silence that thrilled the blood alone was there;
Down sunk his weary limbs, slow heaved his breath,
And sleep fell on him with a weight like death.
Dreams raised by evil spirits hovered near,
Thronged with strange thoughts and images of fear;
The abominations of the Gentiles came:
Detested Chemosh, Moloch clad with flame,
Ashtaroth, queen of heaven, with moony crest,
And Baal, sunlike, high above the rest,
Glared on him, gnashed their teeth, then sped away
Like ravening vultures to their carrion-prey,
Where every grove grew darker with their rites,
And blood ran reeking down the mountain heights.
But to the living God, throughout the land,
He saw no altar blaze, no temple stand;
Jerusalem was dust, and Zion's hill,
Like Tophet's valley, desolate and still:
The prophet drew one deep desponding groan,
And his heart died within him like a stone.

An angel's touch the dire entrancement broke,
"Arise and eat, Elijah!" He awoke,
And found a table in the desert spread,
With water in the cruse beside his head;
He blessed the Lord, who turned away his prayer,
And feasted on the heaven-provided fare;
Then sweeter slumber o'er his senses stole,
And sunk like life new-breathed into his soul.
And dream brought David's city on his sight:
Shepherds were watching o'er their flocks by night,
Around them uncreated splendor blazed,
And heavenly hosts their hallelujahs raised;
A theme unknown since sin to death gave birth,
"Glory to God! good-will and peace on earth!"
They sang; his heart responded to the strain,
Though memory sought to keep the words in vain.
The vision changed: amid the gloom serene
One star above all other stars was seen;
It had a light, a motion of its own,
And o'er a humble shed in Bethlehem shone.
He looked, and lo! an infant newly born,
That seemed cast out to poverty and scorn,
Yet Gentile kings its advent came to greet,
Worshipped, and laid their treasure at its feet.
Musing what this mysterious Babe might be,
He saw a sufferer stretched upon a tree;
Yet while the victim died, by men abhorred,
Creation's agonies confessed Him Lord.
Again the angel smote the slumberer's side:
"Arise and eat; the way is long and wide."
He rose and ate, and with unfainting force
Through forty days and nights upheld his course.
Horeb, the mount of God, he reached, and lay
Within a cavern till the cool of day.
"What dost thou here, Elijah?" Like the tide
Brake that deep voice through silence. He replied,
"I have been very jealous for thy cause,
Lord God of Hosts! for men make void Thy laws;
Thy people have thrown down Thy altars slain
Thy prophets—I, and I alone, remain;
My life with reckless vengeance they pursue,
And what can I against a nation do?"

"Stand on the mount before the Lord, and know
That wrath or mercy at My will I show."
Anon the power that holds the winds let fly
Their devastating armies through the sky;
Then shook the wilderness, the rocks were rent,
As when Jehovah bowed the firmament,
And trembling Israel, while he gave the law,
Beheld his symbols, but no image saw.
The storm retired, nor left a trace behind;
The Lord passed by: He came not with the wind.
Beneath the prophet's feet the shuddering ground
Clave, and disclosed a precipice profound,
Like that which opened to the gates of hell,
When Korah, Dathan, and Abiram fell;
Again the Lord passed by, but unrevealed;
He came not with the earthquake—all was sealed.

A new amazement! vale and mountain turned
Red as the battle-field with blood, then burned

Up to the stars, as terrible a flame
As shall devour this universal frame;
Elijah watched it kindle, spread, expire;
The Lord passed by: He came not with the fire.

A still small whisper breathed upon his ear;
He wrapped his mantle round his face with fear;
Darkness that might be felt involved him;
With expectation of a voice to come, [dumb
He stood upon the threshold of the cave
As one long dead, just risen from the grave,
In the last judgment. Came the voice and cried,
"What dost thou here, Elijah?" He replied,
"I have been very jealous for thy cause,
Lord God of Hosts! for men make void Thy laws;
Thy people have thrown down Thine altars, slain
Thy prophets—I, and I alone, remain;
My life with ruthless violence they pursue,
And what can I against a nation do?"

"My day of vengeance is at hand: the year
Of My redeemed shall suddenly appear.
Go thou, anoint two kings, and in thy place
A prophet to stand up before My face;
Then he who 'scapes the Syrian's sword shall fall
By his whom to Samaria's throne I call;
And he who 'scapes from Jehu, in that day,
Him shall the judgment of Elisha slay.
Yet hath a remnant been preserved by Me:
Seven thousand souls who never bowed the knee
To Baal's image, nor have kissed his shrine;
These are My jewels, and they shall be Mine
When to the world My righteousness is shown,
And, root and branch, idolatry o'erthrown."

So be it, God of truth! yet why delay?
With Thee a thousand years are as one day;
Oh crown Thy people's hopes, dispel their fears,
And be to-day with Thee a thousand years!
Cut short the evil, bring the blessed time.
Avenge thine own elect from clime to clime;
Let not an idol in Thy path be spared,
All share the fate which Baal long hath shared;
Nor let seven thousand only worship Thee:
Make every tongue confess, bow every knee;
Now o'er the promised kingdoms reign Thy Son,
Our Lord through all the earth, His name be one!
Hast Thou not spoken? Shall it not be done?

James Montgomery.

3376. ELIJAH ON CARMEL.

1 Kings xviii: 42.

In the presence of approaching good,
On Carmel's height the prophet stood;
And though the blazing sun had spread
A sky of brass above his head; [knew
Though the parched earth through years nor
The gracious rain nor gentle dew;
Strong in the promise and the power,
Faith's ear drank in the coming shower,
And now with prayer he waits the hour.

Six times the prophet's servant gave
His eager glances to the wave,
But the horizon made no sign
Across its hard and burning line.
But faith is strong; he looked again:
A small cloud issued from the main,
Small as the least of clouds that lie
Like snow-flakes on a summer sky.
Within him leaped the prophet's soul
As on the spreading blessing stole; [bowed,
Till with their freight the dark heavens
And rushed the torrent long and loud,
And Judah's parched and withered sod
Now felt a long-neglected God.

How oft, like Judah, we have known
No God but idols of our own;
Our soul's best powers, all high desires
Withered by sins consuming fires!
Forgive us, Lord, and from above
Drop gentle dews that nourish love,
Till the full tide of grace divine
Rush on our hearts and make us Thine.

Snow.

3377. ELIJAH ON HOREB.

1 Kings xix: 9–13.

Away from the city and gay resort,
Where the bustling multitudes throng;
From the palace-hall and the temple-court,
From the revel of dance and song!
Away from a people that spurn their Lord,
From the perilous struggle and strife,
From the maddening queen and the menacing sword—
Away, in escape for life! [

Let me stand on the spot where the old seer
In the mountain's wild retreat, [stood,
By the bush that burned with the fire of God,
And hearkened with naked feet!
Perchance where he stood on that holy ground,
And heard the unspeakable name,
I shall find the dread face of the God he found,
And the voice of the great I AM. [

Let me hide 'neath the cloud of glory that swept
O'er the seer in the cleft of the rock,
Where the thunders pealed and the lightnings leapt,
And the earthquake heaved its shock!
Perchance I shall come to the burning throne
Whence the Voice proclaimed the law,
And the people shrank from its dreadful tone,
And shuddered with breathless awe.

Through the desert wilds the prophet trod,
On his journey of many days,
Till he saw the hoary mount of God
Uplift to his wistful gaze;
And there on the sacred ground he bowed,
And moaned out his plaintful cry:
"Let me see Thy face, O Thou hidden God,
Let me hear Thy voice, and die!"

He looked in the burning blue of the sky,
No God shone there in the light!
He looked on the pinnacled summits high,
No God throned there in the height!
He looked in the gloom of the hollow cave,
And listened with awe-struck fear;
The brooding darkness no answer gave,
Save the whisper: "What doest thou here?"

The tempest tore through the mountain chasm:
No God did rend the rock!
The earthquake upheaved the ground with its spasm:
No God was in the shock!
The thunderbolt gleamed its flashes of ire:
No God was in the flame!
Nor whirlwind nor earthquake nor lightning's fire
Voice the word of the great I AM!

Apart at last from the roar and the rush,
Apart from the deafening din,
In the whirlwind's lull and the cavern's hush,
He turned his ear within,
Where the pulses throb with their measured beat,
'Neath the bosom's rise and fall,
And he caught the murmur, so sad, so sweet,
Of the voice so still and small.

So still! As when in the hush of the breeze
Steals a murmured monotone,
And the silence breathes to the listening trees
Its secret in plaintful moan!
So small! As when in the distant throb
Of surges upon the shore,
The ocean sighs in the smothered sob—
Its might in the muffled roar!

So still and small on his ear it stole,
He knew not from whence it came,
But knew 'twas the echo of his soul
To the voice of the great I AM!
And with face enwrapped in his prophet's pall,
With spirit subdued and awed,
He stood to hear in its mystic call
The will and the word of God!

What doest thou here, O thou man of God?
Not here on the mountain's crest,
Not here in the roar of the thunders loud,
But within thy conscious breast;
Not there in the rush of the bustling crowd,
Not there in the altar-flame,
But in souls that never to idols have bowed,
Hear the voice of the great I AM!

Go back to the palace and temple-court,
And brave the edge of the sword!
Go back to the city and thronged resort,
With the still small voice of the Lord!
Go stand in thy place and utter His will,
In the ears of the court and the crowd,
Till the hearts of the multitude tremble and thrill
With the still small voices of God!

And the breath of thy spirit's hot desire,
And the word that burns in thy bones,
Shall uplift thee on wings and wheels of fire,
In thy flight to my burning thrones;
And the spirit dropped with thy prophet's pall
Shall light through the ages its flame,
In the souls that hear, so still and small,
The voice of the great I AM!

"What doest thou here?" "What doest thou there?"
O soul! hear the voices within,
Rebuking thy doubt and dark despair,
Dispelling thy sorrow and sin!
Whose sound is the roll of the wheels of fire,
And the rush of the steeds of flame,
That speed thee to duty, still swifter and higher,
On thy course to the great I AM!

Homer N. Dunning.

3378. ELIJAH ON HOREB.

1 Kings xix: 9–14.

On Horeb's brow the Tishbite stands,
Encompassed round with burning sands;
He felt the sullen earthquake's shock,
The heaving ground, the reeling rock;
Beheld the whirlwind's awful force,
Rending the mountains in its course,
And fire that seemed to fill the sky,
Showing that Israel's God drew nigh.
Distinctly in the desert drear
A still small voice now strikes his ear,
"Elijah, say, what dost thou here?"

"I have been jealous for the Lord,
Contemning Ahab's cruel sword;
And stood on Carmel's height unmoved,
Where I Thy people's sin reproved;
For they Thy altars have o'erthrown,
Thy prophets slain, and I alone
Assert the honor of Thy name."
With whom now dwells this holy flame,
If the great Judge should now appear?
How few like him, with heart sincere,
Durst thus avow what do they here!

Am I then jealous for the Lord,
Or, like to Israel, scorn His word?
Like them, are idols my desire?
Quench I like them the Spirit's fire?
Alas! when with Thy saints I pray,
To realms remote my thoughts will stray,
Intent on schemes of worldly pleasure,
Ambition's dream or earth-born treasure,
Till, roused, I start with sudden fear,
As conscience whispers in my ear,
"Can God approve what thou dost here?"

O Lord! henceforward let it be
My whole desire to follow Thee,

To glory in my Saviour's cross,
And all beside to count as dross;
Elijah-like, each sin I'll slay,
Like him each high command obey;
Press forward on the narrow road,
Deriving strength and hope from God,
Then Death's dread voice I need not fear;
Jesus shall whisper in mine ear,
"My servant, thou hast well done here!"
Skeen.

3379. ELIJAH PRAYING FOR RAIN.

1 Kings xviii: 42-45.

The watcher stood on Carmel's height,
With eager, longing eye,
Gazing across the sobbing sea,
Scanning the burning sky;
While with bowed head between his knees,
Scorched by the sun's fierce glow,
The prophet, pressed with anguish sore,
Prayed in the vale below;

Watched for the coming of the cloud.
Prayed for the blessed rain,
To shade the burning of the sky,
To cheer the earth again;
The cloud with wind, like breath of God,
Among the thick tree-tops,
The rain, like rush of angels' wings,
Murm'rous with pattering drops.

"Nothing! nothing!" the watcher cried,
"No cloud, no sign of rain!
The same fierce sun that burns the earth
Burns o'er the watery main."
Again the prophet bowed his head
Between his knees and prayed;
Again the watcher's eye looked for
The blessing still delayed.

"Nothing! nothing!" the watcher cried,
"No cloud, no sign of rain!"
The prophet, laboring in prayer,
Bowed 'twixt his knees again.
And thus twice, thrice, seven times they
With faith that cannot fail, [strive,
One watching on the mount above,
One wrestling in the vale!

"Oh! can it be the God whose breath
Burns like consuming fire,
Scorching the earth and sky and sea
With blast of judgment dire?
Oh! can it be the God whose flame
Consumes the sacrifice?
The wood, stones, water, all ablaze
In incense to the skies.

"Oh! can it be this God whose wrath
Our prostrate souls approve,
So burning in His holiness,
Is not a God of love?
O Heaven! for thy dear mercy's sake,
Accept our sacrifice!
Dissolve this spell of burning wrath,
Oh, melt these brazen skies!"

Seven times the two souls watched and
Seven times with faith and hope, [prayed,
When from the sea a little cloud
Pushes its finger up.
A hand! a hand! a cloud-formed hand!
The hand God's chosen find
Always revealed to point before
When God is close behind!

And swelling in proportions vast
Reveals an awful form;
God coming in His majesty,
God in the blessed storm;
Blackening the heavens with clouds and
Pouring the welcome rain; [wind,
Filling the thirsty earth with floods
Of life and joy again!

O watchers on the mountain height!
Stand with eye steadfast there;
O wrestlers in the vale beneath,
Cease not your sevenfold prayer!
God will not always frown: He will
Accept your sacrifice
Of loving hearts and praying hands;
God will in love arise!

A finger, hand, an arm, a form
Of power and grace divine!
The heavens shall swell with blessed showers,
The earth with rain-drops shine!
Oh, dare with loving hearts to bring
The sacrifice of blood!
While Hope stands watching on the mount,
And Faith lays hold on God!
Homer N. Dunning.

3380. ELIJAH, Searching for.

2 Kings ii: 14-17.

When saints forsake our mean abode,
Our hearts should after them ascend;
Inquire, where is Elijah's God,
The God of my translated friend?
His God and mine forever lives,
Giver of immortality,
And who but now my friend receives,
Shall send the chariot soon—for me!

To traverse hills and dales is vain,
Or search the world around;
It cannot bring us to the man
On earth no longer found:
But following Him in holy love,
In zeal, and faith, and prayer,
We soon shall find the seer above,
And share his rapture there.
J. and C. Wesley.

3381. ELIJAH'S FIRE TEST.

1 Kings xviii: 17-40.

Clad in a hairy robe of coarsest weed,
And girt as one for battle or for speed,
He looks no denizen of land so dread,
A land whose living scarce can hide its dead;
But one whose valor never brooked a lord,
Who never stooped to famine, or the swor

But from a land remote had hither come,
To gaze, Himself unmoved, on Israel's doom.
Yet is He all unmoved? 'Twere hard to trace
The deep-wrought feelings of that holy face.
Grief sits upon that forehead broad and high,
Yet 'tis not grief that sparkles from his eye.
There is a fire that springs not of the earth,
That draws from no poetic fount its birth,
But deeper, brighter, holier is its glow,
Than springs from mortal thought—from joy or woe!
It is Elijah; prophet of the Lord, [word,
Fraught with the bearing of His Master's
For him the heavens are shut, the people mourn
For Him, God's prophet, laughed by man to scorn.
He comes at Heaven's behest, to set before
His race a blessing and a curse, once more;
To wake, by mighty signs, that ancient awe
Which Israel felt for Moses and the Law,
And teach her sons that He their sires adored
Is still the same unchanged, unconquered Lord.

The crowds are met on Carmel; 'tis a scene
Such as again will be not, nor hath been.
From utmost Dan, to far Beersheba's bound,
Wherever Israel's name and race are found,
They gather fast; and pour their human tide,
In swelling waves, on Carmel's grassy side.
There sits the monarch on his ivory throne,
With eye of evil fire, and heart of stone.
Around, the ranks of white-stoled prophets stand,
That lift to heathen Baal apostate hand;
While those who consecrate the groves are seen
In rival pride to circle round his queen.
Silence through all that mighty concourse spread,
And stillness, such as fills the heart with dread,
As to the centre of that ring, they scan,
Slowly advancing still, that single man!
They gaze with awe; and as the lines they trace
Of grief and thought upon the well-known face,
Dim recollection dawns of former days,
Ere Israel left his God for crooked ways;
Of meekest Moses, with his rod of might,
The guiding cloud by day, the fire by night,
Of strong-armed Joshua, conquering in the field,
Jephthah and Samson, Israel's sword and shield;
Of David's holy head, God's favorite son,
And all the royal pomp of Solomon.
And when they heard in tones so deep and clear,
The utmost verge of that vast host might hear,
That single, coarse-clad, friendless prophet throw
A proud defiance on his mighty foe;
Dare every friend by magic art or spell,
To struggle for the knee of Israel—
There was a hush, a throbbing of the heart,
A breath suppressed, a half unconscious start,
A pang of hope! a self-convicting prayer,
That He, their long-scorned God, might triumph there!
Oh with what anxious heart and eager eye,
They watched each spell that Baal's prophets try!
Now every ear is turned to catch the sound
Of Baal thundering from the yawning ground;
Now, every eye is gazing on the pyre,
To catch the glance of his consuming fire;
But still no sound is heard, no sight is seen;
The earth is dumb, the elements serene;
And doubt, and grief, and hate the prophet rouse
To tenfold energy of prayer and vows—
Grief for their shame, and hatred to have borne
Elijah's mockery and the people's scorn!
Now sinks the sun on Carmel; 'tis the time
Ere rites unholy bowed the land to crime,
When prayer, with incense-wreath, was wont to rise
The solemn hour of evening sacrifice,
Then stood Elijah by the grassy mound,
Once God's own altar, consecrated ground,
But now a ruined mass of scattered stone,
With bones polluted, and wild weeds o'ergrown.
With reverent hand he raised the levelled shrine,
Performed with holy care each rite divine,
And stood the centre of a nation's eyes,
With hand upraised, before the sacrifice!
His manly form now rose to giant height,
His glowing eye now beamed intenser light;
And as his solemn words fell one by one,
The people stood like monuments of stone.
All was so still the listener might descry
The murmuring Jordan, but his fount was dry!

'Tis done, 'tis done, the prophet's prayer is heard!
The Lord of hosts performs His servant's word;
The fire of heaven, with whirlwind motion, came,
And wrapped the altar in a living flame.
There was a moment lost to all around,
The eye forgot its sight, the ear its sound;
But when the heart and eye their sense regain,
Bullock nor altar, wood nor stone remain!
The shrine in that upraising flame is gone,
And by the mound Elijah stands alone!

Then what a shout when prostrate Israel rose,
Of faith in God, of triumph o'er His foes?
The rocks reply, the immortal cedars nod,
In glad response, "The Lord, He is the God!"

R. P.

3382. ELIJAH'S FIRE TEST.

1 Kings xviii : 20-40.

Then came the word, "Elijah calls!" In
haste the monarch turned;
"Art thou the troubler of this land?" in in-
stant rage he cries:
"Not I, but thou and all thy house," that
iron lip replies;
"Because Jehovah's law ye scorn, in Baal to
delight!
Go, bring all Israel now to me, on Carmel's
hallowed height;
Bring Baal's seers, four hundred men and
fifty, bring them all,
And those four hundred more who feast in
Jezebel's lewd hall!"
The monarch heard; on Carmel's crown now
swarms a countless throng,
With one brave soul to stand for God 'gainst
millions in the wrong.
Then through that throng, with heart on
fire, he preached Jehovah's law
To rouse their hearts to patriot glow, or
thrill with heavenly awe:
"How long thus halt, ignobly dumb, nor
own your Maker's claim!
If He be God, serve Him; if not, then bow
to Baal's shame!"

No answering word! Not one? O God!
can truth be sunk so low,
That not a nation's challenged host one
champion can show?
Oh, sight to make brave angels blush, and
stir the Eternal ire,
When conscious millions, meanly tame, tread
manhood in the mire;
Choke conscience down, and strangle shame,
and 'neath the sun's broad smile
Stand basely weak, flout heaven, and dare,
dare only to be vile!

Then spake the dauntless soul: "I stand
alone, God's prophet here,
But Baal counts four hundred men elate with
royal cheer;
Let them therefore bring bullocks twain, and
choose and slay their own, [alone;
And on a fireless altar pile, invoking Baal
I'll do the same, and call on God, and he
whose flame replies,
Let him be God!" The nation hears, and
answering plaudits rise.

Evasion fled, the steers are brought, and
Baal's offering slain;
From early morn till glowing noon his fol-
lowers howl in vain;
Fierce, frantic, wild, they beat the ground,
and gash their reeking sides;
What time stern satire does its work, and
conquering wit derides:
"Cry out, cry loud! he's sure a god! Per-
haps brown study binds
His absent thoughts, perhaps he wars, or
hunts among his hinds;
Perhaps he journeys, nay, perhaps he takes
his nap at noon;
Bawl louder! split his stupid ears; you'll
surely rouse him soon!"

. . . . . .

Strange imps alone, and goblins weird, flock
gibbering at thy cry;
When God binds these, not hell itself can
mutter one reply.

Then while the sunset hour sped on, in ac-
cents bold and clear,
Elijah bade the attesting tribes to mark his
deed draw near.
God's ancient altar, far renowned in centu-
ries of yore,
A shapeless, moss-grown heap, he rears with
pious care once more;
And twelve fresh stones he adds, each tribe
presenting thus in view
To plead with God that changeless vow made
when the world was new.
The victim bleeds; the pile is scanned by
strict and hostile eyes;
Then, in the gaze of thousand foes, aloud
once more he cries:
"From your perennial fountain pour four
barrels on the shrine,
Once, twice, and thrice!" 'Tis done: on
stole the peaceful hour divine,
The hour of evening sacrifice, when God, of
old attent,
Had heard well pleased man's voice in prayer,
and many an answer sent.

Thenceforth he stood, that one weird man,
before dark Ahab's throne,
While Baal's seers glanced vengeance fell,
and called on God alone.

. . . . . .

Sublime, serene, that lone form looms, em-
bathed in sunset now,
And more than mortal majesty is gleaming
on his brow;
He prays: His few calm, clarion tones on
night's faint zephyrs swell:
"Jehovah, God of Abraham, of Isaac, Israel,
Let it be known this day that Thou in Israel
art Lord,
And I Thy servant all these things have done
but at Thy word!"

He ceased; see! see! a ruddier flash o'er-
spreads the pomp on high!
An awful cloud of beaming fire sweeps eddy-
ing down the sky!
And from its sparkling bosom fall broad
sheets of blinding flame,
While thunders shock the trembling world,
and peal Jehovah's name.
One puff of smoke, the sacrifice consumed in
ashes lies!
And water, dust, and calcined stones have
vanished from their eyes!

The trench alone, with cinders strewn, remains to mark the pyre
Where God most high, at a mortal's cry, answered from heaven by fire!
Then from a prostrate nation rose the long and loud acclaim:
"The Lord is God! the Lord is God! Jehovah is His name!"
From tribe to tribe, from crest to crest, the shout rang glad and free,
Like trumpets echoing through the hills, or thunders of the sea!
"The Lord is God! the Lord is God!" The clouds roll back the sound,
And airy tongues from height to height the answering shout rebound:
Then rose that faithful voice once more: "Take Baal's prophet's, all!
Let none escape!" A nation, roused, obeys the righteous call.
And Kishon's ancient stream, that erst whelmed Jabin's proud array,
With impious gore ran red once more on God's great reckoning day.

From George Lansing Taylor's "Elijah."

3383. ELIJAH'S MANTLE.

2 Kings ii : 11–14.

Elisha, struck with grief and awe,
Cried, "Ah! where now is Israel's stay?"
When he his honored master saw
Borne by a fiery car away.

But while he looked a last adieu,
His mantle as it fell he caught;
The Spirit rested on him too,
And equal miracles he wrought.

"Where is Elijah's God?" he cried,
And with the mantle smote the flood;
His word controlled the swelling tide,
Th' obedient waters upright stood.

The wonder-working gospel, thus
From hand to hand has been conveyed;
We have the mantle still with us,
But where, oh where, the Spirit's aid?

When Peter first his mantle waved,
How soon it melted hearts of steel!
Sinners by thousands then were saved,
But now how few its virtues feel!

Where is Elijah's God, the Lord,
Thine Israel's hope and joy and boast!
Reveal Thine arm, confirm Thy word,
Give us another Pentecost!

John Newton.

3384. ELIJAH, Translation of.

2 Kings ii : 11, 12.

Suitable grace to him is showed
Who burned with fervent zeal for God;
By heavenly fire refined, removed,
Translated to the God he loved,
He without pain obtains the prize,
And mounts immortal to the skies.

Seraphs the fiery horses were,
And cherubs formed the heavenly car;
And lo, in state Elijah rides
To where the glorious God resides!
And thus the everlasting Son
Returned in triumph to His Throne!

J. and C. Wesley.

3385. ELIJAH, Translation of.

By Judah's vales and olive glades,
Where Eastern fruits entwine,
Her bowers of rose and palm-tree shades,
Her fields of corn and wine,
Elijah and Elisha passed,
And well they knew it was the last,
The last dear hour to friendship given
Before the fire-car and the blast
Should bear the prophet up to heaven.

How fondly then Elisha hung
On all his aged master spoke!
How dear each word, that from his tongue
Like dying farewell broke!
Friendship's a sun that ever seems
Brightest in its departing beams,
And never to the full we feel
The depth and warmth, and force of love,
Till death comes in, the gem to steal,
And those so dear have passed above;
Then we discover by the smart
How they entwined around the heart.

They went along, and o'er their head,
High in the fields of air,
Appeared a beauteous cloud of red,
And as against the breeze it fled,
It seemed a seraph fair;
One of those spirits who assume
The lurid flame in all its forms,
To guard, to punish, to consume,
To wield the lightning-sword of storms.

To earth it came,
That beauteous flame,
The friends, who dearly loved, it parted,
Its mantle round
The prophet wound,
Then back to its own heaven it darted;
And oh! Elisha's wildered eyes
Followed his master to the skies,
As we to-day
Perceive the ray
Of glory when a Christian dies!
Sweet parting this, but not for us
To pass to those bright regions thus
We must go through the cold dark stream;
But ah! if faith's celestial beam
Shine over, all will then be bright,
And we scarce need wish for the car of light,
So fair will the waters seem!

J. Edmeston.

3386. ELIM, Marah and.
Exodus xv : 23–27.

To-day 'tis Elim, with its palms and wells,
And happy shade for desert-weariness;
'Twas Marah yesterday, all rock and sand,
Unshaded solitude and bitterness.

Yet the same desert holds them both; the same
Soft breezes wander o'er the lonely ground,
The same low stretch of valley shelters both,
And the same mountains compass them around.

So is it here with us on earth; and so
I do remember it has ever been;
The bitter and the sweet, the grief and joy,
Lie near together but a day between.

Sometimes God turns our bitter into sweet;
Sometimes He gives us pleasant water-springs;
Sometimes He shades us with His pillar-cloud,
And sometimes to a blessed palm-shade brings.

What matters it? The time will not be long;
Marah and Elim will alike be past;
Our desert-wells and palms will soon be done;
We reach the city of our God at last.

O happy land! beyond these lonely hills,
Where gush in joy the everlasting springs!
O holy Paradise! above these heavens,
Where we shall end our desert-wanderings.
Horatius Bonar.

3387. ELIM, Palms of.

At Elim, with its whispering grove of palm,
And clustered wells in cool abundance springing,
Israel encamped, their sighs exchanged for singing,
And Marah's murmurs for a gladsome psalm.
Earth has its Elims still of shadowy calm,
Sweet homes, with gentle vines about them clinging;
And olive branches green—young voices ringing,
And tried affection breathing grateful balm.
Lord, if such love makes glad, such beauty graces,
The desert tracts Thy people tread below;
Such wells of comfort cheer earth's resting-places,
Such pleasant shades relieve the way we go—
That heavenly land itself, how passing fair!
How passing sweet the home that waits us there!
R. Wilton.

3388. ELIPHAZ, The Vision of.
Job iv : 12–21.

'Twas midnight deep; the world was hushed to rest,
And airy visions every brain possessed:
O'er all my frame a horror crept severe,
An ice that shivered every bone with fear;
Before my face a spirit saw I swim,
Erect uprose my hair o'er every limb;
It stood, the spectre stood, to sight displayed,
Yet traced I not the image I surveyed:
'Twas silence dead; no breath the torpor broke,
When thus in hollow voice the vision spoke:
"Shall man his Maker's piercing ken endure?
Before his God shall man be just and pure?
Lo! His own servants falter in His eyes,
His trustiest angels are not always wise.
What are the dwellers, then, in tents of clay,
Sprung from the dust, that into dust decay?
Before the moth they fail; with easier strife
Beat down and plundered of their little life;
From morn to morn they perish, to the ground
Unnoticed drop, and quit their fluttering round;
Their total sum of wisdom, when they die,
An empty boast, a mockery and lie."
John Mason Good.

3389. ELISHA AND THE ANGELS.
2 Kings vi : 13–18.

The cheerful sunbeams hastened up the east,
Chasing the gray mists to the mountain-tops,
And morning bursts upon Gilboa's hills.
The playful kids were leaping o'er the crags:
The little happy birds, that all night long
In the dry clefts had found a nestling-place,
Were flying sunward, singing hymns of praise;
And from the green, awakening vales arose
The sound of bleating herds and lowing kine.
Elisha's servant, issuing early forth
To the day's needful toil, with vigorous step,
Trod a worn path that wound among the rocks.
He paused to gaze upon the enlivening scene,
And hear the harmony of Nature's joy,
And bless the God of morning.
Suddenly
A flash of light unusual struck his eye:
Half doubting, he beheld a line of spears
And burnished shields, that from a neighboring hill
In mocking splendor threw the sunlight back;
And saw, stretched far around, a circle wide
Of rich war-chariots, while horsemen armed
Crowded each mountain-pass and deep defile.
Too well he knew the terrible array—
The Assyrian host, his masters' foes and his!
Fear, like an inward demon, blanched his cheek,
Stared from his eye, and shook his nerveless limbs.
Poor feeble man! why, e'en the little birds,
That sung so blithely o'er the frightful chasms,
Had taught him stronger confidence than this.
Yet, weak as he, how often we forget

That in our great All-seeing Father's sight,
We are worth more than sparrows!
Back he turned
Unto the prophet's dwelling, nor did rest
Till, faint with terror, at his feet he fell.
The man of God upon his threshold stood,
His forehead bared unto the streaming light,
And inspiration beaming from his eye.
Doth he not tremble? Nay; the cedar tree
That stands in unmoved grandeur at his side
Is not more firm than he. Calmly he scans
The panoply of war before him spread,
As 'twere a flock reposing in the shade.
He hears his prostrate servant's stifled cry,
"Alas, my master! how shall we escape?"
How foolish must such fright have seemed to him
Whose eyes the Lord had opened! Should he deign
To speak a soothing word and lull his fears?
If man might e'er be proud, 'twas surely he
Who had been singled out from common men
To be an oracle unto his kind.
His was the dignity sublime of one
Who feels divinity within him burn,
And thinks the thoughts and speaks the words of God.
But haughtiness belongs to narrow souls,
And wisdom is too Godlike to be proud.
Elisha owned himself of kindred dust
With that frail trembler. Mildly he replied:
"Fear thou no more; for lo! a mightier force
Than all yon heathen host, is on our side."
"But where?" the servant's doubtful glance inquires.
The prophet answered not, but clasped his hands,
Looked up to heaven, and prayed in tones subdued,
"Lord, open thou his eyes that he may see!"
How changed the scene! These rocks, that lately lay
Opaque and dull beneath the azure sky,
Are robed in glory that outshines the sun,
Embattled legions gird the prophet round
With blazoned banners and heaven-tempered spears;
Horses and chariots, in whose fiery sheen
The pomp of Syria's army but appears
Like a dim candle in the noonday blaze:
The mount is full of angels!
Blest were we,
When every earthly prospect is shut in,
And all our mortal helpers disappear,
If with faith's eye undimmed and opened wide,
We might behold the blessed angel-troop,
Which God, our God, has promised shall encamp
Round those who fear His name. Our sickly doubts,
That flit like foul night-ravens o'er our soul,
Would hush their screams and fly before the dawn,
And we should learn to fear no evil thing,
And in Adversity's grim gaze could smile.
Sometimes, when wandering in a labyrinth
Whence we can find no clue, and all is dark,
We wonder why our spirits do not die.
Perhaps, in secret bowed, some holy soul
Utters for us the prophet's kind request;
And we, though dimly, are allowed to see
The prints of angels' feet along the road;
And our hearts, beating lightly, follow on
After the steps that sound before, albeit
Uncertain whose they are, though we are sure
Of a safe outlet from the tangled way.

Father of Spirits! Saviour of our souls!
Let heavenly guides go with us down life's way;
And when we come unto that river's brink,
Upon whose other bank in light and love
We shall be as the angels, then we know
Thou wilt be near us, though this earth-born clay,
Shrinking in mortal terror from the plunge
Which shall release its tenant unto bliss,
May with foreboding clouds obscure our faith
And hide Thy presence. Oh! hear now one prayer,
Which then our hearts may be too faint to breathe,
"Lord, open Thou our eyes, that we may see!"
Lucy Larcom.

3390. ELISHA, Chamber for.

2 Kings iv: 8–10.

"Little chamber" built "upon the wall,"
With stool and table, candlestick and bed,
Where he might sit, or kneel, or lay his head,
At night or sultry noontide; this was all
A prophet's need: but in that chamber small,
What mighty prayers arose, what grace was shed;
What gifts were given, potent to wake the dead,
And from its viewless flight a soul recall!

And still what miracles of grace are wrought
In many a lowly chamber with shut door,
Where God our Father is in secret sought,
And shows Himself in mercy more and more!
Dim upper rooms with God's own glory shine,
And souls are lifted to the life divine.
Rev. R. Wilton.

3391. ELISHA, Helpers of.

2 Kings 6: 13–18.

They gathered round the mountain's slope,
The vast embattled host,
In all the martial blazonry
That Syria's king could boast!
Warriors in bravery of mail,
With sword and spear and shield,
With chariot wheel and prancing steed,
Careering o'er the field.

Oh, grandly on the bannered host
Looked forth the rising sun!
Oh, brightly through the crystal air
Helmet and corselet shone!
And all their spangled panoply
Flung back the sunlight's gleam,
As if the horses were of fire,
The chariots of flame!

In all their pageantry and pride,
In serried ranks they stood,
Around the modest home where dwelt
The humble man of God.
What single heart will dare confront,
What might of single hand,
Will hope to brave this bold array,
Their bristling ranks withstand?

The servant of the man of God,
When bursts upon his gaze
The vision of the circling bands,
Stands in bewildered maze;
His blinded eye of sense can see
Naught but the earthly host:
"Alas!" in blank dismay he cries,
"My master! we are lost!"

No terror shook the prophet's soul:
Uplifted in that hour
His spirit on its Helper leaned,
And felt an unseen Power.
Warriors of heaven, a shining host,
Around his dwelling hem;
"Fear not," he cries, "for those with us
Are more than those with them."

And answering the prophet's prayer,
Upon his servant's eyes
The vision of the angelic host
Flashes with glad surprise!
Ten thousand times ten thousand strong,
Around, above, they stand,
In serried rank a solid front,
Band rising beyond band!

What wonder that the prophet's soul
The hosts of earth defied,
When thronging spirits fill the skies,
And Heaven stands by his side!
What wonder that the Syrian bands
Give way without a blow,
Stunned by a stroke they knew not whence,
Blinded they knew not how!

O ye that stand for truth and God,
Trust not your mortal sight!
Fear not the thronging multitudes,
Fear not their marshalled might!
One soul in panoply of heaven
Is stronger than their host!
The cause which God befriends cannot
Outnumbered be, or lost!

Celestial hosts muster their ranks,
Waving on high their swords;
Voices of God, voices of heaven,
Speak through their burning words!
Brighter than flaming chariot,
Stronger than fiery horse,
All heaven is marshalled on your side—
God and the Universe!

Homer N. Dunning.

3392. ELISHA IN DOTHAN.

2 Kings vi: 8–23.

'Tis night! and the tempest
Is rushing through heaven;
The oaks on the hills
By the lightnings are riven:
The rain in the valleys
Falls heavy and chill;
And the cataract bursts
In the bed of the rill.
Wild home for the Syrian,
On Hermon's white brow!
While the gust bears along
The scoff and the song,
From Israel's proud tents,
In the forest below.

'Tis midnight, deep midnight,
The hour for surprise!
From the storm-shattered ridges
The warriors arise:
Now the Syrian is marching
Through storm and through snow,
On the revel of Israel
To strike the death-blow.
No light guides his march,
But the tempest's red glare;
No ear hears his tramp
In Israel's doomed camp.
The hunters have driven,
The deer to its lair!

Now, wild as the wolf
When the sheepfold is nigh,
They shout for the charge,
"Let the Israelite die!"
Still no trumpet has answered,
No lance has been flung,
No torch has been lighted,
No arrow has sprung.
They pour on the rampart,
The tents stand alone!
Through the gust and the haze
The watch-fires still blaze,
But the warriors of Israel
Like shadows are gone!

Then spake the king's sorcerer:
"King, wouldst thou hear
How these Israelite slaves
Have escaped from thy spear:
Know their prophet Elisha
Has spells to unbind
The words on thy lip,
Nay, the thoughts in thy mind.
Though the secret were deep
As the grave, 'twould be known.
The serpent has stings,
And the vulture has wings,
But he's serpent and vulture
To thee and thy throne!"

'Tis morning: they speed
Over mountain and plain.
'Tis noon: yet no chieftain
Has slackened the rein.
'Tis eve: and the valleys
Are dropping with wine,
But no chieftain has tasted
The fruit of the vine
To Dothan the horseman
And mailed charioteer
Are speeding like fire;
Their banquet is ire,
For the scorner of Syria,
Elisha, is there!

On thy battlements, Dothan:
That evening was woe;
There fell the fierce hail
Of the lance and the bow.
Yet still from the towers
The banners were hung,
And still from the ramparts
The stormers were flung.
But the fire-shafts are showered
On roof and on wall;
And the cry of despair
Rises wild on the air,
For Dothan, that Eve,
Must be rescued, or fall!

Hark! the ramparts are scaled,
All rush to the gate;
'Tis the moment of terror,
The moment of fate!
And men tore their garments,
And women their hair:
But Elisha came forth
From the chamber of prayer.
Like thunder his voice
O'er the multitude rolled:
"Jehovah, arise!
Pour Thy light on our eyes;
And show Israel the shepherds
Who watch o'er Thy fold."

The mountain horizon
Was burning with light;
On its brow stood the Syrian,
In glory and might;
Proud waved to the sunset
The banner's rich fold:
Proud blazed the gemmed turbans,
And corselets of gold.
And loud rose the taunt
Of the infidel's tongue:
"Ho! Israelite slaves,
This night sees your graves;
And first from your walls
Shall Elisha be flung!"

At the word stooped a cloud
From the crown of the sky!
In its splendors the sun
Seemed to vanish and die.
From its depths poured a host
Upon mountain and plain,
There was seen the starred helm,
And the sky-tinctured vane,
And the armor of fire,
And the seraph's bright wing;
But no eyeball dared gaze
On the pomp of the blaze,
As their banner unfolded
The name of their King!

But where are the foe!
Like a forest o'erblown,
In their ranks, as they stood,
Their squadrons are strown!
No banner is lifted,
No chariot is wheeled;
On earth lies the turban,
On earth lies the shield.
There is terror before them,
And terror behind;
Now, proud homicide,
Thou art smote in thy pride,
The Syrian is captive,
His host are struck blind!

There were writhings of agony,
Yells of despair,
And eyeballs turned up,
As if seeking the glare;
And sorcerers howling
To Baal in vain,
The madness of tongue,
And the madness of brain!
And groups of pale chieftains,
Awaiting in gloom,
Till the Israelite sword
In their bosoms was gored;
While the shoutings of Dothan
Seemed shoutings of doom!

But they knew not Elisha,
They knew not his Lord,
Unsubdued by the sword,
They were spared by the sword.
Sad, silent, and slow,
Like a funeral train,
They were led by the hand,
Over mountain and plain.
Alone by the might
Of Jehovah o'erthrown;
No drop of their blood
Stained forest or flood,
Till the host o'er the borders
Of Israel were gone!

Those, those were the triumphs
Of Israel of old!
And those were the shepherds
Who guarded the fold.
But the leopard was loosed
From his thickets again,
And the flock of the chosen
Were scattered and slain.
But visions are rising,
Mysterious and grand:
The trumpet shall sound,
And the dead be unbound,
For the night is far spent,
And the day is at hand!

George Croly.

3393. ELISHA, The Prayer of.

2 Kings iv : 32–36.

The door is shut! Let none intrude
On that momentous solitude:
Elisha is alone!
Alone, beside that lifeless boy,
But yesterday so full of joy,
Now motionless as a stone!

The door is shut; but God is there,
The living God who answers prayer:
What will the issue be?
A glorious answer comes ere long,
A prayer is quenched in thankful song:
Where, Death, thy victory?

Desponding Christian! Why not share
This glorious privilege of prayer,
And share its great reward?
'Tis secret prayer that wins the day,
Not prayerless effort! Rise and pray!
Thine is Elisha's God!

Enter thy closet: wrestle there,
With faith's "effectual fervent prayer,"
Till death shall change to life;
Till hope out of the dust shall spring,
And joyous notes of praise shall ring
Out of the bitter strife.

Go on in faith, go on in prayer;
Order thy cause before Him there;
It cannot but prevail.
The things impossible with men
Grow possible with God again:
His power cannot fail.

Fear not, though face to face with death!
Only invoke the Living Breath,
To breathe upon the slain!
Once thou thyself wast lying there,
As dead as he! canst thou despair?
Arise, and pray again!

Go, stretch thyself upon the dead,
Thou living proof that Christ has said,
"Ask, and ye shall receive!"
O claim His promise! "Ask" once more!
Thou shalt receive a boundless store,
"If"—"if thou canst believe!"

Catharine Hankey.

3394. EMMAUS.

Luke xxiv : 29.

Abide with us, the evening shades
Begin already to prevail;
And as the lingering twilight fades,
Dark clouds along th' horizon sail.

Abide with us, the night is chill;
And damp and cheerless is the air:
Be our companion, Stranger, still,
And Thy repose shall be our care.

Abide with us, Thy converse sweet
Has well beguiled the tedious way,
With such a friend we joy to meet,
We supplicate Thy longer stay.

Abide with us, for well we know
Thy skill to cheer the gloomy hour,
Like balm Thy honeyed accents flow,
Our wounded spirits feel their power.

Abide with us, and still unfold
Thy sacred, Thy prophetic lore;
What wond'rous things of Jesus told!
Stranger, we thirst, we pant for more.

Abide with us, and still converse
Of Him who late on Calvary died;
Of Him the prophecies rehearse,
He was our Friend they crucified.

Abide with us, are hearts are cold,
We thought that Israel He'd restore;
But sweet the truths Thy lips have told,
And, Stranger, we complain no more.

Abide with us, we feel the charm,
That binds us to our unknown Friend:
Here pass the night secure from harm,
Here, Stranger, let Thy wand'rings end.

Abide with us: to their request
The Stranger bows, with smiles divine;
Then round the board the unknown guest
And weary travellers recline.

Abide with us, amazed they cry,
As suddenly, whilst breaking bread,
Their own lost Jesus meets their eye,
With radiant glory on His head!

Abide with us, Thou heavenly Friend,
Leave not Thy followers thus alone:
The sweet communion here must end—
The heavenly visitant is gone.

Thomas Raffles.

3395. EMMAUS, The Walk to.

Mark xvi : 13, 14; Luke xxiv : 13–35.

Slowly along the rugged pathway walked
Two saddened wayfarers, bent on one quest;
With them Another who had asked to share
Their travel, since they left the city walls;
Their converse too intent for speed; and oft,
Where lingered on the rocks the sunset tints,
They checked their footsteps, careless of the hour
And waning light and heavy falling dews.
For from the Stranger's lips came words that burned
And lit the altar fuel on their hearts,
Consuming fear, and quickening faith at once.
God's oracles grew luminous as He spake;
And all along the ages good from ill
And light from darkness sprang, as day from night.

The first faint dawn from ruined Eden rose,
And glimmered round the solitary ark,
And lighted up Moriah's sacrifice,
And shed its warmth on Jacob's dying couch,
And bathed the blood-stained mercy-seat with love;
The eastern heavens were flushed with rosier gleams;
It woke the minstrel shepherd, and his hand,
Obedient to the gladness, struck his harp,
"Joy cometh in the morning;" and the words
Thereafter lived in song. Isaiah's soul
Glowed with the coming glory, and his page
Caught the far splendors of the orient clouds;
And plaintive Jeremy looked up and smiled;
And rapt Ezekiel breathed his hopes in fire.
A deeper shade is glooming on the hills:
A livelier amber brightens in the sky
And broadens, till the Sun of Righteousness
Rises at last with healing in His wings.

Thus on their path they communed, till they reached
The lowly wicket, and their urgent plea,
"Day is far spent, abide with us," prevailed.
The lamp is lighted o'er the simple board;
And there is silence for a space: but lo!
The Stranger takes the bread and blesses it
And breaks: and like a dream the veil is rent
Which hid their Lord and Master from their gaze.
It is His eye, His hand, His voice, Himself.
Fain had they fallen at His feet, and fain
Clung to Him as of old: it may not be;
His place is empty, but His love is there,
A calm abiding Presence in their hearts.

O Jesu, Saviour, hear our cry. We too
Are weary travellers on life's rough path,
And Thou art still unchangeably the same.
Come, Lord, to us, and let us walk with Thee;
Come and unfold the words of heavenly life,
Till our souls burn within us, and the day
Breaks, and the Day star rises in our hearts.
Yea, Lord, abide with us, rending the veil
Which hides Thee from the loving eye of faith,
Dwell with us to the world's end evermore,
Until Thou callest us to dwell with Thee.

E. H. Bickersteth.

3396. EMMAUS, Towards.

Luke xxiv: 32.

"A journeying to Emmaus!
The grandest man of men with us,
The Christ of God was then with us
As we went down to Emmaus!
How burned our hearts along the way,
At every word we heard Him say;
We never may forget the day
We journeyed down to Emmaus!"

O blest disciples, favored few,
How gladly had we walked with you,
And talked with Him who talked with you,
As you went down to Emmaus!
Have touched the hand and found it warm,
That raised the dead and stilled the storm;
Have worshipped God in human form
As He walked down to Emmaus!

But Jesus walks and talks with men
As perfectly to-day as then,
And hearts burn now as yours burned when
You walked with Christ to Emmaus!
In starless night, or sunless day,
Whoever walks life's weary way,
Forgetting not to watch and pray,
Is journeying toward Emmaus!

Simeon Tucker Clark.

3397. EMPIRES, The Fate of.

The wolf is in thy kingly hall,
The lion in thy garden howls,
And wilder, bloodier than they all,
The Arab robber round thee prowls:
High vengeance smote thee from thy throne;
Thou'rt dust and ashes, Babylon!

Where are thy pomps, Persepolis?
The traveller trembles on his way
To hear thy serpent's sullen hiss,
Thou mighty daughter of decay!
Thou thing of wonder and of scorn,
Thy night has come without a morn.

Where are thy glories, Carthage?. Dead!
Death lords it o'er thy pallid shore.
What stirs thy sands? The robber's tread!
What stirs thy waves? The robber's oar!
The arm that smote the crest of Rome,
Here wastes in the eternal tomb!

City of Constantine, earth's queen!
Where are thy banner and thy bow?
Sits in thy gates the Saracen?
Oh fallen! the lowest of the low!
Has not the earth one generous sword
To save thee from the Tartar horde?

Pollio.

3398. ENDOR, Witch of.

1 Samuel xxviii: 7-25.

Dark Endor! canst thou now existing be?
How creeps the blood, as thus we gaze on thee!
Hath nothing changed? Time's wave rolled on unfelt?
Is this the cave where Endor's sorceress dwelt?
Our fancy leaps past years: we see her now
Stand in the midst, with scorched and withered brow;
She shakes her wand of might, and weaves her spell,
And calls on powers of air and fiends of hell.
And there leaned he, in stern though calm dismay,
Whom deep remorse and woe had made their prey;

Who, wronged by men, and now cast off by God,
The fearful path of desperation trod,
And came to bid the dead unfold his doom,
And lift from future hours the veil of gloom.

She saw; the witch moved back in pale affright,
And her bleared eyes shot forth a fiendish light:
He comes! in mantle clad, austere and old,
Around his brow the grave's white napkin rolled;
He comes, in ghastly stillness rising slow,
Through opening earth, from Hades' mists below!
For ah! not yet the soul hath winged away,
Wrapped in deep rest, till dawns the judgment-day.

Could Saul confront that prophet's risen shade,
With eye unblenching, spirit undismayed?
He never quailed in fight, but now he grew
Palsied with fear, his cheek of livid hue;
The grave's cold atmosphere seemed round him cast,
That silence thrilled beyond the trumpet-blast;
Instinctive dread ran creeping to his heart,
His hair stood up, his eyeballs seemed to start;
Yet still he gazed, retreating; wildly stirred
His heaving breast, although he spoke no word;
Each pale limb shook; he bowed; to earth he clung,
And on his brow big drops of terror hung.

Then Samuel spoke; his words sepulchral came,
And pierced like fire the wretched monarch's frame;
And Saul can answer now—alas! his fate
Is hopeless all, and more than desolate.
The battle lost, his kingdom torn away,
All clouds and darkness life's fast-closing day.
Hark! 'tis the Shade declares: "Another sun,
Thou man of woe and crime! thy race is run;
To-morrow Hades opes its gloom for thee,
Thou and thy warrior sons shall be with me!"
And so it fell; the fierce unpitying foe [low;
Triumphed o'er Saul, and laid his followers
And yonder rise those hills in lonely pride,
Where on his sword the king in anguish died,
And gentle Jonathan's career was o'er,
To shield his friend, and warm with love no more. *Nicholas Michell.*

3399. ENOCH.

Genesis v: 21 24.

Hast thou not seen at break of day,
One only star the east adorning,
That never set or paled its ray,
But seemed to sink at once away
Into the light of morning?

From it the sage no portent drew,
It came to light no meteor fires,
But silver shone the whole night through,
On hawthorn hedges steeped in dew,
And quiet village spires.

Like him of old who dwelt beneath
The tents of patriarchal story,
Who passed without the touch of death,
Without dim eye or failing breath,
At once into God's glory.

The patriarch of one simple spot,
The sire of sons and daughters lowly,
And this the record of his lot,
"He walked with God and he was not,"
For the Lord took him wholly.

Like a child's voice in sacred song,
That trembling rises higher and higher,
Till lost at last it peals along,
Swelling the anthem sweet and strong,
Of sweet cathedral choir.

So year by year, and day by day,
In pastoral care and household duty,
He walked with God, nor knew decay,
But faded gently, rapt away,
Into His glorious beauty.

There's many a household fair to see,
By woodland nook or running river,
Where children climb the parent's knee:
Oh, that those homes, like his, might be
Filled with God's presence ever!

Oh, that our thoughts so heavenly were,
Our hearts to Christ so fully given,
That all our loves, and toils, and care,
Might only lead us nearer there,
Where He is set in heaven.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

3400. ENOCH.

The few fond words of Enoch tell
Sublimest chapters in the lore of man;
He saw and knew the father of the race,
And he perhaps, a child at Adam's knee,
Climbed up to listen to the tales of old;
And it may be that Eve in age took up
The tender child and taught him holy prayer,
And charmed him with the memories that
To her sad soul of Eden and its joy. [clung
She told him of the promise, cherished long,
Which God, forgiving, gave her in her tears,
And knew perhaps by prophecy that he
Was in the golden chain of royal ones
From whom at last Messiah should come forth.
She told him of her Abel, first to go
Through gates immortal to the skies beyond;
And his young heart was ravished with desire
To climb the alluring heights of faith; assured
That just behind the mists that hide the view
The land immortal spread, a waiting land
For millions yet to come from paths of earth.

He talked with those who once had talked with God,
And listened to the first fond lesson told
In that rare dialect in which the Lord
And man together first conversed. He drank
At wisdom's fountain pure, and in the light
Of God and truth aspired to heights of life
Divine. With few or many comrades still
We may not know. But evil prowled o'er earth.
He saw its curse. Himself was tried. He felt
The tempter's power. To walk with God was then
As now. A consecrated life, a heart
Made pure at healing fountains opened when
From the foundation of the world the Lamb
Of God was slain. By faith he walked, as all
Must walk through all the realms of doubt and fear.
And so his ways pleased God. Men saw the light
Of his calm, blessed life; and like a tower
He stood invincible, a shaft of strength
That pointed to the skies, and in the midst
Of men rose beautiful as if of gems
And polished gold the fabric had been wrought.
It was the noon of life with him. His form erect,
His soul acquaint with mysteries of God,
Familiar with creation's tale, a priest of God,
Elect, profound, companion of I AM;
And still a man of tender heart, with tears
For sorrow's tale and words of wisdom pure
For erring ones; the joy of children who
Delighted listened to his winning words.
At once a strange unearthly brightness came,
The Angel of the covenant drew near:
"Rise! leave thy native realm," he said. "Go not
The way of all the earth. The gates of death
Thou shalt not see. A golden throne let down
Is here. Ascend and take thy seat just now,
And bands cherubic, with celestial songs,
Shall lift thee in attending flight, till thou
Shalt hear the welcome at the gate of pearl."

He saw the earth recede, till, like a star,
It faded on his sight, and then the gleam
Of jasper on his vision broke; above
The sapphire hues of beauty fell, and then
The chalcedony and the emerald,
With blended rays, transfixed his wondering eye,
And amethyst, that sparkled evermore
In God's own light, and then the welcome song:

"Come home to the realms of the holy,
Caught up in thy beautiful throne,
Come home from the land of the lowly,
Thou blessed, beatified one.
Bright spirits we've welcomed, but e'er
They came by the valley so cold,
They passed from the dark rolling river,
And entered the city of gold.

"Ah, never in heaven's bright story,
Came one like a monarch before,
And deathless ascended to glory,
Nor passed through the sepulchre's door;
Sing, angels that stand at the portals,
Ye throngs on the pavements of gold;
Ah never such honor had mortals
Translated ye seraphs behold!"

No grave they made for him of rock outhewn,
They only told this wondrous tale to men,
"That he was not," God took him as he was.
Dwight Williams.

3401. ENOCH.
Hebrews xi : 5.

He walked with God, by faith, in solitude,
At early dawn or tranquil eventide,
In some lone leafy place, he would abide
Till his whole being was with God imbued:
He walked with God amid the multitude,
No threats or smiles could his firm soul divide
From that beloved presence at his side,
Whose still small voice silenced earth's noises rude.
Boldly abroad to men he testified
How "the Lord cometh," and the judgment brings;
Gently at home he trained his "sons and daughters;"
Till, praying, a bright chariot he espied
Sent to translate him as on angels' wings,
To walk with God beside heaven's "living waters."
R. Wilton.

3402. ENOCH, Translation of.
Genesis v : 24.

Though proudly through the vaulted sky
Was borne Elisha's sire;
And dazzling unto mortal eye
His car and steeds of fire;

To me as glorious seems the change
Accorded to thy worth;
As instantaneous and as strange
Thy exit from this earth.

Something which makes a deeper thrill
These few brief words unfold,
Than all description's proudest skill
Could of that hour have told.

Fancy's keen eye may trace the course
Elijah held on high:
The car of flame, each fiery horse
Her visions may supply;

But thy transition mocks each dream
Framed by her wildest power,
Nor can her mastery supreme
Conceive thy parting hour.

Were angels with expanding wings
As guides and guardians given!
Or did sweet sounds from seraphs' strings
Waft thee from earth to heaven?

'Twere vain to ask: we know but this,
Thy path from grief and time
Unto eternity and bliss,
Mysterious and sublime!

With God thou walkedst, and wast not!
And thought and fancy fail
Further than this to paint thy lot
Or tell thy wondrous tale.
Bernard Barton.

3403. EPHESUS.
Revelations ii : 5.

And where stands Ephesus, in days gone by
Pride of the East, Ionia's radiant eye,
Boasting the shrine to famed Diana reared,
Earth's wonder called, that myriad hearts revered?
There spreads Selinus' lake beneath the hill,
And flows unchanged the Cayster's willowed rill;
These speak the city near; through waving grass,
O'er blackened stones, we slowly laboring pass;
Across our way the timid leveret springs;
Woke from his sleep, the snake uncoils his rings.
No street we tread, but climb a grass-grown mound—
What! is this Ephesus that moulders round?
The embattled walls that swept o'er Lepre's side,
To shapeless ruin crushed, have stooped their pride;
Where stood that early church Paul loved so well,
No cross, no tomb, no stone remains to tell.
Diana's fane that, glassed in depths below,
From bronze and silver cast a starry glow,
With statues, colonnades, and courts apart,
And porphyry pillars, each the pride of art,
Have Time's stern scythe, man's rage, and flood and fire,
Left naught for curious pilgrims to admire?
A few poor footsteps now may cross the shrine,
Cell, long arcade, high altar, all supine;
Bound with thick ivy, broken columns lie,
Through low rent arches winds of evening sigh.
Rough brambles choke the vaults where gold was stored,
And toads spit venom forth where priests adored.

The shivering bolt of ruthless ruin falls
On pleasure's haunts, as well as priestly walls:
See! in the circus, where gay chariots pressed
Their rapid race, the plover builds her nest.
Ten thousand voices rang from yonder hill,
There, clothed with moss, sweep circling benches still,
But e'en the peasant shuns that spot in fear,
So deep the voiceless calm, its looks so drear.
Poor actors! Greek or Roman, where are they,
That toiled and laughed to make their fellows gay?
Down the long stream of sable Lethe tost,
Their graves unknown, and e'en their memories lost.

Yet, Ephesus! while desolate and lorn,
And though thy starless night shall know no morn,
Cold is the breast of him who looks on thee,
And feels no thrill of solemn ecstasy.
As musing now we walk thy desert bound,
The heart leaps up as at a trumpet's sound,
For here, e'en here—name never to expire—
Paul taught his church, and breathed his words of fire;
These very stones his foot perchance hath trod,
These roofless walls have heard his prayers to God.
There did Demetrius raise his heathen cry
'Gainst him who led men's wandering thoughts on high,
Showed the dark errors of their baseless dreams,
Poured on the spirit's night celestial beams,
And cheered us with the hope, when worms shall prey
On this poor form consigned to slow decay,
The soul, with added powers and new-fledged plume,
Shall spring to life and joy beyond the tomb.

Ay, Paul's bright fame, above the fame of kings,
On these sad ruins dazzling lustre flings.
But chief tradition points to yon rude tower,
Where passed in bonds the apostle's lonely hour,
And pious hands have reared in later day
These fretted Gothic walls, and arches gray;
Within this cell—hush, heart! thy fluttering fears—
To fancy's eye his godlike form appears:
What solemn thought that lofty brow dis-
What holy fervor in that lifted gaze! [plays!
Monarchs! behold a greater far than ye;
Conquerors! to Christ's brave champion bend the knee!
Nicholas Michell.

3404. EPHESUS, The Beasts of.
1 Corinthians xv : 32.

How long, O Lord of grace!
Must languish Thy true race,
In a forced friendship linked with Belial here,
With Mammon's brand of care,
And Baal pleading fair,
And the dog-breed who at Thy temple jeer?

How long, O Lord! how long
Shall Cæsar do us wrong,
Laid but as steps to throne his mortal power!
While e'en our angels stand
With helpless voice and hand, [hour.
Scorned by proud Haman in his triumph-

'Tis said our seers discern
The destined bickerings stern,
In the dim distance of Thy fiery train,
Oh, nerve us in that woe!
For where Thy wheels shall go,
We must be tried, the while Thy foes are slain. *John H. Newman.*

3405. EPIPHANY, Attendants of the.

A star shines forth in heaven suddenly,
A wondrous orb, less than the sun, yet greater—
Less in its outward light, but greater in
Its inward glory, pointing to a mystery.
That morning star sent forth its beams afar
Into the land of those who had no light;
Led them as blind men, by a way they knew not,
Until they came and saw the Light of men,
Offered their gifts, received eternal life,
Worshipped, and went their way.
Thus had the Son two heralds, one on high,
And one below. Above, the star rejoiced;
Below, the Baptist bore Him record:
Two heralds thus, one heavenly, one of earth;
That witnessing the nature of the Son,
The majesty of God, and this His human nature.
O mighty wonder! thus were they the heralds,
Both of His Godhead and His manhood.
Who held Him only for a son of earth,
To such the star proclaimed His heavenly glory;
Who held Him only for a heavenly spirit,
To such the Baptist spoke of Him as man.
And in the holy temple Simeon held the Babe
Fast in his aged arms, and sang to Him:

"To me, in Thy mercy,
An old man, Thou art come;
Thou layest my body
In peace in the tomb.
Thou soon wilt awake me,
And bid me arise;
Wilt lead me transfigured
To Paradise."

Then Anna took the Babe upon her arms,
And pressed her mouth upon His infant lips;
Then came the Holy Spirit on her lips,
As erst upon Isaiah's, when the coal
Had touched his silent lips, and opened them:
With glowing heart she sang:

"O Son of the King!
Though Thy birthplace was mean,
All-hearing, yet silent,
All-seeing, unseen,
Unknown, yet all-knowing,
God, and yet Son of man,
Praise to Thy name!"
Tr. from Ephraim Syrus.

3406. EPIPHANY: Magi's Offering.
Matthew ii: 11.

O chief of cities, Bethlehem,
Of David's crown the fairest gem.
But more to us than David's name,
In thee, as man, the Saviour came.

Beyond the sun in splendor bright,
Above thee stands a wondrous light
Proclaiming from the conscious skies
That here in flesh the Godhead lies.

See, coming from the East, afar
Chaldean sages hail his star,
And low in adoration bent
Their threefold gifts to Him present.

The golden tribute owns Him King,
But frankincense to God they bring;
And last, prophetic sign, with myrrh
They shadow forth His sepulchre.
Prudentius, tr. by N. B. Smithers.

3407. EPIPHANY: Morning Star.
Matthew ii: 9.

The wondering sages trace from far,
Bright in the west, the morning star;
A light illumes the western skies,
Seen never in the east to rise.

Eternity produced its blaze,
Time's fulness hails its nearer rays;
Its brightness chases night away,
And kindles darkness into day.

O Jesu! brightest Morning Star!
Shed forth Thy beams both near and far,
That all, in these our later days,
May know Thee, and proclaim Thy praise.
E. Lange, tr. by F. E. Cox.

3408. EPIPHANY, The.
Isaiah lx: 3.

Beyond the barren mountain range
Where Hor lifts up its sacred head,
And buried lies in mystery strange,
As years work out their silent change,
The city of the dead.

Where proud Euphrates day by day
Winds through the plain, or sleeping lies,
The watching Magi nightly pray,
And seek the future's hidden way
From planet-lighted skies.

Through the unclouded midnight air,
On vast infinity's dark page,
With deepest skill and constant care,
They read the golden letters there
That wax not old with age.

Lo! as they gaze with deep intent,
A star more brilliant than the rest,
The herald of some great event,
Moves through the gilded firmament
Onward towards the west.

Then came the sound tradition brought
From Peor's top in days of old,
What time the seer entranced caught
Prophetic power, and, spirit taught,
The future did unfold.

A sceptre shall from Israel rise,
A star from Jacob doubly blest;
And now before their wondering eyes
The brilliant meteor walks the skies
Still onward towards the west.

Where'er it leads, that fiery light
Unhidden by the blaze of day,
And marking with intenser might
The darkness of the deeper night,
They follow on the way.

With morning's blush, when sunsets fade,
On over rock and steep and wild,
By palm and cedar-tree and shade,
Till in the homely manger laid
They find the royal child.

Intruding doubts away they fling,
Unheeding the unwonted stir,
They from their costly treasures bring
Free offerings for the infant King,
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Gold shadows forth His royalty
While frankincense His priesthood shows,
And myrrh that He shall buried be;
And so the wondrous mystery
With deeper meaning grows.

Frederick W. Kittermaster.

3409. ESAU SELLING HIS BIRTHRIGHT.

Hebrews xii : 16, 17.

"And is there in God's world so drear a place
Where the loud bitter cry is raised in vain?
Where tears of penance come too late for
grace,
As on the uprooted flower the genial rain?"

'Tis even so: the sovereign Lord of souls
Stores in the dungeon of His boundless realm
Each bolt that o'er the sinner vainly rolls,
With gathered wrath the reprobate to whelm.

Will the storm hear the sailor's piteous cry,
Taught to mistrust too late; the tempting
wave,
When all around he sees but sea and sky,
A God in anger, a self-chosen grave?

Or will the thorns, that strew intemperance'
bed,
Turn with a wish to down? will late remorse
Recall th' shaft the murderer's hand has
sped,
Or from the guiltless bosom turn its course?

Then may th' unbodied soul in safety fleet
Through the dark curtains of the world
above,
Fresh from the stain of crime; nor fear to
meet
The God whom here she would not learn to
love.

Then is there hope for such as die unblest,
That angels' wings may waft them to the
shore,
Nor need the unready virgin strike her
breast,
Nor wait desponding round the bridegroom's
door.

But where is then the stay of contrite hearts?
Of old they leaned on Thy eternal word,
But with the sinner's fear their hope departs,
Fast linked as Thy great Name to Thee, O
Lord!

That name, by which Thy faithful oath is
past,
That we should endless be, for joy or woe;
And if the treasures of Thy wrath could
waste,
Thy lovers must their promised heaven
forego.

But ask of elder days, earth's vernal hour,
When in familiar talk God's voice was
heard,
When at the patriarch's call the fiery shower
Propitious o'er the turf-built shrine ap-
peared.

Watch by our father Isaac's pastoral door:
The birthright sold, the blessing lost and
won;
Tell Heaven has wrath that can relent no
more;
The grave, dark deeds that cannot be un-
done.

We barter life for pottage; sell true bliss
For wealth or power, for pleasure or renown;
Thus Esau-like, our Father's blessing miss,
Then wash with fruitless tears our faded
crown.

Our faded crown, despised and flung aside,
Shall on some brother's brow immortal
bloom.
No partial hand the blessing may misguide;
No flattering fancy change our Monarch's
doom.

His righteous doom, that meek, true-hearted
love
The everlasting birthright should receive,
The softest dews drop on her from above,
The richest green her mountain garland
weave.

Her brethren, mightiest, wisest, eldest born,
Bow to her sway, and move at her behest:
Isaac's fond blessing may not fall on scorn,
Nor Balaam's curse on love, which God hath
blest.

John Keble

3410. ESHCOL, The Grapes of.

Numbers xiii : 23, 24.

Among the tribes, the weary tribes, we wander;
The way is long, complainings fill the air;
With God so near, we fear the kings of Edom;
By smitten rocks we yield us to despair.
The seas gape wide and make for us a pathway,
We hear the cry of Pharaoh's drowning host;
But mists roll up, there's discord and confusion,
And far away is Canaan's peaceful coast.

Then do we see that walking close beside us
With steady step, and eyes that onward look,
Are those who went before us to that country,
And brought us grapes from Eshcol's wondrous brook.
Their faces shine, their lips are always singing,
The winds of Canaan have their foreheads fanned,
Alike to them are sunrise and sun-setting,
Their feet make haste! They have beheld the land!

Oh! thanks, and thanks, a thousand times repeated!
We know your names, ye valiant, faithful few;
Your lowest words are like a song from heaven.
Ye searched the land out better than ye knew!
When through the camp there rings a cry for "Egypt,"
And all the tribes sway backward in despair,
We turn to you who bear the purple clusters,
For still ye say, "Surely the land is fair."

We pray you, friends, walk closer still beside us,
Talk to us often of the way ye took,
When ye beheld the figs and pomegranates,
And plucked the grapes that grew by Eshcol's brook.
When doubts, like evil birds, fly on before us,
And clouds obscure the path that must be trod,
Speak low to us of Sinai and its glory,
Repeat the name of Israel's mighty God.

Ages have passed since Miriam's song was ended,
The wondrous brothers lead the hosts no more;
But we can hear the whisperings of Jordan,
And see, afar, our Canaan's peaceful shore.
With undimmed splendor shines the star of Jacob,
Safe! safe for aye our title-deed doth stand!
Our lips shall taste the purple grapes of Eshcol,
For evermore we shall possess the land!

Ellen M. H. Gates.

3411. ESDRAELON, Plain of.

Esdraelon's plain still boasts its myrtle bowers,
Golden with corn, or carpeted with flowers;
How like a sainted mind that seeks the skies,
Crowned with a glory, Tabor's tops arise!
From base to summit groves are waving green,
While many a hoary ruin peeps between.
Here mouldered church and fallen convent show
How warm was zeal a thousand years ago;
In yon stone cell the hermit knelt to pray,
And passed in dreams his martyr life away.
Jasmine's white bells and henna's yellow bloom
Breathe out their sweets till rocks e'en drink perfume;
In viewless clouds those odors mount the air,
And Tabor stands like some rich altar there.

Nicholas Michell.

3412. ESTHER—MORDECAI.

Morn is come, the purple morn,
Yet it looks on shapes forlorn;
On thy glittering roofs, Shushan,
There are mourners wild and wan;
Eyes upturned, dishevelled hair,
Brows unturbaned, bosoms bare;
Hands in restless anguish wrung
By the grief that knows no tongue;
Dust and ashes on the brow.
King of Israel, where art Thou?
Through the livelong winter's night,
Like the harvest in the blight;
Like the reeds, by storms o'erthrown;
Rank on rank, lay Israel strown.
Prostrate on their naked roofs,
Listening to the trampling hoofs,
Listening to the trumpet's clang,
As to horse the riders sprang;
Bearing each the bloody scroll,
Slaying all things but the soul.

Every blast that trumpet gave
Was a summons to the grave;
Every torch that hurried by
Told that myriads were to die!
Myriads, in that midnight sleeping,
Where the Arab balms are weeping;
Where along th' Ionian hill
Night-dews of the rose distil;
By the Scythian mountain-chain;
By the Ethiopian plain;
By the Indian Ocean's roar,
By the farthest fiery shore,
Where the foot of man could tread;
Where the Jew could hide his head;
Where his heart could heave the groan;
On the earth alone, alone!
Son of the Captivity,
Vengeance winged that shaft for thee.
Judah, scattered, "spent and peeled,"
In that hour thy doom was sealed!

Still, the opening palace porch
Showed the troop, with trump and torch,
Thundering through the dusk beneath,
Each a messenger of death;
Like a sanguine meteor rushing,
Light on tower and temple flushing;
Till dispersed, the furious horde,
Like the fragments of a sword,
Like the lightning, scattered forth,
East, and west, and south, and north.
While the son of Israel's gaze
Watched the shooting of that blaze,
As o'er hill and plain it spread;
Like the livid vapors fed,
Where the battle's remnants lie,
Withering to the stormy sky.
King of Israel, hear the prayer
Of Thy people in despair!

Yet, within thy courts, Shushan,
Stood that morn an ancient man:
On his high phylactery
Wisdom that can never die;
On the motion of his hand,
Propped upon the ivory wand;
On his step, though weak with age,
Stamped the leader and the sage.

Hark the shoutings! In his pride,
Sullen-hearted, cruel-eyed,
With the signet of command
Glittering on his haughty hand.
With his barb's caparison
Dazzling as an Indian throne,
Haman comes, of lords the lord,
Persia's buckler, Persia's sword!
In his front the timbrels sounding,
Round his steed the dancers bounding,
Roses flung beneath his tread,
Broidered banners o'er his head,
Chiefs, with jewelled shield and spear,
Flashing round the dark vizier.

But a pang of wrath and shame
Lights his cheek with sudden flame!
One, above the prostrate crowd,
Like a pillar stands unbowed.
Day by day, that silent one,
Stood beside that portal-stone,
Scorning with the slave to stoop
To the tyrant's vulture-swoop;
Scorning the hypocrisy
Of the captive's bended knee:
Bowing only to the rod
Of his conscience and his God!

Day by day the tyrant's heart
Felt that scorn, a living dart;
In his breast of pride and ire,
Scorpion sting, and serpent spire;
Till the murderer's oath was sworn,
That the babe of Israel born,
Priest and Levite, matron, maid,
All should in their blood be laid—
All should in their graves atone,
That high glance, thou ancient one.

Now, from his deluded king.
Fraud had won the missive ring;
Now, the seal of death was sent,
To the palace, to the tent—
Far as Persia's banners wave,
Far as Israel finds a grave,
Far as tears of blood are shed
Was the gory mandate sped.
Now, in his triumphant hour
To the monarch's banquet bower,
In a tyrant's full-blown pride,
Rode the mighty homicide.

Still, beside the portal-stone
Stood that old, unbending one;
Still, beyond his fierce control,
Strong in majesty of soul.
On the tyrant's heart his gaze
Fell like a consuming blaze.
Swelled in vain the loud "All hail!"
On his glance the pomp grew pale;
Clashed in vain the shield and spear,
On his glauce rose rack and bier.
In that ancient form, unbowed,
As the gathering of the cloud,
As the rushing of the gale,
As the forest's rising wail,
Tells the coming thunderstroke,
Ruin on the satrap broke!
Though that night his grasp might wring
Asia from his trusting king;
Though the world's first diadem
On his haughty brow might beam;
Yet his spirit's sudden thrill
Told him he was mortal still;
At his feet he saw the tomb:
In that prophet-eye was doom!

Night is on the royal bower,
Roses on the couches shower;
Soft, as from the opening skies,
Fall delicious harmonies;
Flaming from a thousand urns,
Incense round the banquet burns;
O'er the golden-sculptured roof,
Shooting from the eye aloof,
Till it seems another heaven,
Studded with the stars of even;
Rich as an enchanted dream,
Thousand golden cressets gleam.
Grouped around the mighty hall,
Indian dwarf, and Nubian tall,
Jewel-turbaned, tissue-robed,
Stand in dazzling light englobed:
Stand the Syrian sons of song,
Stand the Grecian minstrel-throng.
All is pomp, and feast, and dance,
All is joy's delicious trance;
Empire's pleasure, empire's power,
Centred in one matchless hour:
Still, there shrinks one eye of fear—
It is thine, thou dark vizier!

But, what sounds on midnight sail!
Hark! a rush, a shriek, a wail,

Deepening to one death-like cry,
Like a wreck's last agony;
Like the sounds that rend the air
In some city's last despair,
When upon her midnight wall
Rings the stormer's trumpet-call!
Through the portals of the bower,
Israel, rush thy virgin flower;
Like a halo round their queen.
Yet no festal smile is seen;
Yet no tresses, pearl-entwined,
Play on the enamored wind.
Dust and ashes on the head,
Faces veiled, unsandalled tread,
Breathe their lips a funeral hymn;
All is dark, dishevelled, dim.
But, advancing to the throne,
From their circle moves, alone,
Esther, palest of the pale;
On her lip a trembling tale;
In her step a woman's fear,
On her cheek a woman's tear;
But within her glorious eye
Lustre lighted from the sky;
Like an altar's flame, the sign
Of her hope and help divine!

Standing by the royal board,
In the cup the wine she poured;
Then with eyes to heaven upthrown,
Hushed within her heart the groan.
"By thy diadem and ring,
Pledge thy bride, of kings thou king."
On the monarch's wondering gaze
Flashed her eye's supernal blaze;
Never, in love's richest hour.
Struck so deep her beauty's power;
Never passion's breathings stole
On his ear such chains of soul.
From her hand he took the wine:
"Empress, be my sceptre thine."

High to heaven, with gesture grand,
Raised the queen the golden wand:
"Who shall smite," she sternly cried,
"Age and childhood, maid and bride?
Who shall triumph, whom his ire
Steeps in blood the son and sire?
Who shall point the traitor-sword,
Aspic-like, to sting his lord?
Kings' and people's murderer—
King, behold the traitor—there!"
With the more than mortal sound
Rang the mighty hall around!

Haman, boldest of the bold,
Felt his burning blood run cold;
Smote by heaven, ambition, pride,
All the tiger in him died;
On his lip one fearful cry,
In his heart one agony.
At the monarch's footstool flung,
Still to abject life he clung;
But he gnaws the dust in vain,
Earth abjures the living stain;

From the royal footstool torn,
Through the shouting city borne;
Now in fetters dragged to die,
Taunts and curses round him fly.
Now is paid the long arrear:
Truths 'tis worse than death to hear;
Wrongs, by terror forced to sleep;
Wrongs, 'twas ruin but to weep;
Wrongs, that rankled in the breast,
While the lip in smiles was drest;
Wrongs, that, prostrate at his feet,
Made the hope of vengeance sweet;
Wrongs, that pined to curse his name,
In the shout that fools call fame.
Griefs, long nursed in shame and gloom,
Things that make the heart a tomb;
Stings of soul, that slaves must hide,
Now find voices wild and wide;
All the buried agonies
Now in living vengeance rise.
Thousands who had kissed the ground,
At his courser's fiery bound;
Thousands, piled on tower and roof,
Gazing on the scene aloof;

Thousands, rushing where he stands,
Shuddering in the headsman's hands,
Gasp to see the tyrant's fall;
Fury, triumph, vengeance all!
Yet, if there were still a pang,
Haman, through thy breast it sprang,
As the scaffold met thy glare,
Like a spectre in the air;
On that scaffold, huge and high,
Mordecai was doomed to die!
At the glance, the scorpion-thought
Through his frozen bosom shot.
"Yes, before this day was past,
There he shouldst have looked his last;
There, on all beneath the sky,
Should have closed his haughty eye.
Now the shame, the blood, the groan,
Madman, murderer, are thine own!"

But, who comes in royal state?
Opes for whom the golden gate?
Round his car, a moving throne,
Persia's royal trumpets blown;
Hailed by Persia's herald-throng,
Hailed by Israel's holiest song.
In the royal canopy;
Hallowed triumph in his eye,
Persia's signet of command
Glittering on his ancient hand.
Mordecai! that pomp is thine;

Joy to ransomed Palestine!
Now no more shall Judah lie,
Dreading, or to live, or die!
In that hour was checked the flood,
Where the waves were Israel's blood;
In that hour was broke the chain;
Israel shall be throned again!

George Croly.

3413. ESTHER, The Success of.

Esther v: 2.

The King holds out the golden sceptre;
And this its language seems to be:
"Fear not! My hand has royal power,
And I will use that power for thee!"

She rightly understands its meaning,
And with a beating heart draws nigh.
"Queen Esther, what is thy petition?
Fear not! It cannot rise too high."

Encouraged thus, her sad heart's burden
She wholly casts upon her lord;
The multitude of thoughts within her,
Before that throne of grace are poured.

Come, Bride of Christ, her footsteps follow!
Jesus Himself is on the Throne,
His sceptre graciously extendeth,
And bids thee call His power thine own.

Then touch the sceptre, night and morning,
And many times throughout the day:
He loves thee, and He cares to listen
To everything thou hast to say.

Is there a thought thou hast not uttered
To any friend beneath the sun,
A thought that cannot find expression,
A thought that seems but just begun?

O go and tell it all to Jesus?
Jesus is sure to understand!
Pour out thy burdened heart before Him,
And touch the sceptre with thy hand.

Be not afraid, and be not slothful;
For He hath said, "Seek ye My Face:"
Draw near, and every time draw nearer;
"Come boldly to the Throne of Grace!"

Catharine Hankey.

3414. ESTHER, Vashti and.

Esther vii: 3.

Thou art the great Ahasuerus, whose command
Doth stretch from pole to pole; the world's thy land;
Rebellious Vashti's the corrupted will,
Which, being called, refuses to fulfil
Thy just command; Esther, whose tears condole
The razed city, is the regen'rate soul;
A captive maid, whom thou wilt please to grace
With nuptial honors in stout Vashti's place:
Her kinsman, whose unbended knee did thwart
Proud Haman's glory, is the fleshly part;
The sober eunuch, that recalled to mind
The new-built gibbet (Haman had divined
For his own ruin), fifty cubits high,
Is lustful thought-controlling chastity;
Insulting Haman is that fleshly lust
Whose red-hot fury for a season must
Triumph in pride, and study how to tread
On Mordecai, till royal Esther plead. [come;
Great king, thy sent-for Vashti will not
Oh let the oil of the bless'd virgin's womb
Cleanse my poor Esther; look, oh! look upon her
With gracious eyes; and let thy beam of honor
So scour her captive stains, that she may
An holy object of thy heavenly love: [prove
Anoint her with the spikenard of thy graces,
Then try the sweetness of her chaste embraces:
Make her the partner of thy nuptial bed,
And set thy royal crown upon her head;
If then ambitious Haman chance to spend
His spleen on Mordecai, that scorns to bend
The wilful stiffness of his stubborn knee,
Or basely crouch to any lord but thee;
If weeping Esther should prefer a groan
Before the high tribunal of thy throne,
Hold forth thy golden sceptre, and afford
The gentle audience of a gracious lord:
And let thy royal Esther be possest
Of half thy kingdom, at her dear request;
Curb lustful Haman, him that would disgrace,
Nay, ravish thy fair queen before thy face:
And as proud Haman was himself ensnared
On that self-gibbet that himself prepared;
So nail my lust, both punishment and guilt,
On that dear cross that mine own lusts have built.

Francis Quarles.

3415. ETERNITY.

Over a river deep and wide,
Never ruffled by wind or tide,
Never disturbed by a reckless oar,
But ever placid from shore to shore,
A cathedral has stood for ages past,
Unique and wonderful, grand and vast.

Of its mystic bells the solemn peal
Softly over the river steal;
Anon my ear, through mists of Time,
The ding-dong hears of its muffled chime
(A monotone deeper than voice of the sea),
"E-ter-ni-ty—E-ter-ni-ty."

Mutely, slowly, through the ford
Files a line of worshippers toward
The strange cathedral; one by one
Entering its vasty aisles to con
Of mysteries all the mystery,
Eternity—Eternity.

One by one, since the birth of time,
Of every rank and age and clime,
A vast, vast host has been plodding o'er
The quiet stream to the farther shore,
To solve what for aye shall a problem be—
Eternity—Eternity.

"Fall in, fall in!" cries the angel, Death;
And none, though shiv'ring with bated breath,

With childish fear of the water's chill,
But at once the fiat must fulfil,
To make, in line, for his destiny,
Eternity—Eternity.

Never can feeble, finite man
Its vasty, moving cycles span;
Forever be the task pursued,
Yet ever, baffled, man shall brood,
With questing thought, o'er what can be
Eternity—Eternity.

If full a thousand years 'twould take
Of arctic snows to melt each flake,
The mountain drifts shall all dissolve,
And score with mighty score involve,
And yet prefigure not to thee,
Eternity—Eternity.

Did all the twinkling stars resolve
Their silvery glory to dissolve,
That hence, in each ten-thousandth year,
One or another should disappear,
The long "forever" would not be
Eternity—Eternity.

Think, think, O man! 'Tis not a jest,
By graceless, faithless wits expressed;
List thou, and list'ning, fear as well,
How voices loud from heaven and hell
Announce to thee most solemnly,
Eternity—Eternity.

Thou art! and this is God's decree,
That thou shalt never cease to be!
The heavens shall melt, the sun expire,
The whirling globe be wrapped in fire,
Yet leave unchanged thy destiny,
Eternity—Eternity.

Across a river, deep and wide,
Never rippled by breeze or tide,
Never bestirred by a heedless oar,
But always placid from shore to shore,
Anon this peal there steals to me,
"E-ter-ni-ty—E-ter-ni-ty."

W. H. Luckenbach.

3416. EUPHRATES, Source of the.

There on Euphrates, in its ancient course,
Three beauteous rivers rolled their confluent force,
Whose streams, while man the blissful garden trod,
Adorned the earthly paradise of God.
But since he fell, within their triple bound
Fenced a lone region of forbidden ground;
Meeting at once, where high athwart their bed
Repulsive rocks a curving barrier spread,
The embattled floods, by mutual whirlpools crossed,
In hoary foam and surging mist were lost;
Thence, like an Alpine cataract of snow,
White down the precipice they dashed below;
There, in tumultuous billows broken wide,
They spent their rage, and yoked their fourfold tide;
Through one majestic channel, calm and free,
The sister-rivers sought the parent sea.

James Montgomery.

3417. EUPHRATES, The.

Bright stream! whose wavelets flowed through Eden's bowers,
Watering its trees and incense-breathing flowers,
Soothing with murmurs Eve's enraptured ear,
And all her heavenly charms reflecting clear:
River! whose mountain-born and rapid flood
Swept Shinar's plain, where sky-topped Babel stood,
Wound, like a huge snake glittering in the sun,
Through earth's first city, mighty Babylon!
And saw, along those wild and palmy banks,
The first dread conqueror range his blood-stained ranks!
All hail, Euphrates! stream of hoary time,
Fair as majestic, sacred as sublime!
What thoughts of earth's young morning dost thou bring!
What hallowed memories to thy bright waves cling!
The bowers are crushed where Eve in beauty shone,
The woods are wastes, the towers are overthrown;
Ages have whelmed, beneath their ruthless tide,
Assyria's glory and Chaldæa's pride:
But thou, exhaustless river, rollest still,
Raising thy lordly voice by vale and hill;
Sparkling through palm-groves, washing empires' graves,
And gladdening thirsty deserts with thy waves;
Mirroring the heavens, that know no change, like thee,
A glittering dream, a bright-leaved history!

Nicholas Michell.

3418. EVE, The Serpent and.
James i: 14.

Serpent. Not eat? not taste? not touch? not cast an eye
Upon the fruit of this fair tree? and why?
Why eat'st thou not what Heav'n ordained for food?
Or canst thou think that bad which Heav'n called good?
Why was it made, if not to be enjoyed?
Neglect of favors makes a favor void;
Blessings unused pervert into a waste
As well as surfeits. Woman, do but taste.
See how the laden boughs make silent suit
To be enjoyed; look how their bending fruit
Meet thee half-way; observe but how they crouch
To kiss thy hand; coy woman, do but touch:

Mark what a pure vermilion touch has dyed
Their swelling cheeks, and how for shame they hide
Their palsy heads, to see themselves stand by
Neglected: woman, do but cast an eye.
What bounteous Heav'n ordained for use refuse not;
Come, pull and eat: y' abuse the thing ye use not.
Eve. Wisest of beasts, our great Creator did
Reserve this tree, and this alone forbid;
The rest are freely ours, which doubtless are
As pleasing to the taste, to the eye as fair;
But, touching this, His strict commands are such,
'Tis death to taste, no less than death to touch.
Serpent. Pish! death's a fable; did not Heav'n inspire
Your equal elements with living fire,
Blown from the spring of life? Is not that breath
Immortal? Come, ye are as free from death
As He that made you. Can the flames expire
Which He has kindled? Can ye quench His fire?
Did not the great Creator's voice proclaim
Whate'er He made, from the blue-spangled frame
To the poor leaf that trembles, very good?
Blessed He not both the feeder and the food?
Tell, tell me, then, what danger can accrue
From such blessed food, to such half gods as you?
Curb needless fears, and let no fond conceit
Abuse your freedom; woman, take and eat.
Eve. 'Tis true we are immortal; death is yet
Unborn, and, till rebellion make it death,
Undue; I know the fruit is good, until
Presumptuous disobedience make it ill.
The lips that open to this fruit 's a portal
To let in death, and make immortal mortal.
Serpent. You cannot die; come, woman, taste and fear not.
Eve. Shall Eve transgress? I dare not, oh! I dare not.
Serpent. Afraid? why draw'st thou back thy tim'rous arm?
Harm only falls on such as fear a harm.
Heav'n knows and fears the virtue of this tree;
'Twill make you perfect gods as well as He.
Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondness never
Fear death; do, pull and eat, and live forever.
Eve. 'Tis but an apple; and it is as good
To do as to desire. Fruit's made for food:
I'll pull, and taste, and tempt my Adam too
To know the secrets of this dainty.
Serpent. Do.

Francis Quarles.

3419. EZEKIEL.

Ezekiel xxvii : 26.

Lend me the key which opes the secret cells,
Where, in His words and works, the Godhead dwells.
As nearer we approach Him, all things throng
Vocal with heavenly language, and a tongue
Speaking in figure, where the East descries
The glowing footsteps of th' unfolded skies.

By Chebar's flood, around the prophet come
Dread speaking faces, peopling all the gloom,
And cherubim with cherubim do ply [by.
Their wheeling wings, and fiery shapes pass
Or, with the swiftness of a flying star,
He in Jerusalem is found afar.
Now Egypt, the great dragon, netted lies
'Mid his own waters; or the seas arise
O'er Tyre, the princely ship that walked the waves;
Now Lebanon's cedar the strong tempest braves.

E'en now, as then, in images of fire,
Men see the flashes of the Almighty's ire,
Admire, and tremble not; they come around
And listen to the church, as to the sound
Of a sweet lovely song, or tuneful reed,
And hear her awful voice, but do not heed.

Isaac Williams.

3420. EZEL.

1 Samuel xx : 19.

They met to part—forever? And what wonder
They, brave in battles, wept beyond control:
The falling bolt would cleave their lives asunder,
While yet their friendship knit them soul to soul.

They wept together, and with seeming fitness
Of this sad mourning, sacredly their own,
Blind, heartless Ezel, was the only witness:
The world was by them, but the world was stone.

Enough it is for grievous lamentation,
For years, to lose the presence of a friend;
But more, alas! when cometh separation
That hath no promise of a joyful end.

How much their heaviness it would have lighted
Could they have seen as we can gladly see:
True friends divided shall be reunited;
All time is love's, far more eternity.

The parting for the last time cometh never
To them who love each other in the Lord;
Not long can time or space or aught else sever
Souls bound together in such sweet accord.

Were this not so, how over-full of sorrow
Would many of our separations be!
To part, and hope no meeting in the morrow,
Would press upon our hearts too heavily.

All they are close akin who love sincerely,
And they are very near the Father's heart;
The fulness of their joy He holds most dearly,
And, therefore, wills they shall not stay apart.

We go our ways, then, with a strength unbroken
By painful partings here that needs must come.
Adieu, the farewell fittest to be spoken,
Our faith and love speak, though our lips be dumb. *James Madison Williams.*

3421. FEAST, Invitation to the.
Luke xiv : 22.

Yet there is room, the Master has said,
Room at the feast His bounty has spread;
Out of the lanes and hedges of sin,
Gather them in, gather them in;
This is the message from Jesus to-day,
Now in compassion we hear Him say,
Earnestly, tenderly ask them to come,
Tell them there yet is room.

Yet there is room where all may be fed;
Why should they pine and languish for bread?
Gather the weak o'er-ladened with sin,
Gather them in, gather them in;
Mercy entreateth, oh come unto me!
Joyful to all shall her welcome be,
Lovingly, pleadingly, ask them to come,
Tell them there yet is room.

Gather them in, the young and the old;
Gather them in, there's room in the fold;
Eager their souls for Jesus to win,
Gather them in, gather them in;
Gather them in to the banquet of grace,
Gather them in to our Lord's embrace;
Faithfully, prayerfully urge them to come,
Tell them there yet is room.
W. H. Doane.

3422. FEAST, No Room at the.

Too late, no room! the "Lamb's bright hall of song"
Is closed forever 'gainst the giddy throng.

While down the slope of hills the day declined,
Thou in thine ease and folly hast reclined.

Didst thou not see the shadows rushing by,
And hear the Spirit's earnest pleading cry?

Alas! alas! the banquet was for thee;
The bridegroom bade thee come, and love was free.

Now closed forever is the door, and barred;
'Tis vain to cry: Oh let me in, my Lord!
S. M. O. Hoffman.

3423. FEAST, Room at the.
Luke xiv : 22.

Yet there is room! The Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along;
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go;
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

The bridal hall is filling for the feast:
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest;
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free;
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come lingerer, come; enter that festal hall:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;
Then the last, low, long cry: "No room, no room!"
No room, no room: oh, woful cry, "No room!" *Horatius Bonar.*

3424. FEAST, The Gospel.
Num. iv : 7; 2 Chron. ii : 4; 1 Cor. x : 17.

One temple, and one table, and one loaf,
For the great company of the forgiven,
The numbers without number; yet enough
For all in earth or heaven.
One name, one Church, one Lord,
One hall, one robe, one feast;
His Church a guest at His high board,
And He His Church's guest;
His fulness evermore
An endless, undiminished store.

To an unearthly feast
The Master calls His own;
At an unearthly board
His bidden ones sit down.
The true unleavened bread
Is on His table laid;
Daily to them is given
To drink the wine of heaven;

I am the bread of God,
Which cometh down from heaven;
The one continual bread,
The loaf without the leaven;
The shew-bread of the holy place,
To His true Israel given;
Eternal nourishment and strength,
The food of the forgiven!

Not on the solemn days alone,
When round the holy board
We gather in the name
Of an ascended Lord,
Does this continual loaf
Its vital power afford;
Each day, each hour, this bread imparts
Its life and comfort to our hearts.
We feast on Him in daily faith,
He feasts with us in daily love;
Himself the bread, Himself the wine,
He pours in gladness from above.
Absent, yet present, what can e'er
His fellowship from us remove?
Ours is a long unbroken feast,
And still the last we find the best.

No priestly spell or rite,
No word, or touch, or sign
Is needed to transform
The earthly to divine.
"Lo! I am with you," thus He speaks,
"Myself the bread and wine;
Present to faith's far-reaching eye,
The faith that makes the distant nigh."

And all are gathered round!
The far off and the near,
The men of every age and clime
In fellowship feast here.
One family, one board,
One loaf, one feast, one Lord!

Horatius Bonar.

3425. FEET, Christ Washing the Disciples'.
John xiii : 5, 6.

O blessed Jesus! when I see Thee bending,
Girt as a servant, at Thy servants' feet, [ing,
Love, lowliness, and might, in zeal all blend-
To wash their dust away and make them meet
To share Thy feast, I know not to adore,
Whether Thy humbleness or glory more.

Meek Jesus! to my soul, Thy spirit lending,
Teach me to live, like Thee, in lowly love;
With humblest service all Thy saints befriending,
Until I serve before Thy throne above—
Yes! serving e'er my foes, for Thou didst seek
The feet of Judas in Thy service meek.

Daily my pilgrim feet, as homeward wending
My weary way, are sadly stained with sin;
Daily do Thou, Thy precious grace expending,
Wash me all clean without, and clean within,
And make me fit to have a part with Thee
And Thine, at last, in heaven's festivity.

George W. Bethune.

3426. FELIX, Paul Before.
Acts xxiv : 24, 25; Acts xxvi : 25.

No smooth-tongued orator is he,
But foe to all iniquity,
The greatest dares reprove;
A preacher rational of grace,
Explains the life of righteousness,
Sobriety, and love.

He preaches Christ and faith in Him,
Who died His people to redeem,
Who soon in judgment comes;
And those that made Him die in vain,
That dead in wilful sin remain,
To death eternal dooms.

A magistrate corrupt and lewd,
A sinner wallowing in his blood,
He seizes by the word;
And while his conscience he awakes,
The judge before the prisoner quakes,
And feels the two-edged sword.

He feels the anticipated fear
Of sinners when the trump they hear,
And see the judge come down,
When on the melting rocks they call,
And bid the burning mountains fall,
To hide them from His frown.

The heathen dreads his righteous doom,
The Jewess slights the wrath to come,
Partaker of his sin,
She sleeps in forms insensible,
Till the wide opening mouth of hell,
Vesuvius takes her in.*

He trembles, but he cannot stay
And perfectly inquire the way,
To' escape the endless woe;
Convinced of his beloved crime,
Yet for a more convenient time
He lets the present go.

Alarmed in vain the truth he hears,
Repentance fatally defers,
And faith in Jesus' name;
He waits as life were in his power,
Waits for a more convenient hour,
Which never, never came.

Neglecting such a time as this,
What crowds of guilty souls will miss
The true celestial way
(Who would not, when they might, repent),
And in eternal groans lament,
Their damnable delay.

J. and C. Wesley.

3427. FIG-TREE, Barren.
Luke xiii : 6-9.

Long-suffering God, Thou interceding Lamb!
A barren cumberer of the ground I am.

Thou comest oft into this field, to see
If fruit is there; but findest none on me.

* She was swallowed up there.—Author's Note.

A useless seed, a fruitless root am I;
The fruitful ground I vainly occupy.

Year after year and yet no signs of fruit;
Then cut it down—down to the very root!

Nay, Lord, but spare it yet another year;
I'll dig about its roots with tender care.

The things most dear are counted now as loss,
And what the soul desired is now but dross.

All the vain pleasures that destroyed the fruit,
Are now as dung, to cast about the root.

Then spare it, Lord, in love and mercy spare;
Accept my plea, vouchsafe to grant my prayer.

Oh let it live before Thee! mercy cries;
And let it find acceptance in Thine eyes!

The fruitless tree may yet, in time to come,
Put forth its bud, its blossom, and its bloom.

If fruit it bear, then wilt Thou say, Well done!
If not, then lift the axe, and cut it down.

The axe is stayed, and mercy spares the tree;
My soul, another year is given to thee!

Lord, for this sparing mercy, love, and grace,
Oh may I yield Thee fruits of righteousness!

Robert Maguire.

3428. FIG-TREE, The.

Matthew xxi : 17-22.

"Why cumbereth it the ground?"
Alas! how many years have come and gone!
The gardener looked, but found no fruit thereon;
Leaves, only leaves he found.

Earth was not iron to thee,
Nor brass the heavens o'erhead, nor drouth at noon
Dried up thy roots; for thee the helping sun
Drew water from the sea.

And dressers came to dress,
And trained thy branches to the friendly wall;
And green thou grewest up, and straight and tall;
Whence then this barrenness?

Cast not thy fruit, nor be
As clouds without their water. Spare, oh! spare,
Thou husbandman; perchance it yet may bear
Other than leaves for me.

Then he, the husbandman,
Spake graciously, and that grace bestowed
Was not in vain; through all the fibrous wood
The juices flowed amain.

Then came the tender leaves;
Like promises the blossoms shone, and fair;
And fruits made fragrant all the summer's air
Around the web she weaves.

For summer mornings rose,
And nightly dews their precious drops sent down;
And every season angels came to crown
Its branches with new blows.

My soul, thou art that tree;
Divinely planted, and yet fruitless all;
Thine too the water-brooks, the showers that fall
In grace-drops large and free.

No worm is at thy root
That shall not die when Christ shall bid me live;
Nor branch so barren that shall not revive,
And blossom, and bear fruit.

My soul, thy leaves put on;
Seeking for fruit the Master comes, and see
He finds thee not, as erst He found the tree
Withered at early noon.

Lord of the vineyard, come,
And eat Thy pleasant summer fruit; for Thou,
Thou only canst with fruitage load the bough,
And make the barren bloom.

3429. FIG-TREE, The Barren.

"No longer let that tree remain
Whereon no fruit is found;
These three years have I come in vain,
Why cumbereth it the ground?"

'Twas thus indignant Justice spoke;
But Mercy intercedes,
And to delay the threatening stroke
In mildest accents pleads:

"Lord! spare it yet another year,
Till time my labor crown;
But, if no wholesome fruit appear,
Then Thou shalt cut it down."

This fig-tree represents my state,
Long have I fruitless proved,
Had not Thy patience, Lord, been great,
I must have been removed.

But spared another year to see,
And cultured by Thy grace,
Oh let me henceforth yield to Thee
The fruits of righteousness.

3430. FIG-TREE, The Barren.

Luke xiii : 7.

Justice. Cut it down, cut it down,
Spare not the fruitless tree!
It spreads a harmful shade around,
It spoils what else were useful ground;
No fruit for years on it I've found:
Cut it down, cut it down.

Mercy. One year more, one year more,
Oh, spare the fruitless tree!
Behold its branches broad and green,
Its spreading leaves have hopeful been,
Some fruit thereon may yet be seen,
One year more, one year more.

Justice. Cut it down, cut it down,
And burn the worthless tree!
For other use the soil prepare,
Some other tree will flourish there,
And in my vineyard much fruit bear,
Cut it down, cut it down.

Mercy. One year more, one year more,
For mercy spare the tree!
Another year of care bestow,
On its fair form some fruit may grow;
If not, then lay the cumberer low:
One year more, one year more.

Still it stands, still it stands,
A fair but fruitless tree!
The Master, seeking fruit thereon
Has come; but, grieved at finding none,
Now speaks to Justice—Mercy flown—
Cut it down, cut it down. *P. P. Bliss.*

3431. FIRE, The Perpetual.
Leviticus vi : 18.

Kindled from heaven, the mystic flame
Burned through the darksome night,
And glowed amid the wilderness
With strange, symbolic light!
The flame of constant sacrifice
Fed by this spark divine;
Whilst incense rose perpetually
From off the golden shrine.

O wilderness of wandering!
How rocky pass, and spire,
Shine forth through all the centuries
Touched with celestial fire!
And when His glory filled the house
On Mount Moriah's height,
What wonder Israel adored
And hailed the glorious sight.

'Tis thought that in the later years
These tokens were not given—
No answer from the Oracle,
No fire came from heaven:
The old men wept, lamenting loud
The splendor that was fled;
And yet an age was drawing nigh
By angels heralded!

One greater than the temple, came—
His holy name we bear—
And His is praise continually,
To Him continual prayer.
Yet falls upon the listening ear
From some serener height,
"Oh, let thine altar flame burn clear
With a perpetual light!"
Annie Lenthal Smith.

3432. FIRST-BORN, Death of Egypt's.
Exodus xi : 4-7.

'Tis midnight now, and royal eyes
Are shut in deep repose;
No fear the palace knows.
The guard stands watch, and hourly cries
"All's well." The echo faints and dies.

But hark! a wild and sudden shriek,
A wail of deep despair
Breaks on the midnight air;
The rose fades out of beauty's cheek,
And stalwart men grow pale and weak.

An awful form sweeps through the land;
And on His dreadful path
He leaves His touch of wrath;
No palace gates can Him withstand,
Or iron bolt resist His hand.

The Almighty, wrapped in awful mist,
Moves through the realms of sleep;
And hid in shadows deep,
Nor king nor slave His presence wist,
As drops the death-bolt from His fist—

On palace hall and cottage low,
Where pillowed children rest;
On every love-crowned nest
It falls; and Egypt's mothers know
The flood-tide of a mighty woe.

The royal heir of Egypt's throne
Is silent, pale, and cold
Upon his couch of gold;
And lords, in palaces of stone,
Weep o'er their dead, and wail alone.

Their lifeless babes lone mothers press
Against their breasts in pain;
With wild and frantic brain
They cry and moan in their distress;
Or sit in ashes, comfortless.

Dead! dead! from house to house they wail;
They tell from street to street,
Where stricken mourners meet,
How sleep their first-born cold and pale;
And night lends horror to the tale.

The white heat of Jehovah's flame
The heart of steel doth fuse,
And Pharoah's will subdues;
His torn heart bleeds, and droops his frame,
He quails to hear the Almighty's name.

With frantic haste, long ere the day,
The king for Moses calls;
And in the royal walls
He stands again without delay,
To hear the humbled monarch pray:

"O Moses! get thee hence! begone;
My hand and heart relent,
God's judgment-bolt is sent
Upon our houses every one;
And awful grief o'ershades my throne.

"Get from us quickly lest we die!
Alas! my dear first born!
The palace is forlorn.
Plead thou with Him who reigns on high;
For who God's judgment hand may fly?

"Oh bless me ere thou go; my heart
Jehovah's ire hath rent
From His high battlement;
Plead ye for me! let wrath depart,
Remorse hath pierced me like a dart.

"Take all your flocks, take all your goods;
And gold our hands shall spare,
And jewels which we wear;
Away! away o'er fields and floods,
Away with all your multitudes."

Dwight Williams.

3433. FIRST-BORN, Death of the.

Exodus xii: 29, 30.

When life is forgot, and night hath power,
And mortals feel no dread;
When silence and slumber rule the hour,
And dreams around the head;
God shall smite the first-born of Egypt's race,
The destroyer shall enter each dwelling-place,
Shall enter and choose his dead.

"To your homes," said the leader of Israel's host,
"And slaughter a sacrifice:
Let the life-blood be sprinkled on each door-post,
Nor stir till the morn arise;
And the angel of vengeance shall pass you by,
He shall see the red stain, and shall not come nigh
Where the hope of your household lies."

The people hear, and they bow them low—
Each to his house hath flown:
The lamb is slain, and with blood they go
And sprinkle the lintel-stone;
And the doors they close when the sun hath set,
But few in oblivious sleep forget
The judgment to be done.

'Tis midnight—yet they hear no sound
Along the lone, still street;
No blast of a pestilence sweeps the ground,
No tramp of unearthly feet,
Nor rush as of harpy wing goes by,
But the calm moon floats in the cloudless sky,
'Mid her wan light clear and sweet.

Once only, shot like an arrowy ray,
A pale blue flash was seen,
It passed so swift, the eye scarce could say
That such a thing had been:
Yet the beat of every heart was still,
And the flesh crawled fearfully and chill,
And back flowed every vein.

The courage of Israel's bravest quailed
At the view of that awful light,
Though the blood of their offering availed,
To shield them from its might;
They felt 'twas the Spirit of Death had past,
That the brightness they saw, his cold glance had cast
On Egypt's land that night.

That his fearful eye had unwarned struck down,
In the darkness of the grave,
The hope of that empire, the praise of its crown,
The first-born of lord and slave:
The lovely, the tender, the ardent, the gay,
Where are they?—all withered in ashes away
At the terrible death-glare it gave.

From the couches of slumber ten thousand cries
Burst forth 'mid the silence dread;
The youth by his living brother lies
Sightless, and dumb, and dead!
The infant lies cold at his mother's breast,
She had kissed him alive as she sunk to rest,
She awakens—his life hath fled!

And shrieks from the palace-chambers break:
Their inmates are steeped in woe,
And Pharaoh hath found his proud arm too weak
To arrest the mighty blow:
Wail, King of the Pyramids! Egypt's throne
Cannot lighten the heart of a single groan
For thy kingdom's heir laid low.

Wail, King of the Pyramids! death hath cast
His shafts through thine empire wide,
But o'er Israel in bondage his rage hath past,
No first-born of hers hath died;
Go, satrap! command that the captive be free,
Lest their God in fierce anger should smite even thee;
On the crown of thy purple pride.

3434. FIRST-BORN, Destruction of the.

Exodus xii: 13, 14.

What wail was that which rose from Egypt's land,
A wild and long and heart-appalling cry
That smote the brazen arches of the sky
Upon that awful morning, when God's hand,
In vengeance terrible, had waved the brand,
The viewless, soul-dissevering sword of wrath,
O'er all her homes, and with its noiseless scath
Had touched and sundered every vital band
That bound her first-born life, unbound at His command!

Egypt stood staggering in that shock of woe,
Amazed, o'erwhelmed, till that wild wail went up,
As to her quivering lips was pressed a cup
Whose withering agony can no man know
Who has not reeled in darkness while the throe
Of that same great bereavement stabbed his soul
With mortal anguish, which, o'er all control,
Burst in one black, bewildering, whelming flow,
That drove him drunk with grief, stunned, stifled by the blow.

O Egypt! Egypt! such a woe was thine!
And down the dim, long ages that have sped
I see thee stooping o'er thy prostrate dead,
In that dumb agony; while ominous shine
The clouds of morn, all blotched with bloody wine,
As though the gory rite were sprinkled there,
As though o'er all the sky, and earth, and air,
In blood were written fearfully that sign
Of retribution dread, and sufferance divine.

In slavery's hut, and haughty grandeur's hall,
In regal dome, in stall, and open field,
Alike did Death his iron sceptre wield,
And over all the land a fearful pall [tall,
Was spread, and spectral shadows, dark and
Moved up and down her palaces and streets.
And goblin forms, in mouldy winding-sheets,
Unsummoned by the Magian's potent call,
Sighed as they glided dim by column, course, and wall.

Manhood stood mute with awe and terror dumb;
But woman's heart broke down beneath her love,
In wild and passionate wailings, that might move
The hearts of marble sphinxes, cold and mum;
And glorious, dark-eyed creatures, in the gloom
Of Pharaoh's palace, on its floor of stone,
Lay frantic flung, clasping with plaintive moan
Their stiffening offspring, smitten by the doom
That made the gorgeous pile one vast and mournful tomb!

O Egypt! Egypt! say what was thy crime?
That God should bruise thee in His anger so,
And pour the baptism of such fearful woe
On thy proud head, and make thee, through all time,
A sad and awful monument sublime
Of wrath and shame, of judgment and of fear,
To all the ages, ever known and near,
Teaching a startling lore to every clime,
That thrills us like a knell with ever-echoing chime?

O Egypt! Egypt! let thy grandeur tell
Thy pyramids and sphinxes, for they can,
How, age on age, they rose on bones of man!
And let the deep, dread echoes rise and swell
From labyrinth and catacombs, where dwell
Dead generations! One eternal groan
Comes up from every hewn and sculptured stone,
That answers too significantly well:
Man was not made divine, for man to buy and sell!

O ye who rear on unrequited toil
The glory of a nation or an age,
Know well a curse is writ on every page
Of every history of wrong and spoil!
It brands the brow, the soul, the very soil
Of the oppressor, with Jehovah's ban!
And all the luxury wrung from downtrod man,
And all the greatness built on freedom's foil,
Shall sink, by slow decay, or sudden, swift recoil! *George Lansing Taylor.*

3435. FISH, Draught of.

John xxi: 2–11.

They have toiled all night, the long weary night;
They have toiled all night, Lord, and taken nothing.
The heavens are as brass, and all flesh seems as grass,
Death strikes with horror and life with loathing.

Walk'st Thou by the waters, the dark silent waters,
The fathomless waters that no line can plumb?
Art Thou Redeemer, or a mere schemer,
Preaching a kingdom that cannot come?

Not a word say'st Thou; no wrath betray'st Thou;
Scarcely delay'st Thou their terrors to lull:
On the shore standing, mutely commanding,
"Let down your nets!" And they draw them up—full!

. . . . . .

Jesus, Redeemer, only Redeemer!
I, a poor dreamer, lay hold upon Thee;
Thy will pursuing, though no end viewing,
But simply doing as Thou biddest me.

Though Thee I see not, either light be not,
Or Thou wilt free not the scales from mine eyes,
I ne'er gainsay Thee, but only obey Thee;
Obedience is better than sacrifice.

Though on my prison gleams no open vision,
Walking Elysian by Galilee's tide, [Thee:
Unseen, I feel Thee, and death will reveal
I shall wake in Thy likeness, satisfied.
D. Maria Muloch Craik.

3436. FISH, First Miraculous Draught of.

Luke v: 4–11.

How long o'er the lake hung the shadows of night
That fell from the brow of the mountain around!
And pale gleamed the moon in her palace of light,
While scarcely was heard through the welkin a sound.

All bootless their toil, and their sigh filled the gale,
When blushed on the highlands the dawning of day;
In silence and sadness they spread their white sail,
And hied on the face of the waters away.

But who on that shore moves majestic along?
His eye beaming mercy, his arm clothed with might!
How he holds in suspense the wondering throng,
While they hang on his lips, all entranced with delight!

How calmed are the billows! how stilled is the breeze!
Earth, water, and winds him their Sovereign confess,
E'en the birds hush their chorus amidst the tall trees,
And the children of sorrow forget their distress.

None lose by the Saviour; once more at Thy word
The nets are extended beneath the blue sea;
The tribes of the wide weltering waves own their Lord,
And hasten to pay their allegiance to Thee.

C. East.

3437. FISH, Second Draught of.

St. John xxi: 2-11.

Night, throned on sombrous clouds, sat royally
Ruling the realms of air; alone she sat,
For, pallid with their watch, the stars had sunk,
And lay in slumber, curtained by the mists,
The pallid mists of the awakening day.
The moon had waned: and all was gathering gloom
And solemn silence—silence! still as death,
Save when the moaning of the sleepless sea,
The sea that groaned like one who lies alone,
Sick, feeble, helpless, petulant with his pain
Arose monotonously to her quiet ear.
A bark lay rocking on the waves. For hours
The sea had broken on her bow; and lulled
By the eternal sameness of the sound,
Her crew lay slumbering.
Slowly in the east
A mellow haze crept o'er the sleeping sky,
Faintly at first, and gray; but soon it bore
Another aspect, and a roseate blush
Brightened the cheek of morn.
The crew arose,
And sad and wearily put forth their nets,
For they were fishers; but in vain, in vain,
And they desponded. From the dusk of eve,
And through the night had they pursued their toil,
Alone, alone upon that silent sea!
And now day woke, and they had not withal
To break their fasts.
"Come, brothers, once again,"
Said Simon Peter, "once again throw forth,
For why should we despond? we can but die;
And dying, we shall sooner claim the crown
For which we strive. Our perils are but spurs
To urge us onward. What though we are driven
Like beasts before the hunter, hiding us
In dens like them: they chasten us, these woes!
And suffering them we shall the worthier be
To suffer like our Master! Once again
Courage and throw!'"
They rose and threw the nets.
When, as before, they drew them to the land
They were again as empty as before:
And murmuring sorely they sat down in woe.
Day now had risen, and, as from the shore
The floating mists were lifted, wave o'er wave,
To wane in air, upon the sands there stood
A man of stately presence—One, whose brow
Bore on its breadth a more than mortal grace,
And more than mortal seemed He as He stood
There, with the radiance of the rising sun
Trembling and fluttering on His golden hair.
When they beheld Him, they in fear beheld,
Trembling and pale, for they knew not but that
The stranger was a spy, who sought to give
Their forms to stripes, to prison, and to death.
But when His voice, loud, clear, and clarion-like,
Fell on their ears, saying, "My children, lo!
Have ye of meat?" their fear dropped from them, as
The scales of old fell from the leper's limbs,
And in their joy they spake—joy mixed with grief:
"Alas! no, Master, no; meat we have none."
Once more the stately stranger: "Cast again
Your nets, and on the right side of the ship.
And ye shall find!"
And lo! they cast again,
And, when they strove to raise their nets, they saw
That they were full, so full they could not lift
The unwonted weight, and, pausing for a breath,
They leant in silence, wondering! Then said John,
He whom the Saviour when alive, most loved,
"It is the Lord!"
O suffering souls that strive!
Be not borne down by sorrow; look aloft,
For morn will come, and with the morn comes joy.
The feeble only fail, the weak in heart,
The soft of soul; the strong are ever strong,
And, like the eagle, spread their nervous wings,
And through the storm, unheeding rain or snow,

The thunder's crashing or the lightning's flash,
Soar to the skies; so shall it be with ye.
Look upward, striving ever, and your goal
Is glorious Eden by God's golden throne.
Henry B. Hirst.

3438. FISHERS OF MEN.

Luke v : 5, 6.

The live-long night we've toiled in vain,
But at Thy gracious word
I will let down the net again;
Do Thou Thy will, O Lord!"

So spake the weary fisher, spent
With bootless darkling toil,
Yet on his Master's bidding bent,
For love and not for spoil.

So day by day and week by week,
In sad and weary thought,
They muse, whom God hath set to seek
The souls His Christ hath bought.

For not upon a tranquil lake
Our pleasant task we ply,
Where all along our glistening wake
The softest moonbeams lie;

Where rippling wave and dashing oar
Our midnight chant attend;
Or whispering palm-leaves from the shore
With midnight silence blend.

Sweet thoughts of peace, ye may not last;
Too soon some ruder sound
Calls us from where ye soar so fast
Back to our earthly round.

For wildest storms our ocean sweep;
No anchor but the cross
Might hold; and oft the thankless deep
Turns all our toil to loss.

Full many a dreary anxious hour
We watch our nets alone
In drenching spray, and driving shower,
And hear the night-bird's moan.

At morn we look, and naught is there;
Sad dawn of cheerless day!
Who then from pining and despair
The sickening heart can stay?

There is a stay, and we are strong;
Our Master is at hand,
To cheer our solitary song,
And guide us to the strand.

In His own time: but yet a while
Our bark at sea must ride;
Cast after cast, by force or guile
All waters must be tried;
Should e'er Thy wonder-working grace
Triumph by our weak arm,
Let not our sinful fancy trace
Aught human in the charm.
John Keble.

3439. FISHERS OF MEN.

Matthew xix : 1.

The boats are out and the storm is high;
We kneel on the shore and pray:
The star of the sea shines still in the sky,
And God is our help and stay.

The fishers are weak and the tide is strong,
And their boat seems slight and frail;
But St. Peter has steered it for them so long,
It would weather a rougher gale.

St. John, the beloved, sails with them too,
And his loving words they hear;
So with tender trust the boat's brave crew
Neither doubt, or pause, or fear.

He who sent them fishing is with them still,
And He bids them cast their net;
And He has the power their boat to fill;
So we know He will do it yet.

They have cast their nets again and again,
And now call to us on shore,
If our feeble prayers seem only in vain,
We will pray, and pray the more.

Though the storm is loud, and our voice is drowned
By the roar of the wind and sea,
We know that more terrible tempests found
Their Ruler, O Lord! in Thee.

Oh watch as of old Thou didst watch the boat
On the Galilean lake,
And grant that the fishers may keep afloat,
Till the nets, o'ercharged, shall break.
Adelaide A. Proctor.

3440. FIVE THOUSAND FED.

Matthew xiv : 15-21.

Three times through favored Galilee
The Saviour's humble, faithful band
Had preached God's kingdom nigh at hand,
And soothed all human misery.

Once more Capernaum's turrets rise
In outline on their eager sight;
They pass its portals with delight,
And soon their Master meets their eyes.

They tell Him all their heavenly toil,
The lessons from His lips they taught,
The words and wonders they had wrought,
How sickness flies, and fiends recoil.

But soon the throng forbids e'en food;
"Come," says the Saviour, "rest with Me."
They seek, beyond the freshening sea,
Perea's pensive solitude.

Vain hope. With wondering zeal aflame,
The hundreds saw Him quit the strand,
Knew His retreat, and flew by land,
Outwent, and met Him, when He came.

They came from north, and west, and east,
From vale, and plain, and hamlet high,
From town and city, far and nigh,
Journeying to keep the paschal feast.

Compassion touched the Saviour's breast;
He saw them weary, wandering wide,
As sheep, with none to feed or guide,
Starving in spirit, faint, oppressed.

He saw, nor sought His own repose,
But from a hillock, with His band,
He taught the crowds that thronged the strand,
And healed their sick, and soothed their woes.

But when the evening hour drew nigh,
His anxious followers came and said,
"This desert cannot yield them bread;
Lord, send them to the towns to buy."

"Why should they go? There is no need;
Supply them here," the Lord replies:
"Two hundred pence would not suffice
So vast a multitude to feed!"

So answered Philip. Christ once more,
"Go count your loaves;" they heard His wish.
"Five barley loaves, and two small fish,"
They answered soon, "is all our store.

"But what are they?" "Bring them to Me,"
He said, "and bid them, as ye pass,
Sit down by fifties on the grass;"
They sit, and wait for what shall be.

He blessed, and broke the loaves and fish,
And bade His followers feed the throng;
From rank to rank they sped along,
Dealing to each his utmost wish.

When lo! a wonder, weird and deft!
For as from group to group they flew,
Their burden every moment grew!
Five thousand fed! Twelve baskets left!

Amazed, and filled with grateful fear,
The breathless thousands whisper low,
"Surely—foretold so long ago—
That mighty Prophet now is here!"

O Thou whose words and wonders fed
Thy scattered, fainting flock of old,
Help us to feel our want untold,
And cry to Thee for living bread!

Thy word its fulness still imparts,
To us, O Christ! Thy fulness bring;
Then glad we'll hail Thee Israel's King,
And crown and throne Thee in our hearts!

George Lansing Taylor,

3441. FOOL, The Rich.
Luke xii: 16-31.

Rich valleys spread, and fertile plains,
And waving corn-fields bright and gay,
And all the pleasures and the gains
Of an unclouded summer day: [yield
Who would have thought this ground would
So bountiful a harvest-field?
Alas! I know not what to do,
Nor where my fruits and goods bestow.

What shall I do, my soul? But stay!
My barns are all with plenty filled:
I will pull down those barns to-day,
And garners greater still upbuild.
How full of plenty and of store,
My goods increase yet more and more;
How great, how massive, and how high,
There is no happier man than I.

My soul, abide in rest and peace:
My soul, thou art so all-secure;
My soul, my soul, take thou thine ease,
Thy wealth, thy health, thy all is sure!
My soul, take now repose and rest;
Sit and enjoy the copious feast;
Eat thou the fat and drink the sweet,
My soul, be merry, drink and eat!

Thou fool! this very night, thou fool!
Whilst thou art boasting thus, shall they
Come and demand of thee thy soul,
And carry thee from hence away!
Then who shall all this plenty own:
Rich harvests reaped, and harvests sown?
Whose shall all these rich treasures be,
And who possess them after thee?

Robert Maguire.

3442. FRIEND AT MIDNIGHT, The.
Luke xi: 5-8.

Friend at midnight!—that still hour,
When no other help is nigh;
Thou whose ever-present power,
Thou whose ever-wakeful eye,
Never fails to guard and keep,
In the darkness or the light;
When we wake, or while we sleep,
Day by day, and night by night!

When by wand'ring thoughts and ways,
Like the prodigal, return,
After straying many days,
Hunger-stricken, naked, worn—
Naught have I of any good,
Nothing, Lord, to set before;
Naught of nourishment or food,
Naught of any friendly store.

All is barren, all is waste,
Entertainment have I none;
And 'tis midnight, so I haste,
Lord, to Thee, to Thee alone—
Friend at midnight! hear my prayer,
Hearken to my earnest cry:
Lend me, give me, some small share,
For my dire necessity!

Lord, it is my wayward heart,
Now returning to its home;
And to ask Thee to impart
What it needeth, I am come:
This my friend hath come to me;
Oh, then, give me, give me bread;
This the prayer I ask of Thee:
Let my hungry soul be fed!

"Nay! too late, the door is closed;
All the day it open stood;
Children, servants, all are housed;
'Tis too late to give thee food:
Out of season is the hour,
Why then tarry, why delay?"
Hark! he knocketh more and more;
And will knock till break of day!

Lo! he standeth as before,
Albeit it is too late,
Asking at the bolted door,
Knocking at the fastened gate:
This repeated, earnest call
Brings at last the rich supply;
He will rise, and give him all,
For his importunity.

Friend at midnight! Lord, do Thou
Hearken to my earnest prayer;
At Thy gate of mercy now,
Asking, seeking, knocking there.
Blest the promise of Thy Word:
Ye shall never ask in vain;
All we ask Thou wilt afford,
If we knock and knock again.

In the midnight of my woe,
In the darkest hour of sin,
If I to my Saviour go,
He will rise, and let me in:
If I "ask," I shall receive;
If I "seek" Him, I shall find;
If I "knock," He'll rise and give,
Full of mercy, loving, kind!

Robert Maguire.

3443. FURNACE, Nebuchadnezzar's.
Daniel 3 : 16–25.

Oh for the faith in Jesu's name
Which tyrants can despise,
Which triumphs o'er the threatening flame,
And all its rage defies;
Calmly replies with resolute scorn
To furious cruelty,
"My body tear, or rack, or burn,
Ye cannot injure me."

Let the horrific king appear
And all his terrors show,
True Israelites disdain to fear
A stingless, baffled foe:
Though seven times hotter than before
The torturing fires increase,
The Lord our God whom we adore
Can save His witnesses.

Let earth and hell their powers employ,
A sure defence we have;
They are not nearer to destroy,
Than Jesus is to save:
And if it serve Thy glory, Thou
Shalt pluck as from the flame,
Our God in ages past, and now,
And evermore the same.

But if Thou wilt not save us here
From the tormentor's power,
Faithful to death we persevere,
And meet the fiery hour:
We will not bow our heart or knee,
And live to idols joined,
Assured the life we lose for Thee
In paradise to find.

Behold the miracle renewed!
Whom faith divine inspires,
We walk with Christ the Son of God,
And praise Him in the fires;
Kept by His presence and His name,
Who earth and hell subdued,
We quench the violence of the flame
Through our Redeemer's blood.

Tempted, and persecuted here,
Afflicted, and distressed,
With steadfast faith we persevere,
And stand the fiery test:
The fire shall all our bands consume;
And in the furnace tried,
Out of the flames we soon shall come
Unhurt and purified. *J. and C. Wesley.*

3444. GADARA, Miracle in.
Mark v : 1–19.

The madman in a tomb had made
His mansion of despair;
Woe to the traveller who strayed
With heedless footsteps there!

He met that glance so thrilling, sweet,
He heard those accents mild,
And, melting at Messiah's feet,
Wept like a weaned child.

O madder than the raving man!
O deafer than the sea!
How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain on me?

He called me when my thoughtless prime
Was early ripe to ill;
I passed from folly on to crime,
And yet he called me still.

He called me in the time of dread,
When death was full in view,
I trembled on my feverish bed,
And rose to sin anew.

Yet could I hear Him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks He should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.

O thou that every thought canst know,
And answer every prayer;
O give me sickness, want or woe,
But snatch me from despair!

My struggling will by grace control,
Renew my broken vow!
What blessed light breaks on my soul?
O God! I hear Thee now.

Reginald Heber.

3445. GADARA, The Maniac of.

Luke viii: 26–39.

"Death!" loud and fiercely cried
A voice unknown;
"Death!" each tall cliff replied,
With plaintive moan;
While to sad Gadara's shore,
O'er the silver-twinkling flood,
Moved the bark that Jesus bore,
And dumb with fear the apostles stood.
Awful rung each yawning cave,
Shook the forest, sighed the blast;
Shuddering, stopped the conscious wave;
Gloom the sickening skies o'ercast:
But sweetest peace, compassion mild,
Image of heaven, Messiah's aspect smiled.

Sublime before Him, to the midst of heaven
A mountain reared its shaggy head;
Around its summit troubled clouds were driven,
And o'er its bosom broken forests spread.
The rough rock wildly hung;
The gaping cavern rung;
The pendant goat browsed recklessly on high:
O'er every russet glade,
And gleaming through each shade,
Dim, distant tombs, white rising, met the eye.
A mournful murmur hummed the groves around,
And headlong streamlets swelled the solemn sound.
As slow the bark approached, the ambitious breeze
Played soft and fragrant o'er each smiling wave;
A new-born green arrayed the conscious trees,
And the fresh-glittering shore its gratulation gave.

Fiercely rose again the sound;
Nearer rung the dreadful lay:
"Burst, ye hollow tombs around;
Scheol give thy host to-day.
Rise, ye spectred bands, arise;
Leave the lonely world of night.
Demons, haste from nether skies;
Dare to view the heavenly light;
I see the gates of sorrow rend;
I hear the shrill and shrieking cry.
Lo, the livid troops ascend!
Mark the wild and staring eye!
Approach, ye fiends in sheeted fire;
Advance, ye feeble shapes of air;
Here I meet you, now draw nigher,
I alone your legions dare.
Cowards! ye faint; stay, banded wretches, stay;
They fall, they fly, before the Son of day!"

From rock to rock, from steep to steep,
A sunburnt form sprang down the mountain's side
On tiptoe for the last dread leap.
He rose, and frowned across the prospect wide.
From his white encircled eye
Shot the lightning's lurid stream;
O'er his furrowed forehead high,
Stood his locks like pointed flame.
Soon as he marked the group below,
His visage gloomed with deadlier ire;
And fiercely on the imagined foe
His eyeballs flashed a seven-fold fire.
Rending the pointed fragment of a rock,
He raised the vengeance high in air:
"Caitiffs," he cried, "your force I mock!
Advance; be men; your host I singly dare!"

When, lo! Messiah's face,
With smile divine,
He eyed; and saw the grace
Of heavenly pity shine,
He gazed, he stopped;
The fragment dropped;
His dark, tempestuous brow began to clear;
How fell his arm
Before the charm;
And his eye, softening, shed the unbidden tear.
With sad and interrupted step,
Approaching slowly toward the deep,
With plaintive voice, he cried:
"I know—I know Thee, Son of God!
Of Jesse's stem the sacred rod,
And man's immortal pride!
Oh! why untimely art Thou come
To antedate my future doom?
Oh, why,"—faltering, he cried, the rest
Convulsive sighs and groans suppressed.
Shuddering, he stood, with agonizing look,
And from his lips, at times, abortive accents broke.
"Ye demons, foes of God,
Desert your long usurped abode!"
The Saviour said.
A white celestial beam,
With circling points, began to stream
Around His head.
Convulsed, the fainting maniac fell,
And shrieked to life his last farewell.
Raised by Messiah's hand, again he stood;
With softer light his eyeballs glowed,
His cheeks the crimson flushed anew,
And glistering dropped the grateful dew.
Arrayed in man's attire, with aspect mild,
He knew himself a man, and spoke and smiled.
Warmed with Messiah's name, his rapturous tongue
The notes of peace and sweet salvation sung.

The Twelve beheld the scene, amazed,
And each on each in silence gazed,
Till wonder lost in joy, they joined the sound,
And hymns of transport filled the groves around.

3446. GALILEE.

But now in beauty and in light we see
The hills and vales of far-famed Galilee.
Though man may walk no more, as in old time,
With step of freedom, and with brow sublime;
Though on the Jew the Moslem pours disdain,
And thinks him less than reptile of the plain;
Though rapine, mocking law, may prowl the land,
And murder daily rear her blood-stained hand,
Still Nature smiles, and Galilee appears
Fair as a bride, although a bride in tears.
In Jezreel's vale the corn is waving deep,
Fir, larch, and myrtle grace high Tabor's steep;
In warm Sepphoris' beds the tulips streak
Rivals red Morn when soft her blushes break;
Ten thousand pansies breathe their odorous breath,
And orchards bloom round holy Nazareth;
While birds with song, as cooler eve comes on,
Fill the green groves of bowery Zebulon.

Nicholas Michell.

3447. GALILEE, Sea of.

Slow moves our skiff o'er still Tabaria's tide,
Through whose clear azure fish are seen to glide;
Abrupt and steep the girdling mountains frown,
Gigantic shadows stealing darkly down.
No murmuring crowds move busy on the shore,
No shepherd sings, or fisher plies his oar;
No voice in heaven, no whisper from the cave,
Man seems unborn, and Nature here a grave.
A quiet sadness fills the musing mind,
We fain would speak, but language may not find.
Yet, not like Sodom's waters, here we trace
A holy beauty and a solemn grace; [strand,
Though man may now desert yon silent
Fancy will call up forms on wave and land;
A thousand memories treasured still shall be,
And linked throughout all time, fair lake, with thee.
Here lowly Peter's youthful days were past,
In yon green cove, perchance, his net was cast;
Here, mingling blood with pure and sparkling foam,
In her last throes Judea fought with Rome;
On yon fair mount that blessed discourse was given
By One who spoke as angels speak in heaven.
Lo! on the lake, day's farewell smiles expire,
And night's deep shadows wrap each rocky spire;
Struggling with winds, and tossed on surges dark,
The apostles urge in vain their laboring bark;
No friendly moon, not e'en a star on high,
Casts on their course its mild celestial eye.
See! near their ship that calm and awful form,
Who walks the waves, unheeding night and storm;
Far o'er the lake they see strange lustre gleam,
And round His head a lambent glory beam;
Shrinking in fear, with eyes that wildly stare,
They deem that form a spectre gliding there;
But, soft as music to the saint who dies,
Float's o'er Time's gulf from opening Paradise,
His voice now sounds along the troubled wave,
And calms their fears—the blessed One comes to save!

He who shall search for cities famed of yore,
Few wrecks will find on lone Tabaria's shore:
Where stood tower-crowned Chorazin, men forget;
A palm-tree marks thy sight, Gennesaret.
Tiberias, Herod's pride, still flaunteth fair,
But not the cross—the crescent triumphs there;
With zeal for Islam's creed men's bosoms burn,
And brows to Mecca, not to Salem, turn.
No more Bethsaida gleams across the flood;
An ancient watch-tower tells where Magdal stood
Clothed with green moss—Time's sad but fragrant pall,—
Many a dark bath extends its mouldering wall;
They sink to dusk, yet health still spreads his wings
O'er the warm fountain's life-reviving springs.

Nicholas Michell.

3448. GALILEE, Sea of.

How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
O Sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
Where pine and heather grow;
But thou hast loveliness far above
What nature can bestow.

It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide;
But He that was pierced to save from hell
Oft wandered by thy side.

It is not that the fig-tree grows,
And palms, in thy soft air;
But that Sharon's fair and bleeding rose
Once spread its fragrance there,

Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea;
But, ah, far more! the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

These days are past: Bethsaida, where?
Chorazin, where art thou!
His tent the Arab pitches there,
The wild reeds shade thy brow.

Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,
Was the Saviour's city here?
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,
With none to shed a tear?

Ah! would my flock from thee might learn
How days of grace will flee;
How all an offered Christ who spurn,
Shall mourn at last, like thee.

And was it beside this very sea
The new-risen Saviour said,
Three times to Simon, Lov'st thou Me?
My lambs and sheep then feed.

O Saviour! gone to God's right hand!
Yet the same Saviour still,
Graved on Thy heart is this lovely strand,
And every fragrant hill.

Oh! give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,
Threefold Thy love divine,
That I may feed, till I find my grave,
Thy flock—both Thine and mine.

R. M. McCheyne.

3449. GALILEE, The Inward.

O Christ! I often think of Thee
Upon the waves of Galilee;
I hear the voice, I see the form, [storm.
Which ruled the waves, which calmed the

That voice of power, which calmed the seas,
Predicted "greater things than these;"
Those greater things to-day are seen
In this: that Thou dost rule within.

To those who have the sight to see
There is an inward Galilee;
And it doth fit Thee now to bind
The waves and tempests of the mind.

Thou walkest now within the soul;
Thou bid'st its billows cease to roll;
The waves of stormy strife are still,
And pride and wrath obey Thy will.

Thomas C. Upham.

3450. GALILEE, The Sea of.

Mark iv: 36–39.

O Jesus! once on Galilee
Thy voice of power was heard,
When madly that dark heaving sea
Through all its depths was stirred.

The forky lightnings Thee revealed,
Calm, 'mid the storm's increase,
And far above where thunders pealed
Was heard the whisper, "Peace!"

How drooped at once that foaming sheet
Of waters, vexed and wild!
Each wave came falling at Thy feet,
Just like an humbled child.

So rages my tumultuous breast,
So chafes my maniac will;
Speak! and these troubled seas shall rest:
Speak; and the storm is still.

William B. Tappan.

3451. GARDENS, Three.

Genesis ii: 8; John xviii: 1; John xix: 41.

In a garden man was placed,
Meet abode for innocence,
With his Maker's image graced;
Sin crept in and drove him thence,
Through the world, a wretch undone,
Seeking rest and finding none.

In a garden, on that night
When our Saviour was betrayed,
With what world-redeeming might
In His agony He prayed!
Till he drank the vengeance up,
And with mercy filled the cup.

In a garden, on the cross,
When the spear His heart had riven,
And for earth's primeval loss
Heaven's best ransom had been given,
Jesus rested from His woes,
Jesus from the dead arose.

James Montgomery.

3452. GARMENT, The Wedding.

Matthew xxii: 11–13.

The nuptial robe, which all must wear
Who enter to the spousal feast,
Is not a garb for vulgar stare,
A cloth of gold in samite pieced,
In costly jewels glittering fair,
With rustling pride surceased.

The nuptial robe which all must don
Who would their heads lift up on high,
Who would approach the bridal throne
With contrite heart and suppliant eye,
This yoke of peace, and this alone,
Is the fair stole of charity.

The nuptial robe is pure and white,
Unsoiled in deed, unstained in thought,
With willing heart and purpose right,
In works of love it must be wrought;
Although 'tis wove with colors bright,
It shall not pass where love is naught.

The nuptial robe, to which is given
An entrance to the bliss of God,
Must raise the soul with virtue's leaven,
Must to the cross point out the road,
And humbly labor still, till Heaven
Relieve thee of thy heavy load.

Then, clothed anew in virtue's dress,
Angels shall bid thee welcome home;
Then shall the toil that did oppress
Be buried with thee in the tomb;
Then shall ye hear that last address:
Ye blessed of My Father, come!
Lyra Eucharistica.

3453. GATES, The Two.
Matthew vii : 13, 14.

Wide is the gate and broad the road
That downward to destruction tends,
Where thronging thousands madly crowd,
And plunge to woe that never ends.

Pleasure and pride and gay desires
Dance round that portal high and fair;
Yet end those paths in gulfs and fires,
Darkness and ruin and despair.

Strait is the gate and strict the way
Whose narrow entrance leads to life,
And few, alas, how few! are they
Who find its door through prayer and strife.

Yet there bright Wisdom, God's own love,
And Joy immortal, smiling stand,
Pointing to endless bliss above,
And crowns and thrones at God's right hand.

Fly! fly, my soul, from death and hell!
Strive, stripped of all else, life to gain!
Then climb and soar with Christ to dwell,
And share His blest eternal reign.
George Lansing Taylor.

3454. GENNESARET.
Matthew viii : 24-26.

On the lone bosom of a lake
Contending surges fiercely met;
"Be still," 'twas thus the Saviour spake,
And thou wert calm, Gennesaret!

Whene'er with sad foreboding filled;
When guilty fears my bosom fret,
I'll turn to Him who gently stilled
Thy raging waves, Gennesaret!

I'll think of that more fearful storm,
When wrathful thunders fiercely met
Around the cross of Him whose form
Moved 'mid thy waves, Gennesaret!

When quivering lip, and eyeball dim,
Proclaim life's sun about to set,
I'll lean upon the arm of Him
Who stilled thy waves, Gennesaret!

Safe landed on that heavenly shore
My heart shall have but one regret:
That here I did not love Him more,
Who walked thy waves, Gennesaret!

Lord! let Thy love my bosom fill,
While tossed on life's rough surges yet;
Speak Thine own mandate, "Peace, be still!"
Which calmed of old Gennesaret.
George McDuff.

3455. GENNESARET, Jesus Walking on.
Matthew xvi : 25.

'Twas in the solemn hour,
When light and shade are blended;
The moon was in her tower,
The sun his course had ended.
The heaven was all serene,
The even star looked fair;
And scarce a cloud was seen,
Nor breathed one breath of air.

The lake of Galilee
Was like a glassy sea
That bore some favored ark;
'Twas the disciples' bark.
The crescent beam was slumbering
Upon the calmed deep;
The mountain shepherd numbering
His charge of fleecy sheep.
But creature none was there
Where Jesus was in prayer.

The inconstant moon was clouded,
Her ebon throne around;
Her fairy orb was shrouded,
The threatening storm did sound.
The laboring twelve were rowing,
To reach the shore in vain;
The adverse winds were blowing,
To rouse the sleeping main.
The air and sea were blended,
The waves ran mountains high;
The piteous moan ascended,
No helping hand was nigh!

How dreadful was that gloom,
O'er Galilee's dark sea!
Not Egypt in her doom
More reft of light could be;
Save when the forked glare and mighty thunder,
Seemed like to rend the shattered bark asunder!

When, lo! as morn drew nigh,
But still with darkened sky,
A distant form appeared;
Some goblin of the deep,
Or human spirit weird,
The storm had roused from sleep;
Some phantom dire it seemed:
So the disciples deemed.

It nearer drew, and nearer,
A light shone all around;
The angry heavens were clearer,
The billows ceased to sound.
Then spoke a voice of love,
Mild as the zephyr's sigh,
When scarce 'tis heard to move;
It whispered, "It is I!"
It hailed them cheerfully,
And bid their fears be quiet;
It hushed the storm and riot—
'Twas Jesus on the sea!

Then while I ride the surges
Of life's uncertain wave;
And still the tempest urges,
Jesus, be there to save!
Oh let Thy form be seen
To faith's discerning eye,
Still hovering between
My waves and cloudy sky;
And may Thy heavenly voice
Be music to my soul;
"Fear not; 'tis I, rejoice!
I storms and sea control."
Then all within shall be,
As when Thy voice again,
The lake of Galilee
Didst calm into a plain.
World! thou mayst hide thy sun,
Thy stars of promise hide;
My heaven will be begun,
If Christ within abide! *H.*

3456. GENTILES, The Call of the.
Romans ii : 10.

Oh, not to Israel's haughty sons alone
Came the glad tidings of a Saviour born;
Not so repulsed th' Almighty's outstretched arm,
Not so confined His love! The dove-like form
Of mercy, issuing forth, through every clime,
Flies to and fro, to earth's extremest verge,
Speeds her light way, and plies her eager search,
Unwilling to return if chance she find
Whereon to rest her foot! Long time intent
O'er thee, Judea, self-devoted land! [flight
With many an anxious pause and circling
The mystic wanderer hung! Full oft she sought
Thy tow'rs, Jerusalem, thy fated walls,
And wept o'er all the scene! Full oft she called
(E'en as a hen collects her callow brood)
And yet ye would not! "O ungrateful race!"
In deep despair the lovely exile cried;
Then shook soft pity from her wings—and fled.
Happy the few, on whose selected heads
The plenteous dayspring from on high de- [scended
In kindly visitation! Happy they
On whom that show'r of heav'n-born pity fell;
Nor fell unfruitful! While impassioned hope,
Firm faith, that wisely builds on reason's rock,
Strong-working, drew them from the crooked path;
Taught them at length with steady eye to bear
The growing light; to hail with grateful joy
Each emanation of these holy truths
That Jesus poured upon their tempered souls!
These, not unaided by supernal grace:
And fraught with confidence and holy zeal,
Sure test of true conversion! these, O Lord,
Were all Thy scanty followers; by Thee
First called, first rescued from a world of woe,
To spread salvation into distant climes;
And tell the meanest habitant of earth
"Glad tidings of great joy!" Much envied lot
Of ministry like this! Thrice happy state
Of servitude (if freedom's choicest name
Befit not rather), happier, richer far
Than all that tyranny enthroned could boast,
Or the proud sceptre of imperial Rome!
Conscious I quit the still-increasing theme
Of praise and wonder! Mute admiring joy
Must paint a scene the muse can never reach!
'Tis not for us, unweeting babblers all,
To trace with fit designs the holy group
Forth issuing, for the glorious work prepared,
Their cry Salvation! God himself their guide!
For us suffice it rather, first to haste
In silent joy, like Abraham from his tent,
And welcome their approach; then quick retire,
Like Lot from Sodom, anxious to be saved,
Thankful to hear, and happy to obey!
'Tis not for us to watch with prying eye
The secret workings of Almighty Power;
To tell how heav'n's diffused love prevailed
With gradual effort o'er the conscious soul!
Or struck, invisibly, with sudden ray
Of purest knowledge and regen'rate joy,
Th' unconscious heathen; till at once aroused,
His ev'ry sense and ev'ry glowing thought
Start from its lethargy, and spring to life;
Suffice it, that we know the mighty cause
And breathe unceasing songs of gratitude
To Him whose blessings far and wide displayed
The rich effusion, till one vast embrace
Encircles all creation! Gracious Heaven!
Oh not in vain be these thy mercies shown
To any child of man! Remember, Lord,
And save the creature of Thy plastic hand,
Whether Thou view'st him wandering on the [waste
Of polar Zembla, continent of ice!
Or breathing rude idolatry and vows
Of prostrate adoration at the shrine
Of Thibet's hapless lama! Wretched being,
Less free, less happy, less a God than e'en
His vilest votary! Yet not alone
To the swart savage of the barb'rous East,
The beaded Hottentot, or naked slave
Who toils, untutored, in the guilty mine,
Reveal thy saving arm! But turn, oh turn
The blinder infidel, of every name,
Or gross Mahometan, or stubborn Jew,
Or desperate atheist, who mocks thy pow'rs
With purposed insult! Turn them, Lord, and save
And win them to Thyself! Oh quickly bring
To Sharon's fold and Achor's happy vale
Thy full united flock! And if the muse,
Impatient for thy glory, still may breathe
One added prayer, oh bless the pious zeal,
And crown with glad success the lab'ring sons
Of that best charity, whose annual mite

Sends forth thy gospel to the distant isles!
So shall the nations, rescued myriads! hear,
And own Thy mercy over all Thy works!
So from each corner of th' enlightened earth
Incessant peals of universal joy
Shall hail Thee, heavenly Father, God of all!

Spencer Madan.

3457. GETHSEMANE.

Matthew xxvi : 36–46.

Down from the slopes of Olivet
A weeper goeth;
The sun behind the hills is set;
The low brook floweth,
And with the dews the night is wet.

He enters dark Gethsemane
For lonely pleading;
Asleep he leaves the loving three,
His great heart bleeding
As low he falls on bended knee.

The winds are hushed; one voice alone
With mingled sobbing
Breaks like a sea-wave's monotone;
It is the throbbing
Of a great anguish all unknown.

Ah, 'tis a lonely battle-ground;
One soul, deep-heaving,
Contends with heights and depths profound;
And from its grieving
There comes at last a Victor crowned.

"Thy will be done"—thrice-spoken words,
Too great for sorrow;
"Come on, ye hosts, with staves and swords!
Come fierce to-morrow!"
And lo! a great calm undergirds.

Like Him who came and conquered there
In that low garden,
So rise we victors from our prayer;
Christ is our warden,
And holdeth crowns for us to wear.

Each hath his own Gethsemane—
A battle raging;
Where, like a lone ship on the sea
With storm engaging,
Self rises victor, strong and free.

"Thy will be done," we bow and say;
What cometh after
Is but the dawning of the day;
If tears or laughter,
God's will and ours move but one way.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!
Hence to our crosses;
For ah! with angel helpers we,
Through tears and losses,
Go dauntless to our victory.

Dwight Williams.

3458. GETHSEMANE.

Mark xiv : 32–42.

The mountains hide the sun from Galilee,
And Jewish maidens, gazing on the sea,
View mirrored stars in every wandering wave
That flecks with foam the bank it loves to lave.

How sweetly still: the winds are hushed to rest,
And earth seems sleeping on its Maker's breast,
Secure, beneath the watch-care of that God
Who framed the heavens, and rules them by His nod.

The darkness deepens, for the twilight hour
Has shut the petals of the daytime flower,
Beguiled the bee to couch within the rose,
And weary ones to court a night's repose.

But there is One whose soul so sinks with grief
That soothing sleep refuses Him relief.
While false friends dream, alone the Saviour strays
Down the dim garden-paths, and weeps and prays.

A voice of prayer arises from that sod
That bows the ear and melts the heart of God!
Gethsemane, while soft the moonbeams play,
Drinks up His tears, and hears the Saviour pray!

God, who from Teman came, will He not spare
The Son, who holds with Him an equal share
In all the beatific realms above,
Where angels live and every thought is love?

Will He not dash the dreaded cup away,
And break the bands and chains of cumbering clay?
No! deep He drinks, the bitter dregs He drains,
Ere He again His Father's throne regains.

The flesh must fail. Humanity must die
And live again ere it ascends on high.
So in the gloomy garden's solemn shade
The sinless Saviour's sacrifice is made.

Oh dreadful agony! Oh grief untold!
When all of human sinfulness is rolled
On One who never sinned, to die condemned,
By God forsaken and denied a friend!

Thou Man of Sorrows! By Thy bloody sweat
We will not slumber, nor Thy pangs forget!
But we for evermore will watch with Thee,
And every place shall be Gethsemane!

Simeon Tucker Clark.

3459. GETHSEMANE.

Matthew xxvi : 36.

Where climbs thy steep, fair Olivet,
There is a spot most dear to me:
The spot with tears of sorrow wet,
Where Jesus knelt in agony.

I love in thought to linger there,
To tread the hallowed ground alone,
Where on the silent, midnight air [moan.
Rose heavenward, Lord, Thy plaintive

I fondly seek the olive shade [wrung;
That veiled Thee when Thy soul was
When angels came to bring Thee aid,
That oft to Thee their harps had strung!

There on the sacred turf I kneel,
And breathe my heart's deep love to Thee,
While tender memories o'er me steal
Of all Thou didst endure for me.

Oh mystery of anguish, when
The sinless felt sin's heavy woe!
Hell madly dreamed of triumph then,
While Thy dear head was bending low.

Vain dream! No grief shall evermore
Stain, as with bloody sweat, thy brow;
Robed in all glory, Thine before,
The seraphim surround Thee now.

Yet, Lord, from off the burning throne,
Above yon stars that softly gleam,
Thou cam'st to meet me here alone,
By Kedron's old familiar stream.

Ray Palmer.

3460. GETHSEMANE.

Matthew xxvi : 36–45.

Gethsemane, thine olive grove
A welcome screen for Jesus wove,
To veil His agony;
Oh, when thou lone and hallowed spot
Can be by friend or foe forgot,
Thy midnight mystery?

Beneath the darkness of thy shade
The agonizing Saviour prayed;
And from the anguish felt
Great drops as it were bloody sweat
Streamed down His checks, and, falling, wet
The ground whereon He knelt.

Oh who can tell the strain intense
Of mind in agonized suspense,
In what He there achieved?
Who fathom all that wrung His heart,
As thrice He lowly knelt apart,
And plead to be relieved?

"My Father, if it may not be
That now this cup shall pass from me,
Thine own and only Son,
Except I drink it at Thy hand,
Then, Father, this My prayer shall stand,
Thy will, not Mine, be done."

Thrice did the lonely Sufferer plead,
And thrice returned, as if in need
Of sympathy's relief;
Thrice they who came a watch to keep
Had sunk in weariness to sleep,
And heeded not His grief.

Ah! vain from them a cheer to seek,
Though heart were willing, flesh was weak:
No human arm could aid;
An angel for a moment came,
And, whispering the Father's aim,
Some strength to Him conveyed.

A world in that dark midnight hour,
While coping with Satanic power,
He bore on bended knee;
Alone the burden He sustained,
Alone the victory He gained,
In thee, Gethsemane.

Gethsemane, thy name is graved
Deep on the hearts of all the saved,
And cannot be erased;
For, till eternity shall end,
Oh who in full can comprehend
The scene in thee embraced?

Draw near, my heart, and gaze anew,
Where Jesus on that night withdrew,
To bear the load for thee;
Come read the love that in Him wrought,
Come linger long in tender thought,
In lone Gethsemane.

See where He, in that awful test,
Obeyed the Father's high behest
Submissively for thee;
Oh think what torture He endured,
And what of bliss for thee secured,
In dark Gethsemane.

And when harassed by many a doubt,
And darkness gathers thick about
Without a cheering ray,
Then to Gethsemane repair,
And listen to the Saviour's prayer,
And learn of Him to pray.

But till life's service be resigned,
Shall ever sacred be enshrined
That scene of agony;
Let tears its clustered memories start,
But never, O my wayward heart!
Forget Gethsemane. *Oliver Crane.*

3461. GETHSEMANE.

There is a spot within this sacred dale
That felt Thee kneeling, touched Thy prostrate brow:
One angel knows it. Oh, might prayer avail
To win that knowledge, sure each holy vow
Less quickly from the unstable soul would fade,
Offered where Christ in agony was laid!

Might tear of ours once mingle with the blood
That from His aching brow by moonlight fell,
Over the mournful joy our thoughts would brood,
Till they had framed within a guardian spell
To chase repining fancies, as they rise,
Like birds of evil wing, to mar our sacrifice.

So dreams the heart self-flattering, fondly dreams;
Else wherefore, when the bitter waves o'erflow,
Miss we the light, Gethsemane, that streams
From thy dear name, where in His page of woe
It shines, a pale kind star in winter's sky?
Who vainly reads it there, in vain had seen Him die. *John Keble.*

3462. GETHSEMANE, An Olive Leaf from.

And this was plucked by friendship's hand,
And this was kindly borne to me
From the heart's treasure-land,
Gethsemane!

The conscious soil, that gave to birth
Its venerable parent tree,
Was thy blood-moistened earth,
Gethsemane!

On whose cold bosom, that sad night,
The Guiltless sank for guilty me;
When angel-wings made bright
Gethsemane!

When darkness o'er a God in tears
Drew solemn veil, that none might see
How wrath divine woke fears,
Gethsemane!

When—that might pass the dreadful cup,
The Sufferer prayed in agony;
Yet, bade to drink it up,
Gethsemane—

His prayer had answer in new power,
Strengthened, He should the victor be,
Though hell was strong that hour,
Gethsemane!

O Garden of Hesperides!
I seek thy wondrous laden tree,
Whose apple heals disease—
Gethsemane!

Eden! where, if I take and eat,
'Tis life, immortal life to me;
My soul's uncloying meat,
Gethsemane!

The thoughts are sweet and full of heaven,
That rise, and throng, and cling to thee;
Wings! wings!—if wings were given,
Gethsemane—

Not thee I'd seek; thou art too far;
The Crucified is nigh to me;
Life's Joy, day's Sun, night's Star—
Gethsemane!

All day, His presence here to keep,
I need not such memorial see;
All night, love doth not sleep,
Gethsemane!

Yet will the frequent thought return,
All redolent of bliss and thee—
Quickening cold love, till love shall burn,
Gethsemane!

No pledge shall wake my joy; my grief
Shall few memorials stir, like thee,
Thou sacred Olive Leaf!—
Gethsemane!

Eyes! with delicious tears be dim;
Soul, leap! for love hath set thee free;
Voice! join with Calvary's hymn
"Gethsemane!"

Anticipate the theme, the same
That sung by rescued worlds will be,
When worlds expire in flame,
"Gethsemane!"

Thou brooding Dove, thou Spirit, come!
And take the wanderer home to thee;
Earth, earth is not my home,
Gethsemane! *W. B. Tappan.*

3463. GETHSEMANE, Forget Not.

Luke xxii: 39-46.

Oh let me not forget! 'Twas here,
Earth of the Saviour's grief and toil!
He knelt; and oft the falling tear
Mingled His sorrows with thy soil.
When, in the Garden's fearful hour,
He felt the great temptation's power.

Here was the proffered bitter cup.
"Thy will be done," the Saviour said.
His faith received, and drank it up;
Amazed, the baffled tempter fled;
Repulsed, with all his hate and skill,
Before an acquiescent will.

O man! In memory of that hour
Let rising murmurs be repressed;
And learn the secret of thy power
Within a calm and patient breast.
"Thy will be done." 'Tis that which rolls
Their agony from suffering souls.

Such is the lesson that I find
Here, in the Saviour's place of tears;
The lesson, that the trusting mind
Has strength to conquer griefs and fears;
And doomed upon the cross to die,
Finds death itself a victory.
Thomas C. Upham.

3464. GETHSEMANE, Superiority of.

What though my feet had stood upon
The blood-stained field of Marathon;
Though I had heard the serpent hiss
Amidst the fallen Persepolis:
Or seen those pond'rous masses rise
O'er Nile's rich stream to meet the skies,
'Twere nothing, had I stood on thee,
Lovely, but sad, Gethsemane.

Not even at Athens will I touch,
Though Socrates might teach me much;
Nor will I speed across the deep
To learn of Cato not to weep
When sorrow's waves are swelling high,
And darkest clouds obscure the sky;
Nor shall he teach me how to die;
To live, to die, I learn from thee,
Lovely, though sad, Gethsemane.

Here did those sacred pains begin,
Which full atonement made for sin;
Here, bleeding, prostrate on the ground,
Life's Lord and glory's Prince was found;
And angels on that wond'rous night,
Gazed, all astonished, at the sight;
The eye of heaven was fixed on thee,
Lovely, though sad, Gethsemane.

Oh, never can my soul forget
Thine agony and bloody sweat;
The sorrow of Thy soul when Thou
Obedient unto death didst bow.
But Thou didst all Thy foes o'ercome,
And then, ascending, sought Thy home;
Thence shall my soul ascend to Thee,
To Eden from Gethsemane. *E. Tatham.*

3465. GIBEON.

Joshua x: 1-14.

Oh! there were banners proudly dancing
Round old Gibeon's royal walls;
Oh! there were war-steeds furious prancing
To the battle-trump which calls.
On they come, five kings in number,
Oh how stern their long array!
Up! brave hearts, nor dare to slumber;
Life and death are on this day.

Men of Gibeon! like a river
Hebron rushes from afar;
Jarmuth see! with bow and quiver,
How he heads the bursting war.
Lachish shouts with scornful gladness;
Eglon! who his waves shall stem?
Many a mother faints with sadness
At thy cry, Jerusalem!

Onward! onward! buckler clashes,
Lances shiver, helmet rings;
On the roll of carnage dashes,
Iron hearts are needful things.
Earth and air, with ghastly wonder,
Start to eye that dreadful sight;
While each crash of martial thunder
Shakes the crimson field of fight.

Hark! and tell me, heard ye stealing
Footsteps through the dead of night?
Saw ye tread, their path concealing,
Israel's chosen men of might?
Canaan's sons! no peace betiding,
Moans that sullen night-wind's breath;
For, upon its black wings riding,
Lo! the angel comes of death.

Thou, Bethoron! tell the story,
How they died that banded host;
Bannered pomp and kingly glory,
Where is now your swelling boast?
Speak, Azekah! say how o'er them
Heaven its giant hailstones threw:
God, their foe, above, before them;
Israel's hosts behind pursue.

Conquerors! on; but, fast declining,
See! the day is almost gone;
"Sun! stand still, on Gibeon shining:
Stop, thou moon! o'er Ajalon."
Wondrous sight! by mortal spoken,
Sun and moon obeyed that word,
Till, the last proud foeman broken,
Joshua triumphed and the Lord.

Gibeon's saved! ye saints that languish,
Crouched in sackcloth and in dust;
Rise! 'tis past, your hour of anguish,
Perfect peace awaits the just;
You have sown in night of sorrow,
Reap in joy your promised crown;
Happy, glorious, endless morrow,
Sun and moon that ne'er go down.
E. Dudley Jackson.

3466. GIBEON.

Joshua x: 6.

When Joshua, by God's command,
Invaded Canaan's guilty land,
Gibeon, unlike the nations round,
Submission made, and mercy found.

Their stubborn neighbors, who, enraged,
United war against them waged,
By Joshua soon were overthrown,
For Gibeon's cause was now his own.

He from whose arm they ruin feared,
Their leader and ally appeared;
An emblem of the Saviour's grace
To those who humbly seek His face.

The men of Gibeon wore disguise,
And gained their peace by framing lies;
For Joshua had no power to spare,
If he had known from whence they were.

But Jesus invitation sends,
Treating with rebels as His friends;
And holds the promise forth in view
To all who for His mercy sue.

Too long His goodness I disdained,
Yet went at last, and peace obtained;
But soon the noise of war I heard,
And former friends in arms appeared.

Weak in myself, for help I cried,
Lord, I am pressed on every side;
The cause is Thine, they fight with me,
But every blow is aimed at Thee.

With speed to my relief He came,
And put my enemies to shame,
Thus saved by grace, I live to sing
The love and triumphs of my King.
John Newton.

3467. GIDEON'S FLEECE.
Judges vi: 39.

All night long on hot Gilboa's mountain,
With unmoistened breath, the breezes blew,
All night long the green corn in the valley,
Thirsted, thirsted for one drop of dew.

Came the warrior from his home in Ophrah,
Sought the white fleece in the mountain pass,
As he heard the crimson morning rustle
In the dry leaves of the bearded grass.

Not a pearl was on the red pomegranate,
Not a diamond in the lily's crown,
Yet the fleece was heavy with its moisture,
Wet with dew-drops where no dew rained down.

All night long the dew was on the olives,
Every dark leaf set in diamond drops;
Silver frosted lay the lowland meadows,
Silver frosted all the mountain tops.

Once again from Ophrah came the chieftain,
Sought his white fleece 'mid the dewy damps,
As the early sun looked through the woodlands,
Lighting up a thousand crystal lamps.

Every bright leaf gave back from its bosom
Of that breaking sun a semblance rare;
All the wet earth glistened like a mirror,
Yet the fleece lay dry and dewless there.

Type, strange type, of Israel's early glory,
Heaven-besprinkled when the earth was dry;
Mystic type, too, of her sad declining,
Who doth desolate and dewless lie,

When all earth is glistening in the Presence
Of the Sun that sets not night or day,
When the fulness of His Spirit droppeth
On the islands very far away.

Dream no more of Israel's sin and sorrow,
Of her glory and her grievous fall;
Hath that sacrament of shame and splendor
To thine own heart not a nearer call?

There are homes whereon the grace of heaven
Falleth ever softly from above—
Homes by simple faith and Christian duty
Steeped in peace, and holiness, and love.

Churches where the voice of praise and blessing
Droppeth daily like the silver dew,
Where the earnest lip of love distilleth
Words, like water running through and through.

There are children trained in truth and goodness,
Graceless, careless in those holy homes,
There are hearts within those Christian temples,
Cold as angels carved upon the domes.

Places are there sin-defiled and barren,
Haunts of prayerless lips and ruined souls;
Where some lonely heart in secret filleth
Cups of mercy, full as Gideon's bowls.

Where some Christ-like spirit, pure and gentle,
Sheddeth moisture on the desert spot,
Feels a tender Spirit, in the darkness,
Dewing all the dryness of his lot.

Christ! be with us, that these hearts within us
Prove not graceless in the hour of grace;
Dew of heaven! feed us with the sweetness
Of Thy Spirit in the dewless place.
Cecil Frances Alexander.

3468. GIDEON'S WAR-SONG.

O Israel! thy hills are resounding,
The cheeks of thy warriors are pale;
For the trumpets of Midian are sounding,
His legions are closing their mail;
His battle steeds prancing and bounding,
His veterans whetting their steel!

His standard, in haughtiness streaming,
Above his encampment appears;
An ominous radiance is gleaming
Around from his forest of spears:
The eyes of our maidens are beaming,
But, ah! they are beaming through tears.

Our matron survivors are weeping,
Their sucklings a prey to the sword;
The blood of our martyrs is steeping
The fanes where their fathers adored;
The foe and the alien are reaping
Fields, vineyards, the gift of the Lord!

Our country! shall Midian enslave her,
With the blood of the brave in our veins?
Shall we crouch to the tyrant forever,
Whilst manhood, existence, remains?
Shall we fawn on the despot? Oh never!
Like freemen, unrivet your chains!

Like locusts our foes are before us,
Encamped in the valley below;
The sabre must freedom restore us,
The spear, and the shaft, and the bow,
The banners of Heaven wave o'er us,
Rush! rush like a flood on the foe!
Vedder.

3469. GILBOA, The Field of.

1 Samuel xxxi : 1.

The sun of the morning looked forth from his throne,
And beamed on the face of the dead and the dying: [flown,
For the yell of the strife like the thunder had
And red on Gilboa the carnage was lying.

And there lay the husband that lately was pressed
To the beautiful cheek that was tearless and ruddy;
Now the claws of the vulture were fixed in his breast, [bloody.
And the beak of the vulture was busy and

And there lay the son of the widowed and sad,
Who yesterday went from her dwelling forever:
Now the wolf of the hills a sweet carnival had [quiver.
On the delicate limb that had ceased not to

And there came the daughter, the desolate child,
To hold up the head that was breathless and hoary; [wild
And there came the maiden, all frantic and
To kiss the loved lips that were gasping and gory.

And there came the consort, that struggled in vain [her;
To stem the red tide of a spouse that bereft
And there came the mother that sunk 'mid the slain,
To weep o'er the last human stay that was left her.

O bloody Gilboa! a curse ever lie
Where the king and his people were slaughtered together!
May the dew and the rain leave thy herbage to die,
Thy flocks to decay, and thy forests to wither! *William Knox.*

3470. GLEANER, The.

Ruth ii : 19.

O gleaner, who homeward, as if in retreat,
Art wearily plodding thy way,
Thou hast wrought in the dust and the heat,
But why bringest thou with thee no bundle of wheat,
Oh where hast thou gleaned to-day?

I have all day long in the wearisome toil
Been gleaning but stubble and hay;
I have labored as if on a barren soil, [foil;
And the elements seemed my endeavors to
I have gleaned but in vain to-day.

O gleaner, who comest as if from the field
Where the sheaves in abundance lay,
Oh what by thy diligent hand is the yield,
And why is it close in thy mantle concealed;
Oh where hast thou gleaned to-day?

I have come from the fields where the harvesters throng,
By the brook and the great highway;
I have flitted from field to field along,
And have listened to many a reaper's song;
I have gleaned but as vagrant to-day.

From the harvests that wave as the Master's pride
What bearest thou, gleaner, away? [hied,
With the earliest dawn thou hast thitherward
But what bringest thou back at the eventide?
Oh where hast thou gleaned to-day?

I have come from the fields on the harvested plain,
Where the reapers are happy and gay;
But the reapers are harvesting all the grain,
And the song that they sang was their own refrain;
I have gleaned but as gleaner to-day.

O gleaner, who comest with hands well filled,
As if gleaning where armfuls lay,
Oh whence is the joy that thy bosom hath thrilled, [trilled;
As if joining the song that the harvesters
Oh where hast thou gleaned to-day?

I have gleaned in the field where the Master assigned,
And have stayed where he bade me stay;
Where the owner and reapers alike were kind,
And permitted me many a sheaf to find—
I have gleaned as a reaper to-day.

Oliver Crane.

3471. GOLIATH.

1 Samuel xvii.

The banners of Israel waved on the hill,
The breast of their chieftain was shadowed with care;
No warrior of prowess, no archer of skill,
Came forth from the host at the sound of his prayer.

The champion of Dagon, th' avenger of Gath,
In the pride of his strength, stalked over the plain;
He hurled defiance, and spake of his wrath,
Of the feats he'd achieved, and the foes he had slain.

No eye dared to meet the fierce glare of his glance.
No rival rushed forth to o'ershadow his joy:
The bow was unstrung, and unsheathed the lance,
Though each bosom was heaved with the wish to destroy.

What wanteth that stripling, that gay rustic swain,
Who seeketh the tent of the heart-sickened soul?
What freak of the madman, what hope of the vain,
Gives life to his courage, and heralds his fall?

Ah! stay from the contest, and face not the scorn
And the vengeance of him who was cradled in war;
By his strength, and his hate, and his gods he hath sworn,
That thou shalt be chained to the wheels of his car.

Well done, bravest youth, for that stone was well flung,
And has gained a tomb in the brow of thy foe;
From the murky recess of his bosom is wrung
The feeling that scorned thee, and sighed for thy woe. *Elisha Tatham.*

3472. GOLIATH, Death of.

1 Samuel xvii : 42–51.

David. Thou com'st to me with sword and spear and shield;
In the dread name of Israel's God I come;
The living Lord of hosts, whom thou defy'st!
Yet though no shield I bring, no arms except
These five new stones I gathered from the brook,
With such a simple sling as shepherds use,
Yet all exposed, defenceless as I am,
The God I serve shall give thee up a prey
To my victorious arm. This day I mean
To make the uncircumcised tribes confess
There is a God in Israel. I will give thee,
Spite of thy vaunted strength and giant bulk,
To glut the carrion kites. Nor thee alone:
The mangled carcasses of your thick hosts
Shall spread the plains of Elah, till Philistia,
Through all her trembling tents and flying bands,
Shall own that Judah's God is God indeed!
I dare thee to the trial.
Goliath. Follow me;
In this good spear I trust.
David. I trust in Heav'n!
The God of battle stimulates my arm,
And fires my soul with ardor not its own.

. . . . . .

Abner. Full in the centre of the camp he stood!
The opposing armies ranged on either side
In proud array. The haughty giant stalked
Stately across the valley. Next the youth
With modest confidence advanced. Nor pomp,
Nor gay parade, nor martial ornament,
His graceful form adorned. Goliath straight,
With solemn state, began the busy work
Of dreadful preparation. In one place
His closely jointed mail an opening left
For air, and only one. The watchful youth
Marked that the beaver of his helm was up.
Meanwhile the giant such a blow devised
As would have crushed him. This the youth perceived,
And from his well-directed sling quick hurled,
With dextrous aim, a stone which sunk, deep-lodged
In the capacious forehead of the foe.
Then with a cry, as loud and terrible
As Libyan lions roaring for their young,
Quite stunned, the furious giant staggered, reeled,
And fell: the mighty mass of man fell prone.
With its own weight his shattered bulk was bruised.
His clattering arms rung dreadfully through the field,
And the firm basis of the solid earth
Shook. Choked with blood and dust, he cursed his gods,
And died blaspheming! Straight the victor youth
Drew from his sheath the giant's pond'rous sword,
And from the enormous trunk the gory head,
Furious in death, he severed. The grim visage
Looked threatening still, and still frowned horribly.
Saul. O glorious deed! O valiant conqueror! *Hannah More.*

3473. GOLIATH'S DEFIANCE.

Samuel xvii : 4–11.

Abner. Thrice, and no more, he sounds, his daily rule.
This man of war, this champion of Philistia,
Is of the sons of Anak's giant race:
Goliath is his name. His fearful stature,
Unparalleled in Israel, measures more
Than twice three cubits. On his towering head
A helm of burnished brass the giant wears,
So pond'rous it would crush the stoutest man
In all our hosts. A coat of mailed armor
Guards his capacious trunk; compared with which
The amplest oak that spreads his rugged arms
In Bashan's groves were small. About his neck
A shining corselet hangs. On his vast thigh
The plaited cuirass, firmly jointed, stands.
But who shall tell the wonders of his spear,
And hope to gain belief? Of massive iron,
Its tempered frame not less than the broad beam
To which the busy weaver hangs his loom;
Not to be wielded by a mortal hand,
Save by his own. An armor-bearer walks
Before this mighty champion, in his hand
Bearing the giant's shield. Thrice every morn
His herald sounds the trumpet of defiance,

Offering at once to end the long-drawn war
In single combat 'gainst that hardy foe
Who dares encounter him.
David. Say, mighty Abner,
What are the haughty terms of his defiance?
Abner. Proudly he stalks around the extremest bounds
Of Elah's vale. His herald sounds the note
Of offered battle. Then the furious giant,
With such a voice as from the troubled sky
In volleyed thunder breaks, thus sends his challenge:
"Why do you set your battle in array,
Ye men of Israel? Wherefore waste the lives
Of needless thousands? Why protract a war
Which may at once be ended? Are not you
Servants to Saul, your king? and am not I,
With triumph let me speak it, a Philistine?
Choose out a man from all your armed hosts,
Of courage most approved, and I will meet him;
His single arm to mine. Th' event of this
Shall fix the fate of Israel and Philistia.
If victory favor him, then will we live
Your tributary slaves; but if my arm
Be crowned with conquest, you shall then live ours.
Give me a man, if your effeminate bands
A man can boast. Your armies I defy!"
David. What shall be done to him who shall subdue
This vile idolater?
Abner. He shall receive
Such ample bounties, such profuse rewards,
As might inflame the old or warm the coward,
Were not the odds so desperate.
David. Say, what are they?
Abner. The royal Saul has promised that bold hero
Who should encounter and subdue Goliath
All dignity and favor; that his house
Shall be set free from tribute, and ennobled
With the first honors Israel has to give.
As for the gallant conqueror himself,
No less a recompense than the fair princess,
Our monarch's peerless daughter.

Hannah More.

3474. GOLDEN CALF, The.

Exodus xxxii : 4–31.

When Israel heard the fiery law
From Sinai's top proclaimed,
Their hearts seemed full of holy awe,
Their stubborn spirits tamed.

Yet, as forgetting all they knew,
Ere forty days were past,
With blazing Sinai still in view,
A molten calf they cast.

Yea, Aaron, God's anointed priest,
Who on the mount had been,
He durst prepare the idol beast,
And lead them on to sin.

Lord, what is man, and what are we,
To recompense Thee thus!
In their offence our own we see,
Their story points at us.

From Sinai we heard Thee speak,
And from Mount Calv'ry too;
And yet to idols oft we seek,
While Thou art in our view.

Some golden calf, or golden dream,
Some fancied creature good,
Presumes to share the heart with Him
Who bought the whole with blood.

John Newton.

3475. GOLGOTHA.

Mark xv : 22.

What throng is this ascending Calvary's height?
The mob, the rabble, men in armor bright,
That lead to death a lowly Nazarene;
And with a cross comes Simon of Cyrene.

O doleful hour! On grim Golgotha's brow
The sun has veiled his face in darkness now;
While from their graves the ancient dead arise,
And nature quakes, for lo! her Author dies!

Firm rocks are rent, and from their stations hurled;
Bright lightnings flash; loud thunders shake the world;
Man's Mediator in His passion hangs;
But cries, Forgive, despite His dying pangs!

O sin-sick thief! how happy is thy place,
To die beholding thy Redeemer's face,
To see compassion in His closing eyes,
And hear Him say, "To-day in paradise"!

O clean, cool tomb, where never dead were lain,
Fold to thy stony breast this sinless slain!
When holy Joseph sleeps in thine embrace
A sweet perfume shall linger round the place!

Exult no more, thou grim and greedy grave,
For nothing now thy victory shall save.
Death, not decay, on that fair form may rest;
And death has lost its sting, thus being blest.

Nor shall blood-crested worms feed on such fare,
Nor sacred mould fall from the ploughman's share;
From purple drops the passion-flower may blow,
But from His dust no living thing shall grow.

Soon shall He rise and seek His home above,
For evermore to plead for human love;
With wounded hands point to His bleeding side,
And say, "My Father, I was crucified!

"Spare for My sake, repentant sinners spare!
I bore the cross, that they with Me might [share
Eternal life, eternal joy and rest,
Eternal purity and blessedness."

Oh! who dare doubt this God in human guise?
What wretch refuse this proffered sacrifice?
Who press the thorns, or tear the gaping flesh,
Or crucify the Son of God afresh?

Shall I be one anew to crucify,
By scorning Him who came from heaven to die?
No! Mary-like I choose the better part,
The broken spirit and the contrite heart.

Simeon Tucker Clark.

3476. GOOD SAMARITAN, The.
Luke x: 30-37.

Wounded and sore I bleeding lay,
Upon the dark and dangerous way,
While priest and Levite passed me by,
And gave no neighbor's heed.

A stranger passed, and saw my state;
He came the last, but not too late;
Nor did he longer make me wait,
But came with friendly speed.

Although an alien and a foe,
He helped me in my direst woe,
And proved a friend and "neighbor" too;
And did a neighbor's deed.

He bound my wounds, and stanched the blood,
The issue of my life that flowed,
And gave me medicine and food;
He was a friend in need.

He brought me to the wayside inn,
And lodged me safely there within,
And paid the price to heal my sin,
My fainting soul to feed.

This is the place where pilgrims stay,
And hold communion on the way,
With strength proportioned to their day,
And help in time of need.

He gave the host sufficient fare,
Consigned me to his tender care,
And, with a promise, left me there,
And bade a kind "God speed."

I saw that He had wounds like mine,
And thence outpoured the oil and wine;
And all He had, He said, "'Tis thine!"
'Twas Christ, the friend indeed.

When I go forth to help the weak,
By deeds I do, by words I speak,
The wounded, lost, and strayed to seek,
I do it in Christ's stead.

Robert Maguire.

3477. GOSPEL, Triumph of the.

'Tis built on a rock, and the tempest may rave;
Its solid foundation repels the proud wave.
Though Satan himself should appear in the van,
Truth smiles at the rage of the infidel clan.

"Like the sun going forth" in his mighty career,
To gladden the earth and illumine each sphere;
The chariot of Truth shall in majesty roll
O'er climate, isle, ocean, to each distant pole.

A glorified course it shall nobly pursue,
Encircling with radiance both Gentile and Jew:
And millions of heathens, their idols despising,
Shall bask in the light, and exult in its rising!

The shadows that cover the regions of Ham
Shall vanish, or flame with the light of the Lamb;
Each lovely green island, that gems the salt wave,
His truth will convert, his philanthropy save!

Already a glory has flamed in the west;
Poor negroes with spiritual freedom are blest:
The palms of the south show its beautiful blaze,
And the boreal pines have been tipped with its rays.

A voice in the desert, a voice in the wood!
A voice o'er the mountain and billowy flood!
"Thy glory is come;" abject heathen, "arise
And shine," like a new-risen star in the skies!

"A Star in the east" is to millions displayed
Whose lustre has sunk the proud crescent in shade;
O'er the darkness of nations, for ages forlorn,
Bright truth is diffusing millennial morn!

O'er pagod and altar the Gospel has blazed;
The Brahmin has wondered, the Moslem has gazed;
The vision delightful shall Salem behold;
And, under one Shepherd, the world be one fold!

The sign of the Cross has appeared—the blest sign;
And faith has deciphered the motto divine,
"He must reign" till the nations in homage bow down,
The wicked His footstool, believers His crown.

Life's river of crystal shall everywhere flow,
Till flowerless deserts a paradise grow;
And wilds bleak and barren burst out in the glory
Predicted by seers in prophetical story.

The record announces that Babel shall fall;
Priest, pagod, fane, idol, mosque, minaret—all
The strongholds of Satan to ruins be hurled;
And glory shall cover our desolate world!

The mighty may fight with Jehovah's decree;
And the sceptic may write that it never shall be;
But the finger of time on its dial shall stop,
Ere one promise prove false, or one prophecy drop!

Go, stop it, proud scorners! alas, it is vain!
Ye may as well tie up the winds with a chain;
Or the stars, or the tides of the ocean control;
Or fuse the vast ices that rivet the pole.

Joshua Marsden.

3478. GRAVE, The.

Job xxx: 23.

Whilst some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims are various as the roads they take
In journeying through life, the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet. Thy succors I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death. The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt named: Nature, appalled,
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms and rueful wastes!
Where naught but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was Chaos, ere the infant Sun
Was rolled together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound. The sickly taper,
By glimmering through thy low-browed misty vaults,
Furred round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime,
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heeled ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree, is thine.
See yonder hallowed fane! the pious work
Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were;
There lie interred the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rooked in the spire, screams loud; the gloomy aisles,
Black plastered, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons,
And tattered coats of arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead. Roused from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hushed as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.
Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend elms
(Coëval near with that) all ragged show,
Long lashed by the rude winds: some rift half down
Their branchless trunks: others so thin a top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbors say, have happened here:
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walked about;
And the great bell has rolled, unrung, untouched
(Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night).
Oft, in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine, checkering through the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown),
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind,
Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-opened grave; and, strange to tell!
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.
The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes spied,
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast-falling down her now untasted cheek.

Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops; whilst busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.
Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I proved the labors of thy love,
And the warm effort of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please. Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wandered heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring; methought, the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellowed his pipe, and softened every note;
The eglantine smelled sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every flow'r
Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress. Oh! then, the longest summer's day
Seemed too, too much in haste; still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!
Dull Grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? The men of health
Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lipped musing melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.
Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war:
The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brained youth,
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discovered globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hampered,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how slim, dishonorably slim!
And crammed into a space we blush to name.
Proud royalty! how altered in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes,
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,
Like new-born infant wound up in its swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife:
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hoped for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.
Arabia's gums, and odoriferous drugs,
And honors by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;
O cruel irony! these come too late;
And only mock whom they meant to honor.
Surely, there's not a dungeon-slave that's buried
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffined,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he,
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
Above the baser born, to rot in state!
But see! the well-plumed hearse comes nodding on,
Stately and slow; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad!
How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurled
And glitt'ring in the sun! Triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unwieldy show; whilst from the casements,
And houses tops, ranks behind ranks, close wedged,
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcass
That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible? Ye undertakers, tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal concealed, for which
You make this mighty stir. 'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.
Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st!
Below the envy of the private man!
Honor, that meddlesome officious ill,
Pursues thee e'en to death, nor there stops short.
Strange persecution! when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.
Absurd! to think to overreach the Grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
The best-concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away; only themselves die faster.
The far-famed sculptor and the laurelled bard,
Those bold insurances of deathless fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.

The tap'ring pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outlived
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heaven,
Shattered with age, and furrowed o'er with years.
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
Gives way. O lamentable sight! At once
The labor of whole ages lumbers down,
A hideous and misshapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle, but in vain,
With all-subduing Time; her cank'ring hand,
With calm deliberate malice, wasteth them:
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half-convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.
Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravaged kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And, in a cruel wantonness of power, [up
Thinned states of half their people, and gave
To want the rest: now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hushed, and meanly sneak behind thy covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn,
That haunts and dogs them, like an injured ghost
Implacable. Here too, the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er noticed,
And, well for neighb'ring grounds, of arm as short,
Who fixed his iron talons on the poor,
And gripped them like some lordly beast of prey,
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common nature as his lord);
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipped,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.
When self-esteem, or others' adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind;
The grave gainsays the smooth-complexioned flatt'ry,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.
Beauty! thou pretty plaything, dear deceit,
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse unknown before,
The grave discredits thee: thy charms expunged,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soiled,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
Whilst, surfeited upon the damask cheek,
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes rolled,
Riots unscared. For this was all thy caution?
For this thy painful labors at thy glass?
T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder!
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look how the fair one weeps! the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers;
Honest effusion! the swollen heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.
Strength, too—thou surly, and less gentle boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down,
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dared thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden; let me trace it;
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belabored, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! what now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread shoulders?
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain! Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning! hideous sight!
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly,
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
It was his last. See how the great Goliath,
Just like a child that brawled itself to rest,
Lies still. What! mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster!
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What! means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,

Trusts only in the well-invented knife?
With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;
And travelling through the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But ah! proud man,
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.
Here the tongue-warrior lies, disabled now,
Disarmed, dishonored, like a wretch that's gagged,
And cannot tell his ails to passers-by.
Great man of language, whence this mighty change?
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue:
Alas! how chopfall'n now! Thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turned period, and the well-tuned voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled forever, as they ne'er had been!
Razed from the book of fame; or, more provoking,
Perchance some hackney, hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.
Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb!
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resign to fate. Proud Æsculapius' son!
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-crammed magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottomed brook,
Escaped thy rifling hand: from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,
And vex'dst them in the fire; nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escaped thy deep research.
But why this apparatus? why this cost?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave!
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speak'st not. The bold impostor
Looks not more silly when the cheat's found out.
Here, the lank-sided miser, worst of felons!
Who meanly stole, (discreditable shift!)
From back and belly too, their proper cheer;
Eased of a tax it irked the wretch to pay
To his own carcass, now lies cheaply lodged;
By clam'rous appetites no longer teased,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed:
Robbed of his goods, what has he left behind?
O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds!
First starved in this, then damned in that to come.
How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnished for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shricks for help,
But shrieks in vain! How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh! might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage. Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
She heaves is big with horror. But the foe,
Like a stanch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till, forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.
Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repassed
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond couple! linked more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge:
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.
If death were nothing, and naught after death;
If, when men died, at once they ceased to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung; then might the debauchee

Untrembling mouth the heavens; then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drained
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear Death; then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tired of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleased,
And by what way: whether by hemp or steel:
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could force
The ill-pleased guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But if there's an hereafter,
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenced,
And suffered to speak out, tells ev'ry man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder! name it not; our island's shame,
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states.
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, Heav'n! Let not, upon disgust,
The shameless hand be foully crimsoned o'er
With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt!
Just recking from self-slaughter, in a rage,
To rush into the presence of our Judge;
As if we challenged Him to do His worst,
And mattered not His wrath! Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserved for such: these herd together;
The common damned shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fixed, and all our days are numbered;
How long, how short, we know not: this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission;
Like sentries that must keep their destined stand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're relieved.
Those only are the brave that keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark; 'tis mad:
No frenzy half so desperate as this.
Tell us, ye dead; will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out;
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarned men of their death: 'twas kindly done
To knock and give the alarm. But what means
This stinted charity? 'Tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid you speaking
Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more;
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shrine
Enlightens but yourselves. Well, 'tis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learned as you are, and as close.
Death's shafts fly thick: here falls the village swain,
And there his pampered lord. The cup goes round,
And who so artful as to put it by?
'Tis long since Death had the majority;
Yet, strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand,
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors. Scarce a skull's cast up
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand,
The sot has walked with Death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale: when drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds not
That some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.
On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
Could scarce have leisure for. Fools that we are,
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time; as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish!
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood,
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
The very first swollen surge shall sweep us in.

Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless, unremitting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow
And carries off his prize. What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwalled,
Strewed with death's spoils, the spoils of animals,
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
The very turf on which we tread once lived;
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring; in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet,
The shivering Icelander and sun-burnt Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favorite yet prouder,
His sovereign's keeper and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abashed
The great negotiators of the earth
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts.
Now vain their treaty-skill; Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burthen
From his galled shoulders; and, when the stern tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm and, quick as thought, escapes
Where tyrants vex not and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The telltale echo, and the bubbling stream
(Time out of mind the favo'rite seats of love),
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down.
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-robed prelate and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock has split.
Here is the large-limbed peasant; here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor pressed the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters;
The barren wife and long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smiled like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe and gay coquette,
The sober widow and the young green virgin,
Cropped like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclosed. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose every day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth. The shrill-tongued shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding,
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane;
The downright clown and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean;
The supple statesman and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.
Poor man! how happy once in thy first state,
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand
He stamped thee with His image, and, well pleased,
Smiled on his last fair work. Then all was well:
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts. Nor head, nor heart
Offered to ache; nor was there cause they should;
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings up of what may be,
Alarmed his peaceful bosom. Summer seas
Show not more smooth, when kissed by southern winds
Just ready to expire. Scarce importuned,
The generous soil, with a luxuriant hand,
Offered the various produce of the year,
And everything most perfect in its kind.
Blessed, thrice blessed days! but ah! how short!
Blessed as the pleasing dreams of holy men,
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
O slippery state of things! What sudden turns!
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history! To-day most happy,
And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus fared it with our sire: Not long he enjoyed
His paradise. Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again. And must he go?
Can naught compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man? Like one that is condemned,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.

Not all the lavish odors of the place,
Offered in incense, can procure his pardon
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel,
With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round. At once he lost
His glory and his God. If mortal now,
And sorely maimed, no wonder! Man has sinned;
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try; nor tried in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! Destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen is success.)
Alas! too well he sped; the good he scorned,
Stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between:
Whilst the black demon, with his hell-'scap'd train
Admitted once into its better room
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man; who now, too late,
Saw the rash error which he could not mend:
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage! Human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through every vein.
What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, sin!
Greatest and first of ills! The fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! But for thee,
Sorrow had never been. All-noxious thing,
Of vilest nature! Other sorts of evils
Are kindly circumscribed, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails,
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involved in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops. The big-swollen inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these! sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world;
Dispatching, at a wide-extended blow,
Entire mankind; and, for their sakes, defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accursed thing! Oh! where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind,
Compared to thee, are harmless. Sicknesses
Of every size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues, are thine! See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round!
Whilst deep-mouthed slaughter, bellowing at her heels,
Wades deep in blood new-spilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.
But, hold, I've gone too far; too much discovered
My father's nakedness and nature's shame.
Here let me pause, and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all those ample deserts Death hath spread,
This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater!
Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not sated yet!
Unheard-of epicure, without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite: Thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devoured,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more;
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank Hunger lays her skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings.
As if diseases, massacres and poison,
Famine and war, were not thy caterers.
But know that thou must render up the dead,
And with high interest too. They are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promised day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong-lunged cherub shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Daylight, and liberty.
Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
The minds that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immured; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire
And inquisition of the forge. We know
The Illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foiled. Him in thy power
Thou couldst not hold; self-vigorous He rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils His voluntary yielding lent:
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!)

Twice twenty days He sojourned here on earth,
And showed Himself alive to chosen witnesses
By proof so strong that the most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to heaven. Methinks I see Him
Climb the aërial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds; but the faint eye,
Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops its hold;
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let Him in;
Nor are His friends shut out: As a great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train. It was His royal will
That where He is, there should His followers be.
Death only lies between. A gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears;
But not untrod, nor tedious; the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road
To bliss. Then why, like ill-conditioned children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun? Fools that we are!
We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom,
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
Fast by the riv'let's brink, a youngster play:
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment reso..ute, next unresolved:
At last he dips his foot; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flowers that paint the further bank
And smiled so sweet of late. Thrice welcome death!
That, after many a painful bleeding step,
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long-wished-for shore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turned to a blessing! Death, disarmed,
Loses its fellness quite. All thanks to Him
Who scourged the venom out. Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the evening tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green;
By unperceived degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting!
(High in his faith and hope,) look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hampered, struggles hard to get away;
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest. Then, oh then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of naught. Oh! how he longs
To have his passport signed and be dismissed!
'Tis done, and nows he's happy! The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrowned. E'en the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain: The time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolate; and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnished;
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane!
Ask not, how this can be? Sure the same power
That reared the piece at first, and took it down,
Can reassemble the loose scattered parts,
And put them as they were. Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is His arm impaired
Through length of days, and what He can, He will;
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering dust
(Not unattentive to the call) shall wake;
And every joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner; but amidst the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
That's new come home, and, having long been absent,
With haste runs over every different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day;
Then claps his well-fledged wings and bears away.

Robert Blair.

3479. HAGAR.

Genesis xxi : 14-20.

'Tis early morn; from off the freshened grass
No footstep yet has brushed the moisture sweet
Which the night-skies have wept. Pellucid glass
Or sparkling crystal seem the drops that meet
The slanting sunbeams! Oh, how fair, how bright
Is morning's hour of loneliness and light!

Let me look forth on such; let me again
Dream as I gaze o'er all the hopes of youth,
Feelings which dormant in the soul have lain;
Let them with all the vividness of truth,
Burst warmly forth, and thaw each icy part
Which this world's converse freezes round the heart.

Who would not on such glorious morn rejoice,
And feel the strength, the freshness of the scene
Gladdening their spirit? But e'en now a voice
Of lamentation sounds. Yes, there has been
A mourner here; mixed with the early dew,
Tears are glistening in the sunshine too.

And they have fallen from eyes which oft have wept,
But never in such bitterness before;
A wanderer seems she; in her hand is kept
Another's closely clasped, while o'er and o'er
The boy looks shuddering up, as if to read
E'en in her tears the doom so dire decreed.

And there is one who, fixed as in a trance,
Follows each movement of that sorrowing pair;
Whose aged eye is strained to catch the glance,
The last, long, lingering glance of mute despair,
Whose groans are echoing ev'ry footstep's fall
Of those he longs, yet dares not, to recall.

But now, e'en now, the sun his midday seat
Ascends with all the glow of torrid fire;
Struck by his fervid beams of withering heat,
The herbage droops, the tender flowers expire.
Alas! by Hagar's side a flower as fair
Is drooping too, despite of all her care.

Spent is the water; sparingly and slow
Drained drop by drop; his gift who dared no more
Of earthly sustenance on those bestow,
So fondly cherished and sustained before.
Now must she, from Beersheba's desert wild,
Demand in vain refreshment for her child!

No gushing fountain gems those arid plains;
No Elim palm-trees offer shelter there;
Throughout the waste a heavy silence reigns,
And the hot simoom taints the baleful air.
She feels its influence through each trembling limb,
But heeds it not, her thoughts absorbed in him.

From out th' exhausted flask she drains the last
One drop, to cool his burning lip and brow;
Herself, upon the ground despairing cast,
Hangs o'er her boy, in languor prostrate now;
While, like a broken lily, faint and weak,
Upon his shoulder drops his pallid cheek.

And swiftly she unbinds the raven hair
To shield him from the fierce sun's scorching ray;
Loosened her veil, she fans with jealous care
Each noisome insect from his face away,
And lays the fair curled head upon her knee,
Watching his breathing, oh, how anxiously!

Vain every effort; vain her burning tears
To moisten his parched skin. She looks around
For hope, for succor. Alas! none appears.
One little shrub her searching eye has found
In the far distance; it is reached at last,
And 'neath its shade her dying child is cast.

A moment she stoops o'er him. Can it be?
So lately full of life and joy and power!
Are those the drops of mortal agony?
This the convulsion of his parting hour?
Shuddering she turns; she will not, dare not stay
To witness all she loved thus pass away.

She ceased; but ceased not with her words the tears
Which gush in torrents from her breaking heart;
Rent by convulsive sobs, her breast appears,
As from the dying boy she sat apart;
Nor raised her head, lest, piercing as a lance,
The last death-struggle sore should meet her glance.

But when on earth, by tempests fiercely driven,
The clouds of fate across our path are borne,
Then wakes the watchful providence of heaven.
A pitying eye looks down on her forlorn;
A voice of comfort speaks: "Rise, Hagar, rise,
And Ishmael yet shall bless thy longing eyes.

"Take him once more within a parent's hand,
Lift him from off the hard, unpitying ground;
For God has heard the lad. At His command
The waters gush from stony rocks around.
Yet will I bless him for his father's sake,
And of his seed a mighty nation make."

And now her sight is cleared; amazed she
A fountain opened in a desert plain, [spies
And crystal waters sparkling. Quick she flies
To dip the flask; replenish it again,

How joyfully! from heaven's provided spring,
And sweet refreshment to her child to bring.

Yes, Hagar's eyes are opened. Oh! for sight
Like hers, all ecstasy, to view the fair
And glorious fount of endless life and light,
And, pilgrim-like, to seek refreshment there.
Oh! to be sprinkled with those drops, bedewed,
And feel, like Ishmael, our whole life renewed. *Scriptural Sketches.*

3480. HAGAR.

Genesis xxi : 14–20.

Untrodden, drear, and lone,
Stretched many a league away,
Beneath a burning, noonday sun
The Syrian desert lay.

The scorching rays that beat
Upon that herbless plain,
The dazzling sands, with fiercer heat,
Reflected back again.

O'er that dry ocean strayed
No wandering breath of air,
No palm-trees cast their cooling shade,
No water murmured there.

And thither, bowed with shame,
Spurned from her master's side,
The dark-browed child of Egypt came,
Her woe and shame to hide.

Drooping and travel-worn,
The boy upon her hung
Who, from his father's tent that morn,
Like a gazelle had sprung.

His ebbing breath failed fast,
Glazed was his flashing eye;
And in that fearful desert waste
She laid him down to die.

But when, in wild despair,
She left him to his lot,
A voice that filled that breathless air
Said, "Hagar, fear thou not."

Then o'er the hot sands flowed
A cooling, crystal stream,
And angels left their high abode
And ministered to them.

Oft, when drear wastes surround
My faltering footsteps here,
I've thought I, too, heard that blest sound
Of "Wanderer, do not fear."

And then, to light my path
On through the evil land,
Have the twin angels, Hope and Faith,
Walked with me hand to hand.
Anne C. Lynch.

3481. HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

Genesis xxi : 15–20.

Injured, hopeless, faint and weary,
Sad, indignant, and forlorn,
Through the desert, wild and dreary,
Hagar leads the child of scorn.

Who can paint a mother's anguish,
Painted in that tearless eye,
Which beholds her darling languish,
Languish unrelieved, and die?

Lo! the empty pitcher fails her;
Perishing for thirst he lies;
Death with deep despair assails her,
Piteous as for aid he cries.

From the dreadful image flying,
Wild she rushes from the sight;
In the agonies of dying
Can she see her soul's delight?

Now bereft of every hope,
Cast upon the burning ground,
Poor abandoned scul! look up—
Mercy have thy sorrows found.

Lo! the angel of the Lord
Comes thy great distress to cheer;
Listen to the gracious word;
See divine relief is near.

"Care of Heaven! though man forsake thee
Wherefore vainly dost thou mourn?
From the dream of woe awake thee,
To thy rescued child return.

"Lift thine eyes! behold yon fountain,
Sparkling 'mid those fruitful trees;
Lo! beneath yon sheltering mountain
Smile for thee green bowers of ease.

"In the hour of sore affliction
God hath seen and pitied thee,
Cheer thee in the sweet conviction
Thou henceforth His care shalt be.

"Be no more by doubts distressed,
Mother of a mighty race!
By contempt no more oppressed
Thou hast found a resting-place."

Thus from peace and comfort driven,
Thou, poor soul, all desolate,
Hopeless lay, till pitying Heaven
Found thee in thy abject state.

O'er thy empty pitcher mourning,
'Mid the desert of the world,
Thus, with shame and anguish burning,
From thy cherished comforts hurled:

See thy great Deliverer nigh,
Call thee from thy sorrow vain;
Bids thee on His love rely,
Bless the salutary pain.

From thine eyes the mists dispelling,
Lo! the well of life He shows!
In His presence ever dwelling,
Bids thee find thy true repose.

Future prospects rich in blessing
Open to thy hopes secure;
Sure of endless joys possessing,
Of a heavenly kingdom sure.

Mrs. Mary Tighe.

3482. HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

Amid the wilderness, alone,
When noon with burning splendor shone,
Beneath her sky serene
Two mournful forms were seen:
A sad and anxious mother there,
Who wept in wild and deep despair;
And near her, in the shade,
A pallid boy was laid.
With care her weary feet had sought
Each channel, that she fondly thought
Might hold some trace of rain,
But ever sought in vain.
And bravely had she borne till now;
But death was on that youthful brow:
No water-spring was nigh,
And he, her child, must die.
She turned away—she could not brook
On that beloved face to look—
And hid her weeping eye.
"Let me not see him die.
Alas! my own, my cherished one,
What has thy mournful mother done
That thou shouldst thus be reft,
The only treasure left?
How many streams and fountains bright
Are flashing in the golden light,
With music sweet and clear!
But none, alas! are near.
Oh for a draught from some sweet spring,
Upon its bright course murmuring!
Oh for one silver wave
Its drooping brow to lave!
O God, to Thee I turn, for Thou
Alone canst aid and comfort now;
Hear in this lonely wild
A mother for her child!
How can I bear to see him die!
How can I watch his glazing eye!
Yes, I have erred; but he—
Oh spare him yet to me!"
Then from the far-off azure sky
A silv'ry radiance gleamed on high,
As through its portals blue
A swift-winged angel flew,
And gentle words of kindest cheer
Fell on the weeping mother's ear:
"Look up, for help is nigh!
Look up, he shall not die!"
And lo! a fount of waters bright
Flashed on the grateful mourner's sight,
Who brought the healing wave
The pallid lips to lave.
For God had watched His wandering child
E'en in the desert lone and wild,
And life and joy were there,
Where late had breathed despair.

Pilgrim, whose mournful footsteps stray
O'er life's forlorn and rugged way,
Though worn with grief and pain
Think not thy toil is vain.
Still looking from the midnight sky,
Behold a heavenly watcher nigh!
Droop not in doubt and fear;
The water-spring is near.
Though throbs thy heart with anguish strong
Though grief's sad reign endureth long,
Dark as thy lot may be
Hope's waters flow for thee.

P. J. Owens.

3483. HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

Genesis xxi: 14-20.

A weary waste of blank and barren land,
A lonely, lonely sea of shifting sand,
A golden furnace gleaming overhead,
Scorching the blue sky into bloody red;
And not a breath to cool, and not a breeze
To stir one feather of the drooping trees;
Only the desert wind with hungry moan,
Seeking for life to slay, and finding none;
Only the hot Sirocco's burning breath,
Spangled with sulphur-flame, and winged with death;
No sound, no step, no voice, no echo heard,
No cry of beast, no whirring wing of bird;
The silver-crested snake hath crept away
From the fell fury of that Eastern day;
The famished vultures by the failing spring
Droop the foul beak and fold the ragged wing;
And lordly lions, ere the chase be done,
Leave the blank desert to the desert-sun.

Ah! not alone to him: turn thee and see
Beneath the shadow of yon balsam tree
A failing mother of a fainting son
Resting to die deserted and alone.
Turn thee and mark the mother's gentle care
Stripping the fillet from her silken hair,
So it may fall to shade his feeble frame,
A glossy curtain from the noonday flame;
See! at her feet the shrivelled flagon cast,
The last drop drained, the sweetest and the last.
Drained at her darling's lip to still his cries,
A mother's free and final sacrifice.
Look! she hath taken it, and yet again
Presses the flagon—presses, but in vain.
The scrip is emptied and the flagon dry,
And nothing left them but the leave to die.

To die; and one so young and one so true,
And both so beautiful and brave to view:
She with her braided locks more black than night,
And eye so darkly, deeply, wildly bright;
He with his slender limbs and body bare,
And small hands tangled in his mother's hair,
And there to whiten on the desert-sands,
A landmark for the laden desert bands!

That thought is stamping anguish on her brow,
That dread hath taught her what she utters now.

"Son of my soul! the happy days are done;
Thy little course and mine are nearly run;
The white tents wave on Kirjath-Arba's plain,
No home for us, no resting-place again:
Before yon orb is sunken from the sky
Together in the desert we must die."

. . . . . .

Yet was she speaking; but the cry of joy
Burst from the bosom of the dying boy.
His eager finger pointed to the plain,
His eye had light, his cheek its life again.
"Look, mother! look! we will not die to-day;
Look where the water glistens! come away!"

She turned: O fairest sight, if sight it be,
The sleeping silver of that inland sea.
She gazed: O gaze of hope and life and light!
Those crystal waters glancing pure and bright;
From Seir's red crags and Hazargaddah's heath,
Eastward to Eder and the Sea of Death.
The dismal wilderness was past and gone,
The waves were streaming where the sands had shone;
Streaming o'er tree and crag, by bush and brake,
The silent splendor of a windless lake,
In whose broad wave so radiantly blue
Each feathered palm, each lonely plant that grew,
Each mountain on the distant desert-side
Shone double, shadowed in the sleeping tide.
Yet was it strange! no dream so passing strange,
As the quick phantom of that fairy change;
And stranger still, that ever as they came
To lave the burning lip, and brow of flame,
The waters fading far and farther still,
Cheated their chase and mocked their baffled will.
Alas! no pleasant waters rippled there;
The lying mirage lured them to despair.

She saw it fading, and there came a cry
Out from her heart of wildest agony; [speak
She knew it gone, and strove to stand and
While the life withered in her whitened cheek.
Then her lip quivered, and her lashes fell,
And her tongue faltered in its faint farewell:
"Man had no mercy; God will show us none;
Ishmael! I dare not see thee die, my son!"

Tenderly, lovingly, her load she laid
Where no sun glistened in the grateful shade;
Softly she pillowed on the sands his head,
And spread her mantle for his dying bed;
No gems were there to deck the lowly bier,
But the pure lustre of a mother's tear;
No fragrant spices for the sleep of death,
But the soft fragrance of a mother's breath;
No tearful eye, no tributary tongue,
To tell his fate who died so fair and young;
No better mourner for the boy than she
Who weeps to see him what herself shall be:
Than she who sits apart with sidelong eye
Waiting till he hath died that she may die;
And buries all her forehead in her hair,
Weeping the bitter tears of black despair.
So is the desert-sand their death and grave,
No hope of help, no pitying hand to save!
None! was it then the icy lip of death
Or low winds laden with the roses' breath
That kissed her forehead! was it earthly sound,
Floating like fairy voice above, around;
Or splendid symphonies of seraph-kings
Striking the music from unearthly strings,
Whose touch hath startled her? what inward strife
Stirs the still apathy of parting life?
What sense of power unseen, of presence hid,
Lifts from her lightless eyes the unwilling lid?
She rose; she turned: there in that lonely place
God's glory flashed upon her lifted face.

And with the glory came an angel voice,
"Hagar, what ailest? rouse thee, and rejoice!
Look up, and live! God's ever-opened ear
Hath patient hearing for a mother's prayer.
Arise, take up the boy; his pleading cry
Came up to God, and had its end on high;
And God shall make him, in His own good time,
A mighty people, in a pleasant clime."
Then was her sight unsealed, and lo! at hand
A spring was sparkling in the desert sand;
Sparkling with crystal water to the brim,
Fringed with the date, and rimmed with lilied rim.
Swiftly she speeded to the fountain's brink,
And drew a draught, and gave her boy to drink,
And watched the little lips that lingered still,
Nor tasted drop till he had drunk his fill.
Then on bent knees, with tear and smile at strife,
Mother and child, they quaffed the liquid life;
And stayed to smile, and drank to smile again,
Till sweet and cheerful seemed the silent plain;
And young leaves dancing on the desert trees
To the low music of the passing breeze,
And birds of passage with their homeward wings,
And fireflies wheeling in their lighted rings,
And flowers unfolding where the glare was gone
Spake but one tale—Hope ever, and Hope on!

Edwin Arnold.

3484. HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

Genesis xxi: 14–20.

The morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds
With a strange beauty. Earth received again
Its garments of a thousand dyes; and leaves,
And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,
And everything that bendeth to the dew,
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow; and the light,
And loveliness, and fragrant air were sad
To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth
Was pouring odors from its spicy pores;
And the young birds were singing as if life
Were a new thing to them; but the music came
Upon her ear like discord, and she felt
That pang of the unreasonable heart,
That, bleeding amid things it loved so well,
Would have some sign of sadness as they pass.
She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were pressed
Till the blood started; and the wandering veins
Of her transparent forehead were swelled out
As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye
Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven,
Which made its language legible, shot back,
From her long lashes, as it had been flame.
Her noble boy stood by her, with his hand
Clasped in her own, and his round delicate feet,
Scarce trained to balance on the tented floor,
Sandalled for journeying. He had looked up
Into his mother's face until he caught
The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling
Beneath his dimpled bosom, and his form
Straightened up proudly in his tiny wrath,
As if his light proportions would have swelled,
Had they but matched his spirit to the man.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh now
Upon his staff so wearily? His beard
Is low upon his breast, and his high brow
So written with the converse of his God,
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.
His lip is quivering, and his wonted step
Of vigor is not there; and though the morn
Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
Its freshness as it were a pestilence.

He gave to her the water and the bread,
But spoke no word, and trusted not himself
To look upon her face, but laid his hand
In silent blessing on the fair-haired boy,
And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should Hagar weep? may slighted woman turn,
And, as a vine the oak has shaken off,
Bend lightly to her leaning trust again?
Oh no! By all her loveliness; by all
That makes life poetry and beauty—no!
Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek
By needless jealousies; let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
That makes her cup a bitterness: yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But oh! estrange her once, it boots not how—
By wrong or silence, anything that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness—
And there is not a feeling out of heaven
Her pride o'ermastereth not.

She went her way with a strong step and slow,
Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye undimmed
As if it were a diamond, and her form
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.
Her child kept on in silence, though she pressed
His hand till it was pained; for he had read
The dark look of his mother, and the seed
Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.

The morning passed, and Asia's sun rode up
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.
The cattle of the hills were in the shade,
And the bright plumage of the Orient lay
On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
It was an hour of rest! but Hagar found
No shelter in the wilderness, and on
She kept her weary way, until the boy
Hung down his head, and opened his parched lips
For water; but she could not give it him.
She laid him down beneath the sultry sky,
For it was better than the close, hot breath
Of the thick pines, and tried to comfort him;
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes
Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not know
Why God denied him water in the wild.
She sat a little longer, and he grew
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.
It was too much for her. She lifted him,
And bore him farther on, and laid his head
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub;
And, shrouding up her face, she went away,
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,
Till he should die; and, watching him, she mourned.

"God stay thee in thine agony, my boy
I cannot see thee die; I cannot brook
Upon thy brow to look,
And see death settle on my cradle joy.
How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye
And could I see thee die?

"I did not dream of this, when thou wast straying,
Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers;
Or whiling the soft hours,
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
So beautiful and deep.

"Oh no! and when I watched by thee the while,
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
And thought of the dark stream
In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,
How prayed I that my father's land might be
An heritage for thee!

"And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee!
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press;
And oh! my last caress
Must feel the cold, for a chill hand is on thee.
How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there
Upon this clustering hair!"

She stood beside the well her God had given
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed
The forehead of her child until he laughed
In his reviving happiness, and lisped
His infant thought of gladness at the sight
Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

N. P. Willis.

3485. HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

Alone and friendless; doomed to die,
With never a soul to hear thy cry;
Nor food, nor drink, nor shade of tree;
Banished!—how cruel it seems to thee!

Death-meaning and heartless the decree:
Depart forever, the child and thee!
Perish of want, and die unblessed,
With the beauteous boy pressed to thy breast!

Unseen the hand that leads the way
From the home of plenty, far away,
To a world of sands, all parched and bare,
To die of hunger and despair!

Hunger and thirst, and the maddening moan
Of the dying boy, so plaintive grown
That Hagar flees, she knows not where,
Crazed with hunger, and dazed with care.

But a mother's love, grown strong in death,
Constrains her heart, while life and breath
Still animates the form of one—
The beauteous form of her darling son.

Only a bow-shot could she go
From sight and sound of Ishmael's woe;
There sat she down and prayed to die;
How sad and piteous was the cry!

Her eyes, bedimmed with scalding tears,
Are oped at last; she listens, hears
A voice speaking, as from afar:
"Behold a well of water near!
Rise, drink, refresh thyself and child,
And journey yet a little while,
For I will make, in future years,
A prince of him thy heart reveres:
A father of kings shall Ishmael be,
And source of endless joy to thee."

J. W. Hatton.

3486. HAND, Cure of the Withered.
Matthew xii: 9–13.

Capernaum's honored town again
Received the Lord of heaven and men,
And in the synagogue straightway
He taught upon the Sabbath-day.

And lo! there sat amid the throng
A man afflicted sore and long;
All withered, nerveless, and unstrung,
Powerless and dead his right hand hung.

And scribes and Pharisees sat by,
Who watched with cold, malignant eye,
And treacherous asked, "Is't lawful, pray,
To heal upon the Sabbath-day?"

Then Christ, who knew their malice, said,
"Stand forth in th' midst!" The man obeyed.
"Is't lawful to do well or ill,
On Sabbath-days, to save or kill?"

The Saviour asked, but none replied;
Sullen they frowned on every side;
But Christ, all patience, as before,
In sweet persuasions spake once more:

"Tell me what man among you all
Shall own one sheep, and if it fall
Into a pit, will he delay
To save it on the Sabbath-day?

"Man how much more?" The plea was vain.
Once more on all, in grief and pain,
He gazed, and then, in Godhead grand,
Cried to the man, "Stretch forth thy hand!"

He heard, believed! With instant thrill
The nerves obeyed th' obedient will!
Conscious to Christ's confounded foes,
Strong, vital, whole, the right hand rose!

But maddened, stung with impious ire,
The fiendish Pharisees retire,
And, with the vile Herodians, plan
To slay the sinless Son of man.

O Christ! help us, at Thy command,
Now to stretch forth the withered hand;
To hear, believe, obey this hour.
Ours but the effort, Thine the power.

And oh! whene'er Thy work we scan,
Give us the grace to love the man,
The child, the worm whom Thou canst use;
What God accepts can man refuse?

George Lansing Taylor.

3487. HAND, The Lord's.
Numbers xi : 23.

No, Lord, it cannot shortened be,
That hand which plagued the Egyptian race,
Which brought Thy people through the sea,
Which led them o'er the wilderness;
Which hath to us so often given
Drink from the rock, and bread from heaven.

That hand hath opened wide mine eyes:
That hand, which now by faith I see,
Measures the floods and spans the skies,
And grasps the winds, and covers me!
It brings the blind through way unknown,
It holds; it lifts me to a throne.

Kept by that hand, I cannot fear
Lest earth or hell should pluck me thence;
I trample on temptation near,
Supported by Omnipotence,
Possessed of boundless power divine,
Of boundless love; for Christ is mine!
J. and C. Wesley.

3488. HAND, The Withered.
St. Mark iii : 1.

Our weakness in this emblem we,
Our total inability
Of doing good, may find;
While strangers to restoring grace,
We here behold our helpless case,
The case of all mankind.

A withered hand the miser is;
So careful not to give amiss,
He never gives at all!
A magistrate is dead and dry
Who never doth his power apply
Where truth and justice call.

Who, of authority possessed,
Neglects to succor the oppressed,
Nor takes the injured part,
Dead in the sight of God is he,
And by the eye of faith we see
His palsied hand and heart.
J. and C. Wesley.

3489. HANNAH PARTING WITH SAMUEL.
1 Samuel i : 24.

The rose was rich in bloom on Sharon's plain,
When a young mother, with her first-born, thence
Went up to Zion; for the boy was vowed
Unto the temple-service. By the hand
She led him; and her silent soul the while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye [think
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,
To bring before her God.
So passed they on
O'er Judah's hill; and wheresoe'er the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive boughs,
With their cool dimness, crossed the sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest;
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
That weighed their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,
As at the red flower's heart; and where a fount
Lay like a twilight-star, 'midst palmy shades,
Making its bank's green gems along the wild,
There, too, she lingered; from the diamond
Drawing clear water for its rosy lips, [wave
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow.
At last the fane was reached,
The earth's one sanctuary; and rapture hushed
Her bosom, as before her through the day
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steeped
In light like floating gold. But when that hour
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye
Beseechingly to hers, and, half in fear,
Turned from the white-robed priest, and round her arm
Clung e'en as ivy clings, the deep spring-tide
Of Nature then swelled high; and o'er her child
Bending, her soul broke forth in mingled sounds
Of weeping and of song. "Alas!" she cried,

"Alas, my boy! thy gentle grasp is on me,
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have won me,
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart;
How shall I hence depart?

"How the long path retrace, where thou wert playing
So late along the mountains at my side;
And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair?

And oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted!
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Turned from its door away,
While through its chambers wandering weary hearted,
I languished for thy voice, which past me still
Went like a singing rill!

"Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet me,
When from the fount at evening I return,
With the full water-urn!
Nor will thy sleep's low, dove-like murmurs greet me,
As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,
And watch for thy dear sake.

"And thou—will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed?
Wilt thou not vainly spread
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
To fold thy neck, and lift up in thy fear
A cry which none shall hear?

"What have I said, my child? Will He not hear thee,
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest?
Will He not guard thy rest,
And in the hush of holy midnight near thee,
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy?
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy!

"I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!
And precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
And thou shalt be His child.

"Therefore, farewell! I go: my soul may fail me,
As the stag panteth for the water brooks,
Yearning for thy sweet looks!
But thou, my first-born! droop not, nor bewail me;
Thou in the shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,
The Rock of strength. Farewell!"

Mrs. F. D. Hemans.

3490. HARVEST, The World's.
Matthew xiii : 37–42.

In His fields the Master walketh,
In His fair fields ripe for harvest,
Where the golden sun smiles slantwise
On the rich ears, heavy bending;
Saith the Master: "It is time."
Though no leaf wears brown decadence,
And September's nightly frost-blight
Only reddens the horizon,
"It is full time," saith the Master—
The good Master—"It is time."

Lo! He looks. His look compelling,
Brings the laborers to the harvest.
Quick they gather, as in autumn,
Wandering birds in silent eddies
Drop upon the pasture-fields;
White wings have they, and white raiment,
White feet shod with swift obedience;
Each lays down his golden palm-branch,
And a shining sickle reareth:
"Speak, O Master! is it time?"

O'er the fields the servants hasten,
Where the full-stored ears droop downward,
Humble with their weight of harvest;
Where the empty ears wave upward,
And the gay tares flaunt in rows.
But the sickles, the bright sickles,
Flash new dawn at their appearing;
Songs are heard in earth and heaven;
For the reapers are the angels,
And it is the harvest-time.

O great Master! are Thy footsteps
Even now upon the mountains?
Art Thou walking in Thy wheat-field?
Are the snowy-winged reapers
Gathering in the purple air?
Are Thy signs abroad?—the glowing
Of the evening sky, blood-reddened;
And the full ears trodden earthward,
Choked by gaudy tares triumphant:
Surely 'tis near harvest-time!

Who shall know the Master's coming?
Whether 'tis at morn or sunset,
When night dews weigh down the wheat-ears,
Or while noon rides high in heaven,
Sleeping lies the yellow field?
Only may Thy voice, O Master?
Peal above the reapers' chorus,
And dull sound of sheaves slow falling;
"Gather all into My garner,
For it is My harvest-time!"

Mrs. D. M. Mulock Craik.

3491. HEALING, Miracle of.
Luke viii : 45.

"Who touched Me?" dost Thou ask?
'Twas I, Lord, it was I.
"Some one hath touched Me;" yes, O Lord!
I am that "somebody."

I came, Lord, and I touched,
For sore I needed Thee;
Forth from Thee straight the virtue came:
Lord, Thou hast healèd me.

And wouldst Thou frown on me?
Dost Thou the boon repent?
Why, then, Lord, didst Thou pass so near,
As if to me just sent?

Thou, Lord, wert passing by;
I knew all heaven was there:
A heaven of healing and of love,
Thou didst within Thee bear;

A heaven of grace and peace,
Of pardon and of joy;
Lord, wouldst Thou have me let Thee pass,
And all that heaven go by!

What could I do but touch,
And Thou so nigh, so nigh?
What couldst Thou do but heal, O Lord,
Ere I had time to cry?

Thou wert too near for prayer;
I touched at once, and found
The fulness of the heaven of heavens,
On this low earthly ground.

Speak then the word of cheer;
Say to my trembling soul,
Be of good comfort, go in peace;
Thy faith hath made thee whole.
Horatius Bonar.

3492. HEAVEN, Ascent to.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and broader view.

We rise by things that are under feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing in sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way,
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper awakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.
J. G. Holland.

3493. HEAVEN: Immanuel's Land.

The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land!

There the red rose of Sharon
Unfolds its heartmost bloom,
And fills the air of heaven
With ravishing perfume.
Oh, to behold it blossom,
While by its fragrance fanned,
Where glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land!

The King there in His beauty,
Without a veil, is seen;
"It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between!"
The Lamb, with His fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand;
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land!

O Christ! He is the fountain,
The deep sweet well of love,
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean's fulness
His mercy doth expand;
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land!

Fair Anworth by the Solway,
To me thou art still dear;
E'en from the verge of heaven,
I drop for thee a tear.
Oh, if one soul from Anworth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens
In Immanuel's Land!

I've wrestled on towards heaven
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide;
Now, like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's Land!

With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove;
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred with His love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's Land!

The bride eyes not her garments,
But her dear Bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But at my King of grace!
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's Land!
Samuel Rutherford.

3494. HEAVEN: The City of the Forgiven. Isaiah xxxiii: 24.

City of celestial health,
Into which no sickness comes;
There, in everlasting wealth,
We shall find our home of homes.
City of the tranquil breast,
Where the heartache is unknown;
Harbor of securest rest,
Life's long tempest past and gone.
There, amid the holy blest

I shall be a welcome guest,
I a sinner, yet at rest.

City of eternal love,
Dwelling-place of the forgiven;
Glory of the realm above,
Centre of the sinless heaven,
Palace of the crownèd host;
Army upon army see,
Gathered from earth's countless lost,
Clothed in heavenly purity.
There, amid the holy blest,
I shall be a welcome guest,
I a sinner, yet at rest.

City of the cleansed and fair,
With the raiment like the light!
Sons of morning, shining there,
Sons of gladness ever bright.
City of unweeping eyes,
Where the tear-drop falleth not;
Sorrows, farewells, broken ties,
All forevermore forgot.
There, amid the holy blest,
I shall be a welcome guest,
I a sinner, yet at rest.

City of unsetting suns,
Where the sky is clear and pure,
Where the earthly gathered ones
Find themselves in peace secure.
City of the feast and song,
Seat of sacred mirth above,
Where the voices, sweet and strong,
Sing the endless song of love,
There, amid the holy blest,
I shall be a welcome guest,
I a sinner, yet at rest.

City where the ransomed meet
From a thousand lands afar;
Where the parted we shall greet,
Safe from earthly storm and war;
Where the Bridegroom clasps His bride,
Reached at last the blessed goal,
Seats her at His happy side,
Best-beloved of His soul.
There, amid the holy blest,
I shall be a welcome guest,
I a sinner, and at rest.

Horatius Bonar.

3495. HEAVEN, Safe in.

Safe home! safe home in port!
Bent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck:
But oh, the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage-perils o'er!

The prize! the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

No more the foe can harm;
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night-alarm,
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly he had failed,
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

The lamb is in the fold
In perfect safety penned:
The lion once had hold
And thought to make an end.
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at home!
O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins, and doubts, and fears.
What matter now, when (so men say)
The King has wiped those tears away?

O happy, happy bride!
Thy widowed hours are past;
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all His own at last!
The sorrows of thy former cup,
In full fruition swallowed up!

John Climasos, tr. by J. M. Neale.

3496. HEBREW MINSTREL'S LAMENT.

Where are thy pleasures once so bright,
My country, where thy name?
How is thy glory sunk in night,
Thy beauty and thy fame?
No more thy muse's heavenly strain,
Heard far from Zion hill,
With rapture wakes the wandering swain,
When sober night creeps o'er the plain,
And all the air is still.

Where is thy temple and thy God?
Where are thy triumphs flown?
All vanished like a fiery cloud
That flashes and is gone?
Alas! thou sitt'st a wasted thing,
All wretched and forlorn;
To thee no joy the sunbeams bring,
But deeper shadows o'er thee fling,
And make thy woes their scorn.

The time was, when I wandered free
Across thy hills and plains;
And drank thy glorious liberty,
And sang thy melting strains:
And praised the Lord, our mighty King,
In high triumphant song;
While far away the mountains rung,
And back the joyous echoes flung
The little hills along!

But these loved joys, on rapid wing,
Far, far away are borne;
While care and sorrow deeply sting,
With slavery's sharpest thorn;
To Judah, we must say farewell!
Farewell, to Zion's steep!

In foreign climes condemned to dwell,
Full oft our mournful tale we'll tell,
Lift up the voice and weep!

But Judah's land I'll ne'er forget,
Though far from it I roam;
And, though with ills on ills beset,
I'll sweetly think of home;
And wandering near some lonely stream,
All weary and forlorn,
I'll ruminate in pensive dream,
On many a long-forgotten theme,
And sadly, sadly mourn!

R. Turnbull.

3497. HEBRON, The Oak of.

There stands a tree at Hebron—huge its form,
Oft seared by lightning, worn by many a storm:
Ages that level thrones beneath their stroke,
And sweep off races, spare that spreading oak.
Pilgrims, when Rome was pagan, came to see
And muse beneath this famed and hallowed tree.
Here oft did Abraham sit, when evening still
Cooled the green vale and crimsoned Hebron's hill;
The musky breezes round his forehead played,
He blessed bright Nature's God, and blessed that shade.
Here stood those guests sent earthward from the skies,
Mortal their forms, but heaven within their eyes;
And yonder glooms Machpelah's ancient cave,
The bartering sons of Heth to Abraham gave.
Now giant stones protect that spot so blest,
Where the great sire and Hebrew mother rest;
Nor yet, perchance, the rock betrays its trust,
Though forty ages brood above their dust.
But sealed to Christians is that cell of gloom,
The Turk's proud crescent glittering o'er the tomb?
For Moslems guard the spot with jealous care,
And burn their lamps, and read their Koran there,
And pray to Allah in that worshipped place,
E'en while they scorn and hate the patriarch's race.

Nicholas Michell.

3498. HELIODORUS, The Scourging of.

2 Maccabees iii.

The Grecian kings of Syria, the proud Seleucid stock,
Filled Alexander's Asian throne in glorious Antioch;
From Hellas's isles to India's streams their banners, wide unfurled,
From Scythian wastes to Persian seas, waved o'er the orient world.

And Palestina, subject long beneath their conquering sway,
Though ravaged oft, now throve in peace through many a prosperous day,
While good Onias, wise and just, ruled in Jerusalem,
Where Aaron's mitre long survived great David's diadem.

There mighty Cyrus, far revered, a name almost divine,
Inspired by Heaven had reared once more Jehovah's hallowed shrine;
And Gentile kings from far-off lands had crowned that holy fane
With gifts untold, and there asked peace and blessings on their reign.

All tributes paid, still gifts o'erflowed; and sumless treasures rare,
The wealth of merchants, princes, realms, sought sanctuary there;
The maiden's dower, the orphan's share, the widow's portion sure,
There slept inviolate, with tithes that fed the nation's poor.

But graceless Simon, sworn to guard that treasury divine,
'Gainst just Onias stirred with rage and envy most malign,
To heathen foes that trust betrayed, in infamy untold,
And moved the Syrian tyrant's greed to grasp the hallowed gold.

Then King Seleucus sent with guile the warder of his hoard,
Bold Heliodorus, charged to rob the temple of the Lord:
Through Cœlosyria's subject towns, Phœnicia's conquered powers,
In well-feigned state he strays, then speeds to Zion's holy towers.

Ah! who can tell what pall-like woe hung Salem's city o'er,
As Heliodorus's dire demand was told from door to door!
From street to street a doleful cry of anguish rent the air—
Ten thousand stretched their hands to Heaven, ten thousand bowed in prayer.

Fair women, girt with sackcloth harsh beneath their tender breasts,
Wailed through the town, and virgins moaned, and tore their snowy vests;
The full-robed Levites, prostrate low, before God's altar lay,
And cried: "Jehovah, guard Thine own! Defend Thy law this day!"

But ah, that good and great high-priest! 'Twas fearful to behold
What speechless agony of prayer his ghastly visage told!
What grief, what shame, for orphans robbed, for God's pure shrine profaned;
Yet on his mournful, awful face, a startling brightness reigned!

But Heliodorus, eager, rash, that ruthless
mandate urged,
And trod Jehovah's hallowed courts in Gentile guilt, unpurged;
His bandit guard around him stood, the
sacrilege began,
When lo! God's instant glory blazed, to
whelm the pride of man!

Forth rushed, caparisoned most fair, a steed
of dazzling mould,
Who bore a rider terrible, complete in harnessed gold!
And fierce with hoofs all shod with fire he
smote the impious foe;
His breath was flame! His eyes like coals!
His mane a meteor's glow!

And two celestial youths stood there, in
robes of lustrous white,
Glorious in beauty, excellent in majesty and
might,
And swift with rods of baleful gleam, while
quaking Antioch saw,
They scourged, with sore and vengeful
strokes, the scorner of God's law!

Down Heliodorus fell, amain, in dark and
deathlike swoon,
As fell proud Saul, when Christ from heaven
outflashed the summer noon!
Fainting with awe they bore him forth from
that thrice direful place,
Then flew to God's high-priest to crave incensed Jehovah's grace.

The dread saint prays, the Gentile lives, and
hies him to his lord;
He tells the glorious power of Him on Zion's
height adored;
The king, enraged, asks: "Whom, once
more, whom braver, shall I send?"
"Thy foes, O king," the stern reply, "their
madness thus shall end!"

Ah! ye who grasp at others' wealth, nor
dread Heaven's righteous wrath;
Whose hordes, like locust bands, devour the
poor with wasting scath;
Who rule for gain, whose law is self, whose
god is sordid gold;
Whose sway is outrage legalized; shame,
conscience, manhood sold.

Woe! woe! to all your pirate crew! Wolves,
vultures of your race!
Plagues, pests, and vermin of mankind,
whate'er your pride and place,
Be warned! beware! crime's longest day
must end, and judgment come;
Haste! justice whets God's scourging sword,
and mercy's lips grow dumb!

George Lansing Taylor.

3499. HEIRSHIP, My.

Little store of wealth have I;
Not a rood of land I own,
Nor a mansion fair and high,
Built with towers of fretted stone.

Stocks nor bonds, nor title-deeds,
Flocks nor herds have I to show;
When I ride, no Arab steeds
Toss for me their manes of snow.

I have neither pearls nor gold,
Massive plate, nor jewels rare,
Broidered silks of worth untold,
Nor rich robes a queen might wear.

In my garden's narrow bound
Flaunt no costly tropic blooms,
Ladening all the air around
With a weight of rare perfumes.

Yet to an immense estate
Am I heir by grace of God—
Richer, grander, than doth wait
Any earthly monarch's nod.

Heir of all the ages, I,
Heir of all that they have wrought,
All their store of emprise high,
All their wealth of precious thought.

Every golden deed of theirs
Shed its lustre on thy way;
All their labors, all their prayers,
Sanctify this present day!

Heir of all that they have earned
By their passions and their tears,
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary, toiling years!

Heir of all the faith sublime,
On whose wings they soared to heaven;
Heir of every hope that Time
To his fainting sons hath given!

Aspirations pure and high,
Strength to do and to endure,
Heir of all the ages, I;
Lo! I am no longer poor!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

3500. HERMON.

Matthew xvii : 4.

Lord! it is good for us to be
High on the mountain here with Thee:
Here in an ampler, purer air,
Above the stir of toil and care,
Of hearts oppressed with doubt and grief,
Believing in their unbelief,
Calling Thy servants all in vain
To ease them of their bitter pain.

Lord! it is good for us to be
Where rest the souls that dwell with Thee;
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
The great old saints of other days,
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right;
Or caught the still, small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

Lord! it is good for us to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful three:
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the son of thunder learns
The thought that breathes, the word that burns;
Here, where on eagles' wings we move
With Him whose last, best word is love.

Lord! it is good for us to be
Entranced, enwrapped, alone with Thee,
Watching the glistening raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments which shine
Irradiant with a light divine,
Till we, too, change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

Lord! it is good for us to be
In life's worst anguish close to Thee,
Within the overshadowing cloud
Which wraps us in its awful shroud;
We wist not what to think or say,
Our spirits sink in sore dismay;
They tell us of the dread "decease;"
But yet to linger here is peace.

Lord! it is good for us to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee,
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light;
We bow before the heavenly voice
Which bids bewildered souls rejoice:
Though love wax cold, and faith grow dim,
This is my Son; oh hear ye Him!

A. P. Stanley.

3501. HERODIAS, The Daughter of.
Matthew xiv: 6-9.

Serene in the moonlight the pure flowers lay;
All was still save the plash of the fountain's soft play;
And white as its foam gleamed the walls of the palace;
But within were hot lips quaffing fire from the chalice;
For Herod, the tetrarch, was feasting that night
The lords of Machærus, and brave was the sight!
Yet mournful the contrast, without and within,
Here were purity, peace; there were riot and sin!
The vast and magnificent banqueting-room
Was of marble Egyptian, in form and in gloom;
And around, wild and dark as a demon's dread thought,
Strange shapes, full of terror, yet beauty, were wrought.
Th' ineffable sorrow, that dwells in the face
Of the Sphinx, wore a soft and mysterious grace,
Dim, even amid the full flood of light poured
From a thousand high clustering lamps on the board;
Those lamps, each a serpent of jewels and gold,
That seemed to hiss forth the fierce flame as it rolled.
Back flashed to that ray the rich vessels that lay
Profuse on the tables in brilliant array;
And clear through the crystal the glowing wine gleamed,
And dazzling the robes of the revellers seemed,
While Herod, the eagle-eyed, ruled o'er the scene,
A lion in spirit, a monarch in mien.
The goblet was foaming, the revel rose high,
There were pride and fierce joy in the haughty king's eye,
For his chiefs and his captains bowed low at his word,
And the feast was right royal that burdened the board.
Lo! light as a star through a gathered cloud stealing,
What spirit glanced in 'mid the guard at the door?
Their stern bands divide, a fair figure revealing;
She bounds, in her beauty, the dim threshold o'er.
Her dark eyes are lovely with tenderest truth;
The bloom on her cheek is the blossom of youth;
And a smile that steals through it is rich with the ray
Of a heart full of love and of innocent play.
Soft fall her fair tresses her light form around;
Soft fall her fair tresses, nor braided nor bound;
And her white robe is loose, and her dimpled arms bare:
For she is but a child, without trouble or care.
Now round the glad vision wild music is heard:
Is she gifted with winglets of fairy or bird?
For, lo! as if borne on the waves of that sound,
With white arms upwreathing, she floats from the ground.
Still glistens the goblet: 'tis heeded no more!
And the jest and the song of the banquet are o'er;
For the revellers, spell-bound by beauty and grace,
Have forgotten all earth, save that form and that face.
It is done! for one moment, mute, motionless, fair,
The phantom of light pauses playfully there;
The next, blushing richly, once more it takes wing,

And she kneels at the footstool of Herod the king.
Her young head is drooping, her eyes are bent low,
Her hands meekly crossed on her bosom of snow,
And, veiling her figure, her shining hair flows,
While Herod, flushed high with the revel, arose.
Outspake the rash monarch: "Now, maiden, impart,
Ere thou leave us, the loftiest hope of thy heart!
By the God of my fathers! whate'er it may be—
To the half of my kingdom—'tis granted to thee!"
The girl, half bewildered, uplifted her eyes,
Dilated with timid delight and surprise,
And a swift, glowing smile o'er her happy face stole,
As if some sunny wish had just woke in her soul.
Will she tell it? Ah, no! She has caught the wild gleam
Of a soldier's dark eye, and she starts from her dream;
Falters forth her sweet gratitude, veils her fair frame,
And glides from the presence, all glowing with shame.

Of costly cedar, rarely carved,
The royal chambers ceiling,
The columned walls, of marble rich,
Its brightest hues revealing;
Around the room a starry smile
The lamp of crystal shed;
But warmest lay its lustre on
A noble lady's head;
Her dark hair bound with burning gems,
Whose fitful lightning-glow
Is tame beside the wild, black eyes
That proudly flash below:
The Jewish rose and olive blend
Their beauty in her face;
She bears her in her high estate
With an imperial grace;
All gorgeous glows with orient gold
The broidery of her vest;
With precious stones its purple fold
Is clasped upon her breast;
She gazes from her lattice forth:
What sees the lady there?
A strange, wild beauty crowns the scene;
But she has other care!
Far off fair Moab's emerald slopes,
And Jordan's lovely vale;
And nearer, heights where fleetest foot
Of wild gazelle would fail;
While crowning every verdant ridge,
Like drifts of moonlit snow,
Rich palaces and temples rise
Around, above, below,
Gleaming through groves of terebinth,
Of palm and sycamore,
Where the swift torrents, dashing free,
Their mountain music pour;
And arched o'er all, the eastern heaven
Lights up with glory rare
The landscape's wild magnificence;
But she has other care!
Why flings she thus, with gesture fierce,
Her silent lute aside?
Some deep emotion chafes her soul
With more than wonted pride;
But, hark! a sound has reached her heart,
Inaudible elsewhere,
And hushed to melting tenderness
The storm of passion there!
The far-off fall of fairy feet,
That fly in eager glee,
A voice that warbles wildly sweet,
Some Jewish melody!
She comes! her own Salomé comes!
Her pure and blooming child!
She comes and anger yields to love,
And sorrow is beguiled:
Her singing bird! low nestling now
Upon the parent breast,
She murmurs of the monarch's vow,
With girlish laugh and jest:

"Now choose me a gift and well!
There are so many joys I covet?
Shall I ask for a young gazelle?
'Twould be more than the world to me,
Fleet and wild as the wind,
Oh! how I would cherish and love it!
With flowers its neck I'd bind,
And joy in its graceful glee.

"Shall I ask for a gem of light,
To braid in my flowing ringlets?
Like a star through the veil of night,
Would glisten its glorious hue;
Or a radiant bird, to close
Its beautiful, waving winglets
On my bosom in soft repose,
And share my love with you!"

She paused, bewildered, terror-struck;
For, in her mother's soul,
Roused by the promise of the king,
Beyond her weak control,
The exulting tempest of revenge
And pride raged wild and high,
And sent its storm-cloud to her brow,
Its lightning to her eye!
Her haughty lip was quivering
With anger and disdain,
Her beauteous, jewelled hands were clinched
As if from sudden pain.

"Forgive," Salomé faltering cried,
"Forgive my childish glee!
'Twas selfish, vain; oh! look not thus,
But let me ask for thee!"
Then smiled—it was a deadly smile—
That lady on her child,
And, "Swear thou'lt do my bidding, now!"
She cried, in accents wild:

"Ah! when, from earliest childhood's hour,
Did I thine anger dare!
Yet, since an oath thy wish must seal,
By Judah's hopes, I swear!"
Herodias stooped—one whisper brief!—
Was it a serpent's hiss,
That thus the maiden starts and shrinks
Beneath the woman's kiss?
A moment's pause of doubt and dread!
Then wild the victim knelt:
"Take, take my worthless life instead!
Oh! if thou e'er hast felt
A mother's love, thou canst not doom;
No, no! 'twas but a jest!
Speak! speak! and let me fly once more,
Confiding to thy breast!"
A hollow and sepulchral tone
Was hers who made reply:
"The oath! the oath! remember, girl!
'Tis registered on high!
Salomé rose, mute, moveless stood
As marble, save in breath,
Half senseless in her cold despair,
Her young cheek blanched like death;
But an hour since, so joyous, fond,
Without a grief or care,
Now struck with woe unspeakable,
How dread a change was there!
"It shall be done!" Was that the voice
That rang so gayly sweet,
When, innocent and blest, she came,
But now, with flying feet?
"It shall be done!" She turns to go,
But, ere she gains the door,
One look of wordless, deep reproach
She backward casts—no more!
But late she sprang the threshold o'er,
A light and blooming child,
Now, reckless, in her grief she goes
A woman stern and wild.

With pallid cheek, dishevelled hair,
And wildly gleaming eyes,
Once more before the banqueters
A fearful phantom flies;
Once more at Herod's feet it falls,
And, cold with nameless dread,
The wondering monarch bends to hear
A voice, as from the dead.
From those pale lips shrieks madly forth:
"Thy promise, king, I claim,
And if the grant be foulest guilt,
Not mine, not mine the blame!
Quick, quick recall that reckless vow,
Or strike thy dagger here,
Ere yet this voice demands a gift
That chills my soul with fear!
Heaven's curse upon the fatal grace
That idly charmed thine eyes!
Oh! better had I ne'er been born
Than be the sacrifice!
The word I speak will blanch thy cheek,
If human heart be thine;
It was a fiend in human form
That murmured it to mine.
To die for me! a thoughtless child!
For me must blood be shed!
Bend low, lest angels hear me ask!
O God! the Baptist's head!"

Frances S. Osgood.

3502. HERODIAS, The Daughter of.

Mark vi: 14–28.

Mother, I bring thy gift; [pray,
Take from my hand the dreaded boon. I
Take it; the still, pale sorrow of the face
Hath left upon my soul its living trace,
Never to pass away,
Since from these lips one word of idle breath
Blanched that calm face. O mother! this
is death.

What is it that I see [gleaming?
From all the pure and settled features
Reproach! reproach! My dreams are strange
and wild.
Mother, hadst thou not pity on thy child?
Lo! a celestial smile seems softly beaming
On the hushed lips; my mother! canst thou
brook
Longer upon thy victim's face to look?

Alas! at yester morn
My heart was light, and to the viol's sound
I gayly danced, while crowned with summer
flowers,
And swiftly by me sped the flying hours;
And all was joy around—
Not death! O mother! could I say thee nay?
Take from thy daughter's hand thy boon
away!

Take it, my heart is sad;
And the pure forehead hath an icy chill.
I dare not touch it, for avenging Heaven
Hath shuddering visions to my fancy given;
And the pale face appalls me, cold and still,
With the closed lips. Oh, tell me! could I
know
That the pale features of the dead were so?

I may not turn away [his name
From the charmed brow; and I have heard
Even as a prophet by his people spoken;
And that high brow in death bears seal and
token
Of one whose words were flame.
O holy teacher! couldst thou rise and live,
Would not those hushed lips whisper, "I
forgive"?

Away with lute and harp,
With the glad heart forever, and the dance!
Never again shall tabret sound for me!
O fearful mother! I have brought to thee
The silent dead with his rebuking glance,
And the crushed heart of one to whom is
given
Wild dreams of judgment and offended
Heaven!

Lucy Hooper.

3503. HEZEKIAH, Pool of.

Great King!
Not less the patriot than the man of faith,
How full of prayer and deed thy noble reign!
Before thy God how lowly and how meek;
Before Assyria's captains, strong and brave.
What did Jerusalem owe thee for thy love,
Thy wisdom, and thy faith! And that old pool,
Poor and in ruins, as it now appears,
Yet tells of thee and of thy peaceful reign.

3504. HID TREASURE.

Matthew xiii : 44-46.

Not as the straws upon the billows strown,
But as the pearls that in the deep reside;
Not as the waifs upon the waters sown,
But something more than all the world beside
Is the rich treasure of the good man's heart;
Worth loss of all things to attain the prize:
Go, sell thy all, glad from thy all to part,
To gain the heavenly treasure in the skies.

'Tis not enough that God on earth is known,
Nor that His church is like a spreading tree;
'Tis not enough that seed of good is sown:
No blessing yet may fall therefrom on me:
It must be mine; all else I count but loss,
For this hid pearl, so priceless, so divine;
Ah! is it much to sell the worthless dross,
To gain the precious ore, and make it mine?

Vain are all worldly joys, all earthly things,
Earth's tinsel and caparison of gold;
The throne of emperors, the crown of kings,
What are they worth, when all of them are told?
Earth's hopes and joys, its wishes and its ties,
Its greed and gain, its proud sepulchral urns—
What are they all, when this frail body dies,
And when the spirit to its God returns?

And yet for these men dig, and delve, and die,
Forgetting that which is the one true prize—
The pearl, the hidden treasure, which to buy
We sell our all—field, fortune, merchandise.
This one thing needful let me seek, O Lord!
This costly pearl, this treasure, let me find;
Light, search, and patience, Lord, to me afford;
Press on to this, and leave all else behind.

Robert Maguire.

3505. HOLY LAND, Attractions of the.

Across the plains of Europe, through the smoke
Of its grim cities, bend thy gaze afar
To Syrian mountains, o'er whose tops first woke
The youth and splendor of time's morning-star.

Turn from thy native west, where daylight dies,
And look to the fair lands where morning springs;
Morn, with its fresh and fragrant ministries,
And resurrection-symbols on its wings.

Cradle of life and birth-land of the day,
How the heart turns to it in silent hours,
As to the home of true nativity,
Truer than this far western shore of ours.

Six thousand summers, each a golden dream,
Have flung their glowing mantles o'er its hills;
Myriads of mornings, each a ruby gleam,
Have flushed in beauty o'er its lowly rills.

Turn from thy native north, where suns are scant,
And stars are mute, and skies all sickly-pale,
To purer climes where stars are eloquent,
Where suns and skies put on no cloudy veil.

O cliffs and vales, palm-groves and olive-slopes,
Fountains and tranquil lakes, serenely bright,
Where sprung and blossomed earth's first living hopes,
And darkness fled before the rising light!

Where heaven saluted earth, and God with man,
As friend with friend, walked in communion dear;
Where peace descended, and the ancient ban
Was cancelled that forbade us to draw near.

Where words were spoken and where deeds were done
That changed the current of earth's history,
That overthrew old altars, one by one;
Where truth divine shook down each human lie.

That spoke to weary souls of rest and peace,
Of the great love of God, so sure and true,
Of the wide open gate to heavenly bliss,
Of life through death, of old things all made new.

It is not now what once it was of old,
Nor what it shall be in the age divine;
Yet still it beameth with a love untold,
That dear, dear Orient, light's authentic shrine.

O land of morning, what a glory still
Above thee rests, though desolate thy ways!
We look from far to each once sacred hill,
And faith and hope grow stronger as we gaze.

How doubly true seems truth when seen through you,
Zion, and Lebanon, and Olivet!
How dear the Amen, old yet ever new,
That echoes to us from each ancient height!

Blessed the eyes that once upon you gazed,
Blessed the feet that once your highways trod,
Blessed the ears that heard the hymns once raised
In Salem's shrine, upon the Mount of God.
Horatius Bonar.

3506. HOLY LAND, Defilement of the.

On Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray
On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray,
The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep;
Yet there, even there, O God! Thy thunders sleep:

There, where Thy finger scorched the tablet stone;
There, where Thy shadow to Thy people shone!
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:
Thyself none living see, and not expire!

Oh! in the lightning let Thy glance appear;
Sweep from his shivered hand the oppressor's spear:
How long by tyrants shall Thy land be trod?
How long Thy temple worshipless, O God?
Lord Byron.

3507. HOLY LAND, Interest in the.

O land of men of other days!
Where bards and ancient prophets trod.
The land of rapt Isaiah's lays,
The land of David's psalms of praise,
Land of the men of God.

And if 'tis not enough of fame
To be the home of prophets, then
From all thy hills and rocks proclaim
The higher and more glorious name
Of Him who died for men.

In vain, like birds on ocean's foam,
When tossed amid a troubled sea,
In vain the sad in spirit roam,
In search of resting-place or home,
Who turn away from Thee.

By Thee the seal of doubt is broken
Which long to human hearts had pressed;
By Thee alone the words are spoken,
Which "peace on earth" and love betoken,
And give the weary rest.

The clouds of Sinai's mount proclaim
The law that wakes the spirit's fears;
From Calvary's height the message came,
The law of love for that of flame,
Love for the coming years.

Land of the soul! forever dear;
Wide o'er the world the words impart,
Which turn to hope despairing fear;
Which dry the penitential tear,
And heal the bleeding heart.
Thomas C. Upham.

3508. HOLY LAND, Our.

Come! let us wander by the silent beach
Of this our mimic lake or inland sea,
Type of the haven where our souls would be,
And learn the lessons which its waters teach,
As all God's voiceless creatures use to preach.

We need not travel to the Holy Land,
To trace the sacred print of Jesus' feet,
Where, without ebb or flow, the wavelets beat
With mystic murmur o'er the level sand
Of Galilee's world-venerated strand.

Sweet are the fountains of fair Jordan's lake,
Bitter the ocean-springs of yon sea-bay;
O'er both, most bright, most blue, the sun-gleams play,
While fitful breezes solemn echoes wake,
And of the encircling crags in terror quake.

God's voice is heard in thunder underground;
The rumbling, reeling earth, man's last sole stay,
Labors with gape and heave to roll away;
The seething billows, one huge tidal mound,
Pour their volcanic torrent far around.

Woe to Bethsaida! to Chorazin woe!—
Sad dirge of men's hearts failing them for fear
At roaring sea and waves—thy doom is near;
Repent, or else expect thine overthrow;
Though high as heaven, as hell thou shalt sink low.

Then all is calm and smiling as before;
The river cleaves the interlacing hills
With gentle flow, made musical by rills
From yonder snowy peak's perennial store,
Where many a grassy steep o'erhangs the shore.

And many a Te-palm, many a tufted bush,
With blossoms glimmering red through pendant leaves
Of creeping parasites, a garland weaves;
And giant trunks their festooned branches push
Above the tangled scrub and feathery rush.

And many a fern-tree rears its lofty crest
Embowering leafy nooks of paler green
Than the deep umbrage of the forest screen,
Where birds of varied plumage shun their nest
To bask in that sweet sunny realm of rest.

Their notes, like silver chimes, fill all the grove
With modulated music, rich and clear,
Cheering the lonely fisher on the mere,
Or where his net upon the rock is hove,
While sportive shoals glance harmless through the cove.

Here Jesus might have fed the famished host;
Here wrought the miracle of frantic swine;
On yonder mount, transfigured, shone divine;
O'er yon calm water roamed from coast to coast,
Or hushed them with His word when tempest-tost.

The gospel is not written in a book,
A tale that may be read, and then forgot;
Its work of love and truth endureth yet,
Or in the silence of this desert nook,
Or in the busy hum we late forsook.

Jesus is everywhere, is very nigh;
The Holy Land is in us and around;
Grace blends with nature, earth with heaven profound;
To them of loving heart and single eye,
Deep sacraments all creatures underlie.

Whoso is wise, like Jesus' self, will blend
The active with the contemplative life;
Leave for awhile the city's cares and strife,
In solitude his proud heart's knee to bend,
And in the wilderness seek One True Friend,

In calm or storm, in sunshine or in shade,
His presence will go with thee and give rest,
Soothing the stormy passions of the breast;
Lo! I am with you always—so He said—
Even to the end; 'tis I, be not afraid.

Arthur Baker.

3509. HORSEMEN, The Two.
Revelations vi.

He cometh! He cometh! the death-dealing king;
His pale steed is fleet as the hurricane's wing:
Around him are ravening the monsters of hell,
Earth shrinks from their aspect, and shakes with their yell.

He cometh! He cometh! with sword dripping gore:
Desolation behind him, and terror before:
His banner of darkness above him is spread,
With pestilent vapor earth smokes at his tread.

Her kings and her captains oppose him in vain;
Her mantle no longer can cover her slain;
The great are down-trampled, the mighty ones fail,
And their armies are scattered like leaves on [the gale.

The beasts of the forest exult o'er their prey,
Grim Slaughter mows onward his merciless way,
Gaunt Famine, and livid Disease at his side,
O'er monarchs and nations triumphantly ride.

And now from their slumber the tempests awaken:
They rage, and the stars from their orbits are shaken;
The sun gathers blackness, the moon turns to blood,
The heavens pass away; and the isles from the flood,

And the mountains from earth, at the tumult retreat:
The prince and the peasant; the abject, the great;
The youthful, the aged; the fearful, the brave;
The strong man, the feeble; the freeman, the slave,

To caverns and dens for a hiding-place run;
But who the keen eye of Jehovah can shun?
From His face to conceal them, despairing they call
To the rocks and the mountains upon them to fall:

In vain; for the day of decision at last
Has dawned, and the season of mercy is past:
He cometh from heaven, with the sword and the rod,
Who shall tread in His fury the wine-press of God.

His angel the fowls is inviting aloud
To the carnage of steeds and their riders to crowd,
Whose flesh shall be mangled, whose blood shall be spilled,
That the vultures and ravens may eat and be filled.

He cometh! He cometh! how glorious the sight!
His horse as the snow newly fallen is white;
On His head are the crowns that betoken His power,
From His eyes flash red lightnings His foes to devour.

In blood has the vesture been dipped that He wears,
And a name on His thigh and His vesture He bears;
The Sovereign of sovereigns, that loftiest of names,
And Lord of all lords, its possessor proclaims

And white are the horses, as snow without stain,
Of the thousands of thousands who ride in His train;
And white and unspotted the robes He has given
To be worn on this day by the armies of heaven.

The bow in His hand, lo! unerring He bends;
With the sword from His mouth every spirit He rends;
By His rod are down-smitten all they that oppose,
And from conquering to conquer resistless He goes.

The beast, the false prophet, and Satan, and death,
He thrusts to the pit that is yawning beneath;
Where tortures unceasing their vitals shall rend,
And the smoke of their torment forever ascend.

But see, where His presence the darkness illumes,
How lovely the aspect creation assumes!
New heavens, a new earth a new ocean arise,
That fill every heart with a welcome surprise.

A city majestic and spacious appears,
Which sin cannot enter, where dried are all tears;
With beauty resplendent, from dangers secure;
Where fruits as perennial and waters as pure

As He who erects it the blessed await:
With shoutings of triumph they enter the gate,
With God, their Redeemer, forever to reign,
And it closes on all but the Lamb and His train. *T. Greenwood.*

3510. HOST OF GOD, The.

Genesis xxxii: 1, 2.

"The Host of God!" From whence came they,
And whither are they bound?
Are they of those that watch by day,
And keep their nightly round?
Come they from realms celestial, sent
On God's high message here?
Guide they the mighty firmament?
Guide they the rolling sphere?

"The Host of God!" How seemed that show?
In heavenly pomp arrayed?
Marched they in bright angelic row
With glittering wings displayed?
Or were they clad in flesh and bone,
Like children of the earth,
While but their stately step and tone
Betrayed their glorious birth?

"The Host of God!" How did they greet
Our faint and wandering sire?
Passed they his train with flying feet,
And chariot wheels like fire?
Or did they cheer his spirit there
Amid that desert lone—
Tell him that granted was his prayer,
His secret sorrows known?

"The Host of God!" How wild the thought
That lowly man should meet,
'Mid the drear realms of wolf and goat,
The step of holy feet!
Whence come they, whither go, is dark;
Their purpose, all unknown;
Yet shine they as a meteor spark
Through midnight darkness thrown.

Still they may wheel their bright career
By lonely rock or tree,
Had we the patriarch's ear to hear,
His holy eye to see!
The desert wild, the crowded way,
By heavenly step is trod;
Through earth and air, by night, by day,
Walks still "the Host of God!"

R. P.

3511. HOUSE, Building the.

I have a wondrous house to build,
A dwelling humble yet divine;
A lowly cottage to be filled
With all the jewels of the mine.
How shall I build it strong and fair,
This noble house, this lodging rare,
So small and modest, yet so great?
How shall I fill its chambers bare,
With use, with ornament, with state?

My God hath given the stone and clay;
'Tis I must fashion them aright;
'Tis I must mould them day by day,
And make my labor my delight.
This cot, this palace, this fair home,
This pleasure house, this holy dome,
Must be in all proportions fit,
That heavenly messengers may come
To lodge with him who tenants it.

No fairy bower this house must be,
To totter at each gale that starts;
But of substantial masonry,
Symmetrical in all its parts;
Fit in its strength to stand sublime
For seventy years of mortal time,
Defiant of the storm and rain,
And well attempered to the clime
In every cranny, nook, and pane.

I'll build it so that if the blast
Around it whistle loud and long,
The tempest, when its rage has passed,
Shall leave its rafters doubly strong.
I'll build it so that travellers by
Shall view it with admiring eye,
For its commodiousness and grace;
Firm on the ground, straight to the sky,
A meek but godly dwelling-place.

Thus noble in its outward form,
Within I'll build it clean and white;
Not cheerless cold, but happy warm,
And ever open to the light.
No tortuous passages or stair,
No chamber foul or dungeon lair,
No gloomy attic shall there be;
But wide apartments ordered fair,
And redolent of purity.

With three compartments furnished well
The house shall be a home complete,
Wherein, should circumstance rebel,
The humble tenant may retreat.

The first a room wherein to deal
With men for human nature's weal;
A room where he may work or play,
And all his social life reveal
In its pure texture day by day.

The second, for his wisdom sought,
Where, with his chosen book or friend,
He may employ his active thought
To virtuous and exalted end.
A chamber lofty and serene,
With a door window to the green,
Smooth shaven sward, and arching bowers,
Where lore, or talk, or song between
May gild his intellectual hours.

The third an oratory dim,
But beautiful; where he may raise,
Unheard of men, his daily hymn
Of love and gratitude and praise.
Where he may revel in the light
Of things unseen and infinite,
And learn how little he may be,
And yet how awful in thy sight,
Ineffable eternity.

Such is the house that I must build;
This is the cottage, this the dome,
And this the palace, treasure-filled
For an immortal's earthly home.
O noble work of toil and care!
O task most difficult and rare!
O simple but most arduous plan,
To raise a dwelling-place so fair,
The sanctuary of a man!

Charles Mackay.

3512. HOUSE OF GOD, The.
Genesis xxviii : 16.

Once slow and sad the evening fell
On desert path, on lonely dell,
As, sad and desolate,
One laid him down to sleep alone,
His couch the sand, his pillow stone,
The morning tide to wait.

But gleamed before his dazzled sight
A radiance more than morning light,
From opened portals given;
And on his charmèd ear there rung
A sound more sweet than matin song:
The choral hymns of heaven.

He saw the glory of that place
Whose light is God the Saviour's face;
He saw its dwellers fair,
And learned that, desolate, alone,
A wanderer from his Father's home,
God's presence still was there.

So we, though often worn, oppressed,
We wander, seeking home and rest,
In sorrow's darkest hour,
May see, as Jacob saw of old,
God's sunbeams, bright and manifold,
The shades of night o'erpower.

For not in temple hoar alone,
In cloistered shade, 'neath sculptured stone,
Stands now God's house below;
But wheresoe'er His radiance bright
Gleams on our darkness and 'tis light,
His presence we may know.

Transfigured in His glory fair
The whole earth stands, one house of prayer,
One ante-room of heaven;
For surely, though we know it not,
God's presence is in every spot,
To those who seek it given.

Then let us strive, and work, and wait,
As those who see that opened gate,
That glory in our night;
So that at last, through Christ the way,
We too may tread that land of day,
Where God, the Lord, is light.

3513. HOUSEHOLDER, Parable of the.
Matthew xxi : 33-41.

The Householder in Canaan's land
Planted a church, and hedged it round;
His law and providential hand
Was then its sure protection found:
The wine-press digged where Salem stood;
The temple was their boasted tower;
The husbandmen were hired of God,
Who left His vineyard in their power.

He, when the time of fruit drew near,
His servants to the keepers sent,
And many a chosen messenger
To gather in His righteous rent;
The keepers on His servants flew,
Stopping their ears against the word,
Outraged, and beat, and stoned, and slew
The saints and prophets of their Lord.

The heavenly Householder at last
Vouchsafed to send His only Son;
They slew, out of the vineyard cast
The Heir, and seized it for their own;
Wherefore their Lord in vengeance came,
Those wicked husbandmen destroyed;
And now they bear the Christian name
Who keep and rule the church of God.

J. and C. Wesley.

3514. HOUSEHOLDER sending forth HIS SON.
PART I.

Night was resting on the people, sin was out
upon the world,
Darkness, ere the Prince of Darkness from
his citadel was hurled,
Ere the Prince of Peace His standard o'er
the realms of strife unfurled.

Heathen madly raged with heathen, each
with vain imagining;
Brother hated, slew his brother, king went
out to war with king,
Till at length all ill abounded, and the dove
of peace took wing.

All the nations sat in darkness, loving best
the veil of night;
God they would not own as ruler, so they
put Him out of sight,
Then the flames of hell they quickened,
trampled on the true and right.

Thus the vineyard God had planted, very
good from east to west,
Wicked husbandmen had ruined, eating,
drinking, taking rest,
Cursing with their lusts and passions what
the Householder had blest.

He had edged about the vineyard, dug the
wine-press, built the tower,
Let it out and given orders, "Thou must
serve and thou have power,"
So that He of fruit might gather treasure in
the vintage-hour.

One by one He sent His servants till the time
should fully come;
Some they beat and some they stonèd, shame-
fully entreated some,
They whose hearts were set on idols, gods
they fashioned, senseless, dumb.

Last of all, the vineyard's Ruler, when the
numbered days were run,
Thought upon His loving-kindness, sent the
Sole Begotten One,
Sent His best Belovèd, saying, "They will
reverence my Son."

Thus the Father, in His pity, healed the
world by guilt oppressed,
Gave commandment to the lowly, bade her
tabernacle rest,
He who made her, Israel's lily, slumbered on
her spotless breast.

Oh the mystery of mercy! to the vineyard
comes the Heir,
Leaves the Father's many mansions, faithless
husbandmen to spare,
Clothes Himself with human nature, deigns
our very flesh to wear.

Heir of all things, we adore Him, whom the
wicked madly slew;
"This the Heir—come, let us kill Him."
Thus of old that godless crew
Cast Him out the Father sent them; thus
they paid their Lord His due.

PART II.

Fair the vineyard which the Ageless pur-
chased with His own right hand,
Where the husbandmen of Jesus in the place
appointed stand,
Some to sow and some to gather, some to
break the fallow land.

Hedged about by law and prophets, this
inheritance Divine;
Deep therein is dug the wine-press, whence
flows precious blood for wine;
There the tower of ivory glitters, of incar-
nate grace the shrine.

There the fourfold river waters with its
crystal stream the ground;
Purest gold and precious onyx in its hidden
depths abound;
There, or good for food or pleasant, every
herb and tree are found.

Thus the Lord our God hath planted east-
ward in the realm He made
A garden, unto which He sendeth, born to-
day of spotless maid,
Him whose light the ancients longed for,
Him for whom the prophets prayed.

Where are springing thorns and briars, He
will make the curse to cease;
Are their captives fast in fetters? He will
give the bound release,
Unto men of good-will saying, "On the
earth be good-will, peace!"

Surely now the world will greet Him, Heir
of all the worlds sublime;
Times, they say, are bad, disjointed: He is
come, the Lord of time;
Men, they say, have grown more evil: He
can stay the march of crime.

Do the hours of toil wax longer? He will
share our weariness;
Are their hands uplift to curse us? His are
lifted up to bless;
Are there words of hate about us? His are
words of peacefulness.

Oh how happy the hereafter, when, the bet-
ter Eden gained,
We look back upon the vineyard where the
labor was sustained,
One hand working, one hand grasping
weapon whilst a foe remained!

Peace! the will of God the Father, as in
heaven, in earth is done;
Peace! the dreary years are ended; peace!
the days of strife are run;
One the song of men and angels, we will
reverence the Son.

Hid beneath His fleshly garment, many a
crown and diadem
Brings the Heir this blessed morning, jour-
neying from Bethlehem;
If He own us, if He bless us, who is he that
dares condemn?

W. Chatterton Dix.

3515. HUSBANDMEN, The Wicked.
Matthew xxi : 33-44; Mark xii : 1-12; Luke xx : 9-18.

A vineyard planted, and to man was given
The charge of all the golden fruits it bore;
And He who owns it doth send down from
heaven
To claim its goodly store.

The rebel servants own no sovereign Lord;
His message mocked, His messengers they slew;
To such as these who thus despise His word
What will the Owner do?

The earth is God's—God's vineyard and His field,
Hedged round about with providence and care;
'Tis given to man to till, its fruits to yield,
And do God's service there.

The church is God's, a paradise of good,
For growth of precious fruits and flowers divine;
A wine-press digged to tread the vines of God,
And tower to guard its shrine.

The Word is God's; go ye, this field is Mine;
The soil, the seed, the plenteous fruits, and all;
I let it out to thee; the work is thine,
Obedient to My call.

The messengers are God's, sent forth to claim
The vineyard's goodly fruits for their dear Lord;
Some first, some next, and yet again they came,
Obedient to His word.

The Son is God's, His loved, His only Son,
The royal heir of all the vineyard store;
And in His Father's name this holy one
Claimed what the vineyard bore.

The earth is God's, but man to God denies
Those very fruits that God Himself supplies.

The church is God's, and yet its fruits, when given,
Are held to earth, and are withheld from Heaven.

The Word is God's, but man refused to yield,
Nor cared, nor tended, nor enlarged that field.

The messengers are God's, yet these they slew;
"What will the Owner of that vineyard do?"

The Son is God's; He trod the wine-press flood;
And lo! the cleansing fountain of His blood!

Salvation is of God; the Crucified
For vineyard, fruit, and husbandmen hath died.

Robert Maguire.

3516. HYMN, The Last.
Matthew xxvi : 30.

The winds are hushed; the peaceful moon
Looks down on Zion's hill;
The city sleeps, 'tis night's calm noon,
And all the streets are still,

Save when along the shaded walks
We hear the watchman's call,
Or the guard's footstep as he stalks
In moonlight on the wall.

How soft, how holy, is this light!
And hark! a mournful song,
As gentle as these dews of night,
Floats on the air along.

Affection's wish, devotion's prayer,
Are in that holy strain;
'Tis resignation, not despair;
'Tis triumph, though 'tis pain.

'Tis Jesus and His faithful few
That pour that hymn of love;
O God! may we the song renew
Around Thy board above!

John Pierpont.

3517. IMAGE, Daniel's Vision of the.
Daniel xi : 19.

An empire with its chieftain slumbered. Night
Seemed filled with all the deathful secrecy
That broods upon her morn-approaching hours.
The lights of heaven around their silv'ry queen
Looked forth in all their pearly purity
Upon the city of the hundred gates,
And Babylon, in her magnificence,
Her glitter, and her costliness, was there;
But Babylon, in her tumultuous din,
And clangor of the instruments that served
Her greatness, was not there. Forth on the grand
Majestic spectacle that filled the view,
Where art and nature mingled all their gems
Of splendor, with an eye that scorned the power
Of boastful sleep's resistless chain—an eye
Whose kindling brilliancy was lit with fires
Which nothing save a spirit of the sky,
Possessed of loftier aspect, could subdue—
There gazed a prophet of the Lord.
The king
Of kings had dreamed a dream, and blood must flow,
And man must die, except the magis tell
The secret, known but to the God of dreams.
And Learning wept, and Magic's spells were dumb.
Because the mighty king was wroth. [lost
Far gazed
That holy eye, as it would pierce behind
Yon sky's cerulean adamant, and reach
The truths that be. Whole starry suns were
Within its mighty vision, whose unmatched
Swift-darting flight outstripped their rays, but on
And onward roamed, as it would reach His seat,
Whose throne infinitude, whose presence-chamber
Is the universe. No breath was heard;

The voiceless music of the prophet's prayer
Was wafted to the bosom of Jehovah,
Nor wakened there His disapproval; no,
Omnipotence ne'er hushes mercy's breath,
Nor shuts the beamings of celestial grace
Against that spirit's prayer, that twice was
Like to her God. [made
Swift sped the messenger
That bore the heaven-commissioned answer
Before his gaze the awful image rose, [down;
Attired in robes of majesty and light.
For lo! it boasts man's upward gazing form,
Material gorgeousness is blended there,
The beams of heaven are flashing from its
front,
The vision meets the eye of one whose soul
Can feel the influence of its potent spell.

The glittering beams were shooting from
the gold
That high upon the summit sat embossed,
Refulgent orb; like the unborrowed rays
Of molten glory gleaming from that prince
Of sounding spheres, the sun, when in their
might
His crimson beams pierce through the stormy
blast
That strives to hide the dazzle of his light,
The roundness of his form. What means
this mass
Of saffron grandeur o'er the gold-crowned
image?
Great Daniel reads it with a glowing eye:
Chaldea's monarch is this head of gold!

As when the wat'ry foam in robes of white,
Caught in her bounding march by sportive
frost,
Quivers and stops, entranced with sudden
charms,
Locked in his delicate white arm, and spark-
In modest beauty at the gazer-on; [ling
So in rich folds the silver breast and arms
Of this great secret-teller float in gay,
Unmingled, dazzling whiteness, and declare
The less effulgent but more glorious reign
Of Medo-Persia's power.
In gloomy strength
The brazen thighs announced to Daniel's ken
The self-willed Macedonian whose arm,
In swift-winged speed, made thrones and
empires yield;
Then, weeping for another world to slay,
In lieu thereof destroyed himself.
Firm placed,
The fabric stands on legs and feet of iron.
Built and augmented from the first by men
Who feared naught save a disappointed will,
Who loved naught save the revelry of power,
Great Rome, upmarching to its zenith,
crushed
With its tough iron and trampled down the
nations,
Until great Cæsar held beneath his foot
The humbled, prostrate neck of conquered
earth;
And, propping firmly all the other three,
The fourth great empire stands alone in
might.

All this the prophet saw, and more: he saw
The haughtiness of Rome go down by steps,
Divide, and, mingled with the weakening
clay,
Sink down to utter nothingness of power.

All this the prophet saw, and more, and
more—
Immensely, infinitely more. O God!
Haste on the day, and smite with seven-fold
Or rather give us patience to await [power,
Thine own best day, when Thou in ire wilt
smite
The lofty image with Thy mystic stone,
Cut from the mountain without hands.
Behold!
E'en now it trembles on its shaken base,
And rocks aloft, and menaces the fall.
Earth, trembling, fears the long-expected
crash.
Oh, blest the eye that views its prostrate
length!
Oh, blessed the ear that hears the ruin peal
In echoed cadence round a startled world.

The Classic.

3518. IMPORTUNATE WIDOW, The.
Luke xviii: 1–8.

Oh let my prayer unceasing
Go up to God above;
The end of all my longing,
The fountain of all love;
May I not ask His favor,
Who hath so much bestowed,
The Author of all goodness,
The Giver of all good.

He bids me "ask;" so asking,
His power I humbly crave;
He bids me "seek;" so seeking,
I pray His arm to save;
He bids me "knock;" so knocking,
I plead His own command;
And knocking, seeking, asking,
Before His door I stand.

The judge, though oft refusing,
The anxious widow's plea,
Yet afterwards rewarded
Her importunity;
And for her often asking,
His favor did bestow;
And for her oft appealing,
Avenged her of her foe.

And shall not God, the Righteous,
Avenge His own elect;
Stretch forth His hand to help them,
And with His arm protect?
Yea, while He seems to slumber,
And though He beareth long,
He will arise and aid them;
He will avenge their wrong.

Oh happy consummation,
Oh blessed force of prayer;
Blest promise of salvation,
To those who linger there!
To humble patient waiting,
And suppliant complaint,
He gives His word of comfort,
"To pray and not to faint."
Robert Maguire.

3519. IMPOTENT MAN, Cure of the.
John v : 1–16.

Passover week: strange stillness reigns
O'er Palestina's towns and plains,
For all her tribes and thousands press
Up to the great metropolis;
And far o'er many a winding road
Wend onward toward the mount of God.

Through high Jerusalem's gates the throng,
Solemn and ceaseless, pours along;
The spotless lamb at midnight dies;
The smoke of offerings stains the skies;
From north to south, from west to east,
The mingling myriads bless the feast.

Three days go by, three sacred days,
Of sacrifice and prayer and praise,
And Sabbath comes, more sacred still;
Its holier rites the priests fulfil,
And psalms, and celebrated joy,
Its sweet successive hours employ.

Not thus the Saviour; worship done,
His feet on mercy's errands run,
And where Bethesda's healing tide
Five circling porches scarcely hide,
He seeks the blind, halt, withered, poor,
A multitude, who wait a cure.

For oft an angel, sent from God,
Viewless descending stirred the flood,
And to the troubled, transient wave
Such wealth of wondrous virtue gave,
That he who soonest then stepped down
Was healed at once from sole to crown.

One form lay there more sadly pressed
By wasting woe than all the rest,
Helpless for eight-and-thirty years!
The Saviour saw his secret tears,
And asked him, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
"I've none to help me to the pool,

Kind sir," he faltering said. "In vain
I've tottered often and in pain
Adown the steep and toilsome stair,
Another steps before me there;
And thus, for many a year of woe,
I've seen the healing seasons go."

Then Jesus gently spake: "Arise,
Take up thy bed and walk." His eyes
The poor man lifts to Christ's; the sight
Made all his languid limbs grow light,
And conscious strength and courage came
Warming through all his withered frame!

He rose, unthinking aught of harm,
And rolled his pallet 'neath his arm;
And, finding not his unknown friend,
Flew toward the temple, to attend
The evening sacrifice and prayer,
And pour his grateful homage there.

But Jews, who met him in the way,
Cried, "Hold! This is the Sabbath-day!
The law forbids to bear thy bed!"
He answered, "He who healed me said,
'Take up thy bed and walk;'" then they,
"Who dared to thus command thee? Say!"

They asked not who such boon had wrought,
And he who had been healed knew not;
But toward the temple still he sped,
Where Christ once more he met, who said,
"Lo! thou art whole; sin now no more,
Lest worse befall thee than before."

Then straight, with grateful heart and bold,
The Saviour's wondrous work he told;
The Jews, unable to refute
The cure, its author persecute,
And, mad with malice, seek to slay
For healing on the holy day.

Then answered Jesus: "Hitherto
My Father wrought these cures for you;
I work them now, nor yet alone,
The Father works them through the Son,
And greater works than these shall show,
That ye our oneness thus may know."

O Christ, our passover, may we
Still find our spotless Lamb in Thee!
Our great Bethesda, may Thy side
Still pour for us a healing tide!
And let us prove, all else above,
Thy sole and sovereign law of love.
George Lansing Taylor.

3520. IMMANUEL.
Isaiah vii : 14.

How good a God have we! who for our sake,
To save us from the burning lake,
Did change the order of creation:
At first He made
Man like Himself in His own image; now
In the more blessed reparation,
The heavens bow,
Eternity took the measure of a span:
And said,
"Let us make ourselves like man;
And not from man the woman take,
But from the woman, man."
Hallelujah, we adore
His name, whose goodness hath no store.
Jeremy Taylor.

3521. INCARNATION, Christ's.
John i : 14.

Time hath no brighter jewel on his brow
Than this, all worlds, all ages, wondering scan:

Shall God in very deed Himself allow
Limit and bound, and dwell on earth with man?

I marvel not that some should misconceive,
I marvel one should easily believe;
That when the tale is told
(Sole tale which ne'er grows old)
How flesh and blood the Invisible once did shrine,
Rather all hearts incredulous not combine
Such mightiest task of faith, unequal, to resign.

The fabled lore that lured the untutored ear
Of the young world, ere fancy's vernal age
Had ripened into reason—then more dear
Than all the time-schooled wisdom of the sage—
The most unbounded flights e'er roved at will
By lawless dreams, or thoughts more lawless still,
Lose all their wild and strange,
To most experienced range
Brought meanly down, of credence easier far
Than that the Word, He by whom all things are,
Changed for His high abode one poor inferior star.

Down from the heavenly hills in love descending,
Far in the depths of night His eye descried
The clusters of His universe, one blending
Of infinite lights, stars in their courses, tied
By order firm and ne'er-infringed law;
A world of worlds, whereof each one doth draw
About the central bright
Its duteous satellite;
Yet chose He not His palace in some sun,
By heaven alone in native light outdone,
But this our darker orb His radiant presence won.

There was no lack of sovereign seats and thrones
Worthy of His possessing; large domains
Waited His lordly bidding; populous plains,
The wealth of empires, all the mingled tones
Of queenliest cities called Him—pomp and song
And loud applause of many a rapturous throng:
But such as these passed by,
Beneath the Syrian sky
He sought the meanest state, the lowliest shed,
That earth's most bitter lot most throughly read,
No heart might sink so low but he might lift it high.

And therefore did the greatness of His scorn
Vouchsafe the measure of His glorious rise;
And they who here with Him that shame have borne
Shall share His crown and triumph in the skies:
He that descended is the same that rose
Above all heavens, victorious o'er His foes,
And evermore doth stand
A priest at God's right hand,
Till, in the fulness of the times, once more
He come with might and majesty, His floor
In righteousness to purge, and all things to restore.

And thou and I (O wondrous thought and strange!)
May call Him brother; eat His flesh, and live;
Drink of His blood, that with all-quickening change
Doth joy for grief, health for unsoundness give:
May love Him, though we see Him not; may hear
His voice behind us, feel His footstep near:
Thou, Who dost all things fill,
Art with Thy children still,
Who here through sighs and tears their voices raise,
Or round Thy throne, with rapt adoring gaze,
Lift high the harmonious anthem of perpetual praise.

I will exult, my evil days and few
Spending where God hath sojourned; His dear breath
Hath left a sweetness in the air, a new
Celestial fragrance, all the damps of death
Quite overmastering, filling with perfumes
The grave unlovely, and dark funeral rooms;
That each glad soul may spring
Upward from earth, and sing,
Beholding in her tomb heaven's opened door,
And hearing in her knell His summons ring,
"Come up, dear child, and dwell in rest for evermore."

The earth He trod is consecrated ground;
One stone His feet have touched hallows the whole,
Reclaimed for heaven's just uses, from the round
Of torrid heats, to either utmost pole:
Where He alighted, burst a spring that flows
To every land, and ever widening goes,
Sustained by what distils
From the everlasting hills,
And still shall swell, a river broad and deep,
Till its great flood, with all-compelling sweep,
The bars and gates of hell triumphantly o'erleap.

Whoso receiveth this, doth all receive:
His faith can soar no further; all the train
Of signs and wonders written, that doth leave
A breach in nature's statutes to explain
By reason's rules he aims not, lest as wise
Himself professing, folly's meed he gain:
But in mute awe profound
Upon that holy ground
Standing unshod He hears, amidst the cries
Of jarring doubts and creeds, the still small voice
Speak to his inmost heart, and trembling doth rejoice.

His the unfettered faith to childhood given,
That questions not how such a thing might be;
Whom large experience hinders not that heaven
Should mix with earth, but whose clear eye doth see
In happy dreams the golden ladder bending,
And angel feet for evermore descending:
Thus human and divine
To child-like hearts combine,
Who from the world's soul-deafening noise retreat,
And meekly sitting at the Master's feet
List to His heaven-bought words in contemplation sweet. *C. L. Ford.*

3522. INFANTS, Slaughter of the.
Matthew ii : 18.

Hushed is the voice of Judah's mirth,
And Judah's minstrels, too, are gone;
And harps that told Messiah's birth
Are hung on heaven's eternal throne.

Fled is the bright and shining throng
That swelled on earth the welcome strain,
And lost in air the choral song
That floated wild on David's plain;

For dark and sad is Bethlehem's fate;
Her valleys gush with human blood;
Despair sits mourning at her gate,
And murder stalks in frantic mood.

At morn the mother's heart was light,
Her infant bloomed upon her breast;
At eve 'twas pale and withered quite,
And gone to its eternal rest.

Weep on, ye childless mothers, weep;
Your babes are hushed in one cold grave,
In Jordan's streams their spirits sleep,
Their blood is mingled with the wave.

3523. ISAAC.

Many the guileless years the patriarch spent,
Blessed in the wife a father's foresight chose;
Many the prayers and gracious deeds which rose,
Daily thank-offerings from his pilgrim tent.
Yet these, though written in the heavens, are rent
From out truth's lower roll, which sternly shows
But one sad trespass at his history's close;
Father's, son's, mother's, and its punishment,
Not in their brightness, but their earthly stains,
Are the true seed vouchsafed to earthly eyes.
Sin can read sin, but dimly scans high grace;
So we move heavenward with averted face,
Scared into faith by warning of sin's pains;
And saints are lowered, that the world may rise. *John H. Newman.*

3524. ISAAC, Abraham's Sacrifice of.
Genesis xxii : 2-18.

Tremendous oracle divine!
Who can the harsh command obey?
"That son, that only son of thine,
That son beloved, that Isaac slay!"
Whoe'er the God of Abraham know,
Their faith by like obedience prove,
And offering up their Isaacs show
The power supreme of Jesu's love.

Father, Thou call'st me by my name,
Thy sovereign pleasure to fulfil,
And lo! through grace I ready am
To answer all thy awful will;
By faith I climb the mountain-top,
Thy blessings cheerfully resign,
And yield my dearest comforts up,
A bleeding sacrifice divine.

Resolved, O God! with all to part,
I bring the victim crowned;
The dearest partner of my heart
Is on the altar bound!
Spirit and soul asunder tear,
I say, Thy will be done;
And thus by Thee required, I bare
Mine arm to slay my son!

Let angels wonder at the sight!
Fond Abraham's laughter and delight
Is sacrificed at God's command:
The church's hope, behold him lie;
The promised heir, prepared to die;
To die by a paternal hand!
One only act did this exceed:
When Christ, our sacrifice, indeed,
Was by His Father's goodness given,
Delivered up for all to atone,
His Son beloved, His only Son,
The Lord, the joy of earth and heaven!

Safely we may our Isaacs give,
And leave them on the altar laid;
If best for us that they should live,
A way for their deliverance made
Shall lift our hearts to things above,
And perfect us in heavenly love.

Was not our father Abraham tried,
And found completely justified,
By offering up his only son?
The Lord His faithful servant blessed,
His offspring as the stars increased,
Because he had this action done;
The blessing of the promised Seed
(Received like Isaac from the dead),
Through him to all mankind is given,
And all who with their darlings part,
Shall find the blessing in their heart,
Joy, righteousness, and Christ and heaven.
J. and C. Wesley.

3525. ISAAC, Antitype of.
St. Mark xv : 22.

Burdened with our griefs and cares,
That true Isaac from the skies,

Lo! Himself the wood He bears
To the place of sacrifice;
Bears it to Moriah's top;
There, extended on the tree,
Lo! the universal hope
Hangs, and bleeds, and dies for me.

Suffering death without the gate,
From Jerusalem He leads,
Thus instructing us to wait
Where the common Victim bleeds.
After Him our hearts ascend,
Lifted up 'twixt earth and skies;
On His only death depend,
Seek no other sacrifice.

Jesus lays the ransom down,
Buys the nations with His blood,
Doth for all our sins atone,
Reconciles a world to God.
Jesus purchases our peace
(Peace which every soul may find),
Pardon, grace, and holiness,
Life, and heaven for all mankind.

J. and C. Wesley.

3526. ISAAC'S MARRIAGE.

Genesis xxiv : 63.

Praying! and to be married! it was rare,
But now 'tis monstrous; and that pious care,
Though of ourselves, is so much out of date
That to renew't were to degenerate.
But thou a chosen sacrifice wert given,
And, offer'd up so early unto Heaven,
Thy flames could not be out; religion was
Ray'd into thee like beames into a glasse,
Where, as thou grew'st, it multiply'd, and shin'd
The sacred constellation of thy mind.
But being for a bride, sure, prayer was
Very strange stuffe wherewith to court thy lasse:
Hadst ne'er an oath nor complement? Thou wert
An odde, coarse sutor: hadst thou but the art
Of these our dayes, thou couldst have coyn'd thee twenty
New several oathes, and complements too plenty.
O sad and wild excesse! and happy those
White dayes that durst no impious mirth expose!
When sinne by sinning oft had not lost sence,
Nor bold-fac'd custome banish'd innocence!
Thou hadst no pompous traine, nor antick crowd
O' young, gay swearers, with their needless, lowd
Retinue; all was here smooth as thy bride,
And calme like her, or that mild evening-tide.
Yet hadst thou nobler guests: angels did wind
And rove about thee, guardians of thy mind;
These fetch'd thee home thy bride, and all the way
Advis'd thy servant what to doe and say;
These taught him at the well, and thither brought
The chaste and lovely object of thy thought.
But here was ne'er a complement, not one
Spruce, supple cringe, or study'd looke put on.
All was plaine, modest truth: nor did she come
In rowles and curles, mincing and stately dumbe,
But in a frighted, virgin blush approach'd,
Fresh as the morning when 'tis newly coach'd.
O sweet, divine simplicity! O grace
Beyond a curled lock or painted face!
A pitcher, too, she had, nor thought it much
To carry that which some would scorn to touch;
With which in mild, chaste language she did wooe
To draw him drinke, and for his camels too.
And now thou knew'st her coming, it was time
To get thee wings on, and devoutly climbe
Unto thy God; for marriage of all states
Makes most unhappy, or most fortunates.
This brought thee forth, where now thou didst undresse
Thy soule, and with new pinions refresh
Her wearied wings, which so restor'd did flye
Above the stars, a track unknown and high;
And in her piercing flight perfum'd the ayre,
Scatt'ring the myrrhe and incense of thy pray'r.
So from Lahairoi's well some spicie cloud,
Woo'd by the sun, swels up to be his shrowd,
And from her moist wombe sweeps a fragrant showre,
Which, scatter'd in a thousand pearls, each flowre
And herb partakes; where having stood awhile,
And something cool'd the parch'd and thirsty isle,
The thankfull earth unlocks herself, and blends
A thousand odours, which, all mixt, she sends
Up in on cloud, and so returnes the skies
That dew they lent, a breathing sacrifice.
Thus soar'd thy soul, who, though young, didst inherit
Together with his bloud thy father's spirit,
Whose active zeale and try'd faith were to thee
Familiar ever since thy infancie.
Others were tym'd and train'd up to't, but thou
Didst thy swift years in piety outgrow.
Age made them rev'rend and a snowie head;
But thou wert so ere time his snow could shed.
Then who would truly limne thee out must paint
First a young patriarch, then a married saint.

Henry Vaughan.

3527. ISHMAEL, The Descendants of.
Genesis xvii : 20.

Amid the wrecks of empire, still unchanged,
The Arab ranges where his fathers ranged.
Amid the roar of waters stands a rock,
O'ertops the surge, and scorns the crested shock;
Like the tall pillars that o'erlook the moor,
The Ishmaelite, disdainful, stands secure.
Nor Greek, nor Roman, nor the Tartar khan,
Nor Parthian, Persian, nor the Turcoman,
Has ever turned a master's kindling eye
Over the sandy wilds of Araby. [yields,
Some few have found the joy that conquest
For a brief space, in Yemen's flowery fields;
But Ishmael's nation never bowed the neck
To conqueror's footsteps or a tyrant's beck.
Oft for their spoil the centaur-robbers roam;
But still Arabia is the Arab's home;
Still is he seen with glistening eyes to trace
Each spot that keeps the record of his race;
Still does he hold in legendary lore
The names and fortunes of his sires of yore;
For him each Syrian flower that blooms and dies,
Stream, hill, and stone are kindred memories;
Still does he haunt the dead and sinful sea,
The hill of Jebus, lake of Galilee;
To Belkas' pasture loves his flock to drive,
And keeps in Paran Ishmael's name alive.

M. J. Chapman.

3528. ISLES, He taketh up the.
Isaiah xl : 15.

Each single soul is as a separate island,
That hath its fauna and its flora meet,
Its desert plain, its tree-grown, bird-voiced highland,
Its wind-blown meadow and its foot-thronged street.

The vast, unsounded, and unmeasured ocean
On whose broad breast they rest, is God's free grace.
Bow, hills of pride! that in thy deep devotion
The healing waves may cleanse each secret place.

As flood-tide brings and, in its grand recession,
Leaves painted coral, pictured shell and fern,
So mortals find, at last, in their possession
The precious promises for which they yearn.

And watered thus by love, at God's good pleasure
The desert shall become a flowery plain,
The trees and vines bear fruit beyond all measure,
And fertile fields grow golden with good grain.

And as the sea, in tribute rich increasing,
Receives the rivers and the running rills,
So shall the Will Divine with power unceasing
Draw to Himself harmonious, human wills;

Until each island is a fitting dwelling
For Him whose toil subdued the marly sward,
And they who thirst shall find a fountain welling
To everlasting life for their reward.

Simeon Tucker Clark.

3529. ISRAEL, Fallen.

Fallen is thy throne, O Israel!
Silence is o'er thy plains;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore?
That fire from heaven which led thee
Now lights thy path no more.

Lord! Thou didst love Jerusalem:
Once she was all thy own;
Her love thy fairest heritage,
Her power thy glory's throne:
Till evil came, and blighted
Thy long-loved olive-tree;
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than thee!

Then sunk the star of Solyma;
Then passed her glory's day,
Like heath that, in the wilderness,
The wild wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers
Where once the mighty trod,
And sunk those guilty towers
While Baal reigned as god!

"Go," said the Lord, "ye conquerors!
Steep in her blood your swords,
And raze to earth her battlements,
For they are not the Lord's!
Till Zion's mournful daughter
O'er kindred bones shall tread,
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
Shall hide bnt half her dead!"

Thomas Moore.

3530. ISRAEL, Hope of.
Jeremiah xxx : 5.

We have heard the voice of trembling,
Voice of fear, but not of peace;
'Tis the wailing of the captive
As he sigheth for release:
Shall the bondage ne'er be broken,
Nor the sob of ages cease?

'Tis the hour of Israel's travail,
'Tis the darkness of her night,
'Tis the time of Jacob's trouble;
But beyond it beams the light,
And the star of Judah's morning
Is arising clear and bright.

Still the city sitteth lonely
In the twilight of the years,
In her silent sackcloth mourning,
On her cheeks the ancient tears;
For her lovers all have left her,
And her foes deride her fears.

But above the voice of weeping,
From a harp disused and dumb
She can hear the notes of gladness
Speaking sweetly of a home,
Of her ended exile telling,
As they say, "Thy King is come."

'Neath her olive's silver shadow,
There the turtle wakes her lay;
Winter vanishes, the splendor
Shineth out of endless day.
Wake, my love! wake up, my fair one!
It is morning, come away.

See! the King in beauty cometh,
He, thy long, long absent King;
As the light of dawn He shineth,
And His breath is that of spring.
From the dream of darkness waking,
Zion, lift thy voice and sing.

From the dust of ages rising,
Put on all thine ancient might,
For to Thee the crown belongeth,
And to Thee the raiment bright;
Of the coming age the glory,
Of the ransomed earth the light.

Horatius Bonar.

3531. ISRAEL, Restoration of.
Isaiah lx.

Awake, arise, thy light is come:
The nations that before outshone thee
Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb;
The glory of the Lord is on thee!

Arise: the Gentiles to thy ray
From ev'ry nook of earth shall cluster;
And kings and princes haste to pay
Their homage to thy rising lustre.

Lift up thine eyes around, and see
O'er foreign fields, o'er farthest waters,
Thy exiled sons return to thee,
To thee return thy home-sick daughters.

And camels rich, from Midian's tents,
Shall lay their treasures down before thee;
And Saba bring her gold and scents,
To fill thy air and sparkle o'er thee.

See, who are these that, like a cloud,
Are gathering from all earth's dominions
Like doves, long-absent, when allowed
Homeward to shoot their trembling pinions.

Surely the isles shall wait for me;
The ships of Tarshish round will hover,
To bring thy sons across the sea,
And waft their gold and silver over.

And Lebanon thy pomp shall grace;
The fir, the pine, the palm victorious
Shall beautify our holy place,
And make the ground I tread on glorious.

No more shall Discord haunt thy ways,
Nor ruin waste thy cheerless nation;
But thou shalt call thy portals, Praise,
And thou shalt name thy walls, Salvation.

The sun no more shall make thee bright,
Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee;
But God Himself shall be thy light,
And flash eternal glory through thee.

Thy sun shall never more go down;
A ray, from heaven itself descended,
Shall light thy everlasting crown
Thy days of mourning all are ended.

My own, elect, and righteous land!
The branch, forever green and vernal,
Which I have planted with this hand,
Live thou shalt in life eternal.

Thomas Moore.

3532. ISRAEL, Restoration of.
Revelation xxi: 3.

King of the dead! how long shall sweep
Thy wrath? how long Thy outcasts weep?
Two thousand agonizing years
Has Israel steeped her bread in tears;
The vial on her head been poured:
Flight, famine, shame, the scourge, the sword!
'Tis done! Has breathed Thy trumpet-blast,
The tribes at length have wept their last!
On rolls the host! from land and wave
The earth sends up the unransomed slave:
There rides no glittering chivalry,
No banner purples in the sky;
The world within their hearts hath died;
Two thousand years have slain their pride!
The look of pale remorse is there,
The lips in voluntary prayer;
The form still marked with many a stain,
Brand of the soil, the scourge, the chain;
The serf of Afric's fiery ground;
The slave by Indian sun embrowned;
The weary drudges of the oar,
By the swart Arab's poisoned shore,
The gatherings of earth's wildest tract,
On bursts the living cataract!
What strength of man can check its speed?
They come, the nation of the freed;
Who leads their march? Beneath His wheel
Back rolls the sea, the mountains reel!
Before their tread His trump is blown
Who speaks in thunder, and 'tis done!

King of the dead! Oh! not in vain
Was Thy long pilgrimage of pain;
Oh! not in vain arose Thy prayer
When pressed the thorn Thy temples bare;
Oh! not in vain the voice that cried
To spare Thy maddened homicide!
Even for this hour Thy heart's blood streamed!
They come, the host of the redeemed.

What flames upon the distant sky?
'Tis not the comet's sanguine dye,
'Tis not the lightning's quivering spire,
'Tis not the sun's ascending fire.
And now, as nearer speeds their march,
Expands the rainbow's mighty arch;
Though there has burst no thunder cloud,
No flash of death the soil has ploughed,
And still ascends before their gaze,
Arch upon arch, the lovely blaze;
Still as the gorgeous clouds unfold
Rise towers and domes, immortal mould.
Scenes that the patriarch's visioned eye
Beheld, and then rejoiced to die;
That, like the altar's burning coal,
Touched the pale prophet's harp with soul;
That the throned seraphs long to see
Now given, thou Slave of slaves, to Thee!
Whose city this? What potentate
Sits there, the King of time and fate?
Whom glory covers like a robe,
Whose sceptre shakes the solid globe,
Whom shapes of fire and splendor guard?
There sits the Man whose face was marred,
To whom archangels bow the knee—
The Weeper of Gethsemane!
Down in the dust, aye, Israel, kneel;
For now thy withered heart can feel!
Aye, let thy wan cheek burn like flame:
There sits the glory and thy shame!

George Croly.

3533. ISRAEL'S DELIVERANCE from EGYPT.

Tenfold vengeance wakens now
To lay the pride of Pharaoh low:
The desolating scourge has spread,
The last, the fatal bolt has sped;
From throne to cot they mourn the dead.

Israel, arise! no longer stand
A bond-slave in Egyptia's land;
Far from thee hurl the hated chain,
Bound into liberty again;
For the oppressor's rod is broke
As by a mighty thunder-stroke.
And who can tell thy feelings now?
The throbbing heart, the uplifted brow,
The limbs' elastic, joyous bound,
The voice with music in the sound,
The glowing face, the glistening eye,
Proclaim the charms of liberty.

The chosen race, in close array,
Now forward march, ere dawn of day;
Nor moon appears, nor glittering star,
To guide their footsteps from afar;
When quick descends upon the van,
'Mid shouts of joy from man to man,
The fiery column, sacred flame,
Where dwells the great Jehovah's name;
Their light and comfort, sword and shield,
For conquest in the battle-field.

Already passed the wall and tower,
The boast and pride of Memphian power;
Down the wide-spreading vale they go
Like torrents that in winter flow.

Soon they behold the mountains rise,
In forms gigantic, to the skies,
And riven rock, whose rugged brow
Frowns darkly on the pass below:
Awhile they rest beneath its shade,
From noontide heat a shelter made.

Meantime, the Egyptian king, in ire,
Vows vengeance and destruction dire.
"The base-born slaves! and have they fled?
Mourn not a moment o'er your dead;
Dash the fond tear-drop from your eye,
Pant but for blood and victory.
The rebel-foe shall shortly know
We yet can strike a dreadful blow;
Muster our forces for the war,
Put on the cuirass, man the car,
Take spear and bow, and shield and sword."
All, all obey the sovereign word.
Now banners wave, and clarions sound,
And the proud war-horse spurns the ground;
While rumbling wheel and martial tread
Resound as if to wake the dead.

Long ere th' embattled host appears,
Israel its distant thunder hears;
Soon nodding plume and glittering spear
Tell them the enemy is near.
Then hearts are faint, and hands are wrung,
And minstrels' harps are left unstrung;
Terrible danger threatens now;
Despair is stamped on every brow.
On God they call, to Moses cry:
"Why did we not in Egypt die?
In bondage we had suffered less,
Nor perished in this wilderness."

"Fear not; stand still; behold and see
Pharaoh before Jehovah flee,
To-day his sun is shining bright,
Only to set in deeper night."

"Stretch out thine hand! extend the rod!
The waves shall own the voice of God;
And crystal walls, on either hand,
Firm as adamant shall stand,
Till Israel reach yon distant strand.
Speak to my people: Forward! Know
Your Saviour doth before you go."
The wondrous pillar, fiery red,
Gleams now upon the ocean-bed:
A light to Israel's chosen host,
But darkness to the Egyptian coast.
With hardened heart and haughty brow,
Pharaoh pursues the flying foe;
Fearing no danger or alarm,
Though visible Jehovah's arm.

The morning dawns; omnific power
Is seen and felt that awful hour;
A lurid gloom o'erspreads the ground,
While vivid lightning flames around.
New terrors seize th' impetuous king,
He sees destruction hovering:
"Resistless force our arms repel,
The Lord doth fight for Israel:

Hasten to the Egyptian coast—
Retreat, retreat, our all is lost!"
In vain they turn, in vain they flee:
Deep in the bosom of the sea,
Their chariot-wheels drag heavily.

"Israel is saved! stretch out the rod!"
Moses obeys the voice of God;
And wind and wave, with thund'ring roar,
Convulse the sea from shore to shore;
The water's mighty masses flow
Back to their channel on the foe,
With sudden, dreadful overthrow.
A moment, on the billows tossed,
Are seen the fragments of the host.
A curse, a shriek, a feeble cry,
Borne on the wind, ascend the sky;
Then ceases all the din of war:
The neighing steed, the rattling car,
The captain's shout, the clarion shrill,
All as the pulse of death are still.

Now sing to God who rules on high,
For He hath triumphed gloriously.
The great, the noble, and the brave
Have sunk beneath the swelling wave;
Their haughty boast and vain parade
Are an eternal scoffing made.
Who of the gods is like to Thee,
O Lord of wondrous majesty!
Profound Thy thought, fearful Thy praise,
Holy and true are all Thy ways.
Israel shall spread Thy matchless fame,
And heathen nations learn Thy name.

W. G.

3534. ISRAEL, Song of.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
Our fathers would not know thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
But Thou hast said, "The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are Mine accepted sacrifice."

John Scott.

3535. ISRAEL, The Return of.

Where is the beauty of that ancient land
Where patriarchs fed their flocks by living streams? [grand,
Still tower to heaven its mountain summits
Still o'er them flings the sun his glorious beams;
But bowed on Lebanon the cedar's pride,
Nor vine nor olive waves on Carmel's rugged side.

Where is the melody of sacred song
That floated tuneful down the vales of yore,
Where David led triumphant choirs along,
Or Miriam's timbrel swelled on Elim's shore?
Faint are the quivering notes, and sad and low,
That now, in doubt and gloom, from Judah's children flow.

For, be their dwellings in earth's fairest plains,
They still an exile's pensive spirit bear;
To them nor hope, nor joy, nor wish remains,
But, turned to Zion, fondly centres there;
They mourn it now as on the willowy shore,
Where far Euphrates rolls, of old they wept it sore.

A time draws nigh shall bid your sorrows cease,
Seed of the Highest! yet a little while,
And all your wanderings shall close in peace;
Again for you shall Canaan's beauty smile;
And where the cloud of Heaven's dire vengeance lowered,
O'er the rejoicing land, Heaven's sunshine shall be poured.

With trembling awe shall Judah's children throng
To tread the sides of blood-stained Calvary,
And bless the Man of woes, rejected long,
For love that lived through all His agony,
And watched, through ages, their ungrateful race,
That hatred gave for love, and scorn for pardoning grace.

His pitying look shall melt their contrite souls,
His smile celestial comfort shall infuse:
As on to endless day time's chariot rolls,
From pole to pole shall spread the joyful news;
Till earth, with rays of Salem's glory bright,
To darkness bids farewell, and springs to life and light. *Mary Lundie Duncan.*

3536. ISRAEL, The Wanderings of.

They trod in peace the Arab sand,
In martial pomp and show,
With banners spread, and swords in hand:
None dared to be a foe.
Though wandering o'er the earth's wide face,
None dared molest the sacred race.

For o'er the ark still hovered nigh
The mystic guide and shield;
A cloud when day o'erspread the sky,
A flame when night concealed.
This pointed out their devious way,
Or told their armies when to stay.

But oh! how changed from those glad times!
That wonder how reversed!
They wander still o'er different climes,
But joyless and accursed;
Their remnant scattered far and wide,
Without a God, without a guide.

H. Rogers.

3537. ISRAEL, The Woe upon.

Isaiah v : 1.

Israel, thou wert once a Vine,
Never clusters dropped such wine;
Round its beauty wreathed a bower,
O'er it watched a guardian tower;
But the dark Idolater,
Son of Sin and Spoil, was there,
And my vineyard was defiled,
All its glorious fruitage—wild!

But, a cloud shall blight thy bower;
But, a blast shall shake thy tower;
Branching stem, and sheltering hedge,
All, shall feel the axe's edge.
Then shall be the curse fulfilled,
Thou shalt lie a land untilled;
Anguish-ploughed and famine-worn,
Buried in the weed and thorn;
All thy beauty, swamp and sand:
Of all lands, the loneliest land!

Hark! I hear the dancers bound;
Hark! the maddening cups go round.
On the midnight revel swim
Frantic song and idol-hymn.
Day and night, still sin on sin,
Adding to the weight within,
Scarcely rescued from the chain,
Ripening for its links again!

Hell is longing for thy tread,
Living, yet already dead!
Now it opes its jaws of flame
For the remnant of thy name.
Idly wise, and weakly great,
Hourly tampering with thy fate,
Palace, cottage, temple, wall,
Mean or mighty, thou shalt fall!
Israel, where are now thy wise?
Woe to those who live by lies,
Calling (all their souls deceit)
Evil good, and bitter sweet,
Selling justice, pampering crime.
But revenge shall bide its time!
Like the chaff before the gale,
Like the harvest in the hail,
Like the stubble in the blaze,
Like the cluster that decays
Ere 'tis ripened on the tree—
Israel, thou and thine shall be!
Think'st thou that My wrath shall sleep
When I see the orphan weep?
When I see thy revels fed
With the lonely widow's bread?
Now the shaft is on the string
That shall strike thy haughty wing.

Listen, where in more than gloom
Rush the fillers of the tomb;
Come from regions fierce and far,
Come with more than mortal war.
Swift as eagles' wings they sweep,
None shall stumble, none shall sleep:
Strange their accents on thine ear;
All before them, flight and fear,
Flint their horses' hoofs, their wheel
Making all thy mountains reel;
Roaring, like the lion's roar,
Till their thirst is gorged with gore!

George Croly.

3538. JACOB.

Genesis xlix : 1.

My sons, and ye the children of my sons,
Jacob your father goes upon his way,
His pilgrimage is being accomplished.
Come near and hear him ere his words are o'er:
Not as my father's or his father's days,
As Isaac's days or Abraham's, have been mine;
Not as the days of those that in the field
Walked at the eventide to meditate,
And haply, to the tent returning, found
Angels at nightfall waiting at their door;
They communed, Israel wrestled with the Lord.
No, not as Abraham's or as Isaac's days,
My sons, have been Jacob your father's days:
Evil and few, attaining not to theirs
In number, and in worth inferior much.
As a man with his friend walked they with God,
In His abiding presence they abode,
And all their acts were open to His face.
But I have had to force mine eyes away,
To lose, almost to shun, the thoughts I loved,
To bend down to the work, to bare the breast,
And struggle, feet and hands, with enemies;
To buffet and to battle with hard men,
With men of selfishness and violence;
To watch by day, and calculate by night,
To plot and think of plots, and through a land
Ambushed with guile, and with strong foes beset,
To win with art safe wisdom's peaceful way.
Alas! I know, and from the onset knew,

The first-born faith, the singleness of soul,
The antique pure simplicity with which
God and good angels communed undisdained,
Is not; it shall not any more be said
That of a blameless and a holy kind
The chosen race, the seed of promise, comes.
The royal, high prerogatives, the dower
Of innocence and perfectness of life,
Pass not unto my children from their sire,
As unto me they came of mine; they fit
Neither to Jacob nor to Jacob's race.
Think ye, my sons, in this extreme old age
And in this failing breath, that I forget
How on the day when from my father's door,
In bitterness and ruefulness of heart,
I from my parents set my face, and felt
I never more again should look on theirs,—
How on that day I seemed unto myself
Another Adam from his home cast out,
And driven abroad unto a barren land
Cursed for his sake, and mocking still with thorns
And briers that labor and that sweat of brow
He still must spend to live? Sick of my days,
I wished not life, but cried out, Let me die;
But at Luz God came to me; in my heart
He put a better mind, and showed me how,
While we discern it not, and least believe,
On stairs invisible betwixt His heaven
And our unholy, sinful, toilsome earth
Celestial messengers of loftiest good
Upward and downward pass continually.
Many, since I upon the field of Luz
Set up the stone I slept on unto God,
Many have been the troubles of my life;
Sins in the field, and sorrows in the tent,
In mine own household anguish and despair,
And gall and wormwood mingled with my love.
The time would fail me should I seek to tell
Of a child wronged and cruelly revenged
(Accursed was that anger, it was fierce;
That wrath, for it was cruel); or of strife
And jealousy and cowardice, with lies
Mocking a father's misery; deeds of blood,
Pollutions, sicknesses, and sudden deaths.
These many things against me many times
The ploughers have ploughed deep upon my back,
And made deep furrows; blessed be His name
Who hath delivered Jacob out of all,
And left within his spirit of good.

Come near to me, my sons: your father goes,
The hour of his departure draweth nigh.
Ah me! this eager rivalry of life,
This cruel conflict for pre-eminence,
This keen supplanting of the dearest kin,
Quick seizure and fast unrelaxing hold
Of vantage-place; the stony hard resolve,
The chase, the competition, and the craft
Which seems to be the poison of our life,
And yet is the condition of our life!
To have done things on which the eye with shame
Looks back, the closed hand clutching still the prize!
Alas! what of all these things shall I say?
Take me away unto Thy sleep, O God!
I thank Thee it is over, yet I think
It was a work appointed me of thee.
How is it? I have striven all my days
To do my duty to my house and hearth,
And to the purpose of my father's race,
Yet is my heart therewith not satisfied.

Arthur H. Clough.

3539. JACOB AT BETHEL.

Genesis xxviii: 12-15.

There closed in sleep his wearied eye
The chief of tribes foreshown;
His canopy the cloudless sky,
His pillow was the stone.

A stranger's land his rest was found,
The wilderness his bed;
The silent stars of night around
Kept watch above his head.

And glorious forms, descending, stood
Around their mortal guest;
That spot: it was no solitude,
The wanderer's place of rest.

The stars that shone, they passed away,
Or vanished from the sight,
As brighter visitants than they
Came in their path of light.

See, their celestial feet have trod
That wondrous path to earth;
And hark! He speaks, thy father's God,
The blessing of thy birth.

A blessing on thy race. The sands
Their type, that countless be;
A blessing on the earth's fair lands
That yet shall look to thee.

His presence till declining age
Draw nigh, and life's last bound:
Homeless no more! Thy heritage
Is this wide land around. *H. W. J.*

3540. JACOB, Death of.

I read how Israel, after life's long Lent,
Entered the quiet Easter-eve of faith;
We do thee grievous wrong, O eloquent,
And just and mighty death!

Life is a cave, where shadows gleam and glide
Between our dim eyes and a distant light;
Faint breaks the booming of the outer tide,
Faint falls its line of white.

When in the cave our spirits darkling stand,
When the light strangely flickers on the floor,
Comes death, and gently leads us by the hand
Unto the cavern-door.

THE DREAM.

Genesis xxviii : 12.

I saw the Syrian sunset's meteor crown
Hang over Bethel for a little space;
I saw a gentle wanderer lie down
With tears upon his face.

Sheer up the fathomless, transparent blue,
Rose jasper battlement and crystal wall;
Rung all the night air pierced through and through
With harps angelical.

And a great ladder was set up the while
From earth to heaven, with angels on each round;
Barks that bore precious freight to earth's far isle,
Or sailed back homeward-bound.

Ah, many a time we've looked on starlit nights
Up to the skies as Jacob looked of old;
Looked longing up to those eternal lights
To spell their lines of gold.

But nevermore, as to that Hebrew boy,
Each in his way the angels walk abroad;
And nevermore we hear, with awful joy,
The audible voice of God.

Yet to pure eyes that ladder still is set,
And angel visitants still come and go;
Many bright messengers are moving yet
In this dark world below.

Thoughts that are red-crossed Faith's outspreading wings,
Prayers of the church, aye keeping time and tryst;
Heart-wishes, making bee-like murmurings;
Their flower, the Eucharist;

Spirits elect, by suffering rendered meet
For those high mansions; from the nursery door,
Bright babes, that climb up with their clay-cold feet,
Unto the golden floor:

These are the messengers forever wending
From earth to heaven, that faith alone may scan;
These are the angels of our God, ascending
Upon the Son of man!

THE DEATH-BED OF JACOB.

Genesis xlviii : 29.

I saw a tent beside the lotus-river,
I saw an old man bowed upon the bed;
Methought the river sang, "I roll forever,
But soon he will be dead!

"Long since his grandsire walked beside my stream;
His wife a lily, lit my lilied meadows;
Long since they glided, like a magic dream
Into the old-world shadows.

"Up where the grandsire rests, the mummy goes,
Up to the shrivelled lily's mask of clay;
But on my music grandly flows,
And it shall flow for aye."

Whereto another voice kept chanting on:
"The shadows come, the shadows go, old river;
But when thy music shall be mute and gone,
He shall sing psalms forever."

And then, methought, beside that pastoral tent,
The ladder rose from the green land below;
Fair, spiritual creatures made descent,
And beckoned him to go.

But up the stream of time he seemed to float,
And twice seven years was toiling for his wife;
And all his thoughts hung heaving, like a boat,
On the long swell of life!

How statue-like that shape in shadows deep,
Like one of marble, in the minster's rest;
With a pale babe, not dead, but gone to sleep
Forever, on her breast!

And the white mother's breast may seem to heave,
And the white child to feel about her face:
'Tis but our restless hearts that thus deceive
The quiet of the place!

And Israel looked upon his Rachel wanned
Like a white flower beneath long summer-rain;
So she with sweat of childbirth her thin hand
Laid on the counterpane.

Near Ephrath there's a pillared tomb apart;
It casts a shadow o'er her where she lies,
As she a shadow o'er her husband's heart
Of household memories.

THE BLESSINGS.

Genesis xlviii : 10; xlix : 1.

Then by the death-bed two fair boys bent down,
So bent two wild-flowers where the dark firs rise,
Fell first upon the younger's golden crown,
Faith's blessing, sunlight-wise.

Gather yourselves together, hear ye well,
Your fair adventure from the lips of death;
Gather yourselves together, sons of Israel;
Hear what in song he saith!

That as the old men of the after-time
May find the winged words by fancy sought,
Tracing the golden feather of their rhyme
Through the thick leaves of thought.

. . . . . .

Hushed is the song; the tribesmen all are blest,
According to his blessing, every one;
But still the old man's spirit may not rest,
Until he charge each son.

Not where the Pharaohs lie, with incense breathed
Round awful galleries, grim with shapes of wrath,
Hawk-headed, vulture-pinioned, serpent-wreathed,
Hued like an Indian moth.

But lay him where, from forest or green slope,
To Mamre's cave the low wind beateth balm,
Chanteth a litany of immortal hope,
Singeth a funeral psalm.

Then slowly upward did the cold death creep
From foot to face, with its strange lines of white,
Like foam-streaks on a river, dark and deep,
Lashed by the winds all night.

And then the feet were gathered in the bed,
The silver stairs were all astir with wings—
Whatever lauds are sweetly sung, or said,
Or struck on plausive strings.

Whatever harmony conch or trumpet rolls,
From angels swelled, addressed to entertain,
With gratulations high, those purged souls
For which the Lamb was slain.

HIS DYING PROPHECY.

We die, but no unearthly breezes bless,
Blown from futurity, the passing soul;
Through tangled mazes of our consciousness
No prophet sunlights roll.

Yet as what time the softly floating mist
Hangs o'er the hushed sea and the leafy land,
Nature, a passionless pale evangelist,
Takes pen and scroll in hand,

And, looking upward, writes beneath the sea
A colorless story, beautiful but dim—
So Jacob saw the Lord in mystery,
And darkly sang of Him.

But unto us He comes in fuller light,
His pale and dying lips with woe foredone;
No need to seek through many a day and night
By starlight for the sun!

So come, O Shiloh! with the thorn-crowned head—
Come with the fountain flowing forth abroad;
Bring faith the sacred Eucharistic bread,
Give her the wine of God.

Come, with the opened arms for sin to see,
The sacramental side for sinners riven!
Oh, in the hour of death we climb by Thee
Up to the gate of heaven!

Like a tall ship that beareth slow and proud
A fallen chief—for pall and plume in motion,
The death-dark topmast and the death-white shroud
Drift o'er the silver ocean.

Silent the helmsman stands beside the wheel;
Silent the mariners in their watches wait;
And a great music rolls before the keel,
As through an abbey gate.

Like that tall ship, a grand procession comes
Up from old Father Nile to Hebron's hill;
But no dead march is beat upon the drums,
And every trump is still.

Heartsore and footsore with the march of life—
Soldier of God, whose fields were foughten well—
Resteth him from the cumbrance and the strife,
World-wearied Israel.

Twelve harps of life are round that stringless lyre,
Twelve living flowers are round that withered one;
Twelve clouds with his red sunset all on fire
Are round that sunken sun.

Those twelve brave hearts are tolling evermore,
For every heart beats like a muffled bell,
And still they ring "Thy march of life is o'er:
O weary soul, rest well!"

Still it sails onward, where the Red Sea fills
With snowy drift of shells his coral bowers,
Up through the wondrous land of rose-red hills,
To that of rose-red flowers:

The land where aye, through many a purple gap,
The wanderer sees a mountain-wall upspring;
And ever in his ear the wild waves flap
Like a great eagle's wing.

Meet battlement for the race that dwells alone!
Music to match, monotonous and grave,
The tongue whose dark old words are all its own,
Pure as the mid-sea wave.

Ever I walk with that funereal train;
The stars shine over it for tapers tall,
And Jordan's music is the requiem strain,
Drawn out from fall to fall.

Come thou, O south-wind! with thy fragrance faint,
Bring from those grand old forests, on thy breath,
Balm for the mummy, lying like a saint,
Upon his car of death.

THE TOMB.

Bear him, ye bearers! lay him down at last
In still Machpelah down by Leah's side;
On that pale bridegroom shimmering light
Laid by that awful bride. [is cast

Rests he not well, whose pilgrim staff and shoon
Lie in his tent, for through the golden street
They walk, and stumble not, on roads star-
With their unsandalled feet? [strewn,

Rests he not well, who keepeth watch and ward,
In sweet possession of the land loved most,
Till, marshalled by the angel of the Lord,
Shall come the heaven-sent host?

Who has not felt, within some churchyard spot,
When evening's pencil shades the pale-gold sky,
"Here, at the closing of my life's calm lot,
Here would I love to lie;

"Here, where the poet-thrush so often pours
His requiem hidden in green aisles of lime,
And bloody-red along the sycamores
Creepeth the summer-time;

"Where through the ruined church's broken walls
Glimmers all night the vast and solemn sea,
As through our broken hopes the brightness
Of our eternity?" [falls

But, when we die, we rest, far, far away;
Not over us the lime-trees lift their bowers,
And the young sycamores their shadows
O'er graves that are not ours. [sway

Yet he is happy, wheresoe'er he lie,
Round whom the purple calms of Eden spread;
Who sees his Saviour with the heart's pure
He is the happy dead! [eye,

By the rough brook of life no more he wrestles,
Huddling its hoarse waves till weary night depart;
No more the face of a Rachel nestles
Upon his broken heart.

He is encircled by the quiet home
From whose safe fold no little lamb is lost;
The Jegar-sahadutha of the tomb
No Laban ever crossed!

I saw again, Behold! heaven's open door,
Behold! a throne; the seraphim stood o'er it;
And white-robed elders fell upon the floor,
And flung their crowns before it.

I saw a wondrous book; an angel strong
To heaven and earth proclaimed his loud appeals;
But a hush passed across the seraph's song,
For none might loose the seals.

Then, fast as rain to death-cry of the year,
Tears of St. John to that sad cry were given;
It was a wondrous thing to see a tear
Fall on the floor of heaven!

And a sweet voice said, "Weep not; wherefore fails,
Eagle of God, thy heart the high and leal?
The Lion out of Judah's tribe prevails
To loose the sevenfold seal!"

'Twas Israel's voice; and straightway, up above
Stood in the midst a wondrous Lamb, snow white;
Heart-wounded with the deep, sweet wounds
Eternal, infinite. [of love,

Then rose the song no ear had heard before;
Then from the white-robed throng high anthem woke;
And fast as spring-tide on the sealess shore,
The hallelujahs broke.

Who dreams of God when passionate youth is high,
When first life's weary waste his feet have trod?
Who seeth angels' footfalls in the sky,
Working the works of God?

His sun shall fade as gently as it rose;
Through the dark woof of death's approaching night,
His faith shall shoot, at night's prophetic
Some threads of golden light. [close,

For him the silver ladder shall be set;
His Saviour shall receive his latest breath;
He walketh to a fadeless coronet,
Up through the gate of death!

William Alexander.

3541. JACOB'S BED.

The bed was earth, the raised pillow, stones,
Whereon poor Jacob rests his head, his bones;
Heaven was his canopy; the shades of night
Were his drawn curtains to exclude the light.

Poor state for Israel's heir! It seems to me
His cattle found as soft a bed as he:
Yet God appeared there, his joy, his crown;
God is not always seen in beds of down.

Oh, if that God shall please to make my bed,
I care not where I rest my bones, my head!
With Him my wants can never prove extreme;
With Jacob's pillow give me Jacob's dream

Francis Quarles.

3542. JACOB'S BLESSING.

Genesis xxvii: 15–27.

Father, to that first-born of Thine
Thou hast the blessing given;
The power and dignity divine,
The inheritance of heaven.

Oh! how shall I, the younger son,
The elder's right obtain?
I'll put my brother's raiment on,
And thus the blessing gain.

Father, I joyfully believe
Thou art well pleased with me;
Thou dost at my approach perceive
An heavenly fragrancy;
Thou dost Thy gracious will declare,
Thou dost delight to bless,
And why?—my Brother's garb I wear,
My Saviour's righteousness.
J. and C. Wesley.

3543. JACOB'S DREAM.
Genesis xxviii: 10-22.

The sun was sinking on the mountain-zone
That guards thy vales of beauty, Palestine!
And lovely from the desert rose the moon,
Yet lingering on the horizon's purple line,
Like a pure spirit o'er its earthly shrine.
Up Padan-aram's height abrupt and bare
A pilgrim toiled, and oft on day's decline
Looked pale, then paused for eve's delicious air:
The summit gained, he knelt, and breathed his evening prayer.

He spread his cloak and slumbered; darkness fell
Upon the twilight hills; a sudden sound
Of silver trumpets o'er him seemed to swell;
Clouds heavy with the tempest gathered round,
Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns bound;
Still deeper rolled the darkness from on high,
Gigantic volume upon volume wound:
Above, a pillar shooting to the sky;
Below, a mighty sea, that spread incessantly.

Voices are heard—a choir of golden strings,
Low winds, whose breath is loaded with the rose; [wings;
Then chariot wheels—the nearer rush of
Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows,
It thunders—the resplendent gates unclose;
Far as the eye can glance, on height o'er height,
Rise fiery-waving wings, and star-crowned brows,
Millions on millions, brighter and more bright, [light.
Till all is lost in one supreme, unmingled

But two beside the sleeping pilgrim stand,
Like cherub-kings, with lifted, mighty plume,
Fixed, sun-bright eyes, and looks of high command:
They tell the patriarch of his glorious doom;
Father of countless myriads that shall come,
Sweeping the land like billows of the sea,
Bright as the stars of heaven from twilight's gloom,
Till He is given whom angels long to see,
And Israel's splendid line is crowned with Deity.
George Croly.

3544. JACOB'S LADDER.
Genesis xxviii: 12.

If the Lord our leader be,
We may follow without fear;
East or west, by land or sea,
Home with Him is ev'rywhere;
When from Esau Jacob fled,
Though his pillow was of stone,
And the ground his humble bed,
Yet he was not left alone.

Kings are often waiting kept,
Racked with cares on beds of state;
Never king like Jacob slept,
For he lay at heaven's gate;
Lo! he saw a ladder reared,
Reaching to the heav'nly throne;
At the top the Lord appeared,
Spake, and claimed him for His own.

"Fear not, Jacob, thou art Mine,
And My presence with thee goes;
On thy heart My love shall shine,
And My arm subdue thy foes:
From My promise comfort take,
For My help in trouble call;
Never will I thee forsake,
Till I have accomplished all."

Well does Jacob's ladder suit,
To the gospel-throne of grace;
We are at the ladder's foot,
Ev'ry hour, in ev'ry place.
By assuming flesh and blood,
Jesus heav'n and earth unites;
We by faith ascend to God,
God to dwell with us delights.

They who know the Saviour's name
Are for all events prepared;
What can changes do to them,
Who have such a guide and guard?
Should they traverse earth around,
To the ladder still they come;
Ev'ry spot is holy ground,
God is there—and He's their home.
John Newton.

3545. JACOB'S LADDER.

What doth the ladder mean,
Sent down from the Most High?
Fastened to earth its foot is seen,
Its summit to the sky.
Lo! up and down the scale
The angels swiftly move,
And God, the great Invisible,
Himself appears above!

Jesus that ladder is,
Th' incarnate Deity,
Partaker of celestial bliss
And human misery;
Sent from His high abode,
To sleeping mortals given,
He stands and man unites to God,
And earth connects with heaven.

Let Jacob's favored race
The wondrous scale approve,
Through which alone we have access
To that bright throne above.
The foot on earth is fixed,
He in our nature dwells,
Sinners and God He stands betwixt,
And God to man reveals.

The top our faith adores,
The top transcends our sight,
Above all earthly things it soars
And all created height!
His glorious majesty
Our heavenly Lord maintains,
As God He dwells above the sky,
As God forever reigns.

Pursue the mystery!
The duteous angel-train
Ascending and descending see
Upon the Son of Man!
The ministerial host
Their heavenly Lord attend;
And us who in His mercy trusts
He bids His guards defend.

Through Christ our living way,
Sent from above they come,
Our spirits safely to convey
To our eternal home.
They watch each glorious heir,
And when from flesh released,
Up to our Father's throne they bear,
And lodge us in His breast.

Redeemer of mankind,
Who on Thy name rely,
A constant intercourse we find
Opened 'twixt earth and sky:
Mercy and grace and peace
Descend through Thee alone;
And Thou dost all our services
Present before the throne.

On us Thy Father's love
Is for Thy sake bestowed;
Thou art our Advocate above,
Thou art our way to God:
Our way to God we trace,
And through Thy name forgiven;
From step to step, from grace to grace,
On Thee we climb to heaven.
J. and C. Wesley.

3546. JACOB'S LADDER.

When Jacob slept in Bethel, and there dreamed
Of angels ever climbing and descending
A ladder, whose height of splendor seemed
With glory of the Ineffable Presence blending,
The place grew sacred to his reverent thought;
He said, "Lo! God is here: I knew it not."

The patriarch's vision—not for him alone
Lighted that golden mystery his slumber;
Beneath it slept a world of souls unknown.
When God sets up a sign, no man may number
Its meanings infinite. Who runneth reads,
And finds the interpretation that he needs.

Wherever upward, even the lowest round,
Man by a hand's help lifts his feeble brother,
There is the house of God and holy ground.
The gate of heaven is love; there is none other.
When generous act blooms from unselfish thought,
The Lord is with us, though we know it not.

This ladder is let down in every place
Where unto nobler virtues men aspire.
Our human lineaments gain angel grace,
Leaving behind low aim and base desire.
Deserts of earth are changed to Bethel thus:
The vision is for every one of us.

3547. JACOB'S LADDER: Ours.

I read upon that book,
Which down the golden gulf doth let us look
On the sweet days of pastoral majesty;
I read upon that book
How, when the shepherd prince did flee
(Red Esau's twin), he desolate took
The stone for a pillow; then he fell on sleep.
And lo! there was a ladder. Lo! there hung
A ladder from the star-place, and it clung
To the earth: it tied her so to heaven; and oh!
There fluttered wings;
There were ascending and descending things
That stepped to him where he lay low:
Then up the ladder would adrifting go
(This feathered brood of heaven), and show
Small as white flakes in winter that are blown
Together, underneath the great white throne.

When I had shut the book, I said:
"Now, as for me, my dreams upon my bed
Are not like Jacob's dream;
Yet I have got it in my life; yes, I,
And many more: it doth not us beseem,
Therefore to sigh,
Is there not hung a ladder in our sky?
Yea; and, moreover, all the way up on high
Is thickly peopled with the prayers of men.
We have no dream! What then?
Like winged wayfarers the height they scale
(By Him that offers them they shall prevail),
The prayers of men. *Jean Ingelow.*

3548. JACOB'S WELL, Christ at.
John iv: 6-30.

Here, after Jacob parted from his brother,
His daughters lingered round this well, new made;
Here, seventeen centuries after, came another,
And talked with Jesus, wondering and afraid.
Here, other centuries past, the emperor's mother
Sheltered its waters with a temple's shade.

Here, 'mid the fallen fragments, as of old,
The girl her pitcher dips within its waters cold.

And Jacob's race grew strong for many an hour,
Then torn beneath the Roman eagle lay;
The Roman's vast and earth-controlling power
Has crumbled like these shafts and stones away;
But still the waters, fed by dew and shower,
Come up as ever to the light of day;
And still the maid bends downward with her urn,
Well pleased to see its glass her lovely face return.

And those few words of truth, first uttered here,
Have sunk into the human soul and heart;
A spiritual faith dawns bright and clear,
Dark creeds and ancient mysteries depart;
The hour for God's true worshippers draws near;
Then mourn not o'er the wrecks of earthly art;
Kingdoms may fall, and human works decay;
Nature moves on unchanged. Truths never pass away. *James F. Clarke.*

3549. JACOB'S WELL, Christ at.

I hear the tinkling camel's bell
Beneath the shade of Ebal's mount
And man and beast, at Jacob's well,
Bow down to taste the sacred fount.

Samaria's daughter too doth share
The draught that early thirst can quell;
But who is this that meets her there?
What voice is this at Jacob's well?

"Ho! ask of Me, and I will give,
From My own life, thy life's supply;
I am the fount! drink, drink and live:
No more to thirst, no more to die!"

Strange mystic words, but words of heaven;
And they who drink to-day, as then,
To them shall inward life be given;
Their souls shall never thirst again!
Thomas C. Upham.

3550. JACOB'S WELL, Christ at.

He journeyed on to Galilee,
Unheralded by fame,
And wearily to Jacob's well
The heavenly Teacher came.
Upon that fountain's granite lip
He leaned, and gazed below,
Where the cool waters gushed and foamed,
And leaped in frolic flow.

Who would have thought that weary man,
Reclined in mean attire
Here in Samaria, was the theme
Of all the angel choir?
That for this wanderer, faint with thirst,
Were heaven and hell at strife,
That he possessed the crystal key
Which opes the Well of Life?

Oh! when I meet, henceforth, the sad
And humble child of care,
Let me not scorn his presence, lest
I weave myself a snare;
For in that poor and broken wretch,
By whom the dunghill's trod,
Unerring Scrutiny may spy
A sceptred son of God.
William B. Tappan.

3551. JACOB'S WELL, The Rest by John iv: 6.

Sweeter, O Lord! than rest to Thee,
While seated by the well,
Was Thine own task of love, to all
Of grace and peace to tell.
One thoughtless heart that never knew
The pulse of life before,
There learned to love—was taught to sigh
For earthly joys no more.

Friend of the lost, O Lord! in Thee
Samaria's daughter there
Found One whom love had drawn to earth,
Her weight of guilt to bear.
Fair witness of Thy saving grace,
In her, O Lord! we see
The wandering soul by love subdued,
The sinner drawn to Thee.

Through all that sweet and blessed scene,
Dear Saviour, by the well,
More than enough the trembler finds
His guilty fears to quell.
There, in the full repose of faith,
The soul delights to see,
Not only one who deeply loves,
But Love itself in Thee. *Denny.*

3552. JACOB'S WELL, The Woman at.

Footsore and weary, and with thirst unslaked,
His hunger unappeased, our Saviour sits
On Jacob's well, whose deep dark waters seemed
To mock His fevered lips and burning brow.
No discontented murmurs taint the air;
But, calm, serene, and with a smile upon
His face, He waits His followers' return.
Soon comes a woman of Samaria
Water to draw, and, with inquiring look,
Beholds and hears one of that stiff-necked race
Who hate her nation, and esteem it cursed,
Ask, in persuasive tones, if He may drink?
As she complies, how little does she dream
She stands before the Saviour of mankind!
Soon in astonishment she hears Him speak
Of "living water" which if one partakes
He ne'er shall thirst again. "Give me to drink,"
Prays she, "that I may never be athirst."

And, while she speaks, to her unconscious soul [faith;
There steals the answer for her prayer of
And almost unawares she's passed from death
Of sin and shame to life and peace in God.
O woman! blest beyond comparison, [joys
Who would not have foregone one half the
Of this tempestuous life thus to have sat
And drunk in words so precious, so divine?
Methinks I see thee, with half-flaring voice
And action, tell, twice o'er, the marvellous tale
Of Him who spoke in words so wondrous sweet
They melted quite thy heart enchained in sin.
And, as they all about thee hang to hear,
The dawning of a higher life is seen
To break from eager eyes, and earnest looks,
And hearts that throb with new-found love and life. *Alexander Macauly.*

3553. JACOB'S WRESTLING.

Genesis xxxii : 26.

The struggle has been long,
And strength is failing;
I know that Thou art strong,
And all-prevailing;
But terrors thicker grow,
And fears oppress me:
I will not let Thee go,
Except Thou bless me.

I know the night is past,
And day is breaking;
But I upon this cast
My all am staking;
I cannot bear the blow
If Thou repress me:
I will not let Thee go,
Except Thou bless me.

The morning light will bring
Impending danger;
To Thee alone I cling,
A lonely stranger;
Protect me from my foe,
And now redress me:
I will not let Thee go,
Except Thou bless me.

On Thee, Thou great Unknown,
I am dependent,
For I am here alone,
Without defendant;
Thine arms around me throw,
While perils press me:
I will not let Thee go,
Except Thou bless me.

I would not, though I fail,
Be Thee impugning,
But let me now prevail
In importuning.
Since all to Thee I owe,
Bid hope possess me:
I will not let Thee go,
Except Thou bless me.

Thy seal Thou hast impressed,
And I am halting:
But though Thou hast distressed,
Thou art exalting.
Thou dost a name bestow,
As prince address me:
I will not let Thee go,
Except Thou bless me.

Thou Messenger divine,
From heaven descended,
Oh make me henceforth Thine,
Till life is ended.
Thou canst prevail, but oh!
Do not suppress me:
I will not let Thee go,
Except Thou bless me.

Oliver Crane.

3554. JAEL.

Judges iv : 18–22.

A lonely woman's feeble hand,
A mail-clad warrior in his might,
At her tent-door behold her stand
To greet the captain of the fight.

Stern greeting hers! for from on high
Unbidden comes the Lord's behest,
And fires with wrath her gentle eye,
And arms with fraud her guileless breast.

Lord, whence is this? What spell is cast?
Whence this upheaving flood within,
This lightning-blaze, this whirlwind-blast,
Too calm for rage, too pure for sin?

It comes, it comes: she may not pause;
Herself the hammer of Heaven's will,
She executes the unwritten laws,
Nor wists the word that bids her kill.

One blow, and where is he whose head
Gave strength and guidance to an host?
Low at a woman's feet, and dead,
Man's foe and God's lies ever lost.

And who shall doubt that in God's Book
Hath scanned the Gospel through the veil,
And learned beyond the law to look,
Whose is the hammer and the nail?

The woman among women blest,
Where but at Bethlehem is she?
The victor vanquished in his rest,
Where but on crimson Calvary?

'Twas she who, when the strife ran high,
Gave flesh and birth to God's own Son,
Gave to the life the power to die,
And raise by death a world undone.

O Son of Mary! cheat our foe;
Down with him even to the ground;
In the grave's slumber lay death low,
And in the weak let strength abound.

R. Tomlins.

3555. JAFFA—JOPPA.

Oldest of cities! linked with sacred truth
And classic fable from thy earliest dawn!
By name The Beautiful; still fair and stately
As seen by mariner that steers his course
From the far west, when summer's sun goes down
Beneath yon level stretch of ocean-blue,
And flings the ripples of its dying light
Full on thy face! Nor less I call thee fair,
When wandering through thy shady orange-groves
That scent the still noon-air; or 'neath thy palms
That wave in beauty to the clear spring-moon, [sands.
And shake their feathers o'er thy sea-swept

Oldest of cities! Sidon of the north.
And Kirjath-Arba of the rocky south,
And Egypt's Zoan, cannot equal thee!
Andromeda and Perseus, if the lay
Of classic fable speak the truth, were here.
Monarchs of Palestine and kings of Tyre,
And the brave Maccabee, have all been here;
And Cestius, with his Roman plunderers;
And Saladin and Baldwin, and the host
Of fierce crusaders from the British North,
Once shook their swords above thee, and thy blood
Flowed down like water to thine ancient sea.

First city where the European wave
Of superstitious battle broke in fury
Over these surf-washed rocks that guard thy haven.
Last city whence this dark crusading tide
Ebbed back in broken sullenness and gloom,
Leaving thy bay as placid as before.
City of terror, when the rod of God
Pursued the flying prophet, and with storm
Brought back the unwilling messenger of ill.
City of gladness, when apostles' hands
Wrought miracles of love, and dried up tears,
And, with a word, unlocked the gate of death.

3556. JAILER, Conversion of the.
Acts xvi : 29–31.

A believer free from care
May in chains or dungeons sing,
If the Lord be with him there,
And be happier than a king:
Paul and Silas thus confined,
Though their backs were torn by whips,
Yet, possessing peace of mind,
Sung His praise with joyful lips.

Suddenly the prison shook,
Open flew the iron doors;
And the jailer, terror-struck,
Now his captives' help implores.
Trembling at their feet he fell:
"Tell me, sirs, what must I do,
To be saved from guilt and hell?
None can tell me this but you."

"Look to Jesus," they replied;
"If on Him thou canst believe,
By the death which He hath died
Thou salvation shalt receive."
While the living word he heard
Faith sprang up within his heart,
And, released from all he feared,
In their joy his soul had part.

Sinners, Christ is still the same;
Oh that you could likewise fear!
Then the mention of His name
Would be music to your ear.
Jesus rescues Satan's slaves;
His dear wounds still plead, "Forgive!"
Jesus to the utmost saves;
Sinners, look to Him and live.

John Newton.

3557. JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.
Matthew ix : 18–26.

Within the darkened chamber sat
A proud but stricken form,
Upon her vigil-wasted cheeks
The grief-wrung tears were warm;
And faster streamed they as she bent
Above the couch of pain,
Where lay a withering flower that wóoed
Those fond eyes freshening rain.

The raven tress on that young brow
Was damp with dews of death;
And glassier grew her upraised eye
With every fluttering breath.
Coldly her slender fingers lay
Within the mourner's grasp;
Lightly they pressed that fostering hand,
And stiffened in its grasp.

Then low the mother bent her knee,
And cried in fervent prayer,
"Hear me, O God! mine own, my child,
O holy Father, spare!
My loved, my last, mine only one,
Tear her not yet away;
Leave this crushed heart its best, sole joy:
Be merciful, I pray!"

A radiance lit the maiden's face,
Though fixed in death her eye;
A smile had met the angel's kiss
That stole her parting sigh!
And round her cold lips still that smile
A holy brightness shed,
As though she joyed her sinless soul
To Him who gave had fled.

The mother clasped the senseless form,
And shrieked in wild despair;
And kissed the icy lips and cheek,
And touched the dewy hair.
"No warmth, no life, my child, my child!
Oh for one parting word,
One murmur of that lute-like voice,
Though but an instant heard!

"She is not dead: she could not die,
So young, so fair, so pure;
Spare me, in pity spare this blow!
All else I can endure.
Take hope, take peace, this blighted heart
Strike with Thy heaviest rod;
But leave me this, Thy sweetest boon,
Give back my child, O God!"

The suppliant ceased; her tears were stayed;
Hushed were those wailings loud;
A hallowed peace crept o'er her soul;
Her head to earth was bowed
Low as her knee; for as she knelt,
About her, lo! a flood
Of soft celestial lustre fell,
A form beside her stood.

And slowly then her awe-struck face
And frightened eyes she raised;
Her heart leaped high: those clouded orbs
Grew brighter as she gazed;
For oh! they rested on a shape
Majestic, yet so mild,
Imperial dignity seemed blent
With sweetness of a child.

It spake not, but that saintlike smile
Was full of mercy's light,
And power and pity from those eyes
Looked forth in gentle might.
Those angel looks, that lofty mien,
Have breathed without a word,
"Trust, and thy faith shall win thee all:
Behold, I am thy Lord!"

He turns, and on that beauteous clay
His godlike glances rest;
Commandingly the pallid brow
His potent fingers pressed:
The frozen current flows anew
Beneath that quickening hand;
The pale lips, softly panting, move;
She breathes at His command!

The spirit in its kindred realm
Has heard its Master's call;
And back returning at that voice,
Resumes its earthly thrall.
And now from 'neath those snowy lids
It shines with meeker light,
As though 'twere chastened, purified,
By even that transient flight.

Loud swells the mother's cry of joy:
To Him how passing sweet!
Her child she snatches to her breast,
And sinks at Jesus' feet.
"Glory to Thee, Almighty God!
Who spared my heart this blow;
And glory to Thine only Son;
My Saviour's hand I know!"

Anna C. M. Ritchie.

3558. JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

A father is praying
The Saviour to hear,
For his daughter is dying,
With no helper near.
Beseeching Him greatly,
He falls at His feet;
And his story of sorrow,
Oh! hear him repeat:

"My dear little daughter
I fear she will die!
O Thou merciful Saviour,
Attend to my cry!
If Thou wilt but touch her
She surely will live;
Then to Thee all the glory,
O Jesus! I'll give."

And Jesus went with him;
But soon it was said
To the heart-stricken father,
"Thy daughter is dead!
Why trouble the Master
Thy woes to relieve?"
But the kind Saviour whispered,
"Now only believe."

They came to the house,
And the mourners were there,
Who with weeping and wailing
Were rending the air;
But Jesus reproved them:
"Why thus do ye weep?
For the maid is not dead;
She is only asleep."

Oh see! with a touch
How the maiden awakes
When the mighty Physician
Her hand gently takes!
And see! from her features
Pale death quickly flies
At the voice of the Saviour,
"O damsel, arise!"

Mary S. B. Dana.

3559. JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

Luke viii: 41, 42, 49–56.

Freshly the cool breath of the coming eve
Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl
Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain
Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance,
Her thin pale fingers clasped within the hand
Of the heart-broken ruler, and her breast,
Like the dead marble, white and motionless.
The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,
And as it stirred with the awakening wind,
The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,
And her slight fingers moved, and heavily
She turned upon her pillow. He was there—
The same loved, tireless watcher—and she looked
Into his face until her sight grew dim
With the fast-falling tears; and, with a sigh
Of tremulous weakness murmuring his name,
She gently drew his hand upon her lips,
And kissed it as she wept. The old man sunk
Upon his knees, and in the drapery

Of the rich curtains buried up his face;
And when the twilight fell, the silken folds
Stirred with his prayer, but the slight hand he held
Had ceased its pressure, and he could not hear,
In the dead, utter silence, that a breath
Came through her nostrils, and her temples gave
To his nice touch no pulse; and at her mouth
He held the lightest curl that on her neck
Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze
Ached with its deathly stillness.

. . . . . .

It was night;
And softly o'er the Sea of Galilee
Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,
Tipped with the silver sparkles of the moon.
The breaking waves played low upon the beach
Their constant music, but the air beside
Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,
In its rich cadences unearthly sweet, [air,
Seemed like some just-born harmony in the
Waked by the power of wisdom. On a rock,
With the broad moonlight falling on His brow,
He stood and taught the people. At His feet
Lay His small scrip, and pilgrim's scallop-shell,
And staff; for they had waited by the sea
Till He came o'er from Gadarene, and prayed
For His wont teachings as He came to land.
His hair was parted meekly on His brow,
And the long curls from off His shoulders fell,
As He leaned forward earnestly, and still
The same calm cadence, passionless and deep,
And in His looks the same mild majesty,
And in His mien the sadness mixed with power,
Filled them with love and wonder. Suddenly,
As on His words entrancedly they hung,
The crowd divided, and among them stood
Jairus the ruler. With his flowing robe
Gathered in haste about his loins, he came
And fixed his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew
The twelve disciples to their Master's side;
And silently the people shrunk away,
And left the haughty ruler in the midst
Alone. A moment longer on the face
Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze,
And, as the twelve looked on him, by the light
Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear
Steal to his silver beard; and, drawing nigh
Unto the Saviour's feet, he took the hem
Of his coarse mantle, and with trembling hands
Pressed it upon his lips, and murmured low,
"Master, my daughter!"

. . . . . .

The same silvery light
That shone upon the lone rock by the sea
Slept on the ruler's lofty capitals,
As at the door he stood, and welcomed in
Jesus and His disciples. All was still.
The echoing vestibule gave back the slide
Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam
Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,
Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms,
As Jairus led them on. With hushing steps
He trod the winding stair; but ere he touched
The latchet, from within a whisper came,
"Trouble the Master not, for she is dead!"
And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,
And his steps faltered, and his broken voice
Choked in its utterance; but a gentle hand
Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear
The Saviour's voice sank thrillingly and low,
"She is not dead, but sleepeth."
They passed in.
The spice-lamps in the alabaster urns
Burned dimly, and the white and fragrant smoke
Curled indolently on the chamber walls.
The silken curtains slumbered in their folds,
Not even a tassel stirring in the air;
And as the Saviour stood beside the bed,
And prayed inaudibly, the ruler heard
The quickening division of his breath
As he grew earnest inwardly. There came
A gradual brightness o'er his calm, sad face;
And, drawing nearer to the bed, he moved
The silken curtains silently apart,
And looked upon the maiden.
Like a form
Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay,
The linen vesture folded on her breast,
And over it her white transparent hands,
The blood still rosy in their tapering nails.
A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,
And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,
The breathing curve was mockingly like life;
And round beneath the faintly tinted skin
Ran the light branches of the azure veins;
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,
Matching the arches pencilled on her brow.
Her hair had been unbound, and, falling loose
Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears
In curls of glossy blackness, and about
Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they hung,
Like airy shadows floating as they slept.
'Twas heavenly beautiful. The Saviour raised
Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out
The snowy fingers in His palm, and said,
"Maiden, arise!" and suddenly a flush
Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips
And through her cheek the rallied color ran;
And the still outline of her graceful form
Stirred in the linen vesture; and she clasped
The Saviour's hand, and, fixing her dark eyes
Full on His beaming countenance, arose!

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

3560. JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

Jesus, back from Gadara come,
Sits, a guest, in Matthew's home;
All the splendor of the East
Crowns the glad disciples' feast.

As the Saviour's band retire,
Envious Pharisees inquire,
"Why with comrades so unmeet
Doth your Master mix and eat?"

Then Himself, the Master, near,
Answered thus their hateful sneer:
"Not the healthful, but the ill,
Need the kind physician's skill.

"I came not to call the just,
But to lift the vile from dust;
Not self-righteous saints like you,
But the humble, contrite few."

Lo! while yet the Saviour spoke,
Through the gathering crowd there broke
One whom all the listeners knew;
Swift to Jesus' feet he flew!

"Lord!" he pleads in anguish wild,
"Save my loved, my only child!
At the point of death she lies!
Haste! Oh, haste! My daughter dies!

"Dead e'en now, but Thy command
Stays e'en death! Thy sovereign hand
Healing, balm, and joy can give;
Come and touch, and she shall live!"

Jesus hears the father's woes,
Rises instantly, and goes;
All His band their Lord attend;
All the throng of foe and friend.

But while hundreds round Him press,
One draws near, in sore distress:
Twelve long years a wasting flood
Drains the fountains of her blood.

Still it flows, her little wealth
Gone, with all her hope and health;
Nothing left her but to die;
Thus she sees the Lord go by.

Sees, and hope's forgotten flame
Fires once more her faltering frame;
"Oh, to call Him! Nay, I fear!
Must I perish, life so near?

"Shall He pass, who life can give?
Nay! If I but touch, I live!"
Touching, lo! from crown to sole,
Instant all was healed and whole!

Straight, "Who touched me?" Jesus cries;
Peter answers with surprise,
"Lord, Thou seest the multitude
Deem not friendly jostlings rude."

But the woman, when she saw,
Though she feared the censuring law,
Hasted at His feet to fall,
Tremblingly, and told Him all.

"Fear not, daughter," Jesus said;
"Go in peace; thy plague is fled;
Dread no more its dire control;
Go: thy faith hath made thee whole."

While He spake the message sped:
"Lo! thy daughter now is dead;
Trouble not the Master more;"
Anguish smote the father sore.

"Fear not! Only dare believe!"
Cries the Lord: "thy child shall live!"
As the stricken home they near,
Mournful sounds of woe they hear.

"Why this clamor? Wherefore weep?
Dead she is not, but asleep:
Cease your outcry," Jesus said;
But they mocked, for she was dead.

These put forth, a chosen band
Now, alone, with Jesus stand;
Father, mother, pale as stone;
Peter, James, and faithful John.

Life scarce o'er, its recent ray
Tinged e'en yet the beauteous clay;
But the living soul had flown
Far, to blissful worlds unknown.

Hark! the strong, serene command,
"Maid, arise!" The void was spanned;
From its flight the spirit turned;
Life once more within her burned.

As from rest, she rose elate,
Smiled, and spake, and walked, and ate;
Dumb with awe the parents stand;
But the rumor fills the land.

Thou, whose touch salvation brings,
Sin's dark fountain in us springs;
Let us, through Thy mortal dress,
Touch Thy heavenly holiness.

Let us touch, believe, and feel
All Thy power to cleanse and heal;
Glory then to God we'll give,
And, though dead, our souls shall live.

George Lansing Taylor.

3561. JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER, The Raising of.
Mark v: 22–43.

The boat that bore the Master had
Crossed the silver sea,
And all along the mountain paths
Of rugged Galilee
Were sounds of voices eager-pitched,
Was throng of hurrying feet,
For then, as now, were weary hearts,
And Jesus words were sweet.

With passion-freighted earnestness,
Intense and clear as flame,
Through tumult cleaving swift its way,
One prayer of pleading came:
"My little daughter lieth sick,
She lieth near to death;
Oh, on her lay Thy gentle hands,
Restore her fainting breath!"

The stately ruler bowed his head
Before the Nazarene,
And meekly led the way for Him
The surging ranks between.
But ere they reached the stricken house
Was message brought of woe!
"Thy daughter even now is dead;
Vex not the Master so!"

Dark grew the father's face with grief,
With tears his eyes were dim;
Who did not know this darling child
Was all the world to him?
How could they call her dead?—the dear,
The beautiful, the bright;
For him the summer lost its bloom,
The noonday lost its light.

Then tenderly unto his thought,
As if to soothe its ache,
"Be not afraid; still keep thy faith,"
With power the Master spake;
Though long and keen the mourners' wail
Was borne upon the air,
The bitter cry of agony,
The protest of despair.

The Master hushed the clamor
By the peace upon His face,
As up the stair He softly passed,
And stood within the place
Where, wan and pale, the maiden lay,
A lily frozen there,
And round her whiteness, like a cloud,
The darkness of her hair.

So still, the little feet that late
Had danced to meet her sire!
So still, the slender hands that swept
But now the golden lyre!
In this deep slumber can she hear
The thrilling word, "Arise!"
Oh, will she at that kingly look
Unclose those sealèd eyes?

She hears, she stirs, she lives once more.
What joys for some there be
When to their hour of gloom the Lord
Has crossed the silver sea!
And though to us He give not back
Our dead, yet, better far,
We know that where He dwells to-day,
In life our dear ones are.

3562. JAIRUS, The Daughter of.
Luke viii : 49–56.

Jairus heard, and doubt and fear
Passed from his wondering breast away;
Nor trembled in his eye the tear,
Nor shook his frame with sudden start,
Nor aught more quickly throbbed his heart,
When now they meet the sad array
Which told at length that all was o'er,
And he a parent now no more!
Unmoved, the pageantry of death
He viewed, and heard the minstrel train
Their melody of sadness breathe;
The father could not doubt again,
Not when, with tears of fond regret,
Encountering friends and kinsmen said,
"Thy daughter even now is dead;
Why troublest thou the Master yet?"
Oh, no! he could not thus forget
All he had seen, and felt, and heard;
Yet Jesus spake one soothing word
To calm his fears, and fix his faith,
Then led him to the scene of death.
A mingled crowd had gathered near,
By friendship or by pity led,
To mourn a maid so justly dear,
And with the father's blend their tear.
"Give place!" th' advancing prophet said;
"The maiden sleeps, she is not dead!"
But they had gazed upon that form,
Which, calm and lovely as it lay,
Was but a mass of lifeless clay,
A banquet for the withering worm!
And they had seen her full dark eye
Sealed in that stillness of repose,
Which follows instant on the close
Of suffering, frail mortality;
Yet seems so like a living sleep,
The mourner half forgets to weep;
And they had heard the mother's cry
Of loud and hopeless agony;
And seen the attendant maidens tear
Their robes, and rend their flowing hair;
And thence they knew that life was fled,
That all of human aid was vain,
And spoke derision and disdain
In whispered accents, as they said,
"What! will this dreamer raise the dead?"
'Twas but an instant! At His word,
Forth passed the unbelieving band.
For none withstood His high command.
Though none yet knew their Lord.
When all was still, and scarce a breath
Was heard within the house of death,
The childless parents first He led
Into the chamber of the dead,
Then of His train the chosen three:
Softly they stepped, and silently
They knelt around the bed
On which the just departed lay;
Yet the sad mother turned away
From that pale corpse, so coldly fair;
Faith yet was struggling with Despair;
And still on Jesus fixed her eye,
Lest Doubt should win the mastery.
The father's glance was rooted there.
Yes, on that form he seemed to look,
As if the spirit had not fled,
As if the grave would yield its prize,
And moved not till the Saviour spoke
His mandate to the unconscious dead:
"Maiden, I say to thee, arise!"
O father! dost thou view on earth
The marvel of a heavenly birth?
O mother! dost thou clasp again
Thy child without a mother's pain?
Do ye, O faithful, favored three!
Again behold the victory

O'er death, or is it on the dead
Your steadfast glance is riveted?
No! 'tis not on the dead they gaze:
The wondering father looks not now
On the pale cheek, the still cold brow.
The mother, rapt in mute amaze,
No longer turns on that closed eye
The glance that vainly asks reply!
For lo! her fringed lids unclose,
Her eyes with living lustre beam,
As if she woke from calm repose,
Or from a bright and blessed dream!
And look! again the faded rose
Glows round her lips; they seem to move!
Is it a warm and breathing smile?
Or doth the witchery of love
With false, illusive spell beguile?
Oh, no! she rises, she revives!
'Tis not a dream! she lives! she lives!
The life, the glad reality,
Beams on her cheek, burns in her eye!
Fresh graces to the maid are given,
As she had dwelt awhile in heaven;
And then returned to lower earth,
To show what forms of angel-birth
Are tenants of the sky!
They spoke not, moved not, all they could,
It was to glance from her to Him!
And if the dazzled eye was dim,
And scarce could look the gratitude
Which, e'en to bursting, filled each breast,
To Him it was not unexpressed;
Their hearts before Him open lay!
Emotions, that for utterance strove,
Joy, wonder, adoration, love,
Needed to Him no vain display
Of words: nor paused He but to say,
"Receive your daughter from the tomb,
Undoubting; for with mortal food
Soon shall ye hail her strength renewed,
And health restored in all its bloom.
Henceforth in solemn silence seal
The pangs ye felt, the joys ye feel;
For life restored, for guilt forgiven,
Your praises shall be heard in heaven!"

Thomas Dale.

3563. JAMES.

Acts xii : 2.

He hath at last his heart's desire,
Who did above the rest aspire
To sit with Jesus on His throne:
First of the twelve he drinks the cup,
He fills his Lord's afflictions up,
Baptized with God's expiring Son:
Ambitious of the foremost place,
He all outruns and wins the race;
With strength from Jesus's cross supplied,
He dies; and sits triumphant down,
Distinguished by a brighter crown,
And nearest to his Saviour's side.

J. and C. Wesley.

3564. JAMES, The Apostle.

Matthew xx : 23.

Sit down and take thy fill of joy
At God's right hand, a bidden guest,
Drink of the cup that cannot cloy,
Eat of the bread that cannot waste.
O great apostle! rightly now
Thou readest all thy Saviour meant,
What time His grave yet gentle brow
In sweet reproof on thee was bent.

"Seek ye to sit enthroned by Me?
Alas! ye know not what ye ask!
The first in shame and agony,
The lowest in the meanest task.
This can ye be? and can ye drink
The cup that I in tears must steep,
Nor from the whelming waters shrink
That o'er Me roll so dark and deep?"

"We can. Thine are we, dearest Lord,
In glory and in agony,
To do and suffer all Thy word.
Only be Thou forever nigh."
"Then be it so; My cup receive,
And of My woes baptismal taste;
But for the crown that angels weave
For those next Me in glory placed,

"I give it not by partial love;
But in My Father's book are writ
What names on earth shall lowliest prove,
That they in heaven may highest sit."
Take up the lesson, O my heart!
Thou Lord of meekness, write it there;
Thine own meek self to me impart
Thy lofty hope, Thy lowly prayer.

If ever on the mount with Thee
I seem to soar in vision bright,
With thoughts of coming agony,
Stay Thou the too presumptuous flight;
Gently along the vale of tears
Lead me from Tabor's sunbright steep;
Let me not grudge a few short years [weep:
With Thee toward heaven to walk and

Too happy, on my silent path,
If now and then allowed with Thee
Watching some placid holy death,
Thy secret work of love to see;
But oh! most happy should Thy call,
Thy welcome call at last be given;
"Come where thou long hast stored thy all,
Come see thy place prepared in heaven."

John Keble.

3565. JAMES THE GREAT.

One of that chosen three, who found such grace
To be admitted to the secret place
Of His life-giving presence, from the sight
Of the rude world there lost in radiant light.
Nor know we aught of thee, the great and good,
The son of thunder, and baptized in blood,
Nor thought, nor word, nor deed. 'Tis ever so:
In shadow of His hand He hides below
Those who His presence seek; Himself unseen,

And His good angels, in that blissful screen
He gathers them in silence, to abide
Beneath His shrouding wings and sheltering side.
Though visibly beheld 'mid suffering men,
His name is "secret;" nor can mortals ken
His Sion's haunts, the mount invisible
Where He 'mid saints and angels deigns to dwell.
Whether allowed to Tabor's secret height,
Or sorrows of Gethsemane, or sight
And solemn chambers of relenting death,
Where Heaven's full power is seen o'er parting breath;
The world but sees them share His humbling rod
Unto the door; then leaves them with their God. *Isaac Williams.*

3566. JAMES THE LESS.
Mark ix : 29.

Where death's deep shade the ruined Salem shrouds,
A covenanted bow amid the clouds
Opens a brighter city to disclose,
Wherein the Son of man, in dread repose,
Is walking 'mid the candlesticks of gold,
And the seven stars in His right hand doth hold:
First in the kingdom of the Crucified,
Unto the Son of God in flesh allied,
And more allied in suffering, James, the Just,
Bears the new keys of apostolic trust.
And well we deem that 'twas thine only pride
To bear the cross on which thy Master died,
In daily dying; by self-chast'ning care,
Vigil, and fast, to unloose the wings of prayer
From bodily weight, and win faith's hallowed spell,
Which breaks from captive souls the chains of hell.
So putt'st thou on Christ's loyal poverty,
Looking through earth as with an angel's eye,
With all its wealth, like the fair flow'ring grass,
Whereon Christ's words of woe already pass
Like some hot burning wind; while patience mild
Drinks heaven's pure light and vigor undefiled. *Isaac Williams.*

3567. JEHOSHAPHAT, The Valley of.

Come, son of Israel, scorned in every land,
Outcast and wandering—come with mournful step
Down to the dark vale of Jehoshaphat,
And weigh the remnant of thy hoarded gold
To buy thyself a grave among the bones
Of patriarchs and of prophets and of kings.
It is a glorious place to take thy rest,
Poor child of Abraham, mid those awful scenes,
And sceptred monarchs, who, with Faith's keen eye
Piercing the midnight darkness that o'er-hung
Messiah's coming, gave their dying flesh
Unto the worm, with such a lofty trust
In the strong promise of the invisible.
Here are damp gales to lull thy dreamless sleep,
And murmuring recollections of that lyre
Whose passing sweetness bore King David's prayer
Up to the ear of Heaven, and of that strain
With which the weeping prophet dirge-like sung
Doomed Zion's visioned woes. Yon rifted rocks,
So faintly purpled by the westering sun,
Reveal the unguarded walls, the silent towers,
Where, in her stricken pomp, Jerusalem
Sleeps like a palsied princess, from whose head
The diadem hath fallen. Still half concealed
In the deep bosom of that burial-vale
A fitful torrent, 'neath its time-worn arch
Hurries with hoarse tale 'mid the echoing tombs.
Thou too art near, rude-featured Olivet,
So honored of my Saviour.
Tell me where
His blessed knees thy flinty bosom pressed,
When all night long His wrestling prayer went up,
That I may pour my tear-wet orison
Upon that sacred spot. Thou Lamb of God!
Who for our sakes wert wounded unto death,
Bid blinded Zion turn from Sinai's fires
Her tortured foot, and from the thundering law
Her terror-stricken ear rejoicing raise
Unto the gospel's music. Bring again
Thy scattered people who so long have borne
A fearful punishment, so long wrung out
The bitter dregs of pale astonishment
Into the wine-cup of the wondering earth.
And oh! to us, who from our being's dawn
Lisp out salvation's lessons, yet do stray
Like erring sheep, to us Thy Spirit give
That we may keep Thy law and find Thy fold,
Ere in the desolate city of the dead
We make our tenement, while earth doth blot
Our history from the record of mankind.
Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

3568. JEHU, Zeal of.
2 Kings ii : 16.

Thou to wax fierce
In the cause of the Lord,
To threat and to pierce
With the heavenly sword!
Anger and zeal
And the joy of the brave,
Who bade thee to feel
Sin's slave.

The altar's pure flame
Consumes as it soars;

Faith meekly may blame,
For it serves and adores.
Thou warnest and smitest!
Yet Christ must atone
For a soul that thou slightest,
Thine own. *J. H. Newman.*

3569. JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.
Judges xi: 30–40.

On Gilead's hills a voice of wail is heard,
'Tis not the sighing wind or plaining bird;
Where yon cool fountain flows, beneath the shade
Of arching willows sits the Hebrew maid;
Young girls around her raise those cries of woe,
But from sweet Miriam's lips no murmurs flow:
Calm on that breast, which soon beneath the knife
Must yield to Heaven its gentle springs of life,
Droops her fair head, her rich locks, once her pride,
In unbound masses floating by her side.
Like soft dark clouds which screen too brilliant skies
The silken fringe half veils those large black eyes,
And as in that deep hush scarce comes her breath,
She seems absorbed in thought, and dreams of death.

Although weak shrinkings shake not Miriam's soul,
Regret's sad pangs she may not all control;
She feels how lovely Nature smiles around,
Joy in each beam, and music in each sound;
But soon for her the sun will quench its ray,
And all that's bright and glorious fade away;
No more for her will gush the bird's glad song,
The lithe gazelle in beauty bound along!
No more, oh! nevermore, the much-loved voice
Of sire or friend will bid her soul rejoice:
That young warm heart, now fond affection's seat,
In soft response to love must cease to beat;
In Gilead's vales no bride shall Miriam smile,
No mother's joys shall e'er her heart beguile,
Her nuptial wreath must be death's plant of gloom,
Hymen's sweet bower the cold undreaming tomb.
Did fiends or angels prompt that fatal vow?
O Heaven, look down! support and pity now!
Were ever woes so dark and crushing piled
On one fair head?—alas for Jephtha's child!

And there that maiden sat, but made no moan;
Still drooped her beauteous brow, as turned to stone;
The willow branches o'er her sighing spread,
Its crystal tears the bubbling fountain shed:
The fair attendants mourned to hill and dale,
And pitying echo caught the plaintive wail,
Ages have passed, poor ill-starred Hebrew maid!
Thy heart is hushed, in long, long quiet laid,
Yet pilgrims drawing near this lonely spot,
Will ever think of thee, and mourn thy lot.
Nicholas Michell.

3570. JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

Since our country, our God, O my sire!
Demand that thy daughter expire,
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow,
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now?

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more;
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, O my father! be sure,
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath gushed,
When the voice that thou lovest is hushed,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died.
Lord Byron.

3571. JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

She stood before her father's gorgeous tent,
To listen for his coming. Her loose hair
Was resting on her shoulders, like a cloud
Floating around a statue, and the wind,
Just swaying her light robe, revealed a shape
Praxiteles might worship. She had clasped
Her hands upon her bosom, and had raised
Her beautiful, dark Jewish eyes to heaven,
Till the long lashes lay upon her brow.
Her lip was slightly parted, like the cleft
Of a pomegranate blossom; and her neck,
Just where the cheek was melting to its curve
With the unearthly beauty sometimes there,
Was shaded, as if light had fallen off,
Its surface was so polished. She was stilling
Her light, quick breath, to hear; and the white rose
Scarce moved upon her bosom, as it swelled,
Like nothing but a lovely wave of light,
To meet the arching of her queenly neck.
Her countenance was radiant with love.
She looked like one to die for it, a being
Whose whole existence was the pouring out
Of rich and deep affections. I have thought
A brother's and a sister's love were much;
I know a brother's is, for I have been

A sister's idol, and I know how full
The heart may be of tenderness to her!
But the affection of a delicate child
For a fond father, gushing as it does
With the sweet springs of life, and pouring on,
Through all earth's changes, like a river's course,
Chastened with reverence, and made more pure
By the world's discipline of light and shade,
'Tis deeper, holier.
The wind bore on
The leaden tramp of thousands. Clarion notes
Rang sharply on the ear at intervals;
And the low, mingled din of mighty hosts
Returning from the battle poured from far,
Like the deep murmur of a restless sea.
They came, as earthly conquerors always come,
With blood and splendor, revelry and woe.
The stately horse treads proudly—he hath trod
The brow of death as well. The chariot-wheels
Of warriors roll magnificently on—
Their weight hath crushed the fallen. Man is there,
Majestic, lordly man, with his sublime
And elevated brow, and godlike frame;
Lifting his crest in triumph, for his heel
Hath trod the dying like a wine-press down.

The mighty Jephtha led his warriors on
Through Mizpeh's streets. His helm was proudly set,
And his stern lip curled slightly, as if praise
Were for the hero's scorn. His step was firm,
But free as India's leopard; and his mail,
Whose shekels none in Israel might bear,
Was like a cedar's tassel on his frame.
His crest was Judah's kingliest; and the look
Of his dark, lofty eye, and bended brow,
Might quell the lion. He led on; but thoughts
Seemed gathering round which troubled him. The veins
Grew visible upon his swarthy brow,
And his proud lip was pressed as if with pain.
He trod less firmly; and his restless eye
Glanced forward frequently, as if some ill
He dared not meet were there. His home was near;
And men were thronging, with that strange delight
They have in human passions, to observe
The struggle of his feelings with his pride.
He gazed intensely forward. The tall firs
Before his tent were motionless. The leaves
Of the sweet aloe, and the clustering vines
Which half concealed his threshold, met his eye,
Unchanged and beautiful; and one by one
The balsam, with its sweet-distilling stems,
And the Circassian rose, and all the crowd
Of silent and familiar things stole up,
Like the recovered passages of dreams.
He strode on rapidly. A moment more,
And he had reached his home; when lo! there sprang
One with a bounding footstep, and a brow
Of light, to meet him. Oh, how beautiful!
Her dark eye flashing like a sunlit gem,
And her luxuriant hair! 'twas like the sweep
Of a swift wing in visions. He stood still,
As if the sight had withered him. She threw
Her arms about his neck—he heeded not.
She called him "father," but he answered not.
She stood and gazed upon him. Was he wroth?
There was no anger in that bloodshot eye.
Had sickness seized him? She unclasped his helm,
And laid her white hand gently on his brow,
And the large veins felt stiff and hard, like cords.
The touch aroused him. He raised up his hands,
And spoke the name of God in agony.
She knew that he was stricken then, and rushed
Again into his arms; and, with a flood
Of tears she could not bridle, sobbed a prayer
That he would breathe his agony in words.
He told her, and a momentary flush
Shot o'er her countenance; and then the soul
Of Jephtha's daughter wakened; and she stood
Calmly and nobly up, and said 'twas well,
And she would die.
. . . . . .
The sun had well-nigh set.
The fire was on the altar; and the priest
Of the High God was there. A pallid man
Was stretching out his trembling hands to heaven,
As if he would have prayed, but had no words.
And she who was to die, the calmest one
In Israel at that hour, stood up alone,
And waited for the sun to set. Her face
Was pale, but very beautiful; her lip
Had a more delicate outline, and the tint
Was deeper; but her countenance was like
The majesty of angels.
The sun set,
And she was dead, but not by violence.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

3572. JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER, Lamentation of Judges xi: 37-40.

Daughters of Israel, come with me,
And let us to the mountains flee;
There will I tell to echoing hills,
The grief that now my bosom fills!
Abdiel, to the hills I flee,
To mourn my banishment from thee!

Torn from thy arms, Abdiel, now
I yield me to a father's vow;

I fall, alas! no more to rise,
To filial love a sacrifice!
And now I to the mountains flee,
To mourn my banishment from thee!

Did not I see Abdiel brave,
Undaunted plunge in Jordan's wave,
And on the wings of honor fly,
Resolved to conquer or to die?
But now I to the mountains flee,
To mourn my banishment from thee!

And as my father's chosen band
Spread terror o'er a guilty land,
Abdiel, foremost of the train,
Drove Ammon's sons across the plain.
But now I to the mountains flee,
To mourn my banishment from thee!

I saw the valiant youth with joy,
Covered with wounds and glory, fly;
Impatient Israel's sons to tell
How Ammon fought, how Ammon fell.
But now I to the mountains flee,
To mourn my banishment from thee!

And when I saw the battle cease,
I fondly hailed returning peace;
When I with thee should live and love,
Nor ever from thy presence move;
But now I to the mountains flee,
To mourn my banishment from thee!

Yes, now I to the mountains flee,
To mourn my banishment from thee;
Torn from thy arms, Abdiel, now,
I yield me to a father's vow;
And to the mountains joyless flee,
To mourn my banishment from thee!

Daughters of Israel! join my cries,
And let them pierce yon azure skies;
When every rock and fruitful vale,
Hears and reverberates my tale.
Abdiel, to the hills I flee,
To mourn my banishment from thee!

Joseph Nitingale.

3573. JEPHTHA'S VOW.

Judges xi: 31, 39.

The beast that meets him shall be slain;
Resigned to God the child of man,
A living sacrifice, restored
Entire, devoted to the Lord;
The Lord, He knows, so kind and good,
Hath no delight in human blood,
Or pleased accepts of One alone—
That offering of His slaughtered Son.

His hands he washed not in her blood,
But gave his child, his hope, to God
(Hope of a long-continued line,
Hope of the promised Seed Divine);
His heart's delight, his age's prop,
His only child he rendered up—
An offering worthy of the sky,
A virgin pure to live and die.

J. and C. Wesley.

3574. JEPHTHA'S VOW.

From conquest Jephtha came with faltering step
And troubled eye; his home appears in view;
He trembles at the sight. Sad he forebodes
His vow will meet a victim in his child;
For well he knows that, from her earliest years,
She still was first to meet his homeward steps;
Well he remembers how, with tottering gait,
She ran and clasped his knees, and lisped, and looked
Her joy; and how, when garlanding with flowers
His helm, fearful, her infant hand would shrink
Back from the lion crouched beneath the crest.
What sound is that, which, from the palm-tree grove,
Floats now with choral swell, now fainter falls
Upon the ear? It is, it is the song
He loved to hear; a song of thanks and praise,
Sung by the patriarch for his ransomed son.
Hope from the omen springs; oh, blessed hope!
It may not be her voice! Fain would he think
'Twas not his daughter's voice that still approached
Blent with the timbrel's note. Forth from the grove
She foremost glides of all the minstrel band:
Moveless he stands; then grasps his hilt, still red
With hostile gore, but shuddering, quits the hold,
And clasps in agony his hands, and cries,
"Alas, my daughter! thou hast brought me low!"
The timbrel at her rooted feet resounds.

James Grahame.

3575. JEREMIAH.

Jeremiah xxxvii: 13.

They say, "The man is false, and falls away:"
Yet sighs my soul in secret for their pride;
Tears are mine hourly food, and night and day
I plead for them, and may not be denied.

They say, "His words unnerve the warrior's hand,
And dim the statesman's eye, and disunite
The friends of Israel;" yet, in every land
My words, to faith, are peace and hope and might.

They say, "The frenzied one is fain to see
Glooms of his own; and gathering storms afar;
But dungeons deep, and fetters strong have we."
Alas! heaven's lightning would ye chain and bar?

Ye scorners of the Eternal! wait one hour;
In His seer's weakness ye shall see His power.

"The Lord hath set me o'er the kings of earth,
To fasten and uproot, to build and mar;
Not by mine own fond will: else never war
Had stilled in Anathoth the voice of mirth,
Nor from my native tribe swept bower and hearth;
Ne'er had the light of Judah's royal star
Failed in mid-heaven, nor trampling steed and car
Ceased from the courts that saw Josiah's birth.
'Tis not in me to give or take away,
But He who guides the thunder-peals on high,
He tunes my voice the tones of His deep sway
Faintly to echo in the nether sky:
Therefore I bid earth's glories set or shine,
And it is so; my words are sacraments divine."

"No joy of mine to invite the thunder down,
No pride the uprising whirlwind to survey;
How gradual from the north, with hideous frown,
It veers in silence round the horizon gray,
And one by one sweeps the bright isles away,
Where fondly gazed the men of worldly peace,
Dreaming fair weather would outlast their day.
Now the big storm-drops fall, their dream must cease,
They know it well, and fain their ire would wreak
On the dread arm that wields the bolt; but He
Is out of reach, therefore on me they turn;
On me, that am but voice, fading and weak,
A withered leaf inscribed with Heaven's decree,
And blown where haply some in fear may learn."

"Sad privilege is mine, to show
What hour, which way the bitter streams will flow.
Oft have I said, 'Enough; no more
To uncharmed ears th' unearthly strain I pour!'
But the dread word its way would win,
Even as a burning fire my bones within,
And I was forced to tell aloud
My tale of warning to the reckless proud."
Awful warning! yet in love
Breathed on each believing ear
How Heaven in wrath would seem to move
The landmarks of a thousand year,
And from the tablets of th' eternal sky
The covenant oath erase of God most high.
That hour full timely was the leaf unrolled,
Which to the man beloved the years of bondage told,
And till his people's chain should be outworn,
Assigned him for his lot times past and times unborn.

"Oh, sweetly timed, as e'er was gentle hand
Of mother pressed on weeping infant's brow,
Is every sign that to His fallen land [now.
Th' Almighty sends by prophet mourners
The glory from the ark is gone;
The mystic cuirass gleams no more,
In answer from the Holy One;
Low lies the temple, wondrous store
Of mercies sealed with blood each eve and morn;
Yet heaven hath tokens for faith's eye forlorn.

"Heaven by my mouth was fain to stay
The pride that, in our evil day,
Would fain have struggled in Chaldea's chain:
Nay, kiss the rod; th' Avenger needs must reign;
And now, though every shrine is still,
Speaks out by me the unchanging will;
'Seek not to Egypt; there the curse will come;
But till the woe be past, round Canaan roam,
And meekly 'bide your hour beside your ruined home.'" *John Keble.*

3576. JERICHO, Conquest of.

Joshua vi: 6–21.

Oh, proud was thy battle-cry, Israel, given,
When gathered thy host by the banner of Heaven;
Like the sweep of dark Kedron, the roll of this tide,
When the bands of thy chosen went forth in their pride.

Hark! hark to the trumpet, the echo from far,
The leader of princes, he speeds to the war!
His arm is thy resting, His breath is thy sword,
And nations shall faint at the voice of His word.

Let the cheer of the foe o'er their battlements tower,
Ye shroud by the night-star the pride of their power;
All bright in the sunbeam their triumphs may wave,
To-morrow that glory is cold in the grave.

When pealed thy wild shout to the blue mantled sky,
How the foeman shrunk back as he heard it pass by;
The torches grew pale in the halls of their mirth,
And turret and battlement crumbled to earth.

Oh, where is the name like thine, mighty in story!
The Lord with thy triumphs has blended His glory;
Then lift the dark eye to the azure that's o'er thee,
And rush for the chaplets that brighten before thee. *Mary E. Brooks.*

3577. JERICHO, Ruins of.

Where are thy walls, proud Jericho? the blast
Of Israel's horn to earth thy towers might cast,
But time more surely lays thy bulwarks low;
Yonder the Jordan sweeps with tireless flow,
And Pisgah rears his earth-o'ergazing brow,
Defying storm and thunder: where art thou?
Thy towers have left no stone; not e'en a palm
Waves on thy site amidst the burning calm:
A few green turf-clad mounds alone remain,
Like those which rise on Troy's deserted plain,
Gone is that costly plant, a queen's fair hand
To Salem brought from Sheba's spicy land,
The weeping balsam, whose nectareous dew,
More prized than silver, well the trader knew;
Yet still one flower above its flinty bed,
Renowned by minstrels, lifts its lowly head;
White rose of Jericho! so small yet sweet,
That oft the way-worn traveller stoops to greet,
What dost thou in this desert? vain thy bloom
As the lamp's light that gilds the cheerless tomb;
Vain opes thy bosom to the thankless air,
No painted insect flies to nestle there;
Thy scents embalm the ground, but useless shed
As gifts of good upon the ungrateful head.
Alas! fair rose, the barren plain we see,
How can it warm to life, have charms for thee?
Yet here, exhaling sweets, thou dost remain,
Like hope fond lingering in this world of pain,
Whose bright and holy smiles will ne'er depart,
Though every joy beside may fly the heart.
Nicholas Michell.

3578. JERICHO, The Taking of.
Joshua vi.

Arise, ye men of war,
Prevent the morning ray;
Prepare, your Captain cries, prepare,
Your Captain leads the way;
He calls you forth to fight
Where yonder ramparts rise—
Ramparts of a stupendous height,
Ramparts that touch the skies.

Who dares approach those towers?
Who can those walls o'erturn?
The city braves all human powers,
And laughs a siege to scorn.

Who shall the city take,
The Jericho within?
Not all the powers of earth can shake
The strength of inbred sin.

Impregnable it stands,
Strong, and walled up to heaven;
But God into our Joshua's hands
The citadel hath given;
The fortress and its king,
And all his valiant men,
Our Captain to the ground shall bring,
And on their ruins reign.

All power He hath to quell,
And conquer and o'erthrow;
All power in heaven and earth and hell,
To root out every foe.
Through Him divinely bold,
Let all His soldiers fight;
Now of your Captain's strength take hold,
And conquer in His might.

Ye people all pass on;
Ye men of war surround
The city by your captain won;
Attend the trumpet's sound;
The priests whom He hath chose
Pass on before the Lord,
And each a ram's-horn trumpet blows—
The trumpet of the word.

The holy ark they bear,
The covenant of His grace,
And tidings of great joy declare
To all the fallen race;
They make His mercies known,
His promises they show:
Go in the track your guides have shown,
To certain conquest go.

In sight of God proceed,
Follow the ark divine,
In all the ways and statutes tread
Which He hath pleased t' enjoin.
Pray alway, fast and pray,
And watch to do His will;
All His commands with joy obey,
All righteousness fulfil.

With patience persevere,
Still in His ways be found,
Still to the city walls draw near,
And day by day surround.
Continue in His word,
On all His means attend,
Bearing the burden of the Lord,
And hoping to the end.

Arise, your strength renew,
Your glorious toil repeat;
Follow the ark, your Lord pursue,
And for His promise wait;
In deepest silence go;
Your Joshua cries, Be still,
Assured His truth and power to know,
And prove His perfect will.

Tried to the uttermost
His faithful word shall be;
Who in the strength of Jesus' trust
Shall 'gain the victory.
But wait for your reward,
And give your clamors o'er;
Tarry the leisure of your Lord,
Nor ever murmur more.

The solemn day draws nigh,
When sin shall have its doom;
Faith sees it with an eagle's eye,
And cries: The day is come.
The seventh morn I see,
And hasten to be blest,
Enjoy an instant victory,
And antedated rest.

The walls are compassed round,
This circuit is the last;
The ark stands still: the trumpet sounds
A long-continued blast;
The people turn their eyes
On the devoted walls;
And shout, the mighty Joshua cries,
And lo! the city falls!

Its proud aspiring brow
Lies level with the ground;
It lies, and not one stone is now
Upon another found.
The walls are flat, the deep
Fountains are o'erthrown;
The lofty fortress is an heap,
And sin is trodden down.

The strength of sin is lost,
And Babylon the great
Is fallen, fallen to the dust,
Has found its final fate.
Partakers of our hope,
We seize what God hath given,
And trampling down all sin go up,
And straight ascend to heaven.

But shall not sin remain,
And in its ruins live?
No, Lord; we trust, and not in vain,
Thy fulness to receive;
Thy strength and saving grace
Thou shalt for us employ,
The being of all sin erase
And utterly destroy.

Actual and inbred sin
Shall feel Thy two-edged sword;
The city is, with all therein,
Devoted to the Lord.
Thy word cannot be broke;
Thou wilt Thine arm display;
Thou wilt with one continual stroke
Our sin forever slay.

Woman and man and beast,
And ox and ass and sheep,
All, all at once shall be oppressed
By death's eternal sleep;
Never to rise again,
Both young and old shall fall;
Not one shall 'scape, not one remain.
But die, and perish all.

The human beast and fiend,
Thou, Lord, shalt take away,
And make the old transgression end,
And all its relics slay;
The proud and carnal will,
The selfish, vain desire,
Thou all our sins at once shalt kill,
And burn them all with fire.

J. and C. Wesley.

3579. JERUSALEM.

The ancient of cities! the lady of nations!
The home where the cherubim hovered in light!
Where the breeze has a voice like those old "lamentations"
That saddened thy day with their omens of night,
And the river's low song seems to echo the strain
Which the prophet poured out to thy spirit in vain!

Bright land of the promise! whose vision of glory
Had dazzled thy sense, till 'twas feeble to see!
Oh, chosen for others to keep the high story
Whose record was vain for thy children and thee!
Lone Esau of nations, that weepest alway,
While the Gentile is rich in thy birthright to-day!

Lost land of the minstrel! whose harp, in its sadness,
Brought music from heaven, to play to thy heart;
Whose spell of a moment came down on thy madness,
And bade, for an hour, thy dark angel depart;
Till the power of its warning expired, with its strain,
And the spirit of evil came o'er thee again!

High home of the temple! whose worship did borrow
A voice from the thunder, a light from the sky!
Blest soil, whence the vine, that was planted in sorrow,
Hath hung o'er the nations its branches on high;
That rocked the low couch where the sleepless One slept,
And kept the vain tomb where the Deathless was kept!

And oh for the outcast who drank of thy glory—
The lost one of Judah, the chosen of yore,

The priest of thy temple, the heir of thy story—
Who dwelt in thy vineyards, that blossom no more!
Afar, 'mid the heathen, he sitteth forlorn,
And thy fruit is the bramble, thy greenness the thorn!

It was not for Edom that Zion was braided
With crowns of the sunshine and garlands of bloom,
Where the wild Arab wanders the cedar hath faded;
The bird of the wild keepeth watch on the tomb;
And the soil of simoom awaits the far day,
When the rain shall return to the wilderness gray.

Pale daughter of Zion! all wasted with weeping,
Thy footstool the desert, its dust on thy head;
Thy long weary watch o'er the wilderness keeping,
And sitting in darkness, like them that be dead:
A veil like the widow's hath shadowed thy pride,
And a sorrow is thine like no sorrow beside!

And sadly thy son by each far foreign river
Sits, as he sat in the Babel of old;
Lone 'mid the nations, all homeless forever,
'Mid homes full of children, and poor 'mid his gold;
With a mark on his brow of the brand in his brain,
Like the record God wrote on the forehead of Cain!

Weary with wondering and wasted with sadness,
And walking by lights that are all from the past;
Wishes, scarce hopes, waken smiles without gladness,
As backward his thoughts, like the mourner's, are cast;
For the tale of the Hebrew who wanders alway,
Is the fable and type of his people to-day!

A proverb to most, and a moral to all,
And a lamp unto others, though sitting in gloom,
He seems like a mute in a festival hall,
And is still looking forward for that which hath come;
Like the children of Eblis, he hideth his smart,
And walks through the world with his hand on his heart!

All lands are as Moab, all countries are Edom,
To the Hebrew who sits in his sackcloth of sin,
Till the trumpets of God calling others to freedom,
The Jew to that banner at length shall come in;
And Salem must sit in her desert alone
Till the seed of the Lord by all rivers be sown.

Then, daughter of Judah! look up from thy slumber!
And lo! a bright vision of turrets and spires!
A hymn o'er the desert, from harps without number!
Thy children at rest by the shrine of their sires!
The song-bird on Carmel, the rose in the plain,
And the streams flowing backward to Zion again! *Thomas K. Hervey.*

3580. JERUSALEM.

Four lamps were burning o'er two mighty graves,
Godfrey's and Baldwin's—Salem's Christian king;
And holy light glanced from Helena's naves,
Fed with the incense which the pilgrim brings;
While through the panelled roof the cedar flings
Its sainted arms o'er choir and roof and dome,
And every porphyry-pillared cloister rings
To every kneeler there its "welcome home,"
As every lip breathes out, "O Lord! Thy kingdom come."

A mosque was garnished with its crescent moons,
And a clear voice called Mussulmans to prayer.
There were the splendors of Judea's thrones,
There were the trophies which its conquerors wear,
All but the truth, the holy truth, was there;
For there, with lip profane, the crier stood,
And him from the tall minaret you might hear,
Singing to all whose steps had thither trod,
That verse misunderstood, "There is no God but God."

Hark! did the pilgrim tremble as he kneeled?
And did the turbaned Turk his sins confess?
Those mighty hands the elements that wield,
That mighty Power that knows to curse or bless,
Is over all; and in whatever dress
His suppliants crowd around Him, He can see
Their heart, in city or in wilderness,
And probe its core, and make its blindness flee,
Owning Him very God, the only Deity.

There was an earthquake once that rent thy fane,
Proud Julian; when (against the prophecy
Of Him who lived and died and rose again,

"That one stone on another should not lie")
Thou wouldst rebuild that Jewish masonry
To mock the eternal Word. The earth below
Gushed out in fire; and from the brazen sky
And from the boiling seas such wrath did flow
As saw not Shinar's plain nor Babel's overthrow.

Another earthquake comes. Dome, roof, and wall
Tremble; and headlong to the grassy bank
And in the muddied stream the fragments fall,
While the rent chasm spread its jaws, and drank
At one huge draught the sediment, which sank
In Salem's drained goblet. Mighty Power!
Thou whom we all should worship, praise and thank,
Where was Thy mercy in that awful hour,
When hell moved from beneath, and Thine own heaven did lower?

Say, Pilate's palaces, proud Herod's towers;
Say, gate of Bethlehem, did your arches quake?
Thy pool, Bethesda, was it filled with showers?
Calm Gihon, did the jar thy waters wake?
Tomb of thee, Mary—Virgin—did it shake?
Glowed thy bought field, Aceldama, with blood?
Where were the shudderings Calvary might make?
Did sainted Mount Moriah send a flood
To wash away the spot where once a God had stood?

Lost Salem of the Jews, great sepulchre
Of all profane and of all holy things;
Where Jew, and Turk, and Gentile yet concur
To make thee what thou art! thy history brings
Thoughts mixed of joy and woe. The whole earth rings
With the sad truth which He has prophesied
Who would have sheltered with His holy wings [defied:
Thee and thy children. You His power
You scourged Him while He lived, and mocked Him as He died!

There is a star in the untroubled sky,
That caught the first light which its Maker made;
It led the hymn of other orbs on high;
'Twill shine when all the fires of heaven shall fade.
Pilgrims at Salem's porch, be that your aid!
For it has kept its watch on Palestine!
Look to its holy light, nor be dismayed,
Though broken is each consecrated shrine,
Though crushed and ruined all which men have called divine.

John G. C. Brainard.

3581. JERUSALEM, Beauty of.

'Tis so; the hoary harper sings aright;
How beautiful is Zion! Like a queen,
Armed with a helm, in virgin loveliness,
Her heaving bosom in a bossy cuirass,
She sits aloft, begirt with battlements
And bulwarks swelling from the rock, to guard
The sacred courts, pavilions, palaces,
Soft gleaming through the umbrage of the woods
Which tuft her summit, and, like raven tresses,
Waved their dark beauty round the tower of David.
Resplendent with a thousand golden buck-
The embrasures of alabaster shine; [lers,
Hailed by the pilgrims of the desert, bound
To Judah's mart with orient merchandise.
But not for thou art fair and turret-crowned,
Wet with the choicest dew of heaven, and blessed
With golden fruits and gales of frankincense,
Dwell I beneath thine ample curtains. Here,
Where saints and prophets teach, where the stern law
Still speaks in thunder, where chief angels watch,
And where the glory hovers, here I war.

James Abraham Hillhouse.

3582. JERUSALEM, Christ Entering.
John xii : 12-19.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Hark all the tribes Hosanna cry!
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ! Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O God! Thy power, and reign.

Henry H. Milman.

3583. JERUSALEM, Christ Gazing on.
Mark xiii : 3, 4.

Who gazes from Mount Olivet,
His dovelike eyes with sorrow wet,
His bosom with compassion heaving,
His mighty heart with sorrow grieving?
Who searches with unerring eye
Into thy sad futurity,

Jerusalem! and sees thy doom
Written by imperial Rome;
Famine, Slaughter, Fire, agreed
On thy precious ones to feed,
Ruin round thy bulwarks wrap,
And the pagan eagle flap
O'er the sacred mercy-seat?
Who is He that sees it all?
Sees, when sacrilegious feet
Tread on Zion—when the call
Is for vengeance most complete?
He, the prophet, pilgrim-shod;
He, the very Son of God!
Years sweep on! Jerusalem!
Thee the Roman armies hem.
Countless legions on thee press;
Clouds of arrows thee distress;
Stone and dart and javelin
Entrance to thy treasures win.
Hippicus, Antonia, fall,
Mariamne, and thy wall
Pierced with gates of burnished gold,
And the holy house of old,
Yield unto the dreadful strife.
Heavens! the sacrifice of life!
Murder, plunder, leagued in band,
Stalk amid thee, hand in hand;
Cedron is a pool of gore,
Olivet is fortress made.
Mercy! that the towers of yore,
Courts that saw the world adore,
Should in dust and blood be laid!
Who directs the furious war?
He, alone, whose prescience saw—
Mightier than Vespasian's son—
He the ruthless fight has won.
He the wine-press here has trod,
He, the very Son of God!

William B. Tappan.

3584. JERUSALEM, Christ in.

Matthew xii : 4.

As on some queenly forehead shines a rare
and costly gem,
So shone the truth, all price beyond, in fair
Jerusalem;
The Truth Incarnate through her streets in
weary sojourn trod,
And, truer than her priesthood knew, her
temple guested God.

No timid prophet, frightened 'neath the
burden which he bore,
Spoke sadly in her stately halls one warning,
and no more;
But God's own Son revealed Himself by
many a healing sign,
And from their graves the dead came forth
to witness Him divine.

No lightnings clave the shuddering air
around His Saviour path;
No hearts turned, sick'ning, from a voice
which spake of naught but wrath:
But loving word and loving deed hope to
the vilest gave,
That He had come from foulest sin and
fiercest doom to save.

But as, when swept by angry winds, the
waves more angry swell,
So o'er that city proud and stern no contrite
silence fell;
But louder rang her rebel songs, and scornful in her pride,
Alike the love of Heaven she spurned, and
wrath of Heaven defied.

W. Morley Punshon.

3585. JERUSALEM, Christ's Entry into.

Matthew xxi : 1-11.

Look at His train, the dead are living there;
The lame are in His blessed footsteps bounding;
The blind are gazing on their leader fair;
The deaf, the dumb, His perfect praise resounding;
The widow on her raised son is leaning;
The father clasps his daughter roused from
sleep;
And broken hearts, through eyes of joyous
meaning,
Meet His kind glance who bade them not
to weep.

There is no banner waving o'er His head,
But the light blossoms of the palm-tree
bending;
Not with rich flowers or gems His path is
spread,
But there long robes in rainbow tints are
blending;
No herald trumpet of His coming tells;
But children carol in triumphant mirth,
And to the sky their sweet hosanna swells
The full, the joyous jubilee of earth.

Daughter of Zion! bow in holy shame;
Thou didst refuse thy rightful Lord to meet;
Unto His Father's house, to thee, He came,
Yet found not where to rest His weary feet.
Yes, scornful Judah! hadst thou known thy
day,
Thine were a splendid, a secure estate;
But when thy Sovereign turned in wrath
away,
Thy house was left unto thee desolate.

3586. JERUSALEM, Christ's Entry into.

Matthew xxi : 10, 11.

The air is filled with shouts, and trumpets'
sounding;
A host are at thy gates, Jerusalem.
Now is thy van the Mount of Olives rounding;
Above them Judah's lion-banners gleam,
Twined with the palm and olive's peaceful
stem.

Now swell the nearer sound of voice and string,
As down the hill-side pours the living stream;
And to the cloudless heaven hosannas ring:
"The Son of David comes! the Conqueror! the King!"

The cuirassed Roman heard, and grasped his shield,
And rushed in fiery haste to gate and tower;
The pontiff from his battlement beheld
The host, and knew the falling of his power;

He saw the cloud on Sion's glory lour,
Still down the marble road the myriads come,
Spreading the way with garment, branch, and flower,
And deeper sounds are mingling, "Woe to Rome!"
"The day of freedom dawns; rise, Israel, from thy tomb!"

Temple of beauty, long that day is done;
Thy ark is dust; thy golden cherubim
In the fierce triumphs of the foe are gone:
The shades of ages on thy altars swim.
Yet still a light is there, though wavering dim;
And has its holy lamp been watched in vain;
Or lives it not until the finished time,
When He who fixed, shall break His people's chain,
And Sion be the loved, the crowned of God again?

He comes, yet with the burning bolt unarmed;
Pale, pure, prophetic, God of majesty!
Though thousands, tens of thousands, round Him swarmed,
None durst abide that depth divine of eye;
None durst the waving of His robe draw nigh.
But at His feet was laid the Roman's sword:
There Lazarus knelt to see his King pass by;
There Jairus with his age's child adored.
"He comes, the King of kings: hosanna to the Lord!" *George Croly.*

3587. JERUSALEM, Christ's Public Entry into, Luke xix: 29–44.

He sat upon the ass's foal and rode
Toward Jerusalem. Beside Him walked,
Closely and silently, the faithful twelve,
And on before Him went a multitude
Shouting hosannas, and with eager hands
Strewing their garments thickly in His way.
The unbroken foal beneath him gently stepped,
Tame as its patient dam; and as the song
Of "Welcome to the Son of David" burst
Forth from a thousand children, and the leaves
Of the waved branches touched its silken ears,
It turned its wild eye for a moment back,
And then, subdued by an invisible hand,
Meekly trod onward with its slender feet.
The dew's last sparkle from the grass had gone
As He rode up Mount Olivet. The woods
Threw their cool shadows freshly to the west,
And the light foal, with quick and toiling step,
And head bent low, kept its unslackened way
Till its soft mane was lifted by the wind
Sent o'er the mount from Jordan. As He reached
The summit's breezy pitch, the Saviour raised
His calm blue eye: there stood Jerusalem!
Eagerly He bent forward, and beneath
His mantle's passive folds, a bolder line
Than the wont slightness of His perfect limbs
Betrayed the swelling fulness of His heart.
There stood Jerusalem. How fair she looked!
The silver sun on all her palaces,
And her fair daughters 'mid the golden spires
Tending their terrace flowers, and Kedron's stream
Lacing the meadows with its silver band,
And wreathing its mist-mantle on the sky
With the morn's exhalations. There she stood,
Jerusalem, the city of His love,
Chosen from all the earth; Jerusalem,
That knew Him not, and had rejected Him;
Jerusalem, for whom He came to die!
The shouts redoubled from a thousand lips
At the fair sight; the children leaped and sang
Louder hosannas; the clear air was filled
With odor from the trampled olive-leaves;
But Jesus wept. The loved disciple saw
His Master's tears, and closer to His side
He came with yearning looks, and on his neck
The Saviour leant with heavenly tenderness,
And mourned: "How oft, Jerusalem! would I
Have gathered you, as gathereth a hen
Her brood beneath her wings; but ye would not!"

He thought not of the death that He should die;
He thought not of the thorns He knew must pierce
His forehead; of the buffet on the cheek,
The scourge, the mocking homage, the foul scorn!
Gethsemane stood out beneath His eye
Clear in the morning sun, and there, He knew,
While they who "could not watch with Him one hour"

Were sleeping, He should sweat great drops
of blood,
Praying the cup might pass. And Golgotha
Stood bare and desert by the city wall,
And in its midst, to His prophetic eye,
Rose the rough cross, and its keen agonies
Were numbered all: the nails were in His
feet,
The insulting sponge was pressing on His
lips,
The blood and water gushing from His side,
The dizzy faintness swimming in His brain,
And, while His own disciples fled in fear,
A world's death-agonies all mixed in His!
Ay! He forgot all this. He only saw
Jerusalem, the chosen, the loved, the lost!
He only felt that for her sake His life
Was vainly given, and in His pitying love
The sufferings that would clothe the heavens
in black
Were quite forgotten. Was there ever love,
In earth or heaven, equal unto this?

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

3588. JERUSALEM, Christ's Sympathy for.
Matthew xxiii : 37.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Chief in thy Prince's diadem!
Famous in story and in song,
While countless ages rolled along;
Of mighty name, of lofty line,
Prophets and priests and kings were thine;
In dust thou long hast cradled them;
Their boast, their home, Jerusalem!

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Proud flower of a lofty stem!
The crimson blushes of the morn
Shed blushes on its earliest born;
But hues and odors must abide
The mower's scythe at eventide:
So perished from that lofty stem
Thy glory, lost Jerusalem.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
One wept thee ere He did condemn:
Looking from glorious Olivet,
Filled with a pitying deep regret,
He saw thy many children rise,
Heedless of warnings from the skies,
And therefore wept o'er thee and them,
Who knew Him not, Jerusalem.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
How would His hand have gathered them!
Ah! had they known in that their hour
Of visitation and of power!
But vain each warning of their fate;
The pop'lous place is desolate;
Nation, and prince, and diadem
Vanished alike, Jerusalem! *H. W. J.*

3589. JERUSALEM: Christ's Triumphant Entry.
Mark xi : 1-11.

Not upborne on glittering wheels;
Not in gold, triumphant car,
Purple clad, as monarchs are;
Not on plume-decked steed of war,
Snorting fiery sparks afar,
Prancing on his tutored heels,
Foaming while the curb restrains
Wayward will and boiling veins.

Not with civic swords and staves,
Nor the tambour's doubling beat,
Nor the trumpet's shrill repeat,
Such as princely heroes greet,
Welcoming victorious feat,
When the flag of glory waves
In the pomp of splendor high;
But in silent majesty.

Not with mastic and with myrrh,
Styrax leaves that crackling rise
Incense curling to the skies,
Sparks of gold to dim the eyes;
But on beast that all despise
Salem sees her conqueror:
David's long-expected Son,
He, too great for earthly throne.

Idumean palms they bear;
See! a joyous fatherland
Hails Him with uplifted hand;
They are bound in transport's band;
Eye and heart inflamed, they stand,
Spreading out their garments there.
'Tis the Prince of Judah's stem:
Lo! He comes to reign o'er them.

Sing the glad hosanna! sing!
Wilderness, and wind, and dell,
Hail! the Hope of Israel!
Mountains sink and valleys swell;
Songs of victory, victory tell.
Let heaven's highest arches ring:
'Tis the angel's daily hymn,
'Tis the theme of seraphim.

Blow the trump of victory, blow!
Clash the cymbals, tune the flute,
Harp, and horn, and lyre, and lute;
Wake and shout, let none be mute.
Laurel garlands shall be strewed;
Ours are nobler victories now.
This is Judah's lion heir:
For His conquering march prepare.

Not with shouts of thundering power,
Not with wild, delirious sound,
Tearing through the clouds around,
Shaking the affrighted ground,
Rending heaven's o'ercircling bound,
Like a storm in fearful hour;
But in tenderness and rest,
Lo! He comes serenely blest.

Peace is with Him, heaven and bliss;
He hath vanquished death and hell—
He, the great Immanuel,
Of all blessings deepest well;
Ruler of God's citadel,
No vain sword of steel is His:
'Tis with spirits purged from sins
That He combats, that He wins.

He, the Prince of light and life,
He, our eldest brother, goes
To redeem us from our woes,
To subdue our mightiest foes,
Heaven to win and hell to oppose,
High above all mortal strife;
He, Redeemer, He shall save
From the prison of the grave.

Tyrant of the world, begone!
Thou hast reigned, thy rule is o'er;
Thou mayst sway the world no more.
Jesus drives thee from the door,
All-destroying, darkening power;
Monster, know thy reign is done;
Death and hell, receive your doom,
For your vanquisher is come.

Angels! that, ere morning's damps,
Told or sang the heavenly tale
To the shepherds in the vale,
And o'er Bethl'em's lowly stall
Poured out songs of joy for all—
Come with lyres and come with lamps;
Come in all your bright array:
'Tis your Monarch's festal day.

Hang no scarlet tapestry,
Spread no cloth of golden glare,
No emblazoned robes prepare;
This is David's Son and heir:
He is come to save and spare;
Bending from His throne on high
To earth's deepest misery,
On the cross for man to die!

Earth bow down—bow down in prayer;
Dust of earth! look round and see
When was greatness great as He?
Slaves! His death hath made ye free;
Men! through Him as God ye be.
Oh what brother love is here!
Did affection ever glow
In a heart like this? Oh no!

Melt to water, mortal men!
Glow and flame in joy and praise;
Sing in more than angel lays.
Jesse's branch, to Thee we raise
Deathless songs in deathful days.
Conscience turns to Thee again,
Bows the head and bends the knee;
Cleanse our hearts to hallow thee.

Know that He your griefs hath borne,
Purged your sins, ye Adam's clay!
Weakness, sighs, despair, away!
Heaviness and grief, be gay!
Pierce the night and spring to-day;
He hath saved ye. Why forlorn?
Hallelujah! hymns divine;
'Tis enough, for He is mine.

3590. JERUSALEM, Christ Weeping Over. Luke xix: 41.

Why doth my Saviour weep
At sight of Sion's bowers?
Shows it not fair from yonder steep,
Her gorgeous crown of towers?
Mark well His holy pains:
'Tis not His pride or scorn
That Israel's King with sorrow stains
His own triumphal morn.

It is not that His soul
Is wandering sadly on,
In thought how soon at death's dark goal
Their course will all be run,
Who now are shouting round
Hosannah to their chief;
No thought like this in Him is found,
This were a conqueror's grief.

Or doth He feel the cross
Already in His heart,
The pain, the shame, the scorn, the loss,
Feel e'en His God depart?
No: though He knew full well
The grief that then shall be,
The grief that angels cannot tell—
Our God in agony.

It is not thus He mourns;
Such might be martyrs' tears,
When His last lingering look He turns
On human hopes and fears:
But hero ne'er or saint
The secret load might know,
With which His spirit waxeth faint:
His is a Saviour's woe.

"If thou hadst known, even thou,
At least in this thy day,
The message of thy peace! but now
'Tis passed for aye away:
Now foes shall trench thee round,
And lay thee even with the earth,
And dash thy children to the ground,
Thy glory and thy mirth."

And doth the Saviour weep
Over His people's sin,
Because we will not let Him keep
The souls He died to win?
Ye hearts that love the Lord,
If at His sight ye burn,
See that in thought, in deed, in word,
Ye hate what made Him mourn.

John Keble.

3591. JERUSALEM, Depart from.

[Josephus says that a short time before the destruction of Jerusalem, the priests who served in the temple at night, at the feast of Pentecost, felt a quaking and heard a rushing noise and then a sound as of a great multitude saying, "Let us depart."]

Night hung on Salem's towers,
And a brooding hush profound
Lay where the Roman eagle shone,
High o'er the tents around.

The tents that rose by thousands
In the moonlight glimmering pale;
Like white waves of a frozen sea,
Filling an Alpine vale.

And the temple's massive shadow
Fell broad, and dark, and still,
In peace as if the Holy One
Yet watched His chosen hill.

But a fearful sound was heard
In that old fane's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rushed by
And a dread voice raised the cry,
"Let us depart!"

Within the fated city
E'en then fierce discord raved,
Though o'er night's heaven the comet-sword
Its vengeful token waved.

There were shouts of kindred warfare
Through the dark streets ringing high,
Though every sign was full which told
Of the bloody vintage nigh.

Though the wild red spears and arrows
Of many a meteor host
Went flashing o'er the holy stars
In the sky, now seen, now lost.

And that fearful sound was heard
In the temple's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rushed by
And a voice cried mournfully,
"Let us depart!"

But within the fated city
There was revelry that night;
The wine-cup and the trimbrel note,
And the blaze of banquet light.

The footsteps of the dancer
Went bounding through the hall,
And the music of the dulcimer
Summoned to festival.

While the clash of brother weapons
Made lightning in the air,
And the dying at the palace gates
Lay down in their despair.

And that fearful sound was heard
At the temple's thrilling heart,
As if mighty wings rushed by
And a dread voice raised the cry,
"Let us depart!"

Felicia D. Hemans.

3592. JERUSALEM, Desire to see.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
How glad should I have been,
Could I, in my lone wanderings,
Thine aged walls have seen!
Could I have gazed upon the dome
Above thy towers that swells,
And heard, as evening's sun went down,
Thy parting camels' bells:

Could I have stood on Olivet,
Where once the Saviour trod,
And from its height looked down upon
The city of our God;

For is it not, Almighty God,
Thy holy city still;
Though there thy prophets walk no more,
That crowns Moriah's hill?

Thy prophets walk no more, indeed,
The streets of Salem now,
Nor are their voices lifted up
On Zion's saddened brow;
Nor are their garnished sepulchres
With pious sorrow kept,
Where once the same Jerusalem
That killed them came and wept.

Jerusalem, I would have seen
Thy precipices steep,
The trees of palm that overhang
Thy gorges dark and deep,
The goats that cling along thy cliffs
And browse upon thy rocks,
Beneath whose shade lie down, alike,
Thy shepherds and their flocks.

I would have mused, while night hung out
Her silver lamp so pale,
Beneath those ancient olive-trees
That grow in Kedron's vale,
Whose foliage from the pilgrim hides
The city's wall sublime,
Whose twisted arms and gnarled trunks
Defy the scythe of time.

The garden of Gethsemane
Those aged olive-trees
Are shading yet, and in their shade
I would have sought the breeze
That, like an angel, bathed the brow
And bore to heaven the prayer
Of Jesus when, in agony,
He sought the Father there.

I would have gone to Calvary,
And where the Marys stood,
Bewailing loud the Crucified,
As near Him as they could,
I would have stood till night o'er earth
Her heavy pall had thrown,
And thought upon my Saviour's cross
And learned to bear my own.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Thy cross thou bearest now!
An iron yoke is on thy neck,
And blood is on thy brow;
Thy golden crown, the crown of truth,
Thou didst reject as dross,
And now thy cross is on thee laid—
The crescent is thy cross!

It was not mine, nor will it be,
To see the bloody rod
That scourgeth thee, and long hath scourged,
Thou city of our God!
But round thy hill the spirits throng
Of all thy murdered seers,
And voices that went up from it
Are ringing in my ears:

Went up that day when darkness fell
From all thy firmament,
And shrouded thee at noon; and when
Thy temple's veil was rent,
And graves of holy men, that touched
Thy feet, gave up their dead:
Jerusalem, thy prayer is heard,
His blood is on thy head!

John Pierpont.

3593. JERUSALEM, Destruction of.

From the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome
I beheld thee, O Zion, when rendered to Rome:
'Twas thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall
Flashed back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

I looked for thy temple, I looked for my home,
And forgot for a moment my bondage to come;
I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy fane,
And the fast-fettered hands that made vengeance in vain.

On many an eve the high spot whence I gazed
Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed;
While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline
Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine.

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,
But I marked not the twilight beam melting away!
Oh, would that the lightning had glared in its stead,
And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head!

But the gods of the pagan shall never profane
The shrine where Jehovah disdained not to reign;
And scattered and scorned as Thy people may be,
Our worship, O Father, is only for Thee.

Lord Byron.

3594. JERUSALEM, Dying in.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Thou city of the blest,
I come, beneath thy hallowed soil
To lay my bones to rest.

It is not mine to see thee rise
In glory from the dust;
But God, the God of Abraham,
Is kind as well as just.
And, happy but to die in thee,
I hail the sacred ground
Where rest from all their wanderings
The sons of Jacob found.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Thy towers shall rise again
When comes the Lord's anointed One
In majesty to reign.
My sun will shortly set, but thou
In glory shalt appear:
Thy King, the God of all the earth;
Thy name, "The Lord is here."
And Gentiles who have spurned thee long
Shall make thy glory known;
While all conspire to honor thee,
My father's land! my own!

Thomas Ragg.

3595. JERUSALEM IMMORTAL.

Awake! behold! within the mountain zone
That, circling, girds her stern and desert throne,
Immortal Salem sits, famed Zion's queen,
Stretching her hands, and weeping o'er the scene.
Immortal?—yes, though ills have laid her low,
Patient in ruin, deathless in her woe!
And do we gaze, our weary wanderings past,
On Sheba's envy, David's pride at last?
The city prophets blessed, and kings revered,
The saintly loved, the barbarous nations feared?
What lips have kissed these stones! what holy sighs
And burning prayers have mounted to those skies,
As zealous pilgrims, kneeling on the sod,
Have hailed the towers so favored once by God!
Methinks we see those travellers from the West,
With weary limb, and soiled and tattered vest,
Just as they gain the last hill's stony brow,
And glorious Salem bursts upon them now.
The aged man, whom peril naught could daunt,
With eager step still presses to the front,
Throws back his locks, and spread his hands on high,
Light long-unknown rekindling in his eye,
And blesses Heaven 'tis his that scene to view,
Ere his bones rest beneath the funeral yew.
The maiden, taught from earliest hour to deem
That city holy as a seraph's dream,
Half veils her face in awe, and, bending meek,
Vents in deep sobs all, all she may not speak.
E'en the small child, that ran beside his sire,
Hath caught from those around the hallowed air,
Fire,
Drops on his knees with calmed and solemn
And lisps from cherub mouth the simple prayer,
Raises his eyes, each orb a sapphire gem,
And folds his hands, and cries "Jerusalem!"

Where through the world shall traveller hope to tread
Soil blessed as this, though beauty long hath fled?

With every scene we see is linked a spell,
And every rock we climb a tale can tell.
The ground is holy: sainted memories rise;
Cities decay, but naught of spirit dies.
. . . . . .
Salem! since David stormed her craggy height,
And dwelt where scoffed the vaunting Jebusite,
What stern, what varied fortunes has she known,
Now conquering nations, now herself o'erthrown!
To-day her Temple glitters wide and far,
Shining in glory like a new-born star;
Tyre gives her arts, and Ophir sends her gold,
And monarchs burn at all their eyes behold.
Chaldea comes: she darkens Salem's fame,
Her walls are stormed, her Temple sinks in flame,
And distant far, where Babel's waters sweep,
Her prophets pine, her captive children weep.
Woe's midnight past, again dawn freedom's hours,
And Salem smiles, the new-built Temple towers;
Once more the caravan from Yemen comes,
The altar burns, and busy commerce hums;
Once more his lion front stern Judah shows,
And heroes rise to brave their country's foes.

But lo! o'er western hills that gathering cloud,
Where muttering thunder peals more loud and loud,
And forky lightning glitters down the sky:
'Tis the dread flash of Rome's avenging eye!
The Titan stalks; beneath his coming tread
Towns bow in dust, and Syria quakes with dread;
Where'er he moves the oldest empires fall,
And Rome, wide-conquering Rome, seems lord of all.
Gihon's long hill presents a ridge of spears,
And filled with bucklers Kedron's vale appears;
While north and south the bristling troops advance,
And bear war's engines on, and shake the lance.
Girt on all sides, doomed Salem sees her grave;
Her cup of woe is full and naught can save.

O direst fruit of crime and hate and rage;
O bloodiest leaf in history's warning page!
Was it too little Rome besieged her wall,
But Salem's sons by Salem's sons must fall?
See! Hebrew chiefs above yon mangled heap,
Their kindred slain, exult when all should weep;
In civil strife true valor ceased to glow, [foe.
'Twas who should crush his fellow, not the
. . . . . .
O Titus! Titus! "darling of mankind,"
That saw his virtues, to his errors blind,
Extolled his feeling heart, his justice praised,
And to his honor busts and arches raised;
But Salem's name in blood must written be,
The leprous spot that blasts his memory!
What though he rears his countless captives high,
To crosses nailed, that friends may see them die,
The Hebrews shed no tears, for woe has worn
Their senses dull, and more may scarce be borne:
Pangs, like old wounds, oft lull though will not heal,
Excess of feeling makes us cease to feel.
Some fight despairing, some in caverns hide,
These mope in madness, and their God deride;
While others full of zeal, in frenzy strong,
Still call on Heaven to avenge their country's wrong,
And half expect, down stooping from above,
Messiah's form will come in power and love,
And with one wave of glory's dazzling sword,
Scare from their holy walls the pagan horde.

'Tis o'er; a deadlier struggle earth ne'er knew,
E'en fiends might shrink those scenes of blood to view;
'Tis o'er; a million hearts lie cold and still,
And Rome's dread eagle soars on Zion's hill.
Salem, the home of prophets, helpless lies,
The mean one's jest, the raging heathen's prize.
Fire wraps her towers, her blazing Temple falls,
With all its golden spires and cedared halls.
Yes, that proud fane, as by an earthquake's shock,
Is hurled to dust, and levelled with the rock;
And o'er its site must pass the Latian plough;
Seraphs! look down from heaven, and pity now!
And if in your blessed eyes grief e'er appears,
For lost and ruined Salem shed your tears!

Nicholas Michell.

3596. JERUSALEM, My Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,
I see thy walls arise;
There jasper clear and sardine stone
Flash radiance through the skies.
In clouds of heaven descending,
With angel train attending,
Thy gates of glittering pearl unfold
On streets of glassy gold.
No sun is there, no day or night;
But of sevenfold splendors bright,
Thy Temple is the Light of light,
Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,
Where shines the royal throne,
Each king casts down his golden crown
Before the Lamb thereon.
Thence flows the crystal river,
And flowing on forever,

With leaves and fruits on either hand,
The tree of life shall stand.
In blood-washed robes, all white and fair,
The Lamb shall lead His chosen there,
While clouds of incense fill the air,
Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,
Where saints in triumph sing,
While, tuned in tones of golden harps,
Heaven's boundless arches ring.
No more in tears and sighing,
Our weak hosannas dying,
But hallelujahs loud and high
Roll thundering through the sky;
One chorus thrills their countless throngs;
Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues
Fill them with overwhelming songs,
Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,
Thou sole all-glorious Bride,
Creation shouts with joy to see
Thy Bridegroom at thy side;
The Man yet interceding,
His hands and feet yet bleeding,
And Him the billowy hosts adore
Lord God for evermore;
And "Holy, Holy, Holy" cry
The choirs that crowd thy courts on high,
Resounding everlastingly,
Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,
Where saints in glory reign,
Thy haven safe, oh! when shall I,
Poor storm-tossed pilgrim, gain?
At distance dark and dreary,
With sin and sorrow weary,
For thee I toil, for thee I pray,
For thee I long alway.
And lo! mine eyes shall see thee too:
Oh rend in twain, thou vail of blue,
And let the Golden City through,
Jerusalem, my Home!

John Henry Hopkins, Jr.

3597. JERUSALEM, Ode to.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
If any love thee not, on them
May all thy judgments fall;
For every hope that crowns our earth,
All birth-gifts of her heavenly birth,
To thee she owes them all!

Deep was thy guilt, and deep thy woe;
The brand of Cain upon thy brow,
Each shore has felt thy tread:
No altar now is thine; no priest;
Upon thy hearth no paschal feast:
The paschal moon is dead.

When from their height the nations fall,
The kind grave o'er them strews her pall;
They die as mortals die:
But He who looked thee in the face
Stamped there that look no years erase—
His own on Calvary.

Awe-struck on thee men gaze, and yet
Confess thy greatness, own our debt,
And trembling still revere
The royal family of man,
Supporting thus its blight and ban
With constancy austere.

Those sciences by us so prized
The sternness of thy strength despised,
Devices light and vain
Of men who lack the might to live
In that repose contemplative
Which Asian souls maintain.

By thee the Book of Life was writ;
And, wander where it may, with it
Thy soul abroad is sent:
Wherever towers a Christian church,
Palace of earth, Heaven's sacred porch,
It is thy monument.

Thy minstrel songs, like sounds wind-borne
From harps on Babel boughs forlorn,
O'er every clime have swept;
And Christian mothers yet grow pale
With echoes faint of Rachel's wail;
Our maids with Ruth have wept.

Thou bind'st the present with the past,
The prime of ages with the last;
The golden chain art thou,
On which alone all fates are hung
Of nations springing or upsprung,
Earthward once more to bow.

Across the world's tumultuous gate
Thou fling'st thy shadow's giant weight—
The mightiest birth of Time;
For all her pangs she may not bear
Until her feasts she bids thee share
And mount her throne sublime.

Far other gaze than that he pours
On empires round thee sunk, and shores
That once in victory shone,
Far other gaze and paler frown
The great Saturnian star bends down
On cedared Lebanon.

He knows that thou, obscured and dim,
Thus wrestling all night long with him,
Shalt victor rise at last;
Destined thy brows tower-crowned to rear
More high than his declining sphere
When, downward on the blast,

God's mightiest angel leaps, and stands
A shape o'ershadowing seas and lands,
And swears by him who swore
A faithful oath and kind to man
Ere worlds were shaped or years began,
That "Time shall be no more."

Aubrey de Vere.

3598. JERUSALEM, The Day of.

Luke xix : 42.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem! enthroned once on high,
Thou favored home of God on earth, thou Heaven below the sky!
Now brought to bondage with thy sons, a curse and grief to see,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem! our tears shall flow for thee.

Oh! hadst thou known thy day of grace, and flocked beneath the wing
Of Him who called thee lovingly, thine own anointed King,
Then had the tribes of all the world gone up thy pomp to see,
And glory dwelt within thy gates, and all thy sons been free.

"And who art thou that mournest me?" replied the ruin gray,
"And fear'st not rather that thyself may prove a castaway?
I am a dried and abject branch, my place is given to thee,
But woe to every barren graft of thy wild olive-tree!

"Our day of grace is sunk in night, our time of mercy spent,
For heavy was my children's crime, and strange their punishment;
Yet, gaze not idly on our fall, but, sinner, warned be:
Who spared not His chosen seed, may send His wrath on thee!

"Our day of grace is sunk in night, thy noon is in its prime;
Oh turn and seek thy Saviour's face in this accepted time!
So, Gentile, may Jerusalem a lesson prove to thee,
And in the new Jerusalem thy home forever be!" *Reginald Heber.*

3599. JERUSALEM, The Fall of.

TITUS, *on the Mount of Olives, before Besieging the City.*

It must be;
And yet it moves me, Romans! It confounds
The counsels of my firm philosophy, [o'er,
That ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass
And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.
As on our olive-crownèd hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hillside
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens. Here bright and sumptuous palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed;
Here towers of war that frown in massy strength,
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And, as our clouds of battle dust and smoke
Are melted into air, behold the Temple,
In undisturbed and lone serenity
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary [us
In the profound of heaven! It stands before
A mount of snow fretted with golden pinnacles!
The very sun, as though he worshipped
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs; [there,
And down the long and branching porticos,
On every flowery-sculptured capital,
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
By Hercules! the sight might almost win
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.
Yon lofty city and yon gorgeous Temple
Are consecrate to ruin.

. . . . . .

JAVAN: *Night before the Destruction of the Temple.*

There have been tears from holier eyes than mine
Poured o'er thee, Zion! yea, the Son of man
This thy devoted hour foresaw and wept.
And I—can I refrain from weeping? Yes,
My country, in thy darker destiny
Will I awhile forget mine own distress.

I feel it now, the sad, the coming hour;
The signs are full, and never shall the sun
Shine on the cedar roofs of Salem more;
Her tale of splendor now is told and done:
Her wine-cup of festivity is spilt,
And all is o'er, her grandeur and her guilt.

O fair and favored city, where of old
The balmy airs were rich with melody,
That led her pomp beneath the cloudless sky
In vestments flaming with the orient gold!
Her gold is dim, and mute her music's voice;
The heathen o'er her perished pomp rejoice.

How stately then was every palm-decked street,
Down which the maidens danced with tinkling feet!
How proud the elders in the lofty gate!
How crowded all her nation's solemn feasts
With white-robed Levites and high-mitred priests!
How gorgeous all her Temple's sacred state!
Her streets are razed, her maidens sold for slaves,
Her gates thrown down, her elders in their graves;

Her feasts are holden 'mid the Gentile's scorn,
By stealth her priesthood's holy garments worn;

And where her Temple crowned the glittering rock,
The wandering shepherd folds his evening flock.

When shall the work, the work of death begin?
When come the avengers of proud Judah's sin?
Aceldama! accursed and guilty ground,
Gird all the city in thy dismal bound;
Her price is paid, and she is sold like thou;
Let every ancient monument and tomb
Enlarge the border of its vaulted gloom,
Their spacious chambers all are wanted now.

But nevermore shall yon lost city need
Those secret places for her future dead;
Of all her children when this night is passed,
Devoted Salem's darkest, and her last—
Of all her children none is left to her,
Save those whose house is in the sepulchre.

Yet, guilty city, who shall mourn for thee?
Shall Christian voices wail thy devastation?
Look down! look down! avenged Calvary,
Upon thy late, yet dreadful expiation.
Oh! long foretold, though slow-accomplished fate,
"Her house is left unto her desolate;"
Proud Cæsar's ploughshare o'er her ruins driven,
Fulfils at length the tardy doom of Heaven;
The wrathful vial's drops at length are poured
On the rebellious race that crucified their Lord! *Henry H. Milman.*

3600. JERUSALEM, The Golden.

Jerusalem, the Golden!
I weary for one gleam
Of all thy glory folden
In distance and in dream!
My thoughts, like palms in exile,
Climb up to look and pray
For a glimpse of thy dear country,
That lies so far away!

Jerusalem, the Golden!
Methinks each flower that blows,
And every bird a-singing,
Of thee some secret knows;
I know not what the flowers
Can feel, or singers see,
But all these summer raptures
Seem prophecies of thee.

Jerusalem, the Golden!
When sunset's in the west,
It seems thy gate of glory,
Thou city of the blest!
And midnight's starry-torches
Through intermediate gloom
Are waving with our welcome
To thy eternal home.

Jerusalem, the Golden!
Where loftily they sing,
O'er pain and sorrows olden
Forever triumphing;
Lowly may be the portal,
And dark may be the door,
The mansion is immortal—
God's palace for His poor!

Jerusalem, the Golden!
There all our birds that flew—
Our flowers but half unfolden,
Our pearls that turned to dew,
And all the glad life-music,
Now heard no longer here,
Shall come again to greet us
As we are drawing near.

Jerusalem, the Golden!
I toil on day by day,
Heart-sore each night with longing,
I stretch my hands and pray,
That 'mid Thy leaves of healing,
My soul may find her nest;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
The weary are at rest!
Gerald Massey.

3601. JERUSALEM, The Jews Weeping in.

Why, trembling and sad, dost thou stand there and mourn,
Son of Israel, the days that can never return?
And why do those tear-drops of misery fall
On the mouldering ruin, the perishing wall?
Was yon city, in robes of the heathen now clad,
Once the flourishing Zion, where Judah was glad?
And those walls, that disjointed and scattered now lie,
Were they once vowed to Heaven and hallowed on high?

Yet why dost thou mourn? Oh, to gladness awaken!
Though Jehovah this city of God has forsaken,
He preserves for His people a city more fair,
Which a ruthless invader no longer shall share

No longer the tear for your city shall flow;
No longer thy bosom the sad sigh bestow;
But night shall be followed by glorious day,
And sorrow and sighing shall vanish away.

The Prince whom ye pierced and nailed to the tree
There reigns in ineffable glory for thee;
There Jesus, who died for your sins on earth, lives:
Haste, haste to His bosom; He sees and forgives, *James Wallis Eastburn.*

3602. JERUSALEM, The Last Day of.

Flow on, for Zion, flow, my tears,
Thou sepulchre of sepulchres,
Thy glory but a gorgeous dream,
Thy strength, a wasted summer stream;

Thy turban cloven on the ground,
With all its jewels scattered round.
Age upon age captivity
Sits brooding on thy leafless tree;
And where its branching glory stood,
Is shame, and agony, and blood.

From morn to eve, Rome's iron tide
Had dashed on Zion's haughty side;
From morn to eve, the arrowy shower
Rained on her ranks from wall and tower.
Now rose the shout of Israel;
Now, like the sea's returning swell,
Rushed up the mount the Roman charge,
Again beat back by Judah's targe;
Strewing with helm and shield the hill;
All wearied, but th' unconquered will.

'Twas eve, and still was fought the field,
Where none could win, and none would yield;
Beneath the twilight's deepening shade
Echoed the clash of blade on blade.
Still rushing through the living cloud,
Its path the lion-banner ploughed;
And still the eagle's fiery wing
Seemed from the living cloud to spring;
Till Rome's retiring trump was blown,
Answered by shouts from Zion's throne.
That day the Roman learned to feel
The biting of the Jewish steel.

'Twas night. The sounds of earth were hushed,
Save where the palace-fountains gushed;
Or from the myrtle-breathing vale,
Sung, to the stars, the nightingale.
Splendid the scene, and sweet the hour!
The moonbeam silvered tent and tower,
Touched into beauty grove and rill,
And crowned with lustre Zion's hill.
All loveliness, but where the gaze
Shrank from the Roman camp-fire's blaze;
All peaceful beauty, but where frowned,
Omen of woe, the Roman mound!*

'Twas midnight; ceased the heavy jar
Of rampart-chain and portal-bar;
That hour of doom, on Zion's wall
No warrior's foot was heard to fall;
No murmur of the mighty camp,
No cohort's tread, no charger's champ,
Gave sign that earth was living still;
All hushed as by a mightier will;
Ev'n wounds that wring, and eyes that weep,
Were bound in one resistless sleep;
Silence of silence, all around;
Hushed as the grave—a death of sound!

What visioned forms, like things of dreams,
Or like the pole's phosphoric streams,
Or the wan clouds of winter's even,
Now marshal on the fields of heaven,
There gleam, in clouds of spectral light,
The camp, the mound, th' embattled height;
There moves the legion's brazen line;
Ill-omened Israel, where is thine?
Rolls up the visioned mount the charge;
But where the turban and the targe?
The cohort climbs the visioned tower,
Yet sweeps its ranks no arrowy shower;
Pale flames from visioned altars rise;
Israel, art thou the sacrifice!

But sudden roars the thunder-peal,
The forests on the mountains reel,
And, like the burst of mountain springs,
Is heard a rush of mighty wings!
And voices sweet of love and woe,
(Love, such as spirits only know),
Swell from the temple's cloisters dim,
A mingled chant of dirge and hymn;
Like grief, when help and hope have fled,
Like anguish o'er the dying bed;
Like pulses of a breaking heart:
"We must depart, we must depart."
And grandly o'er Moriah's height,
Encanopied in living light,
Rose to that chant of dirge and hymn
The squadrons of the seraphim.
From Carmel's shore to Hebron's chain,
Shone in that splendor hill and plain;
Still starlike seemed the orb to soar,
Then all was night and sleep once more.

But whence has come that sudden flash,
And whence the shout, and whence the clash?
The legions scale the temple wall!
Its startled warriors fly or fall.
Now swells the carnage wild and wide;
Now dies the bridegroom by the bride;
Peasant and noble, parent, child,
In heaps of quivering carnage piled;
On golden roof, on cedar floor,
Still flames the torch, still flows the gore;
Hour of consummate agony,
When nations, God-deserted, die!

Yet still the native dirk and knife
Wrung blood for blood, and life for life.
The priest, as to the veil he clung,
With dying hand the javelin flung;
The peasant on the Roman sprang,
Armed but with panther's foot and fang,
From his strong grasp the falchion tore,
And died it in the robber's gore.
That night who fought, that night who fell,
No eye might see, no tongue might tell;
That sanguine record must be read
But when the grave gives up its dead;
Then Judah's heart of pride was tame;
The rest was sorrow, slavery, shame!
—Jerusalem a name!

George Croly.

*The Romans surrounded the city with a trench and a mound, which prevented all escape, and formed a characteristic of the siege.

3603. JERUSALEM, The Prophecy of.

'Twas eve on Jerusalem!
Glorious its glow,
On the vine-covered plain,
On the Mount's marble brow;

On the temple's broad grandeur,
Enthroned on its height,
Like a golden-domed isle
In an ocean of light;
And the voice of her multitude
Rose on the air,
From the vale deep and dim,
Like a rich evening hymn.
But, whence comes that cry?
'Tis the cry of despair!

Who stands upon Zion?
The prophet of woe!
His frame, worn with travel,
His locks, living snow.
His hand grasps a trumpet.
Its sound gives a thrill

To each heart of the thousands!
The life-blood runs chill,
At that death-sounding blast!
All fixing their gaze,
Where, like one from the tomb,
The shroud seems to swim
Round the long, spectral limb,
And the ashy lip quivers
With judgment to come.

"Thou'rt lovely, Jerusalem;
Lovely, yet stained;
A queen among nations,
Yet thou shalt be chained.
Thou'rt magnificent, Zion.
Yet thou shalt be lone.
The pilgrim of sorrow!
I see thy last stone.

"Hark, hark, to the tempest!
What roar fills mine ear?
'Tis the shout of the warrior,
The storm of the spear.
The eagle and wolf
On that tempest are rolled,
Twin demons of havoc,
To ravage thy fold.

"They rush through the land,
As through forests the fire:
Woe, woe to the infant;
Woe, woe to the sire.
Rejoice for the warrior
Who sinks to the grave;
But weep for the living,
A ransomless slave!

"But veiled be mine eyeballs;
The red torch is flung,
And the last dying hymn
Of the temple is sung;
The altar is vanished,
The glory is gone.
The vial is poured,
The high vengeance is done!

"Again all is silence,
But still the death-pall,
The flag of the Roman,
Is hung from the wall.

But the archers are coming,
Their shafts hide the heaven,
And the eagle's proud breast
By the Persian is riven.

"Hark! a sound from the south;
'Tis the echo of doom;
It comes from the desert,
The living simoom!
As fierce as its sun,
And as wild as its sand;
'Tis Amrou and his Saracens,
Curse of the land!

"Like the swamp-gendered hornets,
They rush on the wing,
By thousands and thousands,
With death in their sting.
Like vultures, they sweep
O'er Moriah's loved hill,
And the corpse-covered valley
Of Cedron's red rill.

"Like the clouds on the mountains,
Like waves on the shore,
On sweep the swift chargers,
Whose hoof is in gore;
And Israel has fled
To the hill and the cave;
With slavery behind her,
Before her the grave.

"And the clashing of lances
And shaking of reins,
Are the sounds of the morning
On Galilee's plains;
And the desert tambour,
And the desert-horn shrill,
Are the sounds of the sunset
On Zion's loved hill.

"Where, where, sleeps the thunderbolt?
Heaven! hear the cries
Of the Ishmaelite slave
To his prophet of lies;
Hear the howl to his demons,
His frenzy of prayer;
And hear Israel's lament
Of disdain and despair!

"It has come! in the saddle
The robber has reeled,
And the turbans are floating
In blood on the field.
I see the proud chiefs
Of the cross in their mail:
And my soul loves the standard
They spread to the gale.

"Stay, vision of splendor:
On Jordan's broad marge
They rush to the battle;
Earth shakes with their charge.
Like lightning the blaze
From their panoply springs;
I see the gold helms
And crowned banners of kings.

"Yet, evil still smites thee,
Thou daughter of tears!
No trophy is thine,
In the shock of the spears.
The stately Crusader,
And Saracen lord,
But give thee the choice
Of the chain or the sword!

"Again all is silence,
The long grass has grown
Where the cross-bearer sleeps,
In his rich-sculptured stone;
And the land trod by prophet,
And chanted by bard,
Is left to the foot
Of the wolf and the pard."

But who ride the whirlwind?
The drinkers of blood.
From the summit of Lebanon
Rushes the flood.
'Tis the Turcoman, hovering
For slaughter and spoil.
O helpless gazelle!
Thou art now in the toil!

King of kings! on our neck
Sits the slave of a slave,
As wild as his mountains,
As cold as our grave;
All his sceptre the scourge,
All our freedom his will.
Yet Thy children must tremble,
Must agonize still.

Fly swift, ye dark years!
Still the savage is there;
The tiger of nations
Is couched in his lair.
The field is a thicket,
The city a heap,
And Israel on earth
Can but wander and weep.

King of kings! shall she die?
Hark! a trumpet afar;
It pierces my soul,
Yet no trumpet of war.
I hear the deep trampling
Of millions of feet,
And the shoutings of millions
Yet solemn and sweet,

Now the voices of thunders
Are calling on high.
The pomp has begun,
The redemption is nigh.
I see the crowned fathers,
The prophets of fire,
And the martyrs, whose souls
Shot to heaven from the pyre.

Who comes in His glory,
Pavilioned in cloud?
Judah, cast off thy shame!
Israel, spring from thy shroud!
Thy King has avenged thee,
He comes to His own;
With earth for His empire,
And Zion His throne.

George Croly.

3604. JERUSALEM, Woes of.

Weep for your country, for your children weep!
Vengeance! thy fiery wing their race pursued;
Thy thirsty poniard blushed with infant blood.
Roused at thy call, and panting still for game,
The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.
Then Judah raged, by ruffian Discord led,
Drunk with the steamy carnage of the dead:
He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,
And war without, and death within the wall.
Wide-wasting plague, gaunt famine, mad despair,
And dire debate, and clamorous strife were there;
Love, strong as death, retained his might no more,
And the pale parent drank her children's gore.
Yet they who wont to roam the ensanguined plain,
And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain;
E'en they, when, high above the dusty fight,
Their burning temple rose in lurid light,
To their loved altars paid a parting groan,
And in their country's woes forgot their own.
As 'mid the cedar courts and gates of gold
The trampled ranks in miry carnage rolled,
To save their temple every hand essayed,
And with cold fingers grasped the feeble blade:
Through their torn veins reviving fury ran,
And life's last anger warmed the dying man!

. . . . . .

Ah! fruitful now no more, an empty coast,
She mourned her sons enslaved, her glories lost:
In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,
There barked the wolf, and dire hyenas fed.
Yet 'midst her towery fanes, in ruin laid,
The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers paid;
'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
The checkered twilight of the olive grove;
'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,
And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb.

Reginald Heber.

3605. JERUSALEM, Woe upon.

Voice. Woe! woe! woe!
First Jew. Alas! The son of Hananiah? is't not he?
Third Jew. Whom said'st?
Second Jew. Art thou a stranger in Jerusalem,
That thou rememberest not that fearful man?
Fourth Jew. Speak! speak! we know not all.
Second Jew. Why, thus it was:
A rude and homely dresser of the vine,

He had come up to the Feast of Tabernacles,
When suddenly a spirit fell upon,
Evil or good we know not. Ever since
(And now seven years are past since it befell,
Our city then being prosperous and at peace),
He hath gone wandering through the darkling streets
At midnight, under the cold, quiet stars;
He hath gone wandering through the crowded market
At noonday, under the bright blazing sun,
With that one ominous cry of "Woe! woe! woe!"
Some scoffed and mocked him, some would give him food;
He neither cursed the one, nor thanked the other.
The Sanhedrim bade scourge him, and myself
Beheld him lashed till the bare bones stood out
Through the maimed flesh; still, still he only cried,
Woe to the city, till his patience wearied
The angry persecutors. When they freed him,
'Twas still the same—th' incessant Woe! woe! woe!
But when our siege began, awhile he ceased,
As though his prophecy were fulfilled; till now,
We had not heard his dire and boding voice.
Voice. Woe! woe! woe!
Joshua, the Son of Hananiah. Woe! woe!
A voice from the east! a voice from the west!
From the four winds a voice against Jerusalem!
A voice against the temple of the Lord!
A voice against the bridegrooms and the brides!
A voice against all people of the land!
Woe! woe! woe!
Bursts away, followed by the Second Jew, who on returning reports:
'Twas a true prophet!
Jews. Wherefore? Where went he?
Second Jew. To the outer wall;
And there he suddenly cried out and sternly,
"A voice against the son of Hananiah!
Woe! woe!" and at the instant, whether struck
By a chance stone from the enemy's engines, down
He sank and died! *Henry H. Milman.*

3606. JERUSALEM, Worship in.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! the blessing lingers yet
On the city of the chosen, where the Sabbath seal was set;
And though her sons are scattered, and her daughters weep apart,
While desolation, like a pall, weighs down each faithful heart,
As the palm beside the waters, as the cedar on the hills,
She shall rise in strength and beauty when the Lord Jehovah wills;
He has promised her protection, and His holy pledge is good:
'Tis whispered through the olive-groves and murmured by the flood,
As in the Sabbath stillness the Jordan's flow is heard,
And by the Sabbath breezes the hoary trees are stirred.

Oh! glorious were the Sabbaths Jerusalem has known,
Where the presence of the Highest was so wonderfully shown;
And the holy Law was guarded by cherubim divine;
And the temple's awful Worship drew the nation to its shrine;
And the "Song of songs" was sounded, till the melody profound
Shook the golden roof and arches with its ocean power of sound:
And wreathing clouds of incense rose, like doves upon the air,
Upbearing on their balmy wings the sacrifice of prayer;
And sweet as angel greetings, in the mansion of the blest,
O'er the heart of gathered Israel came the Sabbath and its rest.

But the glory all departed when the temple was laid low,
And like a childless mother, mourns the city in her woe;
Still a people never perish who in Sabbath worship bend:
God has kept his chosen; He will keep them to the end.
Soon the days of expectation and of exile will be o'er,
And Israel return to his heritage once more.
Then shall bloom the rose of Sharon, and the lilies of the vale,
By the dews of Hermon freshened, breathe their fragrance on the gale:
As the seed for centuries buried, when laid open to the day,
Bursts forth in life and beauty 'neath the vivifying ray,
So Jerusalem shall triumph when her children are restored,
And with songs of peace and gladness hail the Sabbath of the Lord.
Sarah Josepha Hale.

3607. JESUS, Aaron and.
Heb. vii: 28.

Jesus, in Thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polished gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

They first their own burnt-off'rings brought,
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all Thy nature clean.

Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt;
But Thy one off'ring takes away
Forever all our guilt.

Their priesthood ran through sev'ral hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as Thy days.

Once, in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears
Before the golden throne.

But Christ by His own pow'rful blood
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shows His own sacrifice.

Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns
On Zion's heav'nly hill;
Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,
And wears His priesthood still.

He ever lives to intercede
Before His Father's face:
Give Him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

Isaac Watts.

3608. JESUS AT JACOB'S WELL.

John iv: 6.

I see Thee, Saviour, as Thou satest there,
In drought and weariness, the well beside;
A single palm-tree shields Thee from the glare.
I see the Syrian woman, wonder-eyed,
Before Thee stand,
The empty pitcher hanging from her hand.

I hear Thy words of warning mercy flow,
Soft to the sinful while they chide the sin;
I watch the graveness of her wonder grow
As rises high an answering voice within,
And straight she learns
Her need, and for the draught diviner yearns.

It was in eastern summers, long gone by,
Thou askedst water from the olden spring:
Desiring eyes beheld Thee—Thou wert nigh
To those that languished heavenly boons to bring;
But now no more
Treadest the Shechem vale, the Jordan shore.

It was in Hebrew history, long gone by,
And Thou wert walking toward the cross-crowned goal,
A human sympathy was in Thine eye,
A lonely sorrow in Thy burdened soul,
And Thou didst bear [might share.
For the world's weal a doom which none

Still is the blessèd story gospel-good:
Thou by the wells of life art waiting yet
For peace and pardon to be sought and sued,
And troubled men may still their guilt forget,
And slake their pain,
Quaff light and hope and love, nor thirst again.

Joseph Truman.

3609. JESUS, Darkness at the Death of.

Matthew xxvii: 45.

Over each tower and minaret,
And where in channel dark as jet
The streams of Kedron toil and fret,

Falls the inexplicable veil,
The sign when nature's powers shall fail
Of universal woe and wail.

No light and shade, in interchange
Softening the dark horizon's range,
But sudden midnight, stern and strange!

Rushed the uptreasured darkness from
Its hidden, uncreated home
To witness God's own martyrdom?

Or did the Lord who hides His face
In shadows that betoken grace,
And drapes in gloom His dwelling-place,

Did He in His most awful mood
Curtain around the holy rood
From man's unchastened neighborhood?

Or came the type and form wherein
Wrong works, to watch the strife within,
And learn the death of death and sin?

Thou God that hidest, who can tell
Unless Thou teach us how to spell
And learn aright the miracle?

It hushes all things; not a sound
Or far or near is heard around;
The guard seems rooted to the ground.

No word the divine Sufferer saith;
Only is heard His heaving breath
Fighting the duel fierce with death.

And breaking o'er His quivering lips:
Only the blood that as it drips
Throbs through the palpable eclipse!

O vanquished Light, return once more!
O breaking Heart that we adore,
When shall this travail pang be o'er?

When shall the day its fetters burst,
And Jesus from the tree accurst
Speak once, and own Himself athirst?

Last act of His humility
Better to witness, than to see
This still and voiceless agony.

C. I. Black.

3610. JESUS IN THE STORM.

Luke viii : 22-25.

While Jesus prays alone upon the mount,
To gather strength to meet the pressing needs
Of a lost, guilty world, whose outstretched
Vainly reach after other help than His; [arms
Upon the storm-tossed sea of Galilee,
Beaten about by raging billows, were
The chosen few Himself had loved and taught.
And all the terror and the wild despair
That come upon the ill-starred souls that cling
In agony to vessel doomed to sink,
Were theirs. Forgotten for the time their
Or, if remembered, as of no avail [Lord;
In strait like this, being so far away.
But suddenly a wondrous form is seen
To walk the waters as they were the land!
In great dismay they cry "A spirit!" and,
With fearful fingers, point each to the place
Where Jesus walks upon the boisterous sea.
Soon comes a voice of gentleness and love,
Yet heard above the din of warring waves:
"Be of good cheer, 'tis I; be not afraid!"
And then they knew 'twas Jesus' self that
spake.
And manly Peter, first in voice and deed,
Asks that he, too, may walk the waves with
Christ.
Which being granted, boldly leaves the ship
And seeks to join his Master and his Lord.
He straightway sinks, and utters that sole cry
Which will avail us at the last, "Save, Lord!"
Soon Jesus reassures, and takes his hand
And leads him safely to the tossing ship.
Then is a calm, more peaceful and more still
Than lake unvisited by gentlest winds.
O Lord! when on death's dark and turbid
My soul shall cry in agony to Thee, [stream
Oh, then to feel thy loving fingers clasp
My hand and lead me safely into rest—
That were a joy more blissful and more worth
Than Peter's when he trod the ship once more!

Alexander Macauley.

3611. JESUS, Life of.

When Jesus in the wild the conquest won,
Then His prophetic office was begun:
He faithful, no one saving truth concealed;
He gracious, the right way to heaven revealed.
Some He exhorted, others He reproved,
Our fears and hopes by threats and blessings
moved,
Condemned the errors which in public
reigned,
Mysterious types and prophecies explained,
Spake things celestial with celestial grace,
All prejudice inveterate to erase;
In obvious parables taught truth sublime,
Spent in illuminating souls His time,
Disseminated light where'er He came,
Breathed heavenly love the frozen to inflame,
Confirmed by Sacred Writ whate'er He taught,
Down to our weakness all His precepts
brought,
Preached truths divine, few, necessary, clear,
Which might to heaven a simple votary steer;
The worst of men He mildly would instruct,
Glad when to bliss He sinners could conduct;
No raptures, no austerities enjoined,
Nothing too high, too grievous for mankind;
No whips, no hair-cloth, His mild yoke im-
posed,
No souls in constant solitudes enclosed:
Pagans in these of saints might have the start;
They wound the flesh, but cannot break the
heart.
Saints heaven by prayer, alms, gentle fasting,
scale;
The prophet could by single prayer prevail,
While Baal's priests endured unpitied pain,
Gashing their bodies all day long in vain.

His life the comment was on what He taught;
That lovely image ravishes my thought;
None could that life considerately know,
But he of Jesus must enamored grow;
In Him ideal graces all combined,
Friend, benefactor, Saviour to mankind:
Love incommunicable, filial fear,
A conscience un-upbraidingly sincere;
Obedience perfect, free from venial ill,
Full resignation to His father's will;
Propensions centrally to God inclined,
Unshaken trust, a heaven-conversing mind;
Intentions which at God's sole glory aimed,
Zeal which for God's word, house, and wor-
ship flamed;
A temperance, which all excesses curbed,
Contentedness, by troubles undisturbed;
Each sense subdued, affections all confined,
The dove and serpent amicably joined;
A meekness which no malice could provoke;
A patience to endure a tyrant's stroke;
A courage to encounter all things dire;
A perseverance which could never tire;
A purity which nothing could defile; [guile;
A wisdom which hell's powers could not be-
Humility, which all debasements prized,
Exulting for God's sake to be despised;
Which human confidence would ever waive,
And of all good, to God the glory gave;
Which made disciples, not deep-learned, but
good, [stood;
Who, wise for heaven, heaven only under-
Whose warm devotion kept its heaven-born
Oft would to sacred solitudes retreat, [heat,
In fasting, meditation, prayer, and praise,
And frequent watching, spend whole nights
and days;
No wanderings, damps, or chills His soul
annoyed;
He no one minute ever misemployed;
He troubled minds with consolations cheered,
His sweet reproofs the guilty soul endeared.
To all in need He pity showed divine,
Which unregarded would no cry decline;
His charity all malice could transcend,
To lowest offices inured to bend;
In good returned all evils to exceed,
To save His foes, content Himself to bleed.
He to gain souls wept, travelled, labored,
prayed,

Their bliss eternal His sole business made;
Discourse salvisic He at meals instilled,
And souls with food super-celestial filled;
As they could bear, He dropped it by degrees;
At once He sweetly could instruct and please.
His justice rendered to all men their due,
Would righteous ends by righteous means pursue;
To all estates He proper honors paid, [obeyed.
Revered the priesthood, sovereign power
His mind, His own inferior will denied,
The transient world opposed, contemned, defied;
Its maxims, customs, companies, designs,
All joys to which concupiscence inclines;
He, Source and Lord of all, knew all things best,
And gave the world no harbor in His breast;
He here below nor sought nor felt repose,
Continued cross He for His portion chose;
Gave highest proof of all that He revealed
When His own blood its confirmation sealed.
Angels their graces by His grace refined;
His the aversion of the worldly mind.

His self-denials sensual men disgust,
Vexed that He no indulgence gave to lust;
Lust, which impostors patronize, and gain
Of loose disciples an unnumbered train;
All Jesus' graces had a godlike mien,
By them His heavenly mission might be seen;
That perfect goodness could no man deceive,
That perfect goodness none could disbelieve.

When to His doctrine and His life divine
His superhuman miracles we join,
They love and admiration both excite,
Conviction will attain its utmost height.
He made all creatures serve His blessed design,
Water transubstantiated to wine; [design,
He trod the wave, and bid the winds be still;
He made rude storms submissive to His will;
A fish to Him His tribute-money brought,
Shoals, at His call, came crowding to be caught.
Cursed by His lips, the fig-tree straight decayed;
Invisible, He dangers could evade. [cayed;
He feasted thousands with seven loaves of bread;
Two fishes and five loaves five thousand fed;
And of the food thus multiplied remained
Twelve baskets, which fresh followers sustained;
He made the lame walk, dumb speak, deaf to hear,
And men born blind to see all objects clear;
He dropsies drained, and trembling palsies stilled,
The blood inflamed by fevers gently chilled;
The lepers cleansed, restored the withered hand— [stand;
No ailment could His healing might withThe bloody flux which twelve long years had reigned,
The poor bowed woman twice six winters pained,
The wretch who thirty-eight his grief deplored,
And multitudes to soundness he restored.
Even at a distance, by His word alone,
He made His power irrefragably known;
He devils at His pleasure dispossessed,
Constrained by Him. His Godhead they confessed;
Seven out of tortured Magdalen He drave,
Chased in foul swine a legion to the wave;
Jairus' young daughter, by her friends bemoaned,
The son for whom his widow-mother groaned,
And Lazarus, who four days had been entombed,
All at His word their vital heat resumed;
Saints at His rising, though long dead, revived,
And risen, at Jerusalem arrived. [vived,
From profanations He the temple cleared;
Profaners His majestic voice revered,
Their treasures He o'erthrew, and at His look
The avaricious their dear wealth forsook;
The worldly, at His heart-enamoring call,
Became His votaries, and renounced their all.
He, God Incarnate, could the mind inspect,
And with sweet force the heart to God inflect.
His life, from His conception to His grave,
Strong demonstrations of Messiah gave;
Divinity shone bright in all He taught,
God-like benignity in all He wrought;
His miracles He graciously designed
To cure, convince, convert, endear mankind.

Eternal Word, who, clothed in human dust,
Didst teach lapsed man the wisdom of the just;
Illustrate by example Thy discourse,
Confirm it by a wonder-working force;
Open my ears, my eyes, my tongue unloose,
Into my heart Thy heavenly truth infuse;
That I Thy praise incessantly may sing,
That love may give my heart a heavenward spring!
That I may never more towards earth propend,
In vigorous, sweet efforts to Thee ascend;
Thy bright idea in my heart enchase,
To copy out each imitable grace.

All praise to our great Prophet, by whose light
The world, born blind, receives transforming sight;
Glory to Jesus, o'er the mount was heard,
For doctrine, life, and miracles revered.

Bishop Ken.

3612. JESUS, Looking off to.

O, eyes that are weary,
And hearts that are sore!
Look off unto Jesus,
And sorrow no more.
The light of His countenance
Shineth so bright,
That on earth, as in heaven,
There need be "no night."

Looking off unto Jesus,
My eyes cannot see
The troubles and dangers
That throng about me;
They cannot be blinded
With sorrowful tears,
They cannot be shadowed
With unbelief's fears.

Looking off unto Jesus,
My spirit is blest;
In the world I have turmoil,
In Him I have rest.
The sea of my life
All around me may roar,
When I look unto Jesus
I hear it no more.

Looking off unto Jesus,
I go not astray;
My eyes are upon Him,
He shows me the way.
The path may seem dark
As He leads me along,
But following Jesus
I cannot go wrong.

Looking off unto Jesus,
My heart cannot fear,
Its trembling is still,
When I see Jesus near;
I know that His presence
My safeguard will be,
For "Why are ye troubled?"
He saith unto me.

Looking off unto Jesus,
Oh, may I be found,
When the waters of Jordan
Encompass me round!
Let them bear me away
In His presence to be:
'Tis but seeing Him nearer
Whom always I see.

Then, then shall I know
The full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord,
When I stand face to face;
I shall know how His love
Went before me each day,
And wonder that ever
My eyes turned away.

3613. JESUS, No Room for.

O plodding life! crowded so full
Of earthly toil and care!
The body's daily need receives
The first and last concern, and leaves
No room for Jesus there.

O busy brain! by night and day
Working, with patience rare,
Problems of worldly loss or gain,
Thinking till thought becomes a pain—
No room for Jesus there.

O throbbing heart! so quick to feel
In others' woes a share,
Yet human loves each power enthrall,
And sordid treasures fill it all—
No room for Jesus there.

O sinful soul! thus to debase
The being God doth spare!
Blood-bought thou art! no more thine own;
Heart, brain, life, all are His alone—
Make room for Jesus there,

Lest soon the bitter day shall come
When vain will be thy prayer
To find in Jesus' heart a place:
Forever closed the door of grace,
Thou'lt gain no entrance there.

3614. JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

Luke xviii: 37.

What means this eager, anxious throng,
Pressing our busy streets along?
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, pray?
Voices, in accents hushed, reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

E'en children feel the potent spell,
And haste their new-found joy to tell;
In crowds they to the place repair,
Where Christians daily bow in prayer.
Hosannas mingle with the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To charm the multitude at will?
Again the stirring tones reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened hearts, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick and deaf and lame;
Blind men rejoiced to hear the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

Again He comes, from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauses at our threshold, nay
He enters, condescends to stay!
Shall we not gladly raise the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by"?

Bring out your sick and blind and lame,
'Tis to restore them Jesus came.
Compassion infinite you'll find,
With boundless power, in Him combined.
Come quickly, while salvation's nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

Ye sin-sick souls who feel your need,
He comes to you a friend indeed.
Rise from your weary, wakeful couch,
Haste to secure His healing touch;
No longer sadly wait and sigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

Ho, all ye heavy laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, a home!
Lost wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

Ye who are buried in the grave
Of sin, His power alone can save.
His voice can bid your dead souls live,
True spirit-life and freedom give.
Awake! arise! for strength apply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

But if you still this call refuse,
And dare such wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer in justice spurn:
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by!*"
Etta Campbell.

3615. JESUS ON THE SEA.
Mark vi: 45-50.

When the storm of the mountains on Galilee fell,
And lifted its waters on high;
And the faithless disciples were bound in the spell
Of mysterious alarm—their terrors to quell,
Jesus whispered, "Fear not: it is I."

The storm could not bury that word in the wave,
For 'twas taught through the tempest to fly;
It shall reach His disciples in every clime,
And His voice shall be near in each troublous time,
Saying, "Be not afraid: it is I."

When the spirit is broken with sickness or sorrow,
And comfort is ready to die;
The darkness shall pass, and in gladness to-morrow,
The wounded complete consolation shall borrow
From His life-giving word, "It is I."

When death is at hand, and the cottage of clay
Is left with a tremulous sigh,
The gracious forerunner is smoothing the way
For its tenant to pass to unchangeable day,
Saying, "Be not afraid: it is I."

When the waters are passed, and the glories unknown
Burst forth on the wondering eye,
The compassionate "Lamb in the midst of the throne"
Shall welcome, encourage, and comfort His own,
And say, "Be not afraid: it is I."
Nathaniel Hawthorne.

3616. JESUS, The Hands of.
Luke xxiv: 50.

He lifts the hands stretched out so late
And nailed to the accursed tree
Which bore His sacred body's weight,
With all our sin and misery;

The hands from which our blessings flow,
Which every creature's wants supply;
Fountains of grace to all below,
They hold and bear us to the sky.

Those hands on which my hopes depend,
My present and eternal peace,
Lift up and over me extend,
To guard and sanctify and bless;
Bless me from Thy celestial throne,
With more than heart can e'er conceive,
And seal and take me for Thine own,
Thy purchase, in Thy joy to live.
J. and C. Wesley.

3617. JESUS, The Prayer of.
John xvii.

Father! Thy Son beholds the promised hour
That beams Thy love and glorifies Thy power;
As Thou hast given to Him the high behest
To call the wanderer, give the weary rest,
Eternal life, and peace, to man bestow,
To those vouchsafed who Thee, the Father, know,
He hath fulfilled it, magnified Thy name,
And earth, as heaven, attests Thy great acclaim.
Now, O my Father! glorify Thou Me
With the same love My spirit knew with Thee
Ere oceans flowed, or worlds in space were hung,
Or stars of morning in their orbits sung.
Breathe on My soul Thy holy, balmy love,
And heal the stricken from Thy stores above;
On these Thy children deign a pitying eye,
Wipe Thou the tear, soothe Thou the secret sigh;
I pray for these, yet not for these alone,
But those who, through them, shall Thy gospel own.
Now in the world shall I be found no more;
My mission ended, all my sufferings o'er,
O righteous Father! I return to Thee,
The Man of Sorrows, from each sorrow free;
Glad rays ethereal wake the peerless morn,
I see in vision nations hail Thy dawn,
Swift as Thy car, I view its glories run,
And kingdoms with Thee own Thy joyful Son.
William B. Tappan.

3618. JESUS, The Tears of.
Luke xix: 41.

From Olivet the surging crowd
Fill all the vale with cheerful voice;
With one acclaim they sing aloud,
They shout in triumph, and rejoice;
With palms they come their Lord to greet,
And spread their garments at His feet.

To Thee, O Lord, they offer praise;
To Thee their cheerful homage bring;
To Thee their grateful songs they raise;
And yet, while loud hosannas ring,
Thou didst Thy care for sinners prove;
How great, how wonderful, Thy love!

Thou didst behold with pitying eye
Thy great Salvation scorned and spurned,
Didst see the prostrate city lie,
Ere long by judgments overturned;
Thy tears, O blessed Jesus, flowed,
Thy heart did break in tears of blood.

O blessed yearning of true love,
In these sad tears of Thine revealed;
The heart these fond compassions move
The truest sympathies can yield;
The tears that on that day did fall,
Thou still, O Lord, dost shed for all.

Now sitting on Thy glorious throne,
Thou dost in robes of light appear,
Encircled with Thy kingly crown,
With countless hosts of angels near;
Their highest praise to Thee is given,
Resounding through the courts of heaven.

And yet Thy faithful heart can feel
For those unmindful of Thy word;
Thy saving health sent forth to heal
Is proof Thou still dost love us, Lord;
For those now lost in sin, undone,
The tears of Jesus still flow on.

O man, behold in these sad tears
That flowed from thy dear Saviour's eyes
What love to thee His Spirit bears;
Come thou with penitential sighs,
That He may now thy soul redeem
Who once bewailed Jerusalem!

Robert Maguire.

3619. JESUS, Under the Orders of.

We know not what is expedient,
But we may know what is right;
And we never need grope in darkness
If we look to Heaven for light.

Down deep in the hold of the vessel
The ponderous engine lies,
And faithfully there the engineer
His labor steadily plies.

He knows not the course of the vessel,
He knows not the way he should go;
He minds his simple duty,
And keeps the fire aglow.

He knows not whether the billows
The bark may overwhelm;
He knows and obeys the orders
Of the pilot at the helm.

And so in the wearisome journey
Over life's troubled sea,
I know not the way I am going,
But Jesus shall pilot me.

I see not the rocks and the quicksands,
For my sight is dull and dim;
But I know that Christ is my Captain,
And I take my orders from Him.

And so, when wearied and baffled,
And I know not which way to go,
I know that He can guide me,
And 'tis all that I need to know.

3620. JESUS WEPT.

John xi: 35.

Draw near, ye weary, bowed, and broken-hearted;
Ye onward travellers to a peaceful bourne:
Ye from whose path the light hath all departed,
And ye who're left in solitude to mourn:
Though o'er your spirits hath the storm-cloud swept,
Sacred are sorrow's tears, since "Jesus wept."

The bright and spotless Heir of endless glory
Wept for the woes of those He came to save;
And angels wondered, when they heard the story,
That He who conquered death wept o'er the grave;
For 'twas not when His lonely watch He kept
In dark Gethsemane that "Jesus wept;"

But with the friends He loved, whose hope had perished,
The Saviour stood: and through His bosom rushed
The tide of sympathy for those He cherished,
While from His eyes the burning tear-drops gushed:
And bending o'er the tomb where Lazarus slept,
In agony of spirit "Jesus wept."

Lo! Jesus' power the sleep of death hath broken,
And wiped the tear from sorrow's drooping eye;
Look up, ye mourners, hear what He hath spoken:
"He that believes on Me shall never die."
Through faith and love your spirits shall be kept;
Hope brighter grew on earth when "Jesus wept."

3621. JEWS, Dispersion of the.

The wild gazelle on Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground;
Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by:

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witnessed there;
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
Inhabitants more fair.
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

More blest each palm that shades those plains
Than Israel's scattered race;
For, taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace:
It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly
In other lands to die;
And where our fathers' ashes be
Our own may never lie:
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

Lord Byron.

3622. JEWS, King of the.
John xviii: 33.

Behold your King! How like, yet how unlike,
The King who suffers and the King who reigns;
Both yonder! See, with reed and palm they strike,
With mocking lip deriding His sharp pains.
No royalty is here, no power, no throne,
No homage shows itself, yet is He King.
He cometh to His own, and yet His own
Receive Him not, nor gifts nor service bring.

Behold the Man! The purple robe is His,
The crown of thorns His only diadem.
Is this the mighty Judge of all? Is this
Judah's great King, the rod of Jesse's stem?
And yet, with all that outward guise of scorn,
The beams of heavenly majesty are seen
Bright shining underneath each twisted thorn,
Like sun behind the cloud's deep-veiling screen

Horatius Bonar.

3623. JEWS, Return of the.
Isaiah lxvi: 20.

They are coming, coming from the far East,
With spoils of an empire laden;
The eagles of Tartary scream for a feast,
For the tones of the timbrel and harp have ceased,
And weary are man and maiden.

They are coming, coming; as on they go,
Ten thousand flock to greet them,
From the heart of Mongolia's waste they flow,
From groves of Bokhara a pilgrim row
Of exulting thousands meet them.

They are coming, coming; from Toorkistan
The desert hosts are streaming,
And the shout is of "Beni-Israel;"—i' the van
Are the flashing eyes of the wild Affghan,
With his mountain-banner gleaming.

They are coming, coming, crest upon crest;
All Asia swells their number;
In the land of Euphrates is strange unrest,
And the sun-smitten waste of Edom unblest
Awakes from its stony slumber.

3624. JEWS, The Returned.

Returning from a stranger-land,
We come, a feeble, aged band,
To linger out life's fading hours
Beside our ruined Salem's towers;
Where once exulting myriads trod
To throng the fane of Judah's God,
With trembling pace her exiles creep,
Lean on the way-worn staff, and weep.

The spicy breath of Lebanon
Our welcome sighs, and passes on;
We stand on Olivet's ascent,
Where royal David weeping went:
Behold yon spot, profaned by foes,
'Twas there our beauteous temple rose;
But not a vestige, not a stone,
Tells where Jehovah's dwelling shone!

Unmeet it were for us to dwell
Where Paynim hymns through Zion swell;
And day by day, with callous eye,
Gaze on her faded majesty;
And view the gorgeous mosque arise,
Where blazed her holiest sacrifice.
Beneath the crescent's impious pride
It is not meet that we abide.

But oh, how pleasant 'tis to die
Where Israel's ruined glories lie!
How sweet to bid her children's bones
Blend with the dust of Salem's stones!
Hers is the mould beneath them spread,
And hers the sod above their head.
E'en the cold worm, with slimy coil,
Is welcome, bred in Judah's soil.

Soon shall these weary frames of ours
Dissolve like Salem's crumbling towers;
Her outcast tribes no longer come
To greet her as their hallowed home,
But sadly joy to lay their head
Beneath her foes' insulting tread;
To fall by her they could not save;
Their glory once, and now their grave!

Charlotte Elizabeth.

3625. JEWS, Weeping Places of the.
Jeremiah lx: 18, 19.

In Babylon they sat and wept,
Down by the river's willowy side;
And when the breeze their harp-strings swept,
The strings of breaking hearts replied:
A deeper sorrow now they hide;
No Cyrus comes to set them free
From ages of captivity.

All lands are Babylons to them,
Exiles and fugitives they roam;
What is their own Jerusalem?
The place where they are least at home!
Yet hither from all climes they come,

And pay their gold, for leave to shed
Tears o'er the generations fled.

Still inexterminable, still
Devoted to their mother-land,
Her offspring haunt the temple-hill,
Amidst her desecration stand,
And bite the lip, and clench the hand;
To-day in that lone vale they weep,
Where patriarchs, kings, and prophets sleep.

Ha! what a spectacle of woe!
In groups they settle on the ground;
Men, women, children gathering slow,
Sink down in reverie profound;
There is no voice, no speech, no sound,
But through the shuddering frame is thrown
The heart's unutterable groan.

Entranced they sit, nor seem to breathe,
Themselves like spectres from the dead;
Where, shrined in rocks above, beneath,
With clods along the valley spread,
Their ancestors, each on his own bed,
Repose, till at the judgment-day
Death and the grave give up their prey.

Before their eyes, as in a glass—
Their eyes that gaze on vacancy—
Pageants of ancient grandeur pass,
But "Ichabod" on all they see
Brands Israel's foul apostasy;
Then last and worst, and crowning all
Their crimes and sufferings—Salem's fall.

Nor breeze, nor bird, nor palm-tree stirs,
Kedron's unwatered brook is dumb;
But though the glen of sepulchres
Is heard the city's fervid hum,
Voices of dogs and children come:
Till loud and long the medzin's cry,
From Omar's mosque, peals round the sky.

Blight through their veins those accents send;
In agony of mute despair,
Their garments, as by stealth, they rend;
Unconsciously they pluck their hair:
This is the Moslem's hour of prayer!
'Twas Judah's once, but fane and priest,
Altar and sacrifice, have ceased.

And by the Gentiles, in their pride,
Jerusalem is trodden down;
How long?—forever wilt thou hide
Thy face, O Lord; forever frown?
Israel was once Thy glorious crown,
In sight of all the nation worn;
Now from Thy brow in anger torn.

Zion, forsaken and forgot,
Hath felt Thy stroke, and owns it just:
O God, our God! reject us not,
Her sons take pleasure in her dust:
How is the fine gold dimmed with rust!
The city throned in gorgeous state,
How doth she now sit desolate!

James Montgomery.

3626. JOB, The Faith of.

Job xix: 25–27.

I call the world's Redeemer mine:
He lives who died for me, I know,
Who bought my soul with blood divine;
Jesus shall reappear below,
Stand in that dreadful day unknown,
And fix on earth His heavenly throne.

Then the last judgment-day shall come,
And though the worms this skin devour,
The Judge shall call me from my tomb,
Shall bid the greedy grave restore,
And raise this individual me,
God in the flesh, my God, to see.

In this identic body I,
With eyes of flesh refined, restored,
Shall see that self-same Saviour nigh;
See for myself my smiling Lord;
See with ineffable delight,
Nor faint to bear the glorious sight.

Then let the worms demand their prey,
The greedy grave my reins consume;
With joy I drop my mouldering clay,
And rest till my Redeemer come,
On Christ my Life, in death rely,
Secure that I can never die.

J. and C. Wesley.

3627. JOHN, The Apostle.

Matthew x: 2.

"Amen. E'en so, Lord Jesus, come." Oh! why
Tarry so long Thy chariot-wheels, while I,
I only yet remain, and, one by one,
The tried companions of Thy love are gone!
And I, all dearest treasures gone before,
Am left upon the solitary shore?
So better may I learn "Thy will be done;"
For whom have I in heaven, but Thee alone?
And whom have I on earth, but only Thee?
Therefore, with one foot on the stormy sea,
And one foot fixed on the eternal strand,
Thou hold'st me by Thy never-failing hand.
Before Thy face, that bringeth in the day,
The mountains and the hills shall flee away,
The sun and stars in darkness make their bed,
And forth the bridal city shall be led;
For Thy blest city needs not sun or moon,
But in Thy face hath its unwaning noon.
Therefore alone in Thy eternal love
I seek for refuge; Thee in heaven above,
And Thee below! Blest they who, day and night,
Serve Thee and have their dwelling in Thy sight!

Isaac Williams.

3628. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Matthew iii: 1–6.

Why rush the wild thousands
From salem's proud towers?
Why rush the wild thousands
From Jericho's bowers?
From the vine-covered valley,
The olive-hill's side,

From the cot, from the palace,
Still rushes the tide!
The priest and the warrior,
The lord and the slave;
Still onward they pour
To the willow-wreathed shore,
Where the wilderness glitters
With Jordan's bright wave.

What seek they? A prince,
In his tunic of gold!
What seek they? A chief,
Like their warriors of old.
When the Maccabee scythe
Mowed the Syrian's mailed hordes,
And Arabia was tame
At the blaze of their swords.
But the Heaven-doomed Roman
Has levelled the throne;
And like dust on the gale,
And like rust on the mail,
The old lion-banner
Is shattered and gone.

Hark! the shouts of the host
As they sweep o'er the plain;
See their gesture of triumph,
Their glance of disdain.
"All hail to the prophet!
Four hundred long years
Have scourged us with scorpions,
Have steeped us in tears.
But the kingdom is coming,
Its Herald has come.
Now the Roman shall feel
The tramp of our heel,
And the gods of the Gentile
Shall plunge in the tomb."

'Tis the Prophet of prophets,
For ages foretold,
Of the race that the thunders
O'er Palestine rolled.
With a voice that now saves,
And a voice that now stings,
Rebuker of people,
Rebuker of kings.
His eye like the flash
As it darts from the cloud.
The camels'-hair fold
Round his limbs' giant mould,
And a forehead to all but
Jehovah unbowed.

He speaks—all are hushed.
On his lip burns the coal;
The flame from the altar,
The voice of the soul!
"Ho! leaders of Israel,
Blind guides of the blind,
With madness before you,
And vengeance behind;
Repent, for the time
Of Messiah is nigh;
For the firebrand shall glow
O'er your city of woe,
And the axe at the root
Of your grandeur shall lie.

"Why comes the proud Pharisee,
Scorn in his eye?
Why comes the proud Sadducee,
Looking a lie?
Ye sons of the hypocrites,
Howl in despair.
Ye kindred of Spoil,
In its doom ye shall share.
For the harvest is gathered,
The fan in the hand,
Ye bosoms of stone,
Ye infidels, groan;
In the day of His vengeance,
What mortal shall stand?

"He stoops from His throne,
Yet is mighty to save;
The prisoner of Death,
Yet the Lord of the Grave!
The King of all kings
As a slave shall expire,

But His words shall be Spirit,
His baptism be fire.
Then Judah shall perish
In famine and gore,
Till the trumpet shall sound,
And the dead be unbound,
And Messiah be Monarch,
And time be no more."

George Croly.

3629. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

John i: 23.

Hark through the lonely waste
By foot of man unpaced,
Prepare the way! a warning voice resounds:
Level the opposing hill,
The hollow valley fill;
Make straight the crooked, smooth the rugged grounds:
Prepare a passage, form it plain and broad,
And through the desert make a highway for our God!

Thine, Baptist, was the cry
In ages long gone by,
Heard in clear accents by the prophet's ear:
As if 'twere thine to wait,
And with imperial state
Herald some eastern monarch's proud career,
Who thus might march his host in full array,
And speed through trackless wilds his unresisted way.

But other task hadst thou
Than lofty hills to bow,
Make straight the crooked, the rough places plain:
Thine was the harder part
To smooth the human heart,
The wilderness where sin had fixed his reign;
To make deceit his mazy wiles forego,
Bring down high-vaulting pride, and lay ambition low.

Such, Baptist, was thy care,
That no obstruction there
Might check the progress of the King of kings;
But that a clear highway
Might welcome the array
Of heavenly graces which His presence brings;
And where repentance had prepared the road,
There faith might enter in, and love to man and God. *Bishop Mant.*

3630. JOHN THE BAPTIST, Beheading of.
Matthew xiv : 3-12.

From forth the Tetrarch's palace shone afar
The blazing lights, and floods of richest song
Were poured into the heavy ear of night.
'Twas Herod's birthday, and his endless praise
Was sung and quaffed in flowing cups of wine.
All was revelry; and on every side
Were beauteous women, lavishing their smiles
On men distinguished at the battle's front.
Soul spoke to soul set free with mirth and wine,
And all were steeped in riotous delight.
Suddenly came among them Salome
In ravishing attire of Eastern clime.
Enraptured with her faultless grace and skill
In all the mazy rounds of giddy dance,
And taken with the spell of loveliness
That held his will in silken fetters bound,
In utter madness, Herod then cried out:
"Ask what thou wilt; it shall be truly thine,
Even to the gift of half my kingdom."
Salome paused, and each one held his breath
And wondered what her fancy would dictate.
Perchance 'twould be to gratify a love
She dared not whisper in this royal court;
Or else to satisfy some slight caprice
Worth more than rubies to a maiden's heart.
While she delayed not knowing what to ask,
Her unnatural mother bade her say:
"Give in a charger John the Baptist's head."
This said she to the king, who, much amazed
And grieved, yet gave consent to her request.
And soon the Baptist's gory head is brought
And laid in her cruel, pitiless hands,
Belonging to a heart more hard than they.
Methinks I see this damsel tripping go
To her vile mother with the bleeding head,
Which, when alive, durst speak her sin and shame,
And now is deaf to vile reproach and scoff.
'Tis said she much abused that saintly head,
And at it uttered many gibes and taunts,
And even slit its tongue with bodkin keen;
But never, till she drew her latest breath,
Could she blot out the image from her mind
Of that good man, whose searching eyes, though dead,
Seemed ever after to reveal her shame,
And show her better self how base and vile
Were all her bared deformities of soul.
Alexander Macauley.

3631. JOHN THE BAPTIST, Death of.
Mark vi : 17-29.

Herod heard him, and Herodias, seated on their ivory throne.
Something in them craved an audience, and he spake to them alone;
Spake of sin, and death, and judgment, things done wrong and undone things.
What to him a royal sinner? He had seen the King of kings!
Herod trembled; deeds of rapine clustered round his bygone path,
Spectres of departed passions, harbingers of coming wrath.
Bid them all avaunt forever! Blot them from his feverish view!
Still forgotten crimes are rising, and his tortured soul pursue.
He will doff his purple robes, in sackcloth and in ashes lie.
What is time? A day-dream. Oh, that burning word, eternity!
Not enough? Why looks the Baptist with that fixed and solemn gaze?
Gold and silver, pearls and rubies, on the temple gate shall blaze.
Not enough! Why looks the Baptist piercing through his soul and life?
Ha! the queen, his royal consort! nay, his brother Philip's wife.
Herod shrank, but smiled Herodias, though the gathering vengeance drained
Lip of blood, and cheek of blushes. Further answer she disdained,
But arose, drew forth the monarch, said their royal tryst was o'er;
And that night in chains the Baptist pressed Machærus' dungeon floor.
. . . . . .
Mirth and music hand in hand were floating through the fairy scene;
All were praising Herod's glory, all were lauding Herod's queen;
When at given sign was silence, and the guests reclined around,
And a lonely harper, waking from the chords a dreamlike sound,
Breathed delight and soft enchantment over ear, and heart, and soul;
None could choose but list, and listening, none their tenderest thoughts control;
When the young, the fair Salome, from her chamber gently slid,
Nor loose veil nor golden tresses half her mantling blushes hid:
Young Salome, sixteen summers scarcely on her bloom had smiled;
Art was none, but artless beauty; Nature's simplest, fondest child.
At the banquet's edge she lingered, to her mother's side she pressed,
And essayed to dance, and faltered trembling; but again caressed,
As those wild notes with a stronger witchery on her spirit fell,
Stole into the midst, and startled, timid as a young gazelle,

Trod the air with printless footsteps, as the breezes tread the sea,
Moved to every tone responsive, like embodied melody:
Till emboldened, as she floated like a cloud of light along,
Mingled with melodious music gentler cadences of song,
And when every ear was ravished, every heart subdued with love,
Dropped at length, as drops the skylark from its azure home above,
Swiftly, with an angel's swiftness, with a mortal's sweetness sweet,
Glowing, trembling, trusting, loving, dropped at length at Herod's feet.

Heaven be witness, Herod grants her the petition she prefers;
Half his kingdom were mean dowry for a loveliness like hers.
. . . . . .
To Herodias young Salome fondly turns, with grateful smiles:
Gold of Ophir, pearls of ocean, nard and spice of happier isles,
What of choice and costly treasures, choicest, costliest shall she claim?
Then a glare of fiendish triumph in that cruel cold eye came;
And the queen's heart heaved with vengeance; and she gasped with quickened breath
Brief words of envenomed malice, warrant of the prophet's death.
Why that sudden ashy pallor? why that passionate caress?
Bends the sapling in the tempest; weakness yields to wickedness.
. . . . . .
Hark! the bolt is drawn, how slowly; see! the dungeon door flung wide;
Weapons gleam along the passage; armed men are by his side.
In their looks he read his sentence, and he knew his hour was come,
And his proud neck meekly offered to the stroke of martyrdom:
And, as flashed the headsman's broadsword, rose the sun on Pisgah's height;
And the morning star was hidden in the flood of golden light.

E. H. Bickersteth.

3632. JOHN THE BAPTIST, Life of.
Mark i: 6.

. . . Westward of that sea where plies no skiff,
On the bare bleak upland, nestling only to the rugged cliff,
Far from all the noise of cities, far from all their idle mirth,
Where God's voice was heard in whispers, and the heavens were near to earth,
There he grew, as grows the lonely pine upon the foreland's crest,
Fronting tempests, northward, southward, sweep they east, or sweep they west,
Wrapping round the rocks her roots like iron bands in breadth and length,
Here and there a moss or lichen shedding tenderness on strength.
Thus he grew: the child of age, no brother clasped in equal arms,
No sweet sister throwing o'er him the pure magic of her charms;
Heir of all his father's ripe experience both of things and men,
Ripened by the mellow suns that shine on threescore years and ten;
Heir of all his saintly mother's burning concentrated love,
Pent for decades and now loosened by a mandate from above.
For the rest, no human friendship shared his fellowship with God,
Lonely like the lonely Enoch was the path his spirit trod:
Meet for him whose fearless banner was erelong aloft unfurled,
God's ambassador, Christ's herald, in a lapsed and guilty world.

Gliding years passed on; and childhood grew to youth, and youth to prime:
Bodings filled the land, and rulers called the age a troublous time.
Let it be—all time is troublous; and there is no crystal sea
Betwixt Eden and the trumpet ushering in the great To be.
Nathless storms were rife, and rumors each the other chased from Rome,
Though their echo knocked but feebly at the porch of that far home;
And they scarcely stirred the pulses in the old man's languid heart,
As he pled the prayer of Simeon, "Let me now in peace depart;"
Scarcely jarred the heavenly foretastes of the rapt Elizabeth,
Oft as was her wont repeating, "Welcome life, thrice welcome death."
Drooped they both with drooping autumn, with the dying year they died,
And in one deep stony chamber slumber sweetly side by side;
But before they slept confided to the Baptist's ear a story,
Richer heirloom, loftier honor than the wide world's wealth and glory:
From his sire he heard the marvel of his own predestined birth,
From his mother's lips a mystery which transcends all things of earth.

Now the lonely home was lonelier, now the silence more unmarred,
Now his rough-spun dress was rougher, and his hardy fare more hard.
Yet he moved not. God who guided Israel o'er the trackless waste,

When his hour was come, would call him;
and with God there is no haste.
Meanwhile of all sacred stories, which his
bosom fired and filled,
One, the Tishbite, more intensely through
and through his bosom thrilled.
O that sacrifice on Carmel; O that fire that
fell from heaven:
O that nation's shout "Jehovah;" O that
bloody, stormy even;
O that solitary cavern; O that strong and
dreadful wind;
Rocking earthquake, flames of vengeance;
O that still small Voice behind:
Those long years of patient witness, crowned
by victory at last:
Israel's chariot, Israel's horsemen! like a
dream the vision passed.
"Would to God the prophet's mantle might
but fall upon my soul!
Would to God a seraph touch me with Esaias'
living coal!"

As he prayed, his soul was troubled with a
sudden storm of thought,
And again was hushed in silence with pro-
founder feeling fraught:
And the Spirit's accents, whether on his mor-
tal ear they fell,
Or without such audience trembled on his
spirit, none might tell,
But they came to him. The altar had been
built and piled and laid:
God Himself alone must kindle that which He
alone had made.
Through the crowded streets of Salem, see,
they whisper man to man,
Like a flash of summer lightning through
the heavens, the tidings ran:
"In the wilderness by Jordan unto us a Voice
is sent,
God is on His way. His herald cries before
He comes, Repent."

On the mart of busy traffic, on the merchant's
growing hoard.
On the bridegroom's perfumed chamber, on
the banquet's festive board,
On the halls where pleasure squandered all
the heaps of avarice,
On the dreams of blind devotion, on the loath-
some haunts of vice,
Like a thunder-roll the tidings fell, and lo!
the sudden gloom
Then and there gave fearful presage of the
coming day of doom.
But the workman left his workshop, and the
merchant left his wares,
And the miser left his coffers, and the Phari-
see his prayers:
From Jerusalem to Jordan, see they pour a
motley group,
Young men, maidens, old men, children,
priests and people, troop on troop;
Neighbor thought not now of neighbor, pa-
rent scarcely thought of child;
There were few who spoke or answered, there
were none who jeered or smiled:
No one wept: tyrannic conscience sealed
their eyes and ears and lips,
And Eternity was shadowing Time with ter-
rible eclipse.

There it wound that ancient river; there he
stood, that lonely man.
Is it yet too late? to rearmost some shrank
back, some forward ran:
Brave men quailed, and timid women bolder
seemed beneath his eye:
Age grew flushed, and youth grew paler, and
the voice was heard to cry,
"God is on His way. The Judge already
stands before the gate.
Make the lofty low before Him, rugged
smooth, and crooked straight."
As the multitudes in thousands round Him
thronged, a timorous flock,
Fell his words like hail in harvest, like the
hammer on the rock,
Breaking stony hearts to shivers, cloaking,
sparing, softening naught,
But with lightning flash revealing midnight
mysteries of thought.
God was Master, man was servant; right was
right, and wrong was wrong:
Sinners might dream on a little, but the re-
spite was not long.
Good or evil fruit-trees—whether of the
twain? no test but fruit:
Cut it down; the fire is kindled, and the axe
lies at the root.
Wherefore call themselves the children of the
God-like Abraham?
Things that are alone are precious unto the
supreme I AM. [pale and dumb?
Generation bred of vipers, wherefore are they
Will they flee? oh! who hath warned them of
the dreadful wrath to come?
Are the dry bones stirring, breathing? God
can raise up men from stones.
See the Lamb, the dying Victim! only life for
life atones:
And the deep red current, flowing from the
firstlings Abel vowed,
Cries from age to age for mercy, louder yet,
and yet more loud,
Till the sacrifice be offered for the world's
stupendous guilt,
And the Lamb of God is smitten on the altar
God has built.
Is the hard heart bruised and contrite? Do
they weep and vow and pray?
It is well; let Jordan's waters wash their
loathèd stains away.
But the coming One, whose coming now was
every moment nigher,
He, the Son of God, baptizes with the Holy
Ghost and fire:
In His hand the fan that winnows; at His
feet the harvest floor;
Chaff the food for quenchless burnings; gar-
nered wheat for evermore.

So it was from dawn to sunset, so it was from
day to day,
Thousands coming, thousands going, till
the summer wore away:
Ever seemed the voice more solemn, and the
message more sublime:
Jordan's lonesome fords were crowded like
God's hill at paschal time.
When one eve—the roseate west was watch-
ing for the tardy sun,—
Mingling with that throng of sinners came
the Only Sinless One;
And the Master knelt a suppliant, and
abashed the servant stood,
While the holy Christ demanded baptism in
that cleansing flood.
It is done: Messiah rises from the parted
waves; and lo!
The blue heavens are rent asunder, and a
dove, more white than snow,
From the gates of light descending like a
crown of glory glowed,

Moving towards Him, hovering o'er Him,
brooding on His head, abode:
And a Voice more deep than thunder from
the everlasting throne,
"Thou, my Son, my well Beloved, Thou art
my delight alone."
This the Baptist heard. And straightway
love divine his soul possessed.
Henceforth all his yearning spirit found its
centre, knew its rest.
Solitudes no more were lonely, wildernesses
were not wild:
He had seen the Word Incarnate, seen the
Father's Holy Child.
And the pure ideal imaged in his heart of
hearts was such
That no earthly joys could dim it, and no
human sorrows touch.
Let the vexed waves surge around him!
Welcome, weariness and strife!
Christ was now his peace, his passion—the
one passion of his life.
He must decrease, Christ must increase, and
His kingdom know no end.
He had heard the Bridegroom's accents, he
was called the Bridegroom's friend.
Be it that his days were numbered: this was
joy enough for him;
And his cup of life was mantling to the over-
flowing brim.
Let his lamp grow pale and paler; only let
the Sun be bright,
And the day-star hide its radiance in that
perfect Light of light.
So his breast grew calm and calmer, less of
self and selfish leaven;
So the fire burned pure and purer, less of
earth and more of heaven;
And a loftier hope sustained him as his des-
tined path he trod,
Preaching a world-wide salvation, heralding
the Lamb of God!
And the voice rang in the palace, as in hovel
and in tent,
"Lo! the coming One is come; His kingdom
is at hand: repent."

E. H. Bickersteth.

3633. JOHN, The Forerunner.

Luke i: 76.

Before the summer comes the spring;
And buds the autumn fruits forerun;
The trumpeter precedes the king;
The morning-star before the sun.

Before Messiah's earthly reign,
Ere yet He was revealed to sight;
Before the Holy Nazarene,
Came John, the lowly Nazarite.

Most simple was his rustic fare;
Wild and uncouth his Arab dress;
His constant habitations were
Wild places of the wilderness.

He was the witness of his Lord,
The herald of the coming King,
The preacher of his Master's word,
The tidings of His grace to bring.

The people flocked from every side,
And multitudes from all the land
Now heard the voice of him that cried,
"Repent, the kingdom is at hand!"

He was a bold, unswerving man:
Stern messenger sent on before,
To wield the searching, sifting fan, [floor;
And throughly purge the threshing-

A man of strong and earnest might,
No bending reed before the wind;
A burning and a shining light,
Until the Greater Light had shined.

This was the path the Baptist trod:
By true repentance, fasting, prayer,
To guide to Jesus, Son of God,
And leave his Master matchless there.

And as the morning sun mounts high,
The morning-star must needs decrease,
Until "the Mightier than I"
Commands the servant's work to cease.

Robert Maguire.

3634. JONAH FLEEING FROM DUTY.

Jonah i: 5-14.

Dark is the night;
The waves run high;
In dread affright
The voyagers cry,
And muttering thunders make reply

"O Ashteroth,
We love thee well!"
"Oh hear us, Bel!
Why art thou wroth?
What power of hell
Has sent this storm? O Baal, tell!"

Is it thy crime,
O helmsman? say,
What doleful day,
What distant clime,
What unpropitious hour of time
Has seen thy sin? Oh tell us, pray!

What oarsman's guile
Thus finds him out?
Who dares defile
With scornful smile
With undevout
And impious shout
His household gods, and thus defile
And wreck the stout,
Brave ship in which he sails, the while?

"It is my sin,"
A voice replies
From deep within
The ship, where lies
A prophet, who from duty flies!

"Let me be cast
Where yawns the wave,
If there at last
Remains a grave
A Jonah from himself to save!"

Vain is the plea!
It cannot be!
Thou canst not flee
From sin that is a part of thee!
Nor wave, nor grave
Can ever save
A sinner from Divinity!
Repent and live,
And God shall give
Forgiveness for eternity!

Simeon Tucker Clark.

3635. JONAH, Sins of.

Jonah iv : 4.

Deep in his meditative bower
The tranquil seer reclined,
Numbering the creepers of an hour,
The gourds which o'er him twined.

To note each plant, to rear each fruit
Which soothes the languid sense,
He deemed a safe, refined pursuit—
His Lord an indolence.

The sudden voice was heard at length,
"Lift thou the prophet's rod!"
But sloth had sapped the prophet's strength
He feared and fled from God.

Next, by a fearful judgment tamed,
He threats the offending race;
God spares: he murmurs, pride-inflamed,
His threat made void by grace.

What? pride and sloth! man's worst of foes
And can such guests invade
Our choicest bliss, the green repose
Of the sweet garden-shade?

J. H. Newman.

3636. JONAH'S GOURD.

Jonah iv : 6–10.

Where is the gourd that sudden rose
To screen a weary pilgrim's head,
T' assuage the violence of my woes,
And bless me with its cooling shade,
Make all my cares and sorrows cease,
And turn my anguish into ease?

A worm hath smote my verdant bower,
And lo! how soon it fades away!
It could not stand the morning hour,
Or bear the scorching heat of day.
My withered joy, alas! is fled;
My fence is gone—my friend is dead.

Dead, dead are all my hopes below,
On earth I look for no relief;
No pause, or interval of woe,
No respite, or suspense of grief;
My short-lived happiness is o'er,
And human friendship is no more.

The fiery sun's directest ray,
The vehement wind's severest blast,
Beat on me in this evil day;
Oh might I now complain my last,
Now, now lay down my fainting head,
And weary sink among the dead!

Better for me to die than live
An useless life of grief and pain;
Oh wouldst Thou, Lord, my spirit receive!
But purge it first from every stain,
From all my foes and friends set free,
And then receive me up to Thee.

J. and C. Wesley.

3637. JONATHAN'S ARMOR-BEARER.

1 Samuel xiv : 6, 7.

Only an armor-bearer, proudly I stand,
Waiting to follow at the King's command;
Marching if "onward" shall the order be,
Standing by my Captain, serving faithfully.

Hear ye the battle-cry! "Forward!" the call!
See! see the faltering ones! backward they fall!
Surely the Captain may depend on me,
Though but an armor-bearer I may be.

Only an armor-bearer, now in the field,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and shield,
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry,
Ready then to answer, "Master, here am I."

Only an armor-bearer, yet may I share
Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear;
If, in the battle, to my trust I am true,
Mine shall be the honors in the Grand Review.

P. P. Bliss.

3638. JORDAN BY MOONLIGHT.

Moonlight upon this sacred stream!
How softly glad its waters gleam,
Like infant's smile or childhood's dream;—
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon the shaggy wood
That, age on age, has calmly stood,
Fringing this river's holy flood;—
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon these hills of gloom,
Old Moab's watch-tower and his tomb,
Each peak a monumental dome;—
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon the lone unrest
Of yon dark sea's slow-heaving breast,
Unloved, untenanted, unblest;—
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon these yellow sands,
Where yonder wan ruin crumbling stands,
The savage home of Arab bands;—
Beautiful!

Moonlight on yon far western height,
At whose green base, a gem of light,
Jerusalem sits fair and bright;—
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon yon nearer hill,
Whence springs the prophet-healèd rill,
Fruitful and sweet, and pleasant still;—
Beautiful!

Moonlight in yonder matchless sky,
In which, bright bending from on high,
Star seems with star in light to vie;—
Beautiful!

Moonlight on Pisgah's watch-tower grand,
Whence the loved prophet saw the land,
Stretching afar from strand to strand;—
Beautiful!

Moonlight on Nebo's peak and cave,
Where, looking down on Jordan's wave,
God for His prophet dug the grave;—
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon my lonely tent,
Which, like some marble monument,
Gleams to a spotless firmament;—
Beautiful!

Horatius Bonar.

3639. JORDAN, Passage of the.
Joshua iii : 14–17.

My feet are treading on the very brink
Of death's swift-rolling waters, and my heart,
That longed in weariness of earth for this,
Grows trembling and amazed. The wilderness,
Hot with its burning sands and poisoned winds,
Rugged with toilsome paths and frowning steeps,
Loses its frightful aspect, and invites [ways.
The wanderer back to tread once more its
There were some palm-trees in the trackless waste,
Some flowers that grew beneath their kindly shade;
All was not desolate, and dark, and drear,
And I may find a rest and gather strength
Ere I go hence. For now my heart is low,
My pulses flutter faintly, and a mist
Is gathering o'er my eyes; the fearful roar
Of wild and stormy waters fills my soul.
I have no power to breast the foaming waves:
Already do I shudder as the spray
Dashes upon my brow with ice-cold kiss.
So, when the tribes of Israel stood beside
The Jordan's swollen, turbid stream of old,
May one amid the joyful host have stayed:
Some fair young girl whose robes were soiled with dust,
Whose sandalled feet had longed for this repose.
Perhaps with all the rest this hour had seemed
The blest fulfilment of a life-long prayer;
And now the toil was o'er, it but remained
To enter into rest. The deep wild flood,
How could its waves be trod? What new support
Would be vouchsafed to lead her safely through?

A shout of triumph rose from all around;
None noticed that her cheek grew ashen pale,
Or marked the trembling of her folded hands:
When lo! the waves divide, as when at first
Her father's band had crossed the angry sea
That whelmed the horse and rider in its depths.
The ark of God, supported by His priests,
Sent back the billows heaped on either side;
And now with eyes upraised, as if to seek
The cloudy pillar which had ever been
A guide through all their wanderings, and with trust
Serene and child-like in the hand that gave
The food of angels daily from on high,
The maiden joined the glad thanksgiving song,
And passed dry-shod where she had feared to tread.

So let it be. The ark has gone before,
The white-robed priests point to its onward way.
Friends, kindred, beckon from the other side;
Oh, craven souls, to shrink from what they love,
To dream of turning back from promised rest,
Back to the fearful wilderness of sin!
So leaning on the arm that hath upheld
My footsteps since I faltered near the cross,
Looking for courage to the patient eyes
That watched my wanderings with forgiving glance,—

My friends! my Master! see, I brave with Thee
The flood that closes round me as I pass.
My lips, no longer trembling with affright,
Murmur, "O grave! where is thy victory now?
O death! thy victim robs thee of thy sting."
Alice B. Neal.

3640. JORDAN, Smitten.
2 Kings ii : 8.

When God receives His servants up,
As at the stream of death we stop,
On Jordan's brink a moment stay:
But Jesus, our immortal guide,
Did by His death the waves divide,
And shows our souls an open way.

Christ and the promised land in view,
His ransomed pass securely through,
Howe'er the idle billows roar;
In our Elijah's mantle clad,
By His eternal Spirit stayed,
We reach with songs the heavenly shore!
J. and C. Wesley.

3641. JORDAN, The Banks of.

Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks;
More golden where the sunlight falls;
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
Of ruined shrines, busy and bright,
As they were all alive with light.
And yet were splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west, as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
The unclouded skies of Peristân.
And then the mingling sounds that come
Of shepherds' ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine.
Banqueting through the flowery vales;
And Jordan, those sweet banks of thine;
And woods so full of nightingales.
Thomas Moore.

3642. JORDAN. The Other Side.

We dwell this side of Jordan's stream,
Yet oft there comes a shining beam
Across from yonder shore;
While visions of a holy throng,
And sound of harp and seraph song,
Seem gently wafted o'er.

The other side! ah, there's the place
Where saints in joy past time retrace,
And think of trials gone;
The veil withdrawn, they clearly see
That all on earth had need to be,
To bring them safely home.

The other side! No sin is there
To stain the robes that blessed ones wear,
Made white in Jesus' blood;
No cry of grief, no voice of woe,
To mar the peace their spirits know,
Their constant peace with God.

The other side! Its shore so bright
Is radiant with the golden light
Of Zion's city fair;
And many dear ones, gone before,
Already tread the happy shore;
I seem to see them there.

The other side! Oh charming sight!
Upon its banks, arrayed in white,
For me a loved one waits;
Over the stream he calls to me:
Fear not, I am thy guide to be
Up to the pearly gates.

The other side! His well-known voice
And dear bright face will me rejoice;
Will me in fond embrace;
He'll lead me on until we stand,
Each with a palm-branch in our hand,
Before the Saviour's face.

The other side! The other side!
Who would not brave the swelling tide
Of earthly toil and care
To wake one day, when life is past,
Over the stream, at home at last,
With all the blessed ones there!

3643. JORDAN, The Passage of.
Joshua iii.

The mighty Jordan's flood
Rools on in front, by turbid waters swelled,
That long amid the mountain heights had stood,
In icy bondage held.

But 'tis the Lord's command,
"Arise, ye priests, and still move on before,
Bearing the ark, even till your feet shall stand
On this proud river's shore:

"And where the ark shall lead,
Follow, ye tribes; but move with holy fear;
With reverend silence follow, and take heed
That ye approach not near:

"For ye shall see, this day, [God,
The outstretched arm of your protecting
And He shall lead you in a wondrous way
Ye ne'er before have trod."

The tribes, obedient, move;
The priests bear on the ark to Jordan's strand;
When lo! the waters, rushing from above,
Heaped up and moveless stand!

While, failing more and more, [die,
The floods that downward flow subside and
And Israel finds to Canaan's promised shore
A passage safe and dry!

So o'er this mortal scene [Ark,
Hevenward let us still follow Christ our
Nor stand dismayed, though Jordan roll
His waters deep and dark. [between

For while, with trusting heart,
We look to Him, our Guardian and our Guide,
The swelling waters of that flood shall part,
And more and more subside.

As nearer draws the hour [cease,
That sees at last our pilgrim-wanderings
Its terrors more and more shall lose their
Till all is joy and peace! [power,

Small.

3644. JORDAN, The River.

Like an arrow from the quiver,
To the sad and lone Dead Sea
Thou art rushing, rapid river,
Swift, and strong, and silently.

Through the dark green foliage stealing,
Like a silver ray of light,
Who can tell the pilgrim's feeling
When thy waters meet his sight?

All the deeds of sacred story,
All its marvels great and true,
All that gives the Jordan glory,
Rush upon his raptured view!

Nature! here thy laws were altered,
Jordan's bed became a track;
Man at God's command has faltered,
Willing rolled the Jordan back.

Like a wall, its wondrous waters
Shining rise and solid stand,
Israel, till thy sons and daughters
Safely reach the promised land.

Pilgrim's garb aside now laying,
Let thy garments shining flow,
Spear and standard wide displaying,
Army, forth with banners go!

Humbly to thy brink descending,
Syria's proud lord was seen,
Seven times 'neath thy waters bending,
Lo! the leper rises clean.

Symbol of the blood of Jesus,
Shed upon the sacred tree,
This has made thy water precious,
Jordan, and a joy to see.

Blood of cleansing, blood most holy,
Shed for sinners such as me,
Let me, like the leper lowly,
Wash away my sins in thee.

Emblem bright of Death's dark river,
Long I linger on thy shore;
All its waves can harm me never,
Now the Ark has gone before.

Anderson.

3645. JORDAN, The River.

Few ruins now those willowy banks disclose,
But fresh as in old days the current flows;
Here lofty reeds and palms shut out the
beam,
And there romantic rocks o'erhang the
stream.
Rare flowers, man trains not, deck the mossy
ground,
And each slight breeze wafts almond-bloom
around;
The bee secure along the lilied shore [store;
Winds her blithe horn, and steals her honeyed
Blue skies look down on bluer waves; the air
Is soft and fragrant, as some angel there,
Just flown from paradise, had spread his
plume,
Hushing the earth, and shaking round per-
fume. [rest,
Sweet Jordan! surely here sad hearts might
And calm Religion love a scene so blest.
How famed this lonely tract in sacred lore!
'Twas here the desert prophet roamed of yore;
Far south dark Nebo lifts its hoary head,
Whence Moses viewed the land he could not
tread,
Toward Canaan cast his dim-beholding eye,
And blessed the scene before he sank to die.
Here, too, the mighty seer Elijah came,
And rose to heaven, upborne by steeds of
flame.
In yon wild valley mouldered Ammon lowers,
And shattered walls are seen, and fallen
towers;
There reigned a king who swayed these palmy
plains;
No child of Lot, no subject now remains;
Lone sits the stork in Ammon's royal halls,
And from her reed-grown courts the bull-frog
calls. *Nicholas Michell.*

3646. JOSEPH.

O purest semblance of the Eternal Son!
Who dwelt in thee as in some blessed shrine,
To draw hearts after thee and make them
thine;
Not parent only by that light was won,
And brethren crouched who had in wrath
begun:
E'en heathen pomp abased her at the sign
Of a hid God, and drank the sound divine,
Till a king heard, and all thou bad'st was
done.
Then was fulfilled Nature's dim augury,
That "Wisdom, clad in visible form, would be
So fair that all must love and bow the knee;"
Lest it might seem what time the Substance
came,
Truth lacked a sceptre when It but laid by
Its beaming front and bore a willing shame.

John H. Newman.

3647. JOSEPH.

Into some wave, which heedless night-winds
rock,
The moon comes down with all her starry flock
Her glorious imagery around her brings,

And forms a temple of celestial things. [on,
Thus, sweet-souled Joseph, as thy life ran
Each scene disclosed anew th' eternal Son,
Till all thou didst, on thy meek purpose
Became in thee divinely eloquent, [bent,
Presenting thee, in all that hurried by,
The mirror of some holier history.
Tried by th' adult'rous world, temptation-proof,
But "numbered with trangressors." Now aloof
Thou sitt'st on high: around the heathen press,
And from thine hand are filled with plenteousness.
But who are these? lift up thine eyes: behold
Thy brethren—they who set at naught, and sold!
Bid all depart. Ye little company,
Come ye around, behold Me! "it is I!"
Feel me, fear not! the prisoner's chain unbind:
But who is he that lingers yet behind,
"Out of due time"? Let ye the stranger in:
'Tis mine own Paul, mine own loved Benjamin. *Isaac Williams.*

3648. JOSEPH.

Heaven's favorite down a darksome pit they cast,
His rich-hued robe and lofty dreams deriding;
Then, from his tears their ruthless faces hiding,
Sell him to merchants who with spicery past.
The changeful years o'er that fair slave fled fast:
Behold him now in glorious chariot riding,
Arrayed in shining vesture, and presiding
O'er Egypt's councils, owned by Heaven at last.
In pit or palace, God's own hand was weaving
The "many-colored" texture of his days,
The brightest tints till last in wisdom leaving.
So when in dismal paths our feet are sinking,
Let us be looking soon for lightsome rays,
For our wise Father "thoughts of peace is thinking." *R. Wilton.*

3649. JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

Genesis xlv: 1.

"Come near to me, I pray you?"
It is the Saviour speaking!
His loving condescension
An interview is seeking!
I tremble at His love, but I draw near,
In sweet confusedness of joy and fear.

Behold in Me your Brother,
The Brother whom you sold!
Yet fear not, for I love you
With love that grows not cold.
Through death and resurrection I have passed,
And now I claim you for My own at last.

Behold Me in My glory!
And oh! believe Me true,
When I declare that mansions
Are here prepared for you.
God sent Me here before you: come and be
The sharers of My throne; joint heirs with Me

It is My heart's desire
To have you here with Me,
That you may see My glory
And share as well as see.
Then come unto Me! Tarry not, I pray!
Yet there is room! No need to turn away!

Room, in the land of Goshen,
The goodly land you see,
Room, room, for many others:
Oh, fetch them home to Me?
Go down, on messages of love, below: [go!
But leave your heart behind you when you

Then give to each this message:
"Thou shalt be near to Me,
And there, in My own presence,
There will I nourish thee.
O famine-stricken soul! why wilt thou die?
Come unto Me, for I can satisfy."

Describe the land of plenty,
Where you, by faith, have been;
Tell them of all the glory
That your own eyes have seen.
And if they hesitate, and wish to stay,
Then show them My provision for the way!

Tell them that He yet liveth,
Whom they have mourned as dead;
Tell them that I, their Brother,
Will do as I have said, [strength,
And they shall surely go from strength to
Until they see My loving face at length.

And do not let them linger
To gather up their "stuff,"
For in the land of Goshen
They all will have enough!
No poverty or famine waits them here:
The very trace of grief shall disappear.

One word of loving caution,
Before I let you go.
You are too richly laden
To escape the watchful foe:
Keep close together! And again I say,
Keep close together, and you win the day!

Go then on this My errand
Of mercy and of love,
And win the hearts of thousands
To seek a home above!
Give them the message, for you know it's true,
Jesus is yet alive, and lives for you!"
Catharine Hankey.

3650. JOSEPH, Antitype of.

Acts vii: 9–12.

Jesus, the Father's darling Son,
In Joseph we behold,
The Man with God forever one,
By envious brethren sold;

To Gentile hands delivered o'er,
Whom God did soon release,
Whom every knee shall bow before,
And every tongue confess.

Redeemed from all His sufferings here,
All power to Him is given,
Advanced in His own right t' appear
Before the King of heaven;
The Spirit He hath received above
Of wisdom and of grace,
The fulness of His Father's love
For Jacob's favored race.

The church His house and kingdom stands,
And, subjected to Him,
Acknowledges the mild commands
Of its great Head supreme;
Not of a servant, but a Son,
Jesus the power maintains,
With full authority alone
O'er earth and heaven He reigns.

Where the true Joseph is not seen
To show His providential care,
Pining distress and famine lean,
And want of every good is there;
For Jesus is the real Bread,
Who gives Himself our souls to feed.

We hear the word which faith conveys,
That corn is still in Egypt found;
That mercy rich and gospel grace
Doth for the worst of men abound,
And sinners taste their Lord revealed,
And heathens with His love are filled.

J. and C. Wesley.

3651. JOSEPH, Type of Christ.

Sold by them that should have loved thee,
Prisoner in the heathen's land;
Given by him who best had proved thee
To the dungeon and the band;
From the land of flowers and rain
Borne to Egypt's dewless plain,
Leaving tent and pastoral dell,
And the sire that loved thee well;
And the airs on upland breezy,
Where the scented cedars grow;
For the servant's toil uneasy,
And the captive's weary woe.

Out of grief to honor risen,
Winning rapture for thy pain;
And a palace for thy prison,
And a sceptre to thy chain;
Ruling with a gentle art
Over many a grateful heart;
Melting with a brother's love
Those thine anguish could not move;
Wearing graciously thy glory
Through the land thy wisdom won;
How should Christians read thy story,
Aged Israel's favored son?

As the little sapling tender
Shows the great oak waving proud;
As the cold lake burns with splendor
From the crimson sunset-cloud;
So in sufferings of thine
Trace we out a gift divine;
And thy sorrows throb and glow
With a pulse of heavenly woe!
Type thou art of One more holy,
Who His glory laid aside,
Took the form of servant lowly,
Stooped to suffering man, and died.

He was scorned and sold and hated
By the men He came to save,
With a cruel wrath unsated,
Followed to His three-days' grave.
Not one pitying thought for Him,
When His failing eye waxed dim;
Not one note in sympathy
With that love so full and free,
When His tender spirit, yearning,
Wept those tears of godlike grief,
O'er the lawless city spurning
Help and safety and relief.

Now He reigneth high exalted
Where the white-robed elders stand,
By the great throne rainbow-vaulted,
Each with golden harp in hand.
Thousand, thousand harps adoring,
Thousand, thousand vials pouring
Odors sweet of saintly prayers,
That embalm those heavenly airs,
Round the Lamb once slain and wounded,
Breathing till that awful hour,
When, by heaven's high host surrounded,
He shall come again in power.

For behind each image saintly
Burns the light of Jesus' name;
As the lines lie dim and faintly
In the Gothic window frame,
Till the sunlight touch the pane,
Rising o'er the fretted fane,
And each form and gorgeous hue
Starts to sight distinct and true—
So doth many a sin-stained creature
Catch a glory from Christ's face,
And a light is on his features
That our eyes should love to trace.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

3652. JOSHUA.

Joshua v: 15.

By Jericho's doomed towers who stands on high,
With helmet, spear, and glittering panoply?
"The Christian soldier, like a gleaming star,
Trained in the wilderness to iron war."
Take off thy shoes; thy promised land is found;
The place thou standest on is holy ground.
"Take Thou the shield and buckler, stop the way
Against mine enemies! Be Thou my stay!"

I am thy rock, thy castle: I am He
Whose feet have dried up the Egyptian sea;
Fear not, for I am with thee; put on might;
'Gainst thrones and powers of darkness is the fight."
"I go, if Thou go with me; ope the skies,
And lend me heaven-attempered armories."
Gird truth about thee for thy mailed dress,
And for thy breast-plate put on righteousness;
For sandals, beauteous peace; and for thy sword,
The two-edged might of God's unfailing word;
Make golden hope thy helmet: on, and strive;
He that o'ercometh in those courts shall live,
Whose crystal floor by heavenly shapes is trod,
"A pillar in the temple of my God."

Isaac Williams.

3653. JOSHUA, Miracle of.
Joshua x: 12-14.

See Israel's conquering captain, spear in hand,
As on the surging battle's foremost crest
Against those mighty banded hosts he prest;
With sudden touch of inspiration grand,
He cried aloud: "O sun! I bid thee stand
Still upon Gibeon, nor approach the west;
And thou, O moon! in Ajalon's valley rest;"
And sun and moon stood still at his command.
The world before or since saw no such day,
When the Lord hearkened to that strange behest,
And deigned the rolling orbs of heaven to stay;
Yet when Christ's humblest soldier kneels to pray,
A power as wondrous clothes His meek request,
For His dear sake whom all the worlds obey.

R. Wilton.

3654. JOSHUA, Miracle of.

The day rose clear on Gibeon. Her bright towers
Flashed the red sunbeams gloriously back;
And the wind-driven banners, and the steel
Of her ten thousand spears caught dazzlingly
The sun, and on the fortresses of rock
Played a soft glow, that as a mockery seemed
To the stern men who girded by its light.
Beth-Horon in the distance slept, and breath
Was pleasant in the vale of Ajalon,
Where armed heels trod carelessly the sweet
Wild spices, and the trees of gum which shook
By the rude armor on their branches hung.
Suddenly in the camp, without the walls,
Rose a deep murmur, and the men of war
Gathered around their kings, and "Joshua!
From Gilgal, Joshua!" was whispered low,
As with a secret fear, and then, at once,
With the abruptness of a dream, he stood
Upon the rock before them. Calmly then
Raised he his helm, and with his temples bare,
And hands uplifted to the sky, he prayed:
"God of this people, hear! and let the sun
Stand upon Gibeon, still; and let the moon
Rest in the vale of Ajalon!" He ceased:
And, lo! the moon sits motionless, and earth
Stands on her axis indolent. The sun
Pours the unmoving column of his rays
In undiminished heat; the hours stand still;
The shade hath stopped upon the dial's face;
The clouds and vapors, that at night are wont
To gather and enshroud the lower earth,
Are struggling with strange rays, breaking them up,
Scattering the misty phalanx like a wand,
Glancing o'er mountain-tops, and shining down
In broken masses on the astonished plains.
The fevered cattle group in wondering herds;
The weary birds go to their leafy nests,
But find no darkness there, and wander forth
On feeble, fluttering wing, to find a rest;
The parched, baked earth, undamped by usual dews,
Has gaped and cracked, and heat, dry mid-day heat,
Comes like a drunkard's breath upon the heart.
On with thy armies, Joshua! the Lord
God of Sabaoth is the avenger now!
His voice is in the thunder, and His wrath
Poureth the beams of the retarded sun,
With the keen strength of arrows, on their sight.
The unwearied sun rides in the zenith sky;
Nature, obedient to her Maker's voice,
Stops in full course all her mysterious wheels.
On! till avenging swords have drunk the blood
Of all Jehovah's enemies, and till
Thy banners in returning triumph wave;
Then yonder orb shall set 'mid golden clouds,
And, while a dewy rain falls soft on earth,
Show in the heavens the glorious bow of God,
Shining, the rainbow banner of the skies.

John B. Van Schaick.

3655. JOSIAH, Death of.
2 Chronicles xxxv: 23-25.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Behold your vanquished king;
The fairest flower of David's stem
Is blasted in its spring.
Then spare not, spare not of your tears,
But let them freely flow,
Since sceptreless his hand appears,
And laurelless his brow.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Who now shall fill the throne?
Who wear the royal diadem
Of Jesse's righteous son?
Oh! weep for him who hath resigned
Thy sceptre, seat, and crown;
For where shalt thou a monarch find
Like him of fair renown?

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Thy gladsome psalms shall cease,
And thou shalt be the sport of them
Who scoff at Heaven's decrees;
Who laugh at thy Jehovah's name,
The great eternal One,
Yet worship an unhallowed flame
And bow to wood and stone.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Weep for the royal dead,
And cast aside each costly gem
That glitters round thy head.
In sackcloth and in ashes mourn
Thy dark and cheerless gloom;
Behold thy monarch slowly borne
To his ancestral tomb.

3656. JUDE.

Jude 3.

One glory kindles night's aërial blue, [hue;
But clothes each star with its distinctive
One light from crystal dew-drops on the thorn
Calls forth the varied jewels of the morn:
And, in that little band of Jesus blest,
To whom our Lord "Himself did manifest,"
And who on Him in answ'ring love are bent,
Faith doth in each a varying form present
Thus that deep voice, O Jude! is all thine own,
Though Christ is heard in thy dread warning tone,
And speaks in thee, exhorting with armed heed
To wrestle for the everlasting creed.
Unfolding ever to our feeble sight
In endless forms, we see the Infinite;
Nor doth the varied human countenance,
So manifold in shape and speaking glance,
Range through more boundless changes, than doth love
In spirits which are born of God above.
Thus, Lord, when from Thy vessels of rude clay,
Thou makest up Thy jewels on that day,
Their diverse hues, with Thy pure lustre sown,
Shall blend to form Thy many-colored crown. *Isaac Williams.*

3657. JUDEA DESOLATE.

Isaiah 3: 26.

She sits beneath her with'ring palm,
With desolation round;
And Gilead's self can drop no balm
To heal her cureless wound:
Her hands upheld to heaven in vain,
Are compassed with the victor's chain.

And Salem's might is fallen now,
The temple razed and strown;
And e'en what war had left, laid low,
Its ruins overthrown;
Her warriors—slain on battle day;
Her daughters—captives far away!

The fire is burning in her heart,
Though quenched within her eye,
And though she weeps, those tears impart
No joy to misery;
Those tears are like the streams which flow
From tracks of burning fire below.

She sits beneath her with'ring palm
In solitary state:
With not a hope to cheer or calm
The horrors of her fate:
And He who once illumed her path
Hath now withdrawn His face in wrath.

3658. JUDAH, The Curse of.

Matthew xxvii: 25.

"Upon us let His blood," they cried,
"And on our children come!"
In heaven 'twas heard, though naught replied,
And earth and air were dumb.
Time rolled along; reserved on high,
Remained that awful curse,
Burden of loftiest prophecy,
Theme of mysterious verse.

Thou who hast ne'er in peace or war
To strangers bowed the knee,
Thy princes like the morning-star,
Thy people as the sea!
The blood, the curse, invoked that day
O'er thee in vengeance came,
Thy brightness in the dust to lay,
Thy princes and their fame.

It came thy lofty heart to bow,
And waste thy pleasant land;
It swept the glory from thy brow,
The sceptre from thy hand;
It met thee on the tented field,
It met in tower and hall;
It weighed to earth the warrior's shield,
And burst thy rampart wall!

It hurled thy temple from its base;
And still that curse denies
On ev'ry shore a resting-place
Beneath th' eternal skies.
On land, on sea, in storm, in calm,
Th' avenger shall not sleep;
And still beneath the ruined palm
Must Judah sit and weep.

Weep, Judah, weep! Thy lonely shore
Is emblemed by that tree;
Thy "milk and honey" flow no more,
Or flow no more for thee.
Yet shalt thou turn thee to that blood,
And, from the curse set free,
Thy might be as the river flood,
Thy people as the sea! *H. W. J.*

3659. JUDAS.

Matthew xxvii: 3-5.

For him a waking bloodhound, yelling loud,
That in his bosom long had sleeping laid,
A guilty conscience, barking after blood,

Pursued eagerly, nor ever stayed
Till the betrayer's self it had betrayed.
Oft changed the place; in hope away to wind;
But change of place could never change his mind;
Himself he flies to lose, and follows for to find.

With that, a flaming brand a Fury catched
And shook and tossed it round in his wild thought;
So from his heart all joy, all comfort snatched
With every star of hope; and as he sought
(With present fear, and future grief distraught)
To fly from his own heart, and aid implore
Of Him, the more he gives, that hath the more,
Whose storehouse is the heavens, too little for his store:

And when wild Pentheus, grown mad with fear,
Whole troops of hellish hags about him spies;
Two bloody suns stalking the dusky sphere,
And twofold Thebes runs rolling in his eyes;
Or through the scene staring Orestes flies,
With eyes flung back upon his mother's ghost,
That with infernal serpents all embossed
And torches quenched in blood, doth her stern son accost.

Such horrid gorgons, and misformed forms
Of damned fiends, flew dancing in his heart,
That now unable to endure their storms,
"Fly, fly," he cries, "thyself whate'er thou art,
Hell, hell, already burns in every part."
So down into his torturer's arms he fell.

Yet oft he snatched and started as he hung;
So, when the senses half enslumbered lie,
The headlong body ready to be flung
By the deluding fancy from some high
And craggy rock, recovers greedily,
And clasps the yielding pillow, half asleep,
And, as from heaven it tumbled to the deep,
Feels a cold sweat through every member creep. *Giles Fletcher.*

3660. JUDAS'S BETRAYAL OF CHRIST.
Matthew xxvi: 47-50.

Cold is the wind, the scene is drear,
No ray of comfort can appear
For Him who comforts all.
Angels reluctant fold their plumes
As the great foe his post assumes
Upon the field to fall.

For, lo! o'er Cedron's shallow stream
See how those lurid torches gleam
In fitful streaks of light:
Weapons of war are glittering there,
The sword that knows not how to spare
Either by day or night.

And one before the rest advances,
Just as a demon when he glances
Upon some spotless prey;
And clothes himself in gentle form,
Lest, prescient of the coming storm,
The prize should pass away.

O meek Redeemer! dost Thou move
To meet the traitor, and reprove
That execrable kiss?
Yielding Thyself for sinful man,
Whose life on earth is but a span—
Was ever love like this?

Alas for me! the guilt is mine
Whene'er against Thy will benign
My treacherous heart hath stood:
Mine are the lips that have betrayed,
Mine is the debt which must be paid
With groans and tears and blood.
M. Bridges.

3661. JUDAS, Doom of.
Matthew xxvii: 3-5.

Satan, who in false Judas kept abode,
And in his heart fixed his malicious goad,
Since he had now played all the traitor's parts,
A fierce despair into his conscience darts;
With horror tortured, and confounding shame,
Too great to lay to any pardon claim,
He to the council hastes, confession made
That he had spotless innocence betrayed;
His bribe he would refund, which they reject,
Treating him with contemptuous neglect.
Swelled up with rage, he to the temple goes,
And on the floor the thirty pieces throws:
'Twas the vile price of a despised slave,
Which vilest Jews for God incarnate gave.
All there conclude the price of blood not fit
Into the hallowed treasure to admit,
And bought with that cursed sum the potter's field,
Which should a burying-place to strangers yield,
Now styled the field of blood, that all might own
'Twas the event by prophecy foreshown.

Judas, of mercy having lost the hope,
Resolved his life to shorten by a rope;
A sliding cord he threw his neck around,
One end upon a lofty bough was bound,
Then headlong falling, that he soon might choke,
His heavy carcass the strong halter broke,
And falling on a stake, the wretch accursed,
In horrid manner straight asunder burst,
And while his limbs in blood and bowels roll,
He devils importunes to snatch his soul.
Oh unrepealable and dreadful doom
Of those who to betray their Lord presume!
Bishop Ken.

3662. JUDAS, The Remorse of.
Matthew xxvii : 5.

The thirty pieces down he flung,
For which his Lord he sold;
And turned away his murderous face
From that accursed gold.
He cannot sleep, he dares not watch;
That weight is on his heart, [hope,
For which, nor earth nor heaven have
Which never can depart.

A curse is on his memory:
We shudder at his name;
At once we loathe and scorn his guilt,
And yet we do the same.
Alas! the sinfulness of man,
How oft in deed and word
We act the traitor's part again,
And do betray our Lord!

We bend the knee, record the vow,
And breathe the fervent prayer:
How soon are prayer and vow forgot,
Amid life's crime and care!
The Saviour's passion, cross, and blood,
Of what avail are they
If first that Saviour we forget,
And next we disobey?

For pleasures, vanities, and hates,
The compact we renew,
And Judas rises in our hearts—
We sell our Saviour too.
How for some moment's vain delight
We will embitter years,
And in our youth lay up for age
Only remorse and tears,

Ah! sanctify and strengthen, Lord,
The souls that turn to Thee;
And from the devil and the world
Our guard and solace be.
And as the mariners at sea
Still watch some guiding star,
So fix our hearts and hopes on Thee
Until Thine own they are.

Miss L. E. Landon.

3663. JUDAS, The Repentance of.
Matthew xxvii : 3.

Still echoed through the dark divan
The shouts that hailed the doom of blood;
When lo! a pale and haggard man
Before the stern tribunal stood!
He strove to speak, awhile his breath
Came fitful as the gasp of death;
Nor aught those hollow sounds express,
Save guilt and utter wretchedness!

Yet in his wildly glaring eye
Such fierce unnatural brightness shone,
They deemed some outcast maniac nigh,
Some victim of the Evil One;
Even the high-priest, in mute amaze,
Fixed on that form a shuddering gaze;
As if a spectre near him stood
That chained his eye and chilled his blood.

An instant, and the stern old man
Grew cold and reckless as before;
A moment flushed his aspect wan;
It passed as in a moment o'er:
He knew the form that trembled there,
Knew whence the madness and despair,
And the brief awe his brow had worn
Changed to a smile of withering scorn.

There on his knees the traitor fell,
There dashed to earth the price of blood,
And twice essayed his tale to tell, [stood.
And twice the o'ermastering fiend with-
Faltering, at length, his accents came,
Words more than anguish, worse than shame:
"Oh, I have sinned! I have sold
The guiltless blood for guilty gold!"

Then curled that proud priest's lip of scorn,
Hate flashed from his indignant eye;
And "Go," he cried, "thou wretch foresworn;
Accursed live, unpardoned die!
The deed is done, the price is paid,
For Him thy coward soul betrayed,
His blood may sate the wrath divine,
But who, foul traitor, recks of thine?"

He heard, and with a frantic yell
Of agony and wild despair,
With guilt that not a Cain could tell,
Remorse that not a Cain could bear,
He rushed—oh, whither? Human eye
Saw not the doomed apostate die;
He fell, unpitied, unforgiven,
Outcast alike of earth and heaven!

Thomas Dale.

3664. JUDGE, The Unjust.
Luke xviii : 2-8.

A widow, poor, forlorn, oppressed,
Importunate her suit could gain;
And shall not we our joint request
By persevering prayer obtain?

A stranger to the judge she was,
But we God's chosen people are;
And wishing us to gain our cause,
Himself doth all our burdens bear.

To an unrighteous judge she came,
But to a righteous Father we,
Who bids us confidently claim
His grace for needy sinners free:

The widow's and the orphan's Friend
Kindly commands us to draw nigh:
And lo! our hearts to heaven ascend,
And boldly Abba, Father, cry!

She had no promise to succeed,
And but at times could find access;
Encouraged we, and sure to speed,
Both day and night our suit may press.

Her vehemence did the judge provoke;
But God our earnestness approves,
Watches our every sigh and look,
And most the boldest suitor loves.

She had no friend or patron kind
To enforce and make her suit his own;
But we a powerful spokesman find
Before us at the Father's throne.

Our Advocate forever lives
For us in heaven to intercede,
For us the Comforter receives,
And sends Him in our hearts to plead.

J. and C. Wesley.

3665. JUDGMENT, Day of.
1 Thessalonians iv: 15–17.

Rise, O Lord! in all Thy glory
On the last and dreadful day:
Lo, the lofty hills are hoary,
Trembling ere they melt away!
Come to judgment, come to judgment;
Let Thy wheels no longer stay.

Crash on crash of distant thunder
Peals aloud from pole to pole,
As in wrath they burst asunder,
And the skies together roll;
Clothed in sackcloth, clothed in sackcloth,
Withering like a parchment scroll.

Now the universe in motion
Sinks upon her funeral pyre;
Earth dissolving, and the ocean
Vanishing in final fire:
Hark the trumpet, hark the trumpet
Loud proclaims the hour of ire!

Graves have yawned in countless numbers,
From the dust the dead arise;
Legions out of silent slumbers
Wake in overwhelmed surprise:
Where all nature, where all nature
Wrecked and torn in ruin lies.

Lo, that last long separation
As the cleaving crowds divide,
And one dread adjudication
Sends each soul to either side!
Lord of Mercy, Lord of Mercy,
How shall I that day abide?

Sign of safety, see it lightening,
Once the Cross of crimson shame;
And with heavenly lustre brightening
Those who suffered in its name:
Mighty millions, mighty millions,
Radiant with their wings of flame.

Rise, O Lord! in all Thy glory
On Thine amaranthine throne;
Thousand, thousand worlds adore Thee
From the centre to the zone;
Hail! Emmanuel, hail! Emmanuel,
Let our hearts be all Thine own.

M. Bridges.

3666. JUDGMENT, The.
Matthew xxiv: 29–35; Revelations i: 7.

Hark! the judgment trump has blown!
How it rolls along the air!
Time and Hope forever flown,
Sinners, for your doom prepare.

Slowly o'er the lurid sky
Rolls a dark, terrific storm,
Showing to the startled eye
On its skirts a giant Form.

Hark! the rattling hail descends;
See! the forky lightnings glow
As that Form in anger bends,
Frowning on the world below.

Riding on the whirlwind's wing,
Canopied in clouds He flies;
With His voice the mountains ring,
With His presence glow the skies.

Earthquakes roar and rocks the ground,
Tyrants bow before His rod,
Nations tremble at the sound,
When they hear the voice of God.

Lo! the God! He comes in wrath;
Vengeance drives His iron car,
Lightnings pave His flaming path,
As He hurries to the war.

"I have waited long, and spared
Ingrates on My bounty fed;
Now My red right arm is bared,
Now your day of hope is fled.

"I have bid My sun to shine,
I have bid My dews to fall,
I have sent My love divine;
You have spurned and wasted all.

"Now, the day of trial o'er,
I My fatal shaft let fly;
Mercy can endure no more:
Time must end, and you must die."

Ripe with sin, the harvest bends;
See the mighty reaper stand!
There his burning scythe he sends,
And with fury sweeps the land.

See the field and forests glow!
See the mounting flame aspire!
Hark the sinner's yell of woe,
Gasping in a world of fire!

Helpless wretches! whither fly?
In what den a shelter find?
See! the blasting bolt is nigh,
Flame before and wrath behind.

Like the chaff by whirlwinds driven,
Like the earthquake-shattered rock,
Like the oak by tempest riven,
Torn and splintered with the shock—

So they fly, a quivering throng,
Urged by shame, despair, and fear;
Hurried by the sword along,
Flashing, falling on their rear.

Hear the crackling whirlwind roar;
Sheets of flame ascend the sky;
Now the feeble cry is o'er,
Quenched in dark eternity.

Now the hills and mountains melt,
Rocks in flashing torrents run,
To earth's heart the rage is felt:
Now the work of wrath is done.

Curling like a lettered scroll,
Crisped and crackling in the flame,
Now heaven's vaulted arches roll;
Falls the universal frame.

Now the circling blue has fled,
Suns wax faint and stars grow dim;
Heaven and earth away have sped,
Time's last trump their dying hymn.

Matter now has ceased to be,
All its pure ethereal light;
Saints, from all that bound them free,
To the empyrean wing their flight.

In that fount their beings blend,
All their thoughts, their views, the same;
See creation's essence end
In one flood of viewless flame!

J. G. Percival.

3667. JUDGMENT, The Day of.
2 Peter iii : 10.

As, unwatched, the midnight thief doth break the good man's hoard,
So, when we least expect, will haste the great day of the Lord.

Briefly, lust will walk abroad, as in the time before,
And then the sign will manifest that time shall be no more.

Clearly ringing through the earth, and equal near or far,
The trump will cite both quick and dead before the judgment bar.

Decked in gorgeous majesty, the Judge from heaven will come,
With holy angels compassed round, to pass the final doom.

Ebon-black the sun will turn, the moon in blood be whirled,
And paling stars, like hail, will fall, to smite the reeling world.

Fiery streams of vengeful wrath before His face shall leap,
Whose flame the earth and sky will melt and dry the nether deep.

Glorious in His might, the King His throne will then ascend,
And, filled with awe, the heavenly ranks, in silent homage, bend.

His elect will, on the right, be set at His command;
While, on the left, like filthy goats, the trembling sinners stand.

Instant, then the King will say: "Ye blessed, come and heir
The kingdom which, at first, for you, my Father did prepare.

"Kindly, ye my poor estate as brethren did regard,
And now, for this sweet charity, receive a rich reward."

Listening, they will gladly ask, "O Christ! when saw we Thee
In sickness, or did bring relief unto Thy penury?"

Mildly thus will He reply, "To whom of low degree
Ye shelter, food, or raiment gave, ye did it unto Me."

Nothing slow, against the left, will turn His righteous ire:
"Depart, ye cursed, into realms of everlasting fire.

"Often have ye spurned My prayer when hungry I did plead,
No drink ye gave to quench My thirst, nor clothing to My need."

Piteous then will sinners cry: "O Christ! when did we see
Thy hunger, thirst, or nakedness, nor ministered to Thee?"

Quickly back will answer come, "So oft was I oppressed
As ye have failed to help the poor or succor the distressed."

Rushing down, the guilty crowd will plunge, through fiery storm,
Amid the lake of living flame, where gnaws the deathless worm.

Satan here, securely bound, and rebel angels dwell,
'Mid tears and groans and gnashing teeth—their prison-house of hell.

Then the faithful, upward borne, will seek the realms on high,
While "welcome home" the welkin rings, with music of the sky.

Unto them will be prepared Jerusalem above,
Whose only sun, the Source of Light, whose perfect law is love;

Where, redeemed, the saints will praise the Christ who still sustains,
And, clothed in all the brightness of His Father's glory, reigns.

Yearning for the blissful land, the serpent's guile beware,
Despising wealth, avoiding lust, each other's burdens bear.

Zone of grace, your loins to gird, let chastity afford,
And watchful wait, with burning lamps, the coming of the Lord.
Tr. from Latin, by N. B. Smithers.

3668. JUPITER, Hymn to.
Referred to by St. Paul, Acts xvii: 28.

Ἐκ σοῦ γὰρ γένος ἐσμεν ("For we are thy offspring").

O thou, most glorious of th' immortal train,
By names unnumbered known, almighty Jove!
Sovereign of nature, hail! by whose just laws
All things are governed. Meet it is that all
Should raise their voice to thee; for thine we are,
Thy offspring; and of mortal creatures all
That live and move below, to us alone
Is granted speech to praise thee. In my songs
Will I forever celebrate thy power.
This beauteous frame entire, which round our earth
Revolving rolls, acknowledges thy sway,
By thee directed, and by thee sustained.
Sharp, flaming thunderbolts, with life endued,
Commissioned as thy ministers, are hurled
From thy unconquered hand; beneath whose shock
All nature stands aghast. Thou guidest thus
That common reason, which pervades the whole,
With every light commingling, great and small.
Thou over all exalted, king supreme!
. . . . . .
O god! without thee naught on earth is done,
Nor in the deep, nor in the ethereal realms,
Except the foolish deeds of impious men,
Who relish not thy beauty, whose delight
Is what thy soul abhors. For all things so,
Both good and ill, thou hast in one conjoined,
That all the same eternal reason show,
Which wicked mortals vainly hope to shun.
Unhappy creatures! anxious to obtain
Unmixed enjoyment, heedless of the law,
The common law of heaven; for if their mind
Submitted to obey, they too might lead
A life of happiness. But now they rush
In quest of various objects, all astray:
With misspent labor, some for glory toil;
While some vile lucre shamefully pursue:
But others take a widely different course,
Seeking for ease and sensual delights.
All-bounteous Jove! by clouds encircled, prince
Of thunder! Oh, deliver helpless man
From this sad ignorance! disperse it all
From out his mind, and grant him to acquire
Knowledge, by aid of which thou all things here
With equity dost rule. Thus honored, we
Shall honor thee with hymns of praise, and sing
Continually thy works, as well becomes
Mortals like us; for neither gods nor men
Have greater honor than to celebrate
In worthy strains the universal law.
Tr. from Greek of Cleanthes.

3669. KEDRON.

We enter Kedron's vale: the stony height,
Once crowned with olive-forests, bounds our right;
Age after age men yielded up their breath,
Till millions slumbered in this glen of death;
And here with those he loves, in peace to lie,
Is still the hapless Hebrew's latest sigh.
Ah! where so sadly sweet may scene be found?
Though flowers no longer deck the shrunken mound,
And plane and yew have ceased their shade to cast,—
They, voiceless mourners, dead themselves at last,—
Here, deep below sad Salem's eastern walls,
The garish sunbeam mildly tempered falls;
Perched on the tombs, soft plains the hermit-bird,
And scarce the pagan's Allah-cry is heard:
Through all the Kedron pours its placid rill,
Sweet Nature's child mid death surviving still;
Its low-breathed voice like whispers from the graves,
As their stone fronts its limpid wavelet laves.
The rocks of Olivet are piled above, [love.
Whose shade steals down, as if in hallowing
In such a spot the soul, till judgment-day,
Might wish to leave her frail and cumbering clay,
Revisiting, at moonlight's holy hour,
That vale of peace where Death has built his bower.

Stately are Kedron's tombs; in yon gray pile
Frowns Egypt's strength, while Attic graces smile;
Cornice and base are hewn from living rock,
Its pointed summit braves Time's lengthened shock:
The murdered rests within; those breezes bear
To Fancy's ear his last and anguished prayer.
Pause we awhile before this columned grot;
Meet for calm musing seems the quiet spot,
For here, tradition tells, the apostles came,
To hear those words which touched their hearts with flame.
Still further, near yon bridge, whose arch of stone
By modern hand across the stream is thrown,
A pile more massive, and of statelier height,
Like Petra's cliff-hewn temples, meets the sight.

Strange towers its form, and well may wake surprise;
Its top, like flame, is pointing to the skies;
And yet no saint, a rebel slumbers here,
But ah! to one fond heart how passing dear!
The fair-haired Absalom, the gay of mien,
Who proud and graceful as a god was seen:
Hark to the royal father's heart-breathed sigh!
See his rent robe and sorrow-streaming eye!
The crime of him no more he all forgave,
And only mourned in dust the lost, the brave!
Nicholas Michell.

3670. KEDRON AND OLIVET.

Thou sweet-gliding Kedron, by thy silver streams
Our Saviour at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

How damp were the vapors that fell on His head!
How hard was His pillow, how humble His bed!
The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight,
And followed their Master with solem delight.

O Garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.
Maria De Fleury.

3671. KENITE, Doom of the.
Numbers xxiv: 21, 22.

Child of a mighty race!
Strong is thy dwelling-place,
And thy high nest is the rock of the mountain;
Many a vale is thine,
Rich with the corn and wine, [fountain.
Flowers of the hill-side, and streams of the

Sad yet thy doom shall be:
Foemen shall carry thee [barrier;
Far from thy blue hills and rock-guarded
Strewn on the battle-field,
Banner and spear and shield, [rior.
Helmet and plume and the pride of the war-

Fierce and resistlessly
Assur shall burst on thee, [him;
Princes and chieftains be scattered before
Lo! on the battle-day
Far on his vengeful way, [him.
Heaven is his guide, and its banner is o'er

Child of a lofty race!
Dark is thy dwelling-place, [tion;
Darker the storm that shall break on thy na-
Lone as the wilderness,
Prey to the merciless,
Gloom for thy brightness; for joy, desolation!
H. W. J.

3672. KINGDOM, Not far from the.
Mark xii: 34.

Not far, not far from the kingdom,
Yet in the shadow of sin,
How many are coming and going,
How few are entering in!

Not far from the golden gateway,
Where voices whisper and wait;
Fearing to enter in boldly,
So lingering still at the gate;

Catching the strain of the music
Floating so sweetly along,
Knowing the song they are singing,
Yet joining not in the song.

Seeing the warmth and the beauty,
The infinite love and the light;
Yet weary, and lonely, and waiting,
Out in the desolate night!

Out in the dark and the danger,
Out in the night and the cold;
Though He is longing to lead them
Tenderly into the fold.

Not far, not far from the kingdom,
'Tis only a little space;
But it may be at last, and forever,
Out of the resting-place.

. . . . .

A ship came sailing and sailing
Over a murmuring sea,
And just in sight of the haven
Down in the waves went she.

And the spars and the broken timbers
Were cast on a storm-beat strand;
And a cry went up in the darkness,
Not far, not far from the land!
English Congregationalist.

3673. KING'S SON, Wedding of the.
Matthew xxi: 12, 13.

King of kings Jehovah made
A marriage for His Son,
Jesus in our flesh arrayed,
And partner of His throne;
Angels asked how could it be:
God most high to worms allied,
Fell in love with misery
And came to seek His bride.

First His own peculiar race
The Father sent to invite,
Wooed them Jesus to embrace,
And in His love delight;
Moses showed the Bridegroom near,
The prophets all confirmed the word:
Israel heard, yet would not hear,
Or turn to meet their Lord.

God in mercy sent again
His gospel-ministers,
Tell them now that God is man,
And in their flesh appears!

Blessed in Him, supremely blessed,
To Jesus' name, ye sinners, bow;
Come and share the marriage-feast,
For all is ready now.

O the vile ungrateful race,
His offers to despise!
Some to pleasure went their ways,
Some to their merchandise:
Sons of violent wickedness,
The rest, His messenger abhorred,
Bold to mock, and wound, and seize,
And kill them with the sword.

The great King of earth and sky,
The wicked to consume,
Hastened at His martyr's cry,
And sealed the murderers' doom;
By His Roman armies slew
The men that dared His utmost ire,
Burned their city up, and threw
Their souls into the fire.

Lo, the wedding is prepared,
He to His servant said,
Call who will the call regard,
In faithless Israel's stead:
Bidden first, since they refuse.
And all my invitations scorn,
Leave the reprobated Jews,
And to the Gentiles turn.

To the broad, frequented ways
With my commission go,
Tidings glad, of pardoning grace,
To wandering sinners show:
Every soul may be my guest:
Bring in every soul ye find,
Press them to the gospel-feast,
A feast for all mankind.

Forth the zealous servants went,
And preached the welcome word:
Sinners heard with glad consent,
And ran to meet their Lord;
Gentiles, Jews, obeyed the call,
High and low, a countless crowd,
Rushed into the nuptial-hall,
And filled the church of God.

When the King of Israel came
His joyful guests to view,
Looking with His eyes of flame,
He looked the sinner through;
One observed with angry frown,
One type of millions more,
Bold with Jesus to sit down,
And only seem to adore.

Unadorned and unarrayed
With Jesus' righteousness,
In his filthy garments clad,
And destitute of grace;
Naked in his Maker's sight,
Without the covering from above,
Dress of saints, the linen white,
The robe of faith and love.

Friend, how darest thou enter in
And unprepared intrude,
Show thyself, a slave of sin,
Among the saints of God?
Hand and foot the intruder bind,
Through guilt impenitently dumb;
Cast him out, to woes consigned
And hell's eternal gloom.

No more feet from wrath to flee,
Or hands to work for God;
No more light His face to see,
In that profound abode!
What doth now for souls remain
Cast out, to be tormented there?
Darkness, grief and rage, and pain,
And blasphemous despair!

J. and C. Wesley.

3674. KINGS, The three.
Matthew ii: 1–12.

Who are these that ride so fast o'er the desert's sandy road,
That have tracked the Red Sea shore and have swum the torrents broad;
Whose camels' bells are tinkling through the long and starry night—
For they ride like men pursued, like the vanquished of a fight?

Who are these that ride so fast? They are eastern monarchs three,
Who have laid aside their crowns and renounced their high degree;
The eyes they love, the hearts they prize, the well-known voices kind,
Their people's tents, their native plains, they've left them all behind.

The very least of faith's dim rays beamed on them from afar,
And that same hour they rose from off their thrones to track a star;
They cared not for the cruel scorn of those who call them mad;
Messiah's star was shining, and their royal hearts were glad.

But a speck was in the midnight sky, uncertain, dim, and far,
And their hearts were pure, and heard a voice proclaim Messiah's star;
And in its golden twinkling they saw more than common light,
The Mother and the Child they saw in Bethlehem by night!

And what were crowns, and what were thrones, to such a sight as that?
So straight away they left their tents, and bade not grace to wait;
They hardly stop to slake their thirst at the desert's limpid springs,
Nor note how fair the landscape is, how sweet the skylark sings!

Whole cities have turned our to meet the royal cavalcade,
Wise colleges and doctors all their wisdom have displayed;
And when the star was dim, they knocked at Herod's palace-gate,
And troubled with the news of faith his politic estate.

And they have knelt in Bethlehem! The everlasting Child
They saw upon His mother's lap, earth's monarch, meek and mild;
His little feet, with Mary's leave, they pressed with loving kiss;
Oh! what were thrones, oh! what were crowns, to such a joy as this?

One little sight of Jesus was enough for many years,
One look at Him their stay and staff in the dismal vale of tears:
Their people for that sight of Him they gallantly withstood,
They taught His faith, they preached His word, and for Him shed their blood.

Ah me! what broad daylight of faith our thankless souls receive,
How much we know of Jesus, and how easy to believe;
'Tis the noonday of His sunshine, of His sun that setteth never;
Faith gives us crowns, and makes us kings, and our kingdom is forever!

Oh! glory be to God on high for these Arabian kings,
These miracles of royal faith, with eastern offerings:
For Gaspar and for Melchior and Balthazzar, who from far
Found Mary out, and Jesus, by the shining of a star! *F. W. Faber.*

3675. KNOCKING, The Lord's.

Revelation iii : 20.

The night is far spent, and the day is at hand,
There are signs in the heaven, and signs on the land,
In the wavering earth, and the drouth of the sea;
But He stands and He knocks, sinner, nearer to thee.

His night-winds but whisper until the day break
To the bride, for in slumber her heart is awake:
He must knock at the sleep where the revellers toss,
With the dint of the nails and the shock of the cross.

Look out at the casement; see how He appears;
Still weeping for thee all Gethsemane's tears;
Ere they plait Him earth's thorns, in His solitude crowned
With the drops of the night and the dews of the ground.

Will you wait? Will you slumber until He is gone,
Till the beam of the timber cry out to the stone;
Till He shout at the sepulchre, tear it apart,
And knock at thy dust, who would speak to thy heart? *H. Kynaston.*

3676. KORAH, DATHAN, AND ABIRAM.

Numbers xvi : 1–35.

Dathan and Abiram.

"How long endure this priestly scorn,
Ye sons of Israel's eldest-born?
Shall two, the meanest of their tribe,
To the Lord's host the way prescribe,
And feed our wildering phantasy
With every soothing dream and lie
Their craft can coin? We see our woe,
Lost Egypt's plenty well we know:
But where the milk and honey? where
The promised fields and vineyards fair?
Lo! wise of heart and keen of sight
Are these—ye cannot blind them quite—
Not as our sires are we: we fear not open light."

Korah.

"And we too, Levites though we be,
We love the song of liberty.
Did we not hear the Mountain Voice
Proclaim the Lord's impartial choice?
The camp is holy, great and small,
Levites and Danites, one and all;
Our God His home in all will make.
What if no priestly finger strake
Or blood or oil o'er robe or brow,
Will He not hear His people's vow?
Lord of all earth, will He no sign
Grant but to Aaron's haughty line?
Our censers are as yours: we dare you to the shrine."

Thus spake the proud at prime of morn;
Where was their place at eve? Ye know,
Rocks of the wild in sunder torn,
And altars scathed with fires of woe!

Earth heard and sank, and they were gone;
Only their dismal parting groan
The shuddering ear long time will haunt.
Thus rebels fare: but ye, profane,
Who dared th' anointing Power disdain
For freedom's rude unpriestly vaunt,
Dire is the fame for you in store:
Your molten censers evermore
Th' atoning altar must inlay;
Memorial to the kneeling quires
That Mercy's God hath judgment-fires
For high-voiced Korahs in their day.
John Keble.

3677. LABORERS, Call for.
Matthew xx : 1-16.

Hast thou then been hired to labor
In the vineyard of the Lord,
With the promise that if faithful
Thou shalt win a sure reward?
Look, the tireless sun is hasting
Towards the zenith, and the day
Which in vanity thou'rt wasting
Speedeth rapidly away!

Lo! the field is white for harvest,
And the laborers are few;
Canst thou then, O slothful servant,
Find no work that thou canst do?
Sitting idle in the vineyard;
Sleeping while the noonday flies;
Dreaming while with every pulse-beat
Some frail mortal droops and dies.

Waken! overburdened laborers,
Fainting in the sultry ray,
Cry against thee to the Master
As thou dream'st the hours away:
Waken! patient angels, bearing
Home earth's harvest, grieving see
One by one the bright hours waning,
And no sheaf secured by thee.

When at last the summer's ended,
And the song of "Harvest home,"
By God's blessed angels chanted,
Swells through heaven's celestial dome,
What wilt thou do, slothful servant,
With no gathered sheaf to bring?
How wilt thou feel, empty-handed,
In the presence of thy King?

Lo! the field is white for harvest,
And the laborers are few;
Canst thou then, O slothful servant,
Find no work that thou canst do?
Angels wait to bear the tidings
Of some good that thou hast done;
Then to patient, faithful labor
Waken ere the set of sun!

3678. LABORERS, Christ's Call for.
Matthew xxi : 28.

Thou sayest to us, "Go!
And work while it is called to-day; the sun
Is high in heaven, the harvest but begun;
Can hands oft raised in prayer, can hearts that know
The beat of Mine through love and pain, be slow
To soothe and strengthen?" Still Thou sayest, "Go!
Lift up your eyes and see where now the line
Of God hath fallen for you, one with Mine
Your lot and portion. Go! where none relieves,
Where no one pities; thrust the sickle in,
And reap and bind, where toil and want and sin
Are standing white, for here My harvests grow:
Go! glean for Me mid wasted frames outworn,
Mid souls uncheered, uncared for; hearts forlorn,
With care and grief acquainted long, unknown
To earthly friend, of heaven unmindful grown;
In homes where no one loves, where none believes,
For here I gather in My goodly sheaves."
Thou sayest to us, "Go!"

Thou sayest to us, "Go!
To conflict and to death." While friends are few
And foes are many, what hast Thou to do
With peace, Thou son of peace? A man of war
Art Thou from youth! when Thou dost girded ride,
Two stern instructors, truth and mercy, guide
Thy hand to things of terror; friends and foes
Thine arrows feel; a sword before Thee goes,
And after Thee a fire, confusion stirred
Among the nations even by the word [eat
Of meekness and of right. "Yea, take and
Of these My words." Thou sayest, "They are sweet
As honey; yet this roll that now I press
Upon your lips will turn to bitterness
When ye shall speak its message; lo! a cry
Of wrath and madness, ere the ancient lie
That wraps the roots of earth will quit its hold,
A shriek, a wrench abhorred; and yet be bold,
O ye My servants! take My rod and stand
Before the king, nor fear if in your hand
It seem unto a serpent's form to grow;
Rise up, My priests! My mighty men, with sound
Of solemn trumpet, walk this city round,
A blast will come from God, His word and will
Through hail and storm and ruin to fulfil;
Then shall ye see the towers roll down, the wall
Built up with blood and tears and tortures fall,
And from the living grave the living dead
Will rise, as from their sleep disquieted;
O Earth, this baptism of thine is slow!
Not dews from morning's womb, not gentle rains
That drop all night, can wash away thy stains.
The fire must fall from heaven; the blood must flow
All round the altar." Still Thou sayest, "Go!"

And that Thou sayest, "Go!"
Our hearts are glad; for he is still Thy friend
And best beloved of all whom Thou dost send
The furthest from Thee; this Thy servants know;
Oh, send by whom Thou wilt, for they are blest
Who go Thy errands! Not upon Thy breast
We learn Thy secrets! Long beside Thy tomb
We wept, and lingered in the garden's gloom;
And oft we sought Thee in Thy house of prayer,
And in the desert, yet Thou wert not there.
But as we journeyed sadly through a place
Obscure and mean, we lighted on the trace
Of Thy fresh footprints, and a whisper clear
Fell on our spirits: Thou Thyself wert near;
And from Thy servants' hearts Thy name adored
Brake forth in fire; we said, "It is the Lord."
Our eyes were no more holden; on Thy face
We looked, and it was comely, full of grace,
And fair Thy lips; we held Thee by the feet;
We listened to Thy voice, and it was sweet,
And sweet the silence of our spirits; dumb
All other voices in the world that be
The while Thou saidest, "Come ye unto Me!"
The while Thou saidest, "Come!"

We said to Thee, "Abide
With us! the night draws on apace; but, lo!
The cloud received Thee, parted from our side,
In blessing parted us! Even so
The heaven of heavens must still receive Thee! Dark
And moonless skies bend o'er us as we row;
No stars appear, and sore against our bark
The current sets; yet nearer grows the shore
Where we shall see Thee standing, never more
To bid us leave Thee! though Thy realm is wide,
And mansions many, never from Thy side
Thou sendest us again; by springs serene
Thou guidest us, and now to battle keen
We follow Thee, yet still in peace or war
Thou leadest us. Oh! not to sun or star
Thou sendest us, but sayest, "Come to Me!
And where I am, there shall My servants be."
Thou sayest to us, "Come!"

D. Greenwell.

3679. LAME MAN, Healing the.
Acts iii : 6.

Forth at the hour of prayer
Went the apostles to the holy place;
The sacred temple of the living God,
Where praise was offered, and His creatures bowed
In humble adoration at His throne,
Asking remission of their sins, and grace
And strength to guide their timid, wavering
In the true way of life. [steps
Onward they passed,
With hearts o'erflowing with a fervent zeal
To do their Master's service. In their path,
Near by the temple's gate, lay one who had,
From the first era of existence, borne
Suffering and sore affliction. Life to him
Was as a cheerless waste, for he had known
No spring-time of enjoyment, when gay youth
Could speed, exulting, on the ardent race,
Or spend the sunny hours in sportive glee.
All the heart's impulses were crushed and chilled;
For, though the eye might mark the beautiful,
And the soul pine for freedom, or aspire
To high and lofty things, the maimed limbs,
And marred and wretched frame, like prison-gates
Held him a mourning captive, until all
Of life within, e'en hope itself, had died,
And there was left nor tint upon his check
Nor lustre in his eye.
There he reclined,
Where pitying hands had borne, as they were wont,
The feeble, helpless mendicant. And as
Th' apostles passed his cheerless resting-place,
His trembling voice was raised, imploring alms.

They stayed their footsteps. Was there e'er a time
When the sad wail of sorrow failed to reach
His ear whose faithful followers they were?
His was compassion, boundless, infinite;
Nor creed, nor sect, nor station could
The welling up of sacred sympathy [impede
Within His bosom!
Like their blessed Lord,
They felt the holy impulse, and their hearts
Were touched with pity as they stopped and turned
Their steadfast eyes upon the suffering man.
Then Peter said, "Look on us!" and he looked,
With expectation kindling in his glance
And thankfulness awakened in his heart;
For, from the hand outstretched, with open palm,
The alms he craved, he thought, would surely come.

Once more th' apostle spoke: "Silver and
Belong not to me, nor can I bestow [gold
These, but the gifts I have I freely give;
In the blessed name of Christ of Nazareth,
I bid thee rise and walk!" And lifting him
Upon his feet, he stood in manhood's
No longer impotent. [strength,
Then went he forth,
And entered with them in the temple gate,

Walking, and leaping, and adoring God,
Who sent His faithful ministers to raise
Him from the lowest depths of misery
And fill his heart with joy.

. . . . . .

So, Christian soul,
Though darkly round thee lower the tempest cloud,
Veiling the brightness of thy spirit's joy,
And filling thee with trembling and with fear:
Though pain and anguish rack thee, and the weak
And stricken body sink beneath the load
Of speechless agony, and prostrate lie
In helpless wretchedness: remember still
That there is One above whose watchful eye
Notes all thy sufferings, and marks thy fears;
Who tries and proves thy faith, that thou mayst be
Made meet partaker of the bliss that waits
Believers in the bright, celestial home
Prepared for thosewho put their trust in Him.

Samuel D. Patterson.

3680. LAW, The Giving of the.
Exodus xix : 16–19; xx : 18.

Israel passed the Arabian bay,
And marched between the cleaving sea;
The rising waves stood guardian of their wond'rous way,
But fell with most impetuous force
On the pursuing swarms,
And buried Egypt all in arms,
Blending in watery death the rider and the horse.
O'er struggling Pharaoh rolled the mighty tide,
And saved the labors of a pyramid.
Apis and Ore in vain he cries,
And all his horned gods beside:
He swallows fate with swimming eyes,
And cursed the Hebrews as he died.

Ah, foolish Israel, to comply
With Memphian idolatry,
And bow to brutes, a stupid slave,
To idols impotent to save!
Behold thy God, the Sovereign of the sky,
Has wrought salvation in the deep,
Has bound thy foes in iron sleep,
And raised thine honors high.
His grace forgives thy follies past;
Behold He comes in majesty,
And Sinai's top proclaims His law!
Prepare to meet thy God in haste!
But keep an awful distance still:
Let Moses round the sacred hill
The circling limits draw.

Hark! the shrill echoes of the trumpet roar,
And call the trembling armies near;
Slow and unwilling they appear;
Rails kept them from the mount before,
Now from the rails their fear. [same
'Twas the same herald, and the trump the
Which shall be blown by high command,
Shall bid the wheels of nature stand,
And Heaven's eternal will proclaim,
That "Time shall be no more."

Thus, while the laboring angel swelled the sound,
And rent the skies, and shook the ground,
Up rose the Almighty: round His sapphire seat
Adoring thrones in order fell;
The lesser powers at distance dwell,
And cast their glories down successive at His feet.
Gabriel the Great prepares His way:
"Lift up your heads, eternal doors," He cries;
The eternal doors His word obey,
Open, and shoot celestial day
Upon the lower skies.
Heaven's mighty pillars bowed their head
As their Creator bid,
And down Jehovah rode from the superior sphere,
A thousand guards before, and myriads in the rear.

His chariot was a pitchy cloud,
The wheels beset with burning gems;
The winds, in harness with the flames,
Flew o'er the ethereal road.
Down through His magazines He past
Of hail and ice and fleecy snow;
Swift rolled the triumph, and as fast
Did hail and ice in melted rivers flow.
The day was mingled with the night,
His feet on solid darkness trod,
His radiant eyes proclaimed the God,
And scattered dreadful light;
He breathed, and sulphur ran a fiery stream;
He spoke, and, though with unknown speed
He came,
Chid the slow tempest and the lagging flame.

Sinai received His glorious flight;
With axle red, and glowing wheel,
Did the winged chariot light,
And rising smoke obscured the burning hill.
Lo! it mounts in curling waves;
Lo! the gloomy pride outbraves
The stately pyramids of fire:
The pyramids to heaven aspire,
And mix with stars, but see their gloomy offspring higher.

Let not the burning hills of old
With Sinai be compared;
Nor all that lying Greece has told,
Or learned Rome has heard;
Ætna shall be named no more—
Ætna, the torch of Sicily;
Not half so high
Her lightnings fly,
Not half so loud her thunders roar
'Cross the Sicanian sea, to fright the Italian shore.
Behold the sacred hill: its trembling spire

Quakes at the terrors of the fire,
While all below its verdant feet
Stagger and reel under the Almighty weight:
Pressed with a greater than feigned Atlas' load,
Deep groaned the mount; it never bore Infinity before
It bowed and shook beneath the burden of a God.

Fresh horrors seize the camp; despair
And dying groans torment the air,
And shrieks and swoons and deaths were there;
The bellowing thunder, and the lightning's blaze.
Spread through the host a wild amaze;
Darkness on every soul, and pale was every face.
Confused and dismal were the cries,
"Let Moses speak, or Israel dies:"
Moses the spreading terror feels;
No more the man of God conceals
His shivering and surprise;
Yet, with recovering mind, commands
Silence and deep attention through the Hebrew bands.

Hark! from the centre of the flame,
All armed and feathered with the same,
Majestic sounds break through the smoky cloud:
Sent from the all-creating tongue,
A flight of cherubs guard the words along,
And bear their fiery law to the retreating crowd.

"I am the Lord; 'tis I proclaim
That glorious and that fearful name,
Thy God and King; 'twas I that broke
Thy bondage, and the Egyptian yoke:
Mine is the right to speak My will,
And thine the duty to fulfil.
Adore no god beside Me, to provoke Mine eyes;
Nor worship Me in shapes and forms that men devise:
With reverence use My name, nor turn My words to jest:
Observe My Sabbath well, nor dare profane My rest:
Honor and due obedience to thy parents give;
Nor spill the guiltless blood, nor let the guilty live:
Preserve thy body chaste, and flee the unlawful bed;
Nor steal thy neighbor's gold, his garment, or his bread:
Forbear to blast his name with falsehood or deceit;
Nor let thy wishes loose upon his large estate." *Isaac Watts.*

3681. LAZARUS.

John xi: 43-45.

The grave, that never loosed its hold,
But on its prey insatiate fed,
Restores a victim, pale and cold:
He cometh forth, the sheeted dead.
Ah! wherefore com'st thou? safely past
The gate of agony and pain,
That pang endured, the worst, the last,
Why dar'st thou thus that strife again?

Com'st thou to share the traitor-kiss,
That earth bestows at wisdom's cost?
Com'st thou to gather pearls of bliss,
And find them broken, strewed, and lost?
True, Bethany's green vales are bright,
Thy sister's home is sad for thee;
But paradise hath purer light,
And love without infirmity.

Methought he spake, that fearful form,
The sleeper, 'neath the burial sod,
The accepted brother of the worm,
"Behold my Saviour, and my God!"
And if in time's remoter hour
Cold doubt should rise, from error bred,
Through me proclaim His godlike power
Who ruled the tomb and raised the dead.
Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

3682. LAZARUS AND DIVES.

Luke xvi: 20-25.

Behold a favorite of the skies!
Before the glutton's gate he lies
In pining want and pain,
Covered with wounds and loathsome sores,
Relief he silently implores,
But asks the crumbs in vain.

The dogs some small relief afford,
Kinder than their hard-hearted lord;
The wretch he passes by:
Sufficient that his beasts he feeds,
He slights his fellow-creature's needs,
And lets the beggar die.

Worn out with grief, and want, and pain,
The beggar dies, and lives again,
Beyond conception blessed;
By flaming ministers conveyed
To realms of joy, he rests his head
On his Redeemer's breast.

Gripped by th' arresting hand of death,
The glutton too resigns his breath,
Lodged in a stately tomb!
His carcass leaves its bliss behind;
His soul, with torturing fiends confined,
Receives its fearful doom.

Below he lifts his haggard eyes,
Cursed with a glimpse of paradise,
And sees the beggar there:
The loss of heavenly happiness
Doth all his raging pangs increase,
And deepens his despair.

Thou epicure not yet in hell,
Thy danger now submit to feel,
While thy damnation stays;

Awake out of thy worldly dream,
Lift up thine eyes in prayer to Him
Who offers all His grace.

Thou need'st not feel th' infernal woe,
Or to that place of torment go,
That endless misery:
Repent! renounce thy wealth and ease,
Sell all for Jesu's love, and seize
The heaven prepared for thee.

In hell he pours a fruitless prayer:
No mercy for a suppliant there
Who would not hear the poor:
Unheard he must, unpitied, cry,
The gnawing worm that cannot die,
The quenchless fire, endure.

How righteous is the sinner's doom!
He who refused the poor a crumb
Desires a drop in vain;
Who sold his God for pleasures base
Is justly driven from His face
To everlasting pain. *J. and C. Wesley.*

3683. LAZARUS AND MARY.
John xi: 1-44.

Jesus was there but yesterday. The prints
Of His departing feet were at the door;
His "Peace be with you!" was yet audible
In the rapt porch of Mary's charmed ear;
And in the low rooms 'twas as if the air,
Hushed with his going forth, had been the breath
Of angels left on watch, so conscious still
The place seemed of his presence! Yet, within,
The family by Jesus loved were weeping,
For Lazarus lay dead.
And Mary sat
By the pale sleeper. He was young to die.
The countenance whereon the Saviour dwelt
With His benignant smile—the soft, fair lines
Breathing of hope, were still all eloquent,
Like life well mocked in marble. That the voice,
Gone from those pallid lips, was heard in heaven,
Toned with unearthly sweetness; that the light,
Quenched in the closing of those stirless lids,
Was veiling before God its timid fire,
New-lit, and brightening like a star at eve;
That Lazarus, her brother, was in bliss,
Not with this cold clay sleeping—Mary knew.
Her heaviness of heart was not for him!
But close had been the tie by death divided.
The intertwining locks of that bright hair
That wiped the feet of Jesus, the fair hands
Clasped in her breathless wonder while he taught,
Scarce to one pulse thrilled more in unison,
Than with one soul this sister and her brother
Had locked their lives together. In this love,
Hallowed from stain, the woman's heart of Mary
Was, with its rich affections, all bound up.
Of an unblemished beauty, as became
An office by archangels filled till now,
She walked with a celestial halo clad;
And while, to the apostles' eyes, it seemed
She but fulfilled her errand out of heaven,
Sharing her low roof with the Son of God,
She was a woman, fond and mortal still;
And the deep fervor, lost to passion's fire,
Breathed through the sister's tenderness. In vain
Knew Mary, gazing on that face of clay,
That it was not her brother. He was there,
Swathed in that linen vesture for the grave—
The same loved one in all his comeliness,
And with him to the grave her heart must go.
What though he talked of her to angels—nay,
Hovered in spirit near her? 'Twas that arm,
Palsied in death, whose fond caress she knew!
It was that lip of marble with whose kiss,
Morning and eve, love hemmed the sweet day in;
This was the form by the Judean maids
Praised for its palm-like stature, as he walked
With her by Kedron in the eventide:
The dead was Lazarus!

. . . . . .

The burial was over, and the night
Fell upon Bethany, and morn, and noon.
And comforters and mourners went their way,
But death stayed on! They had been oft alone,
When Lazarus had followed Christ to hear
His teachings in Jerusalem; but this
Was more than solitude. The silence now
Was void of expectation. Something felt
Always before, and loved without a name—
Joy from the air, hope from the opening door,
Welcome and life from off the very walls—
Seemed gone, and in the chamber where he lay
There was a fearful and unbreathing hush,
Stiller than night's last hour. So fell on Mary
The shadows all have known who, from their hearts,
Have released friends to heaven. The parting soul
Spreads wing betwixt the mourner and the sky!
As if its path lay, from the tie last broken,
Straight through the cheering gateway of the sun;
And, to the eye strained after, 'tis a cloud
That bars the light from all things.
Now as Christ
Drew near to Bethany, the Jews went forth
With Martha, mourning Lazarus. But Mary
Sat in the house. She knew the hour was nigh
When He would go again, as He had said,
Unto His father; and she felt that He,
Who loved her brother Lazarus in life,
Had chose the hour to bring him home through death
In no unkind forgetfulness. Alone,
She could lift up the bitter prayer to heaven,

"Thy will be done, O God!" But that dear brother
Had filled the cup and broke the bread for Christ;
And ever, at the morn, when she had knelt
And washed those holy feet, came Lazarus
To bind His sandals on, and follow forth
With drooped eyes, like an angel, sad and fair—
Intent upon the Master's need alone. [Indissolubly linked were they! And now,
To go to meet Him, Lazarus not there,
And to His greeting answer, "It is well!"
And without tears (since grief would trouble Him
Whose soul was always sorrowful) to kneel
And minister alone—her heart gave way!
She covered up her face and turned again
To wait within for Jesus. But once more
Came Martha, saying, "Lo! the Lord is here,
And calleth for thee, Mary!" Then arose
The mourner from the ground, whereon she sate
Shrouded in sackcloth, and bound quickly up
The golden locks of her dishevelled hair,
And o'er her ashy garments drew a veil
Hiding the eyes she could not trust. And still,
As she made ready to go forth, a calm
As in a dream fell on her.
At a fount
Hard by the sepulchre, without the wall,
Jesus awaited Mary. Seated near
Were the wayworn disciples in the shade;
But, of Himself forgetful, Jesus leaned
Upon His staff, and watched where she should come
To whose one sorrow—but a sparrow's falling—
The pity that redeemed a world could bleed!
And as she came, with that uncertain step,
Eager, yet weak, her hands upon her breast,
And they who followed her all fallen back
To leave her with her sacred grief alone,
The heart of Christ was troubled. She drew near,
And the disciples rose up from the fount,
Moved by her look of woe, and gathered round;
And Mary, for a moment, ere she looked
Upon the Saviour, stayed her faltering feet,
And straightened her veiled form, and tighter drew
Her clasp upon the folds across her breast:
Then, with a vain strife to control her tears,
She staggered to their midst, and at His feet
Fell prostrate, saying, "Lord! hadst Thou been here,
My brother had not died!" The Saviour groaned
In spirit, and stooped tenderly, and raised
The mourner from the ground, and in a voice,
Broke in its utterance like her own, He said,
"Where have ye laid him?" Then the Jews who came,
Following Mary, answered through their tears,
"Lord, come and see!" But lo! the mighty heart
That in Gethsemane sweat drops of blood,
Taking for us the cup that might not pass;
The heart whose breaking cord upon the cross
Made the earth tremble, and the sun afraid
To look upon His agony—the heart
Of a lost world's Redeemer—o'erflowed,
Touched by a mourner's sorrow! Jesus wept.

Calmed by those pitying tears, and fondly brooding
Upon the thought that Christ so loved her brother,
Stood Mary there; but that last burden now
Lay on His heart who pitied her: and Christ,
Following slow, and groaning in Himself,
Came to the sepulchre. It was a cave,
And a stone lay upon it. Jesus said,
"Take ye away the stone!" Then lifted He
His moistened eyes to heaven, and while the Jews
And the disciples bent their heads in awe,
And trembling Mary sank upon her knees,
The Son of God prayed audibly. He ceased,
And for a minute's space there was a hush,
As if the angelic watchers of the world
Had stayed the pulses of all breathing things,
To listen to that prayer. The face of Christ
Shone as He stood, and over Him there came
Command, as 'twere the living face of God,
And with a loud voice He cried, "Lazarus!
Come forth!" And instantly, bound hand and foot,
And borne by unseen angels from the cave,
He that was dead stood with them. At the word
Of Jesus, the fear-stricken Jews unloosed
The bands from off the foldings of his shroud;
And Mary, with her dark veil thrown aside,
Ran to him swiftly, and cried, "Lazarus!
My brother, Lazarus!" and tore away
The napkin she had bound about his head,
And touched the warm lips with her fearful hand,
And on his neck fell weeping. And while all
Lay on their faces prostrate, Lazarus
Took Mary by the hand, and they knelt down
And worshipped Him who loved them.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

3684. LAZARUS, Silence of.

When Lazarus left his charnel-cave
And home to Mary's house returned,
Was this demanded: if he yearned
To hear her weeping by his grave?

Where wert thou, brother, those four days?
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbors met,
The streets were filled with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crowned
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unrevealed;
He told it not; or something sealed
The lips of the evangelist. *A. Tennyson.*

3685. LAZARUS, The Raising of.
John xi: 32–44.

"He cometh not, although we sent Him tidings
Soon as around our hearts the darkness grew,
He whom, till now, not love, though prone
Could deem untrue. [to chidings,

"Ah me! our eyes were weary with their straining,
To see Him traversing the olived slope;
Died one by one, out of hearts bruised and
Hope after hope. [paining,

"And through the leaden hours we watched him fading,
With whom the sun and stars went from the day;
Till, spite of tears and tenderest upbraiding,
He slept away.

"Now this poor swept home does but mock the other,
Where the kind lightnings played from side to side;
'Ah, Lord, if Thou hadst but been here, our
Would not have died!'" [brother

But soon, as shoots a star to sight, a rumor
Strikes on the ear and heart that Jesus nears;
How at the sound each wild resentful humor
Dissolves in tears!

He comes too late! the loved one hath departed;
The covetous grave hath opened for its own;
Loud is the wailing of the broken-hearted
Above the stone.

"Take ye away the stone!" It will encum-
The living in his passage from the dead. [ber
The sleeper rose, cast off his desert slumber,
And left his bed.

Vain is the tomb's embrace, the spoiler's malice,
To him who drank himself the bitter cup;
He speaks: the life-wine mantleth in the
And brimmeth up. [chalice,

"Not unto death, but for the Father's glory."
Through the hushed world the purpose is complete,
For they who mourned, and we who read
Bow at His feet. [the story,

Dear human Friend, who wept before His praying,
Such tears as fall from our own weary eyes!
But through those tears there shone the God-
"Lazarus, arise!" [head, saying,

Restored again to the deep joy of being,
How the fond heart with love is ne'er sufficed!
"The eye is" never "satisfied with seeing"
The face of Christ.

And all the soul bends forth, entranced to listen,
While grace and truth come sparkling in each word,
As on the spray the morning dewdrops
For bee or bird. [glisten

What wonder Love's sweet incense shed around Him
Her wealth of spikenard, in libation poured!
What wonder Faith, with royal reverence,
Her God and Lord! [crowned Him

He loves the human yet, with love undying,
And stills heaven's music while He leaves His throne,
From every charnel where our love is lying
To roll the stone.

W. Morley Punshon.

3686. LAZARUS, The Raising of.
John xi: 1–44.

The sepulchre was open wide,
Its closing-stone was rolled aside,
And curious crowds pressed round to see
What passing wonder there might be.
There, groaning deep for him who slept,
E'en Christ stood at the grave and wept.
He wept! but His was not the tear
Of human grief on human bier,
That gushes, trustless of to-morrow,
In unassuaged excess of sorrow.
And yet He wept, though there He stood,
In power's unquestioned plenitude,
While every sacred drop that fell
Was life to death, and death to hell!

But closer now, and closer grew
The press of the surrounding crew,
Who deemed He came to mourn, not save,
As He stooped o'er the dead man's grave,
And gazed with self-communing air
For a short space in silence there.
Nearer He stooped, and yet more near;
Hark! heard ye not, like trumpet clear,
His life-shout in that mouldering ear?
Forth sent the tomb its hidden birth,
For He who called was God on earth!
Then, following that resistless word,
The dead sprang forth before his Lord,
Bound hand and foot with funeral clothes;
In life, in breathing life, he rose,
And cast amid the astonished crowd,
From his freed limbs, the loosened shroud!
Health's crimson light o'erspread his face,
His eye was fire, his step was grace;
No trace of what it was before
The metamorphosed body wore;
But, like the first-formed of mankind,
Ere his full heart might utterance find,

Complete in sense, and limb, and motion,
Absorbed he stood in rapt devotion,
While through each uncollapsing vein
The rushing life-streams burst again.

All turned to Christ; but He, with eye
Serenely lifted to the sky,
Symbol or sign of outward power,
Distinguished in that holy hour:
His hand yet on the marble rested
Where late the revelling worm was rife,
And awe-struck multitudes attested
"The Resurrection and the Life"!
Lionel T. Berguer.

3687. LAZARUS, The Raising of.
John xi : 38-44.

'Tis still thine hour, O Death!
Thine, lord of Hades, is the kingdom still;
Yet twice thy sword unstained hath sought its sheath,
Though twice upraised to kill;
And once again the tomb
Shall yield its captured prey;
A mightier Arm shall pierce the pathless gloom
And rend the prize away:
Nor comes thy Conqueror armed with spear or sword;
He hath no arms but prayer, no weapon but His Word.

'Tis now the fourth sad morn
Since Lazarus, the pious and the just,
To his last home by sorrowing kinsmen borne,
Hath parted, dust to dust.
The grave-worm revels now
Upon his mouldering clay;
And He before whose car the mountains bow,
The rivers roll away
In conscious awe—He only can revive
Corruption's withering prey and call the dead to life!

Yet still the sisters keep
Their sad and silent vigil at the grave,
Watching for Jesus: "Comes He not to weep?
He did not come to save!"
But now one straining eye
Th' advancing Form hath traced;
And soon in wild resistless agony
Have Martha's arms embraced
The Saviour's feet: "O Lord! hadst Thou been nigh—
But speak the word e'en now; it shall be heard on high."

They led Him to the cave,
The rocky bed where now in darkness slept
Their brother and His friend; then at the grave
They paused, for "Jesus wept."
O love sublime and deep!
O hand and heart divine!
He comes to rescue, though He deigns to weep.
The captive is not thine,
O Death! thy bands are burst asunder now:
There stands beside the grave a Mightier far than thou.

"Come forth," He cries, "thou dead!"
O God! what means that strange and sudden sound,
That murmurs from the tomb—that ghastly head
With funeral fillets bound?
It is a living form,
The loved, the lost, the won—
Won from the grave, corruption, and the worm.
"And is not this the Son
Of God?" they whispered; while the sisters poured
Their gratitude in tears, for they had known the Lord.

Yet know the Son of God—
For such He was in truth—approached the hour
For which alone the path of thorns He trod,
In which to thee the power,
O Death! should be restored,
And yet restored in vain;
For though the blood of ransom must be poured,
The spotless Victim slain,
He shall but yield to conquer, fall to rise,
And make the cold, dark grave a portal to the skies!
Thomas Dale.

3688. LAZARUS, The Sister of.
John xi : 28.

A sister in anguish lamented the loved,
And tears of affliction streamed fast from her eyes,
As she bowed 'neath the rod of the chastener, and proved
That those blessings fly fast which most fondly we prize.
She mused on his virtues, his kindness, his truth;
On the love that was borne her, so fervent and high,
By the playmate of childhood, companion of youth,
Thus called, in the fresh bloom of vigor, to die!
And her burdened heart sunk in the darkness of woe,
As the fond sister mourned for the cherished laid low.

But listen! a voice by the mourner is heard
Whose tones send the music of peace to her soul;
The loud sobs of anguish are calmed at a word,
And the tear-drops no longer in bitterness roll;
Hope breaks throught the gloom that enshrouds her sad heart,
And her bosom expands with a rapturous glow;

Firm faith and full trust their best comforts impart
As she hears from the lips of the messenger flow
Sweet tidings to bid her deep agony flee:
"The Master is come, and He calleth for thee."

So, Christian! though gloomy and sad be thy days,
And the tempests of sorrow encompass thee black;
Though no sunshine of promise or hope sheds its rays
To illumine and cheer thy life's desolate track:
Though thy soul writhes in anguish, and bitter tears flow
O'er the wreck of fond joys from thy bleeding heart riven,
Check thy sorrowing murmurs, thou lorn one, and know
That the chastened on earth are the purest for heaven:
And remember, though gloomy the present may be,
That the Master is coming, and coming to thee. *S. D. Patterson.*

3689. LEBANON.

Now upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve roposes;
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.
Thomas Moore.

3690. LEBANON, Sighing for.

There is none like her, none;
Nor will be when our summers have deceased.
Oh! art thou sighing for Lebanon
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East,
Sighing for Lebanon,
Dark cedar, though thy limbs have here increased,
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,
And looking to the south, and fed
With honeyed rain and delicate air,
And haunted by the starry head
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,
And made my life a perfumed altar-flame;
And over whom thy darkness must have spread
With such delight as theirs of old, thy great
Forefathers of the thornless garden, there
Shadowing the snow-limbed Eve from whom she came. *Alfred Tennyson.*

3691. LEBANON, The Cedars of.

But the just like palms shall flourish,
Which the plains of Judah nourish:
Like tall cedars mounted on
Cloud-ascending Lebanon.
Plants set in thy courts, below
Spread their roots, and upwards grow;
Fruit in their old age shall bring;
Ever fat and flourishing.
This God's justice celebrates;
He, my Rock, injustice hates.
G. Sandys.

3692. LEBANON, The Cedars of.

Ye ancients of the earth, beneath whose shade
Swept the fierce banners of earth's mightiest kings,
When millions for a battle were arrayed,
And the sky darkened with the vulture's wings.

Long silence followed on the battle-cries;
First the bones whitened, then were seen no more;
The summer grasses sprang for summer skies,
And dim tradition told no tales of yore.

The works of peace succeeded those first wars,
Men left the desert tents for marble walls;
Then rose the towers from whence they watched the stars,
And the vast wonders of their kingly halls.

And they are perished, those imperial towers,
Read not amid the midnight stars their doom;
The pomp and art of all their glorious hours
Lie hidden in the sands that are their tomb.

And ye, ancestral trees, are somewhat shorn
Of the first strength that marked earth's earlier clime;
But still ye stand, stately and tempest-worn,
To show how nature triumphs over time.

Much have ye witnessed, but yet more remains;
The mind's great empire is but just begun;
The desert beauty of your distant plains
Proclaim how much has yet been left undone.

Will not your giant columns yet behold
The world's old age, enlightened, calm, and free;
More glorious than the glories known of old,
The spirit's placid rule o'er land and sea?

All that the past has taught is not in vain:
Wisdom is garnered up from centuries gone;
Love, Hope, and Mind prepare a nobler reign
Than ye have known, cedars of Lebanon!
Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

3693. LEPER CLEANSED.
Luke v: 12, 13.

A leper once to Jesus came,
Believing only in His name,
And trusting in His love:
"Thou seest, Lord, my direst need,

Unclean and dying! Yet I plead,
Thou canst my curse remove!"

"I will! Be clean!" the Lord replied,
And straightway thrilled the healthful tide
Of life along his veins;
His leprosy was cleansed away,
His heart was filled with joy that day,
Departed all his pains.

Lord, I a suppliant also bow,
For I Thy power have need of now,
To cleanse away my guilt;
The leprosy of sin I feel,
Its woe, its curse; but Thou canst heal—
Thou canst, if but Thou wilt.

Oh, let Thy power again be seen!
Speak Thou the word: "I will! Be clean!"
On me let mercy shine,
My guilt be pardoned, heart be healed,
My soul for Thy salvation sealed;
The glory shall be Thine.

3694. LEPER, Healing a.
Luke v: 12-15.

A leprous soul that feels
The loathsomeness of sin
To Christ his case reveals,
And longs to be made clean;
His humble faith to Christ applies,
But little speaks, but much it sighs.

O'erwhelmed beneath the load
Of his impurity,
A long-offended God
Ashamed he is to see;
Low in the dust he hides his face,
And, conscious of his vileness, prays:

My universal sin,
Lord, I to Thee confess;
Corrupt without, within,
Full of a sore disease,
Of bruises, wounds, and putrid sores,
My spirit at Thy feet adores.

Of grace I never will,
But of myself, despair;
Able Thou art to heal,
Thou hear'st a sinner's prayer;
My faith is strong, my hope is sure,
A touch of Thine can make me pure.

Thy Spirit's hand apply
My pardoned sin to seal,
My soul to purify;
Assure me now "I will,"
And all my guilt shall now depart,
And sin shall leave me pure in heart.
J. and C. Wesley.

3695. LEPER, The.
Mark i: 40-42.

Alone on Jordan's plain,
His head all bare to sun and rain,
A leper roamed with garments rent.
And wailing voice, still crying as he went,
Unclean! unclean! unclean!

But Jesus passed by,
And as His blessed feet drew nigh
He listened while the suppliant prayed;
And kindly to that dying soul He said,
Be clean! be clean! be clean!

By sin thus tainted sore,
I roam earth's barren desert o'er;
My head is bare to storms of woe,
My dreary voice still crying as I go,
Unclean! unclean! unclean!

O Thou who on the tree
Of agony once died for me,
With pitying mercy hear my cry,
And kindly to my guilty soul reply,
Be clean! be clean! be clean!

3696. LEPERS, The Ten.
Luke xvii: 12-18.

Ten cleansed, and only one remain!
Who would have thought our nature's stain
Was dyed so foul, so deep in grain?
Even He who reads the heart
Knows what He gave and what we lost,
Sin's forfeit and redemption's cost,
By a short pang of wonder crossed
Seems at the sight to start.

Yet 'twas not wonder, but His love
Our wavering spirits would reprove,
That heavenward seem so free to move
When earth can yield no more:
Then from afar on God we cry;
But should the mist of woe roll by,
Not showers across an April sky
Drift, when the storm is o'er,

Faster than those false drops and few
Fleet from the heart, a worthless dew.
What sadder scene can angels view
Than self-deceiving tears,
Poured idly over some dark page
Of earlier life, though pride or rage
The record of to-day engage,
A woe for future years?

Spirits that round the sick man's bed
Watched, noting down each prayer he made,
Were your unerring roll displayed,
His pride of health t' abase;
Or, when soft showers in season fall,
Answering a famished nation's call,
Should unseen fingers on the wall
Our vows forgotten trace;

How should we gaze in trance of fear!
Yet shines the light as thrilling clear
From heaven upon that scroll severe,
"Ten cleansed and one remain!"
Nor surer would the blessing prove
Of humbled hearts, that own Thy love,
Should choral welcome from above
Visit our senses plain;

Than by Thy placid voice and brow,
With healing first, with comfort now,
Turned upon him, who hastes to bow
Before Thee, heart and knee;
"Oh! thou, who only wouldst be blest,
On thee alone My blessing rest!
Rise, go thy way in peace, possessed
For evermore of Me." *John Keble.*

3697. LEPERS, The Ungrateful.
Luke xvii: 12-19.

Wand'ring afar from the dwellings of men,
Hear the sad cry of the lepers—the ten;
"Jesus, have mercy!" brings healing divine;
One came to worship, but where are the nine?

Loudly the stranger sang praise to the Lord,
Knowing the cure had been wrought by His word,
Gratefully owning the Healer Divine;
Jesus says tenderly, "Where are the nine?"

"Who is this Nazarene?" Pharisees say;
"Is He the Christ? tell us plainly, we pray."
Multitudes follow Him seeking a sign,
Show them His mighty works—Where are the nine?

Jesus on trial to-day we can see;
Thousands deridingly ask, "Who is He?"
How they're rejecting Him, your Lord and mine!
Bring in the witnesses—Where are the nine?
P. P. Bliss.

3698. LIFE, Contraction of.

I looked on the dead, and bethought me
Of a story strange and wild,
That has haunted my wayward fancy
Since e'er I was a child.

Six windows a prisoner counted
As he entered his spacious cell;
On the beams of the sunset in streaming
He gazed, and he said, "It is well!"

He sleeps, and his dreams are of freedom,
Till the clock of the castle strikes one;
'Tis an earthquake! the prison is moving!
He wakes—and a window is gone!

From morning till eve, in his terror
He ponders this mystery o'er:
'Tis midnight again. Hark! a jarring!
Of the windows there only are four!

Now nearer the floor and the ceiling,
And nearer the walls set to be;
The door where he entered has vanished:
That night he counts windows but three!

The sweat on his brow cold and clammy,
Oozes thick as the new-fallen dew;
With fear and with trembling he watches:
In vain! there are windows but two!

He lays himself down not to slumber;
The fatal sound cometh once more;
The ponderous walls crush together:
A shriek—and his sorrows are o'er!

This story long slept without moral,
Yet one raiseth it now from the past:
Though the earth seems at first a large prisor
To the coffin we come at the last.

Each year, as it closes around us,
Unto death more and more gives control:
Oh! his grasp to the body is fearful;
Then what must it be to the soul?

3699. LIFE, Loom of.

All day, all night, I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life, and near and far
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
As the tireless wheels go always round.

Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom;
In the light of day and the midnight's gloom,
The wheels are turning early and late,
And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, clack! there's a thread of love wove
Click, clack! another of wrong and sin; [in;
What a checkered thing will this life be
When we see it unrolled in eternity!

Time, with a face like mystery,
And hands as busy as hands can be,
Sits at the loom with its arm outspread,
To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.

When shall this wonderful web be done?
In a thousand years, perhaps, or one;
Or to-morrow. Who knoweth? Not you or I,
But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Are we spinners of wool for this life-web—say?
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day?
It were better, then, O my friend! to spin
A beautiful thread than a thread of sin.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver! the years are slow,
But each one is nearer the end, I know;
And some day the last thread shall be woven
God grant it be love instead of sin. [in.

3700. LIFE, Our Years of.

Our years of life, our years of life, ah me,
how swift they fly!
Nor toil, nor care, nor grief, nor joy, can
stay them, hurrying by;
As clouds before the summer wind, as waves
along the sea,
So life's short years of smiles and tears sweep
to eternity.

Last year I looked along the past with heart-
ache and with shame,
For all the years of emptiness when life was
but the name;

I saw its vanity in spring, its summer's fruitless show,
And 'round my way already heard sad winds of autumn blow;

I saw my strong and high resolves, my hopes that burned like flame,
Dragged down to weakness that I scorned, so paltry, poor, and tame;
That nameless dream that fired my soul and lit me like a star,
Alas! how dim through mists it shone, how rayless and how far.

That lip I vowed, unheard by man, should soar so fair and grand,
That, like the sun, its beams should bless and brighten every land,
O God! I wept, and weep again; I dreamed it might be mine,
And held my dew-drop forth to flash white seas of day divine!

O fool! O child! in pain I cry; all lights but hide the sun,
And streak with shade those prismal tides that through creation run.
Drink! drink the sun! and then, though frail and trembling like the dew,
Thy trembling shall but more reveal the God-light leaping through!

"It might have been!" What might have been? And is it yet too late
To work for good? to work for God? or ask His will and wait?
Then working most, perchance, when least in my own strength is done;
For what avails the tempest's toil to match the silent sun?

O years of life! O years of life! your flight can ne'er return,
And vain are all the tears that fall above youth's ashy urn;
But love like Thine, O heart divine! thy pureness, meekness, truth,
Thy teeming calm—these breathe the balm of heaven's eternal youth.

For what is youth but guileless truth and glowing hope and love?
These grace and warm each seraph form that floats in light above.
If these be mine, O Thou divine! through all earth's warring life,
My heart, like gold, shall ne'er grow old, nor scarred with sin and strife.

O years of life! O years of life! roll on your squadrons dark.
My heart like rock shall stand your shock; your surge shall lift my ark.
O'er waves beneath or clouds above my soul shall sail or soar,
On eagle's wing exulting sing, and steer for heaven's bright shore.

O years of life! I hail your strife, I shout amid your storm,
For o'er life's sea walks forth toward me a bright supernal form!
And lo! where lifts through golden rifts a headland far and white.
That looms alone through calms unknown, and props a sphere of light!

George Lansing Taylor.

3701. LILIES AND BIRDS.

Luke xii : 27.

Flowers! when the Saviour's calm, benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty, when from you
That heavenly lesson from all hearts He drew,
Eternal, universal as the sky:
Then, in the bosom of your purity,
A voice He set, as in a temple shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by,
Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine.

And though too oft its low, celestial sound,
By the harsh notes of work-day care is drowned,
And the loud steps of vain unlistening haste,
Yet the great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's hushed hour,
Than yours, ye lilies! chosen thus and graced!

Ye too, the free and fearless birds of the air,
Were charged that hour on missionary wing,
The same bright lesson o'er the seas to bear,
Heaven-guided wanderers with the winds of spring?
Sing on, before the storm and after, sing!
A call to your echoing woods away
From worldly cares; and bid our spirits bring
Faith to imbibe deep wisdom from your lay.
So may those blessed vernal strains renew
Childhood; a childhood yet more pure and true
E'en than the first, within th' awakened mind:
While sweetly, joyously, they tell of life,
That know no doubts, no questionings, no strife,
But hangs upon its God, unconsciously resigned.

Felicia D. Hemans.

3702. LILIES, Consider the.

Matthew vi : 28.

Consider the lilies so gracefully bending,
In beauty and brilliance arrayed,
Unwatched and uncared for, yet cheerfully lending
Their charms to the field and the glade.
Consider them well, for instruction may dwell
In the form of the lowliest flower,
And a lesson of truth for the season of youth
Is the lily's unchangeable dower.

O ye that are proud of your outward adorning,
Your charms to the lilies must yield,

And turn to your mirrors with blushing and scorning,
Outdone by the flowers of the field.
Old age will come on, and your beauty be gone,
As the lilies that fade with the light;
Then earnestly seek to be lowly and meek—
The beauty that nothing can blight.

Consider the lilies, O timid and fearful!
They grow without trouble or care,
And seem in a whisper to bid you be cheerful,
And never give way to despair;
Look up to the sky, to your Father on high;
Let His promises comfort thine heart,
And doubt and dismay shall pass quickly away,
In the light that His love can impart.

And you whose young bosoms with ardor are glowing
For fame and distinction on earth,
May learn from the flowers that around you are growing
How little these honors are worth.
Earth's proudest array fades soonest away,
And only leaves sorrow behind;
While those who confide in His name who hath died
The highest promotion shall find.

3703. LILIES OF JERUSALEM.
Matthew vi : 28.

Fair lilies of Jerusalem!
Ye wear the same array
As when imperial Judah's stem
Maintained its regal sway.

By sacred Jordan's desert tide,
As bright ye blossom on
As when your simple charms outvied
The pomp of Solomon.

The lonely pilgrim's heart is filled
With holiest themes divine,
When first he sees your colors gild
The fields of Palestine.

Fresh springing from the emerald sod,
As beautiful to see
As when the meek, incarnate God,
Took parable from ye.

What rose, amidst her fragrant bowers,
That steals the morning's glow,
Or tulip, queen of Eastern flowers,
Was ever honored so?

But ye are of the lowly train
Which He delights to raise;
Ye bloom unsullied by a stain,
And therefore ye have praise.

Ye never toiled with anxious care,
From silken threads to spin
That living gold, refined and rare,
Which God hath clothed ye in;

That ye, His simplest works, should shine,
In such adornment dressed,
That mightiest kings of Judah's line
Could boast of no such vest.

Ye still as mute memorials stand
Of Scripture's sacred page,
Sweet lilies of the Holy Land!
And bloom in every age.

Ye've seen the terrors of the Lord
By signs and wonders shown,
And kingly rebels to His power
Amidst their pride o'erthrown.

Ye flourished when the captive band,
By prophets warned in vain,
Were led to fair Euphrates' strand
From Jordan's pleasant plain;

In hostile lands to weep and dream
Of things that still were free,
And sigh to see your golden gleam,
Sweet flowers of Galilee!

And ye have seen a darker hour
On Zion's children fall,
Than when Chaldea's vengeful power
Assailed her leaguered wall:

Ye saw the eagles from afar
On wing of terror come;
And godless priests maintain a war
'Gainst earth-subduing Rome.

The meteor sword that high in air
O'er guilty Salem swept,
And all her burden of despair
O'er which Messiah wept.

Ye bloomed unscathed, meek, lovely flowers!
On that terrific night,
When marble fanes and rock-built towers
Crashed downward from their height.

Ye have survived Judea's throne,
Her temple's overthrow,
And seen proud Salem sitting lone,
A widow in her woe:

Her children from that pleasant place
As outcasts sent to roam;
While Ishmael's unbelieving race
Lay waste their forfeit home.

But, lilies of Jerusalem!
Through every change ye shine;
Your golden urns unfading gem
The fields of Palestine! *Strickland.*

3704. LILIES, The Corn and the.
Luke xii : 27; Canticles ii : 2.

Said the corn to the lilies,
"Press not near my feet;
You are only lilies,
Neither corn nor wheat:
Does one earn a living
Just by being sweet?"

Naught answered the lilies,
Neither yea nor nay,
Only they grew sweeter
All the livelong day;
And at last the Teacher
Chanced to come that way.

While His tired disciples
Rested at His feet,
And the proud corn rustled,
Bidding them to eat;
"Children," said the Teacher,
"The life is more than meat.

"Consider the lilies,
How beautiful they grow!
Never king had such glory,
Yet no toil they know."
Oh happy were the lilies
That He loved them so!

Emily A. Braddock.

3705. LION'S WHELPS.

Ezekiel xix : 1.

Israel was a lioness!
Mother of a lion brood,
Training in her fierce caress
All her whelps to gorge on blood.
Red the surge of Jordan ran,
For their fearful meal was man!

One she sent, a forest king,
Rushing over hill and plain,
Rapid as the eagle's wing,
Scorning lance, defying chain;
Hebron's mountains heard his roar,
Heard it Jordan's sedgy shore.

Sharp the talon, fierce the fang,
When his lair the hunter found,
When he on the hunter sprang,
Making all the man a wound.
But her lion-whelp is gone,
Chained to Egypt's tyrant throne!

Then from Israel's lion-den
Rushed another of her brood.
Ambushed in his mountain glen,
Hate his thirst, revenge his food;
Loving night and shunning day,
Keen to scent, and strong to slay.

Laying waste the palace hall,
Laying waste the city gate,
Glutting his revenge on all;
Dark as death and fixed as fate.
Slaughter tainted earth and air
Round that lion's mountain lair!

Tore his fang the serpent's scale?
Chased his foot the flying deer?
No, the monarch in his mail,
No, the biting of the spear,
Only worthy of his spring,
Banqueted the forest king!

But the nations round him rose,
And the iron net was flung
By the noblest of thy foes
O'er the fiercest of thy young.
Now his fetter is undone;
Death is lord—in Babylon!

George Croly.

3706. LOAVES, Boy with the Five.

John vi : 5–12.

What time the Saviour spread His feast
For thousands on the mountain's side,
One of the last and least
The abundant store supplied.

Haply the wonders to behold,
A boy, 'mid other boys he came,
A lamb of Jesus' fold,
Though now unknown by name.

Or for his sweet, obedient ways,
The apostles brought him near, to share
Their Lord's laborious days,
His frugal basket bear.

Or might it be his duteous heart
That led him sacrifice to bring,
For his own simple part,
To the world's hidden King?

Well may I guess how glowed his cheek;
How he looked down, half pride, half fear;
Far off he saw one speak
Of him in Jesus' ear.

"There is a lad, five loaves hath he,
And fishes twain; but what are they
Where hungry thousands be?"
Nay, Christ will find a way.

In order, on the fresh green hill,
The mighty Shepherd ranks His sheep,
By tens and fifties, still
As clouds when breezes sleep.

Or who can tell the trembling joy,
Who paint the grave, endearing look,
When from that favored boy
The wondrous pledge he took?

Keep thou, dear child, thine early word;
Bring Him thy best: who knows but He
For His eternal board
May take some gift of thee?

Thou prayest without the veil as yet;
But kneel in faith: an arm benign
Such prayers will duly set
Within the holiest shrine.

And prayer has might to spread and grow;
Thy childish darts, right-aimed on high,
May catch Heaven's fire, and glow
Far on the eternal sky:

Even as He made that stripling's store
Type of the feast by Him decreed,
When angels might adore
And souls forever feed.

Lyra Innocentium.

3707. LOAVES, Miracle of the.
Matthew xiv : 15–21.

Thousands completely fed
With a few loaves of bread, [fare;
Such as would barely form one household's
And, when the feast was o'er,
The fragments were a store
Enough for needy hundreds still to share.

What was the power that wrought
This wonder passing thought? [yore
What but that word divine, which called of
Systems and suns to grace
The mighty realms of space, [o'er?
And then with life and beauty spread them

God only can create;
None less could arrogate
The power to sway all nature with a rod:
O Christ! be Thou adored;
For that creative word [art God.
Which blessed the bread was God, and Thou
Joseph H. Clinch.

3708. LOAVES, The Lad with the Barley.
John vi : 5–13.

Sandalled with green luxuriance the hills
That sloped to meet the Galilean sea;
One voice alone the charmed silence fills,
One face alone the earnest thousands see.
Hour after hour held by most holy spell,
Till the day passed and shades of evening fell.

Then they were faint and weary; so the Lord,
Touched with their suff'ring said, "Give them to eat."
And doubting Philip, when he heard that word,
Wondered and questioned, "Where shall we get meat?"
But Andrew's eye o'er the vast concourse roves,
To find a "lad who had five barley loaves."

A stripling of few years; what brought him there?
The wonder of some miracle to see?
Or had it been his blessed lot to share
The Saviour's love, and climb upon His knee?
O happy child! I know thy joyful pride,
When Andrew called thee to the Master's side.

'Twas angel's food that mortals ate that day,
Although no bright-stoled angel brought it down;
But from the basket of a child at play,
And from the little hands all sunburnt brown,
Divinity did take, and bless, and share
Five barley loaves among five thousand there.

Not the boy priest who served the temple's shrine,
And heard Jehovah's voice call him by name,
Had honor half so great, dear child, as thine,
Linked with the Christ in such a tender fame;
Not angels came the humble meal to spread,
But from thy hands He took the barley bread.
Lilly E. Barr.

3709. LOAVES AND FISHES, Miracle of the.
Mark viii : 4.

Go not away, thou weary soul:
Heaven has in store a precious dole
Here on Bethsaida's cold and darksome height,
Where over rocks and sands arise
Proud Sirion in the northern skies,
And Tabor's lonely peak, 'twixt thee and noonday light.

And, far below, Gennesaret's main
Spreads many a mile of liquid plain,
Though all seem gathered in one eager bound,
Then narrowing cleaves yon palmy lea,
Towards that deep sulphureous sea,
Where five proud cities lie, by one dire sentence drowned.

Landscape of fear! yet, weary heart,
Thou need'st not in thy gloom depart,
Nor fainting turn to seek thy distant home:
Sweetly thy sickening throbs are eyed
By the kind Saviour at thy side;
For healing and for balm even now thine hour is come.

No fiery wing is seen to glide,
No cates ambrosial are supplied;
But one poor fisher's rude and scanty store
Is all He asks and more than needs
Who men and angels daily feeds, [shore.
And stills the wailing sea-bird on the hungry

The feast is o'er, the guests are gone,
And over all that upland lone
The breeze of eve sweeps wildly as of old;
But far unlike the former dreams,
The heart's sweet moonlight softly gleams
Upon life's varied view, so joyless erst and cold.

As mountain travellers in the night,
When heaven by fits is dark and bright,
Pause listening on the silent heath, and hear
Nor trampling hoof nor tinkling bell,
Then bolder scale the rugged fell,
Conscious the more of One, ne'er seen, yet ever near:

So when the tones of rapture gay
On the lorn ear die quite away,
The lonely world seems lifted nearer heaven;
Seen daily, yet unmarked before,
Earth's common paths are strewn all o'er
With flowers of pensive hope, the wreath of man forgiven.

The low sweet tones of Nature's lyre
No more on listless ears expire,
Nor vainly smiles along the shady way
The primrose in her vernal nest,
Nor unlamented sink to rest [decay.
Sweet roses one by one, nor autumn leaves

There's not a star the heaven can show,
There's not a cottage hearth below,

But feeds with solace kind the willing soul;
Men love us, or they need our love;
Freely they own, or heedless prove
The curse of lawless hearts, the joy of self-control.

Then rouse thee from desponding sleep,
Nor by the wayside lingering weep,
Nor fear to seek Him farther in the wild,
Whose love can turn earth's worst and least
Into a conqueror's royal feast:
Thou wilt not be untrue, thou shalt not be beguiled. *John Keble.*

3710. LOAVES AND FISHES, Miracle of the.
Matthew xv : 16–21.

A voice amid the desert.
Not of him [fed
Who, in rough garments clad, and locust-
Cried to the sinful multitude, and claimed
Fruits of repentance, with the lifted scourge
Of terror and reproof. A milder guide,
With gentler tones, doth teach the listening throng.
Benignant pity moved Him as He saw
The shepherdless and poor. He knew to touch
The springs of every nature. The high lore
Of heaven He humbled to the simplest child,
And in the guise of parable allured
The sluggish mind to follow truth and live.
They whom the thunders of the Law had stunned
Woke to the Gospel's melody with tears;
And the glad Jewish mother held her babe
High in her arms, that its young eye might
Jesus of Nazareth. [meet
It was so still,
Though thousands clustered there, that not a sound
Brake the strong spell of eloquence which held
The wilderness in chains, save now and then,
As the gale freshened, came the murmured speech
Of distant billows, chafing with the shores
Of the Tiberian sea.
Day wore apace,
Noon hasted, and the lengthening shadows brought
The unexpected eve. They lingered still,
Eyes fixed and lips apart; the very breath
Constrained, lest some escaping sigh might break
The tide of knowledge, sweeping o'er their souls
Like a strange, raptured dream. They heeded not
The spent sun, closing at the curtained west
His burning journey. What was time to them,
Who heard entranced the eternal Word of Life?
But the weak flesh grew weary. Hunger came,
Sharpening each feature, and to faintness drained
Life's vigorous fount. The holy Saviour felt
Compassion for them. His disciples press,
Care-stricken, to His side: "Where shall we find
Bread in this desert?"
Then, with lifted eye,
He blessed, and brake, the slender store of food,
And fed the famished thousands. Wondering awe
With renovated strength inspired their souls,
As, gazing on the miracle, they marked
The gathered fragments of their feast, and heard
Such heavenly words as lip of mortal man
Had never uttered.
Thou, whose pitying heart
Yearned o'er the countless miseries of those
Whom Thou didst die to save, touch Thou our souls
With the same spirit of untiring love.
Divine Redeemer! may our fellow-man,
Howe'er by rank or circumstance disjoined,
Be as a brother in his hour of need.
L. H. Sigourney.

3711. LOCUSTS, Cloud of.

Then Moath pointed where a cloud
Of locusts, from the desolated fields
Of Syria, winged their way.
"Lo! how created things
Obey the written doom."

Onward they came, a dark continuous cloud
Of congregated myriads numberless,
The rushing of whose wings was as the sound
Of some broad river, headlong in its course
Plunged from a mountain summit; or the roar
Of a wild ocean in the autumnal storm,
Shattering its billows on a shore of rocks.
Onward they came, the winds impelled them on,
Their work was done, their path of ruin past,
Their graves were ready in the wilderness.
Robert Southey.

3712. LORD'S SUPPER, Institution of the.
1 Corinthians xi : 23.

'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed Him to His foes;

Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed and brake:
What love through all His actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace He spake!

"This is My Body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food."
Then took the cup and blessed the wine:
"This the new covenant in My Blood.

For us His flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, He felt the thorn;
And justice poured upon His head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

For us His vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt!
When, for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave His soul a sacrifice.

"Do this," He cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at My Table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

Jesus! Thy feast we celebrate;
We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,
Till Thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

3713. LORD'S SUPPER, Intent of the.
Mark xiv : 22-24.

When the paschal evening fell
Deep on Kedron's hallowed dell,
When around the festal board
Sate the apostles with their Lord,
Then His parting word He said,
Blessed the cup and broke the bread:
"This whenever ye do see,
Evermore remember me."

Years have passed; in every clime,
Changing with the changing time,
Varying through a thousand forms,
Torn by factions, rocked by storms,
Still the sacred table spread,
Flowing cup and broken bread,
With that parting word agree,
"Drink and eat—remember Me."

When by treason, doubt, unrest,
Sinks the soul, dismayed, opprest;
When the shadows of the tomb
Close us round with deep'ning gloom;
Then bethink us at that board
Of the sorrowing, suffering Lord,
Who, when tried and grieved as we,
Dying, said "Remember Me."

When through all the scenes of life,
Hearths of peace and fields of strife,
Friends or foes together meet,
Now to part and now to greet,
Let those holy tokens tell
Of that sweet and sad farewell,
And, in mingled grief or glee,
Whisper still "Remember Me."

When diverging creeds shall learn
Towards their central Source to turn;
When contending churches tire
Of the earthquake, wind, and fire;
Here let strife and clamor cease
At that still, small voice of peace—
"May they all united be
In the Father and in Me."

When as rolls the sacred year,
Each fresh note of love we hear;
When the Babe, the Youth, the Man,
Full of grace divine we scan;
When the mournful way we tread,
Where for us His blood He shed;
When on Easter morn we tell
How He conquered death and hell;
When we watch His Spirit true
Heaven and earth transform anew;
Then with quickened sense we see
Why He said "Remember Me."

When in this thanksgiving feast
We would give to God our best,
From the treasures of His might
Seeking life and love and light;
Then, O Friend of humankind!
Make us true and firm of mind,
Pure of heart, in spirit free—
Thus may we remember Thee.

A. P. Stanley.

3714. LORD'S SUPPER, Suggestions of the.
1 Corinthians xi : 25.

According to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord—
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee!

Gethsemane can I forget,
Or there Thy conflict see;
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee!

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee!

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery.

3715. LORD'S SUPPER, Unworthy of the.
1 Corinthians xi : 27-29.

The board is spread with meats divine,
O worn with strife and soiled with sin;
Draw near, love-thirsting soul of mine,
Draw near and take thy Saviour in.

I see the white prepared board,
I hear the words of love and grace;
But canst Thou deign to dwell, O Lord!
Within so foul and soiled a place?

Fair was the shrine the prophet chief
Made for Thy dwelling-place of old,
With curtain fine, and almond leaf,
And Shittim shaft, and ring of gold.

More fair on green Moriah's breast
The house the monarch reared for Thee,
With costly gems and odors drest,
With burning lamp and molten sea.

With cedar flower and carven palm,
In purest gold of Parvaim set,
And pillars hung, like ships a-calm,
Each spell-bound in its gilded net.

Poor heart! ah, where thy hallowed fires,
Thy gold of consecrated days,
The broidered veil of pure desires,
The cedar-scented songs of praise.

Ah me! the world has come between
Thy soul and Christ! the gold is dim,
The floor is soiled He made so clean:
Is this a dwelling fit for Him.

Yet come! I see the wine, the bread!
That blood can wash away thy sin;
Draw near, my soul, and be thou fed,
Nor doubt that Christ will enter in!

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

3716. LOST PIECE OF MONEY, The.
Luke xv: 8-10.

'Tis lost! one silvered treasure of the ten,
From the lone widow's scanty stock and store;
For this she searched with diligence, and then,
Soon as she found it, she rejoiced the more.
Not for the nine, but for the tenth, the lost,
She sought, and sighed, and agonized the most.

For this she lit the candle and the light,
And sought and searched in every darkened place;
For this she swept till, brought at last to sight,
Joy beamed upon the widow's anxious face.
Who have but little have the less to share,
And loss of aught is more than they can spare.

Like that lost coin, the soul by nature lies,
In dark and dust, all-passive of its state;
Unsought, it cannot of itself arise;
Unfound, abides unconscious of its fate:
Such loss to lose, but oh! such gain to find;
How great the love of Jesus, and how kind!

His fold is but a "little flock," indeed;
His sheep are numbered, like the widow's gain;
One lost is missed, and must be sought with speed,
Till, found, He brings it to the fold again.
Rejoice with Me; that which was lost is found:
Like angels' joy, so let your joy abound!

Robert Maguire.

3717. LOST SHEEP, Parable of the.
Luke xv: 3-7.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine:
Art they not enough for Thee?" [mine
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven:
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

Elizabeth C. Clephane. 1868.

3718. LOST SHEEP, The.
Matthew xviii: 12-14.

This Man receiveth sinners: these He sought;
For them the great salvation He hath wrought.
Oh! blessed thought.

He came to seek the strayed, to save the lost;
He bought them with His blood, and such a cost—
A countless cost! [cost—

Yet, when the Shepherd's eye surveys the fold,
One lamb is missed when all the flock is told;
One sheep untold.

The sheep thus gone astray stands all in doubt,
Knows no way in, when once it strays without;
Oh, seek it out! [out;

So with the soul, when straying thus abroad,
Conscious of wrong, it cannot find the road,
Nor way to God.

Of which does that fond Father think the most—
The child that is safe, or him that's tempest-tost?
The tempest-tost!

It is a tiny plant, exotic, rare;
The night is cold, sharp bites the outer air;
Don't leave it there!

The child that once was safe enclosed within,
Is now without, in atmosphere of sin:
Take that child in!

And so the Saviour seeks the lost, the strayed;
The frighted lamb He in His bosom laid.
Be not afraid!

Robert Maguire.

3719. LOT IN SODOM.

Genesis xiii : 10.

How hurtful was the choice of Lot,
Who took up his abode,
Because it was a fruitful spot,
With them who feared not God!

A pris'ner he was quickly made,
Bereaved of all his store;
And, but for Abraham's timely aid,
He had returned no more.

Yet still he seemed resolved to stay,
As if it were his rest;
Although their sins from day to day
His righteous soul distressed.

A while he stayed with anxious mind,
Exposed to scorn and strife;
At last he left us all behind,
And fled to save his life.

In vain his sons-in-law he warned:
They thought he told his dreams;
His daughters, too, of them had learned,
And perished in the flames.

His wife escaped a little way,
But died for looking back;
Does not her case to pilgrims say,
"Beware of growing slack"?

Yea, Lot himself could ling'ring stand,
Though vengeance was in view;
'Twas mercy plucked him by the hand,
Or he had perished too.

John Newton.

3720. LUCIFER.

Dark spirit! blasting in thy fall,
As lightning-bolt athwart the gloom,
Behold the man's hand on the wall,
And hear thy doom!

Proud reveller, bold God's shrine to flout,
Thy years are told, thy empire riven;
And thou shalt fall, from earth cast out,
As erst from heaven.

Back through the infinite march and roll
Of years on years thy grim thought cast,
In memory's yet uncancelled scroll
Reads the bright past:

But all that glory fades and dies
With dwindled rays, as the round sun
Of twinkling points on midnight skies
Becomes but one,

By distance dimmed; or as a dream
Of palaces and gorgeous things,
And love and joy, wherein we seem
Wafted with wings,

Dissolves by slow degrees, or so
Remains as only more to prove,
By contrast, all our depth of woe,
Our dearth of love.

And what thou couldst not choose but bring
Of lustre from thy native throne—
So bright, that when high poets sing
In loftiest tone,

They cannot paint thee wholly vile,
But somewhat leave that charms our thought,
Some angel-grace amidst thy guile,
More than they ought—

Now like a flickering marsh-fire frowns
Round thy dark brow, with ages dim,
Poor parody of light that crowns
The seraphim.

And if thy foul and shameful fall
Left, in good sooth, some spark of grace,
Yet lapse of years shall quench out all,
And leave no trace.

For evil waxeth more and more,
Till evil is its only boast;
Hating whate'er it loved before,
And God the most.

Too long beneath thy iron reign
Hath this fair world been stamped and trod,
In far millenniums, ere one Cain
Purpled the sod.

Too long, since first thy sharp eye scanned
The intruder on thy weird domain;
And all too well thy spite hath planned
God's work to stain.

And ah! too long, e'en since that hour
When, in disguise, thy fated Foe
In weekness struck thy ripest power
Its deadliest blow.

Too long, alas! we catch the falls
Of thy dread footsteps to and fro,
As kings unthroned their ancient halls
Pace, loth to go.

But, as that crowned madman bold,
Who, e'en as his proud eyes he passed
O'er all that Babylon of gold,
Was outward cast,

So thou, who falsely nam'st thine own
The kingdoms never meant for thee,
Thrust forth with shame, shalt make thy moan
Eternally.

Then, when the final angel stands
With the irrevocable key,
The watchers shall proclaim the lands
At rest, and free;

And then from all the earth shall rise
Pure alleluias, loud and long;
While downward from the happy skies
Shall sweep the song:

"How art thou fallen from thy place,
Dread meteor of the night—how far!
How riseth o'er the hills with grace
The Morning Star!"

Charles Lawrence Ford.

3721. LUKE AND DEMAS.

Colossians iv: 14; 2 Timothy iv: 10, 11.

Two clouds before the summer gale
In equal race fleet o'er the sky;
Two flowers, when wintry blasts assail,
Together pine, together die.

But two capricious human hearts—
No sage's rod may track their ways,
No eye pursue their lawless starts
Along their wild self-chosen maze.

He only, by whose sovereign Hand
Even sinners for the evil day planned,
Were made; who rules the world He
Turning our worst His own good way—

He only can the cause reveal,
Why, at the same fond bosom fed,
Taught in the self-same lap to kneel
Till the same prayer was duly said,

Brothers in blood and nurture too,
Aliens in heart so oft should prove;
One lose, the other keep heaven's clue;
One dwell in wrath, and one in love.

He only knows, for He can read
The mystery of the wicked heart,
Why vainly oft our arrows speed
When aimed with most unerring art;

While from some rude and powerless arm
A random shaft, in season sent,
Shall light upon some lurking harm,
And work some wonder little meant.

Doubt we how souls to wanton change,
Leaving their own experienced rest?
Need not around the world to range;
One narrow cell may teach us best.

Look in and see Christ's chosen saint
In triumph wear his Christ-like chain;
No fear lest he should swerve or faint;
"His life is Christ, his death is gain."

Two converts, watching by his side,
Alike His love and greetings share:
Luke the beloved, the sick soul's guide;
And Demas, named in faltering prayer.

Pass a few years; look in once more:
The saint is in his bonds again;
Save that his hopes more boldly soar,
He and his lot unchanged remain.

But only Luke is with him now;
Alas! that even the martyr's cell,
Heaven's verge, should scope allow
For the false world's seducing spell.

'Tis sad; but yet 'tis well, be sure,
We on the sight should muse awhile,
Nor deem our shelter all secure
Even in the church's holiest aisle.

Vainly before the shrine he bends
Who knows not the true pilgrim's part:
The martyr's cell no safety lends
To him who wants the martyr's heart.

But if there be who follows Paul,
As Paul his Lord, in life and death,
Where'er an aching heart may call
Ready to speed and take no breath;

Whose joy is, to the wandering sheep,
To tell of the great Shepherd's love;
To learn of mourners while they weep
The music that makes mirth above;

Who makes the Saviour all his theme,
The gospel all his pride and praise—
Approach, for thou canst see the gleam
That round the martyr's death-bed plays;

Thou hast an ear for angels' songs,
A breath the gospel trump to fill,
And taught by thee the church prolongs
Her hymns of high thanksgiving still.

Ah, dearest mother, since too oft
The world yet wins some Demas frail
Even from thine arms, so kind and soft,
May thy tried comforts never fail!

When faithless ones forsake thy wing,
Be it vouchsafed thee still to see
Thy true, fond nurslings closer cling,
Cling closer to their Lord and thee.

John Keble.

3722. LUNATIC CHILD, The.

Mark ix: 14-29.

The word is not, what Christ can do,
But, what can we believe?
Faith is the moving power, and lo!
Believing we receive.

"If Thou canst aught effect, O Lord"
Is doubt and unbelief;
"If thou canst but believe my word"
Is joy and sweet relief.

The "if" that thus to man applies,
Doth not to God belong;
He is omniscient and all-wise,
Omnipotent and strong.

All boundless, surely, as that will
That made the earth and sky,
Must be the power of Jesus still
To heal this lunacy.

'Tis not His power that we must doubt,
But our own doubting faith;
He can cast fierce diseases out,
And life restore from death.

Not what the flowing stream can give,
That from the fountain flows;
But what the pitcher can receive,
That to the fountain goes.

The empty pitcher need not say,
"Fail not, O stream, for me!"
That stream can neither fail nor stay;
It ever flows for thee?

Whate'er the vessel doth contain,
Is all the vessel gives;
It may be filled again, again:
'Tis thus the heart receives.

Oh! come again, as oft before,
The stream flows on apace;
And new and fresh fill up thy store,
Receiving grace for grace.

'Tis not the measure of the light
That shines from yonder sky
That gives to man the power of sight,
But 'tis the human eye.

If that be blind, it cannot see,
Howe'er the sun may shine;
So, as our faith and trust may be,
We see the light divine.

The market store is full and free,
For all to come and share;
But no advantage can it be,
If hunger be not there.

As men have appetite for food,
They come to fill their store;
And as they find the food is good,
They come again for more.

The harbor's bosom, deep and wide,
Doubts not the mighty sway
By which the strong incoming tide
Doth fill it day by day.

It saith not, "If thou canst, O tide!"
But, "What can I receive?"
Then, open thou thy flood-gates wide,
And take the gifts I give!

Not as my scanty stock and store,
The harvest field doth bloom;
The plenty of Thy threshing-floor
Shouts for the harvest-home.

And if my basket wants for bread,
Let me believe Thy word;
Then heap Thy blessings on my head,
Because Thou canst, O Lord.

"According to thy faith," saith He;
If thou canst but believe,
So shall My gifts and graces be,
And so shalt thou receive.

Then, "If thou canst" is not the word;
But, "Is there faith in me?"
For Thou canst give me all, O Lord!
If I believe in Thee.

Robert Maguire.

3723. LYDIA.

Acts xvi: 14.

Seller of purple! listener to the word
Brought to thy heart by Silas and by Paul,
Baptized with all thy household; thou wast stirred
By the great debt incurred to grace, by all
The blessèd love that converts have for them
Who teach stray feet the way to Bethlehem,
To show true hospitality of heart,
To entertain each God-sent gracious guest,
Unwilling from such benison to part,
Thy humble dome with such how greatly blest!
Thou wast indeed judged faithful in thy love,
And holy footsteps honored thy abode;
Nobler, thus sheltering heralds from above,
Than proudest hall by proudest monarch trod. *William B. Tappan.*

3724. LYSTRA, Paul and Barnabas at.

Acts xiv: 11.

Emerging from the whirlwind and the storm
Of persecution, Paul, with Barnabas,
To Lystra comes, and earnest there proclaims
Redemption, judgment; heraldry divine,
Tidings melodious as angelic bliss,
And sovereign as the harp of Jesse's son
To heal distempered minds: his ardent speech [ears
Rebukes, exhorts; now thundering in their
The terror of the Lord, unfolding now
Mystery of love omnipotent. "Awake,
Arise, benighted sleepers, from the dead,
And Christ shall give you wisdom, and instruct [gleams
To checker life's dark vale with sunny
Of truth and virtue, 'till salvation ope
Her portals and her mansions, to receive
And welcome you to rapture!" Crowds, athirst
For novelty, around th' apostle press,
Lightly to hear, and lightly to depart,
Relapsing to oblivion; while obdured
By vain philosophy, high-reaching power,
Patrician eminence, voluptuous ease,
The children of prosperity deride
Contrition's call. Far other passion moves

Yon loathed beggar, cripple from the womb,
On the cold earth extended, and embossed
With leprosy; yet glorious all within,
Arrayed in righteousness, and eagle-winged
With piety and hope; thence happier far
Than they from whom this supplication wrings [dreams
A scanty alms. (Ambition's blaze, the
Of fame and riches, vanish and decay;
But virtues vanish not, to paradise
Translated with empyreal youth to bloom.)
In squalor and in dereliction scorned,
Outcast of human pity, but upheld
By grace and guardian seraphim, and doomed
On earth to suffer, but rejoice in heaven,
The mourner lay; when he of Tarsus saw
His misery, and with thought-exploring eye
Discerned his faith, and issued thus command:

"Arise, forlorn and helpless, from the dust;
Forget thy desolation; in the name
Of Jesus rise and walk!" While yet he spake,
Through the shrunk sinews and contracted limbs
Ethereal vigor darts like lightning flame,
Enkindling health, and purging off in scales
Leprous pollution; through each pulse and vein,
Through sense and motion, heart and eye and soul,
The genial spirits dance; and the gaunt frame,
Late the mind's noisome dungeon, spheres her now
In palace of delight. The cripple rose [ran
Exulting, walked and leaped and bounding
Light as the roebuck; yet in frantic joy
Not thankless, or unmindful to extol
Supernal mercy. Him the multitude
Pursued and held; insatiate to survey
In speculation mute his altered form,
Athletic beauty: some, half fearful, touched
The withered lazar hands, now warm with blood
Salubrious, and with pliant muscles strung;
Some lifted up his garments, to behold
The well-compacted knees, th' elastic feet,
And ankles firm; while round the whisper flew,
"Is this the suppliant stretched so late supine,
Fed by precarious bounty, and with groans
Saddening the day?" Confusion of applause,
Tempest of acclamation, next ensued
From young and old: "The deities descend
In mortal shape!" they cried; "to Lystra's domes
And honored temples, welcome and all hail,
Dread-thundering monarch, cloud-compelling Jove!
Bright son of Maia, hail!" The city swarms
In wild commotion, roused as by affright
Of midnight conflagration or the din
Of battle: streets and avenues disgorge
Augmenting thousands; matrons, children, climb
The roofs and walls, and in astonishment
Sit gazing there. So all was ecstasy
And tumult all, 'till veneration hushed
Their thronged idolatry: for now the priest
Of Jupiter advancing, oxen brought
And garlands, and the sanctimonious rites
Solemn prepared, though with disordered pomp,
As summoned hasty; now the goblet foamed
Libation, and the victim's neck was bowed;
Spices in odorous piles already blazed,
Already the grim sacrificer stood [shame,
In act to strike; when, with indignant
Th' ambassadors of Majesty divine,
Perceiving their intent, among them rushed
Precipitate, and boldly overthrew
Each instrument of worship, and reproved
Their impious folly. "Cease ye, nor present
Knee-tribute, nor to us the name ascribe
Of Godhead; wanderers we, of earthly mould;
Of peril, woe, disaster, and disease
Partakers, and of death. But would ye learn
Whom and how best to worship, that our lips,
Instructed and commissioned, shall declare.

"Can the dumb idol measure in his hand
The floods of ocean, or in the balance weigh
The mountains and the valleys, or convulse
The steadfast earth, alternate rouse and quell
The stormy winds, and bid conflicting clouds
Dissolve in deluge? or will thunders roar,
And lightnings flash, obsequious to his call?
Say, can the molten image look abroad [orb
Through depths of ether, and appoint each
To come and go, refulgent now t' illume
The firmamental concave, now withdraw
To dimness and extinction? can such eye,
Like sunbeam, search affection and desire?
Hath motionless and chiselled marble power
And wisdom? can it punish and reward
Guilt undivulged and virtues yet unknown,
Judge by the heart, and equity dispense
To empires and to worlds? He only can,
Whom, Lord of immortality and life,
Supreme, invisible, Almighty King,
Sole Godhead I proclaim. Ye heavens, attend!
Give ear, O earth! all-radiant sun, confess
Thine Author! Times and seasons, months and years,
And all that live or live not, record join,
His wonders of perfection to display!
Him, the one God and true, through youth and age,
Through peril and through safety, joy and woe,
Perpetual will we worship and extol
His wondrous name, in bounty wondrous found
To all that live; them chiefly who confess
His empire, while their holiness and truth
(Faith's proper sign) like lamps celestial burn,

Dispelling death, and darkness, and the way
Illuminating to Jehovah's throne."

The congregation heard,
Awe-struck, yet unrepentant, murmuring
Obedience, and reluctantly dismissed [paid
The sacrifices: then with cloudy front
And troubled rumination, sad and slow
Dispersing, to their several homes returned.

And couldst thou, Lystra, thus ungracious hear
Such exhortation, or the following morn
With arms and murderous insurrection chase
Heaven's ministers, while the converted few
Aloof stood mourning, powerless to resist
The popular frenzy? So Jerusalem
Carolled hosannas to th' approaching Son
Of David; but in little space how changed!
That triumph yet re-echoing in mid air,
Her fierce impiety with uproar doomed
Messiah to the cross! So scorns the world
Each admonition that from idol vows
Of pleasure, avarice, or ambitious power
Adjures them to return, and find repose
And pardon from the Mediatorial Grace
That ransomed man. O high and lofty Sire,
Inhabiting eternity, incline
A wayward world to fear Thee, and devote
To Thee each word and action, heart and soul.

Charles Hoyle.

3725. MACEDONIA, The Man of.
Acts xvi: 6–10.

O for a vision and a voice to lead me,
To show me plainly where my work should lie!
Look where I may, fresh hindrances impede me;
Vain and unanswered seems my earnest cry.

Hush, unbelieving one! But for thy blindness,
But for thine own impatience and self-will,
Thou wouldest see thy Master's loving-kindness,
Who by those "hindrances" is leading still.

He Who of old through Phrygia and Galatia
Led the Apostle Paul, and blessed him there,
If He forbid to "preach the Word in Asia,"
Must have prepared for thee a work elsewhere.

Courage and patience! Is the Master sleeping?
Has He no plan, no purposes, of love? [ing?
What though awhile His counsel He is keeping?
It is maturing in the world above. [ing?

Wait on the Lord! In His right hand be hidden,
And go not forth in haste to strive alone:
Shun—like a sin!—the tempting work "forbidden:"
God's love for souls, be sure, exceeds thine own.

The Master cares. Why feel, or seem, so lonely?
Nothing can interrupt real work for God:
Work may be changed; it cannot cease, if only
We are resolved to cleave unto the Lord.

None are good works, for thee, but works appointed:
Ask to be filled with knowledge of His will,
Cost what it may! Why live a life disjointed?
One work throughout! God's pleasure to fulfil!

But if indeed some special work awaits thee,
Canst thou afford this waiting-time to lose?
By each successive task God educates thee;
What if the iron be too blunt to use?

Can walls be builded with untempered mortar?
Or fish be caught in the unmended snare?
Must not the metal pass through fire and water,
If for the battle-field it would prepare?

O thou unpolished shaft! why leave the quiver?
O thou blunt axe! what forest canst thou hew?
Unsharpened sword! Canst thou the oppressed deliver?
Go back to thine own Maker's forge anew!

Submit thyself to God for preparation:
Seek not to teach thy Master and thy Lord!
Call it not "zeal!" It is a base temptation:
Satan is pleased, when man dictates to God.

Down with thy pride! With holy vengeance trample
On each self-flattering fancy that appears!
Did not the Lord Himself, for our example,
Lie hid in Nazareth for thirty years?

Wait the appointed time for work appointed,
Lest by the Tempter's wiles thou be ensnared!
Fresh be the oil wherewith thou art anointed!
Let God prepare thee for the work prepared!

Catharine Hankey.

3726. MACHPELAH, The Cave of.
Genesis xxiii: 17–20.

Beneath the stately Pyramids of old
Cheops might bury his imperial bones,
And all his sons, in fragrant cerements rolled,
Crowd the dark vaults with royal skeletons;
As if a king required an ampler space
To sleep in than the rabble of the race.

That wonder of the elder world, the pile
By faithful Artemisia sadly raised
To her loved Carian, hoping to beguile
A life-long grief, might merit to be praised:

A dome, the memory of whose antique fame
Has given each sumptuous sepulchre a name,

But thou, Judean sepulchre and cave!
By no such hands was hewn, nor wert thou decked
With fluted column, frieze, and architrave,
Elaborate sculpture of the architect!
Yet at the thought of thee my bosom swells,
And oft beside thee mournful memory dwells.

I see where, in the depth of pastoral hills,
An Eastern city lies, and near the gates
The solemn grove that shades thee: Fancy fills
The interspace with forms which it creates;
And all thy dead, before my dreamy eyes,
In long and shadowy procession rise.

My mind recalls thee on that doleful day,
When from his place, beside his Sarah's bier,
The patriarch rose, and calmed his passion's sway—
While all the darked-robed Hittites gathered near—
And courteously entreated for his dead
A sepulchre, and bowed his reverent head.

The children of the land with grief were touched,
And Ephron with mild dignity arose;
Quick to the generous impulse, he avouched
His wish to yield him freely what he chose.
Then in thy empty vault he sought the right
To bury his beloved from his sight.

Strange that the first inheritance he owned
In all the breadth of Canaan was a grave,
And a few roods around; that the sole bond
Or charter, God, through years of trial, gave
To him whose seed was Canaan's later heir,
Was that by which he claimed a sepulchre!

It seemed a slender and a mournful tie
From which to hang so much; but that old faith
Sought not a stronger pledge; yea, could rely
Through life on the bare promise, and in death;
Brought future hopes within the sphere of sense,
And gave the unseen a present evidence.

No patriarch had a home: the grassy dells,
In which his sheep and camels browse to-day,
To-morrow are deserted, and their wells
Forsaken; the long line resumed its way
Once more, and in perpetual pilgrimage
They passed their lives from infancy to age.

This sepulchre was all their home; no force
Could seize it, no disquietude molest;
They filled its vacant vaults till in the course
Of their succession each contained its guest;
And thus in resting from life's fevered toil,
Each with his dust took seisin of the soil.

So, too, it seemed each hoary-headed sire,
When slow-paced age with its infirmities
Sounded death's soft alarum, would retire
To this lone spot; the while from his old eyes
The world was fading, calmly to prepare
For its approach, in thoughtfulness and prayer.

Under the shadow of these murmuring trees,
While vigor fails and outward sight grows dim,
Each gathers up his thoughts, and by degrees
Beholds heaven's portals opening for him—
Feels his transfiguration near at hand,
And treads the borders of the silent land.

O blessed close of lives outworn with toils
And wanderings! O sacred time of rest!
These holy hours when God Himself assoils
The soul about to mingle with the blest:
Evening of preparation, calm and clear,
For the eternal Sabbath now so near:

A tranquil eve, that shuts a stormy day,
When westering clouds are drenched with dews of gold,
And crimson mists steam upwards, and we say,
The morrow will serener skies unfold,
And all the stainless body of heaven is bare,
And quivering stars glance through the azure air.

The Eden of their earth lay all around
Machpelah; there God came down in the cool
Of even to walk with them, and all the ground
Was therefore holy, therefore beautiful;
And their free spirits panted for the time
When they would soar to an unwithering clime.

To them it ceased to be a place of death;
It was the porch within whose solemn glooms
They stood till the temple opened; the sweet breath
Of heaven here soothed their hearts; the lovely blooms
Of that fair land refreshed their drooping eyes;
And glimpses came to them from other skies.

As mariners, long driven through unknown seas
By stress of tempest, if, when steering on,
Or ever land appear, the evening breeze
Blow faint with sandal-wood or cinnamon,
Look out for the blue haze of spicy isles,
And trim their sails, and no more grudge their toils.

These weary voyagers here drew to shores
Bathed in eternal sunshine, and the past
Was all forgotten as the surge that roars
Beyond the reef; in this still bay they cast
Their anchor; watched the waves glide up the sand,
And wondered at the beauty of the land.

Around that cherished sepulchre they died,
Heirs of a vault—lords only of a grave;
And after all, is he who looks with pride
Upon his ample lands, whose forests wave
On hills unseen from his baronial door,
The absolute lord and master of much more?

The lands that may descend from sire to son
Are not inalienable: time or chance,
Proud lord! may challenge what thou call'st thine own,
And wrest from thee the old inheritance;
Thou art a tenant at God's will: thy lease
Many run out long before thine own decease.

But thou hast a Machpelah: this is thine,
And this alone; thou art the absolute
Possessor of a sepulchre or shrine
To lay thy bones in: none will dare dispute
Thy right to rest there, till the knell of doom
Shall startle even the silence of the tomb.

Nor force shall wrest, no time shall alienate
This sure possession from thy coming heirs:
Contract thy mind into this small estate,
And give thy soul to nobler thoughts and cares;
Thus thou shalt plant a garden round the tomb,
Where golden hopes may flower, and fruits immortal bloom. *Burns.*

3727. MACHPELAH, The Cave of.

Calm is it in the dim cathedral cloister,
Where lie the dead all couched in marble rare,
Where the shades thicken, and the breath hangs moister
Than in the sunlit air.

Where the chance ray that makes the carved stone whiter,
Tints with a crimson or a violet light,
Some pale old bishop with his staff and mitre,
Some stiff crusading knight!

Sweet is it where the little graves fling shadows
In the green churchyard, on the shaven grass,
And a faint cowslip fragrance from the meadows
O'er the low wall doth pass!

More sweet, more calm in that fair valley's bosom,
The burial-place in Ephron's pasture ground,
Where the oil-olive shed her snowy blossom,
And the red grape was found;

When the great pastoral prince, with love undying,
Rose up in anguish from the face of death,
And weighed the silver shekels for its buying
Before the sons of Heth.

Here, when the measure of his days was numbered
Days few and evil in this vale of tears—
At Sarah's side the faithful patriarch slumbered,
An old man full of years.

Here holy Isaac, meek of heart and gentle,
And the fair maid who came to him from far,
And the sad sire who knew all throes parental,
And the meek-eyed Leah, are;

She rests not here, the beautiful of feature,
For whom her Jacob wrought his years twice o'er,
And deemed them but as one, for that fair creature,
So dear the love he bore!

Nor Israel's son beloved, who brought him sleeping,
With a long pomp of woe, to Canaan's shade,
Till all the people wondered at the weeping
By the Egyptians made.

Like roses from the same tree gathered yearly,
And flung together in one vase to keep,
Some, but not all who loved so well and dearly,
Lie here in quiet sleep.

What though the Moslem mosque be in the valley,
Though faithless hands have sealed the sacred cave,
And the red prophet's children shout "El Allah!"
Over the Hebrew's grave;

Yet a day cometh when those white walls shaking,
Shall give again to light the living dead,
And Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, reawaking,
Spring from their rocky bed.
Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

3728. MAGI, The.

I. THE ARRIVAL.

In summer sunset stood Jerusalem,
Framed round with mountains like a well-set gem,
A mighty cameo carved on Zion's crest;
All bathed in glory from the amber west
That streamed o'er wall and gate, o'er tower and shrine,
Till earthly temples glowed with light divine.

Amid that splendor of departing day,
A stately caravan ascends the way
From Kedron's vale to Herod's royal gate,
A thoughtful train, that moves in solemn state,
On some great errand bent; the portal's passed;
Silence and twilight wrap the world at last.

II. THE AUDIENCE.

Lo! in yonder palace hall,
Waiting stand three strangers tall.
Not the Arab, lean and swart;
Not the Hebrew, stout and short;
Not the Egyptian, brown and mild;
Not the Syrian, strong and wild;
Not the Greek, with auburn hair;
Not the Roman's haughty air,
Not the Ethiop's sunburnt face,
Not the Scythian's savage race,
In the monarch's hall are seen.
Men of calm, majestic mien,
Clad in robes of mystic white,
Greet Judea's king to-night:
Greet him as his equals born,
All too great for slight or scorn.
Seers of Persia's ancient clime,
Here they stand, in port sublime;
Seers from Zoroaster taught
Through two thousand years of thought,
Poring deep on earth and sky,
And the soul's strange mystery,
Born to mount, a spark of fire,
Deathless still when suns expire!
Sages, skilled in all earth's lore,
Gathered through the centuries hoar;
Masters of the magian line,
Versed in starry fates divine.
Such the men whose search for God
Now the heights of Salem trod;
Such the seers whose wondrous tale
Bids the astonished tyrant quail.

III. THE INQUIRY.

"O king of Judah's favored land,
Before thy throne this day we stand,
To ask where dwells that Child, whose birth
Fulfils the eldest lore of earth;
To greet whose reign new stars arise,
And strange conjunctions mark the skies.
For twice a thousand years are flown
Since Iran's awful sage made known,
Sitama, far by Oxus' wave,
That one should come the world to save.
For Zerdusht, sent by Ormuzd, said [dead,
That One, whose power would wake the
Should rise from out the distant west,
And reign through ages long and blest,
And fifteen centuries now have rolled
Since Aram's seer his star foretold;
A sceptred star, with beams benign,
From Jacob's seed o'er earth to shine.
And Judah's captive prince and sage,
Who 'scaped unharmed the lions' rage;
Who read th' Assyrian's dreams profound,
And swayed great Cyrus, far-renowned;
Who saved Chaldea's starmen hoar,
And taught our sires profounder lore—
He, helped of favoring Heaven, alone
Of mortal men the years made known;
Gifted from God with glance divine,
He fasted, prayed, and read the sign.
And now, the years fulfilled, behold
The starry sign revealed of old!
For, as we passed from Iran's height
To Babel's plain, behold by night,
The star of war, the star of peace,
The star of Jove that gives increase;
Beneath that arch of power and hope
The fiery trigon's horoscope,
Joined thrice their threefold splendor grand
Above Judea's favored land!
And central, 'mid their triune blaze,
Burst a strange orb, whose dazzling rays
Proclaimed—so taught Chaldea's seers—
The finished round of fated years
That bring th' Anointed, long foretold,
And earth's far-cycling age of gold.
And when the grand portent we saw
Flashed out by heaven's unerring law,
Planets and constellations blent
In that resplendent firmament—
His world-wide sign at last unfurled,
Whose world-old promise cheers the world;
We bowed beneath that splendor's span,
And praised the Lord of heaven and man;
We sang old hymns of ancient seers,
The hoary songs of nameless years,
Till, dumb for joy, we gazed and wept,
The mighty, world-old promise kept!
No more the wondering East could hold
Our rapturous thoughts that westward [rolled.
The desert saw our midnight march
Still lit by that imperial arch;
The toiling camels in long line,
Instinctive owned the mystic sign,
And turned, without command, each day,
Where heaven and nature led the way;
Till here we stand on Salem's height,
And ask where rests the World's Delight,
What path to Him our homage brings,
Born King of Jews, and King of kings."

IV. THE REVELATION.

A nameless terror on the tyrant fell,
Who, base usurper, ruled o'er Judah's state!
The false Idumean owned the unknown spell,
And shook beneath the shadow of his fate!

Apostate Salem heard the rumor spread,
A tale to thrill with speechless joy profound!
She heard, and shuddering shrank, with
guilty dread,
And strange forebodings brooded dark
around.

Then spake the monarch: "Call the priests
and scribes,
The skilled expounders of the prophets old;
The august senate of these anxious tribes,
To read what seers and oracles have told.

"Tell me, ye mitred pontiffs of your race,
Who scan the lore of time's primeval morn,
Whence comes th' Anointed, heir of David's
place?
And say what favored town shall hail Him
born?"

Lo! Judah's white-haired sages swift attend;
The imperious mandate none can disobey;

O'er many a hallowed presage now they bend,
O'er many a vision bright, and rapturous lay.

Then came the answer: "Monarch, we unroll
Seven centuries' flight, to Moresheth's rapt seer;
Read thou, for thou canst read, the sacred scroll,
That marks Messiah's birthplace bold and clear:

"'Thou, Bethlehem-Ephratah, erst David's town,
Shalt not be least of Judah's princely name;
Thy future yet shall dim thy past renown,
Decreed to changeless, everlasting fame;

"'For out of thee shall Israel's Shepherd rise,
Of mortal born, but hailed by seraph lays;
Adored as God through all the earth and skies,
Whose goings forth are from eternal days.'"

The despot hears; his dreams of empire wane,
Vain all his long career of craft and crime;
Esau and earth shall bow at Shiloh's fane,
Whose grandeur looms to fill the world and time.

But that dark mind still gropes amid the blaze
Of oracles from man and nature given;
A dazzling focus of concentred rays,
From Jew and Gentile, earth and answering heaven.

V. THE RECOGNITION.

"Call the seers of Iran now,"
Spake the monarch's tones of wrath;
Vengeance brooding on his brow,
Plotting deep a direful scath.
"Tell me, wise and holy men,
When did yon strange star appear?"
Grave and calm, they spake again:
"Lo! it shineth now a year."

"Speed to Bethlehem; Him ye ask
Slumbers there in infant grace.
Haste, fulfil your pious task,
Search with care through all the place.
When ye find him bring me word,
I would join your pilgrim band;
Heaven's great Heir should be adored,
Known, revered, through all the land."

Salem's gates once more unfold,
Winds the throng o'er Judah's hills;
Sunset slants its darts of gold,
All the soundless silence thrills,
All the pomps of nature wait—
Wait till twilight zephyrs sigh.
Sudden there, o'er Bethlehem's gate,
Streams a splendor down the sky.

Lo! that star in Iran hailed,
Star by Babel's sages read;
All its beams once more unveiled,
Swims in seas of light o'erhead!
Pours its soft and silvery tide,
Bathing wall and tower and fane;
Refluent waves that tremble wide
Over mountain, field, and plain.

Guided by the lamp from heaven,
On the raptured Magi speed;
Grateful for such witness given,
They have found the Child indeed.
Now it hangs above the place
Where His humble roof is spread;
Heir of Glory, King of Grace,
Rocked in infant's cradle-bed.

VI. THE ADORATION.

Lo! the sages prostrate falling,
On the infant Saviour calling;
Wisest seers of far-off nations
Round Him blend their supplications.
Praise and prayer like incense pouring,
Rapt, illumed, inspired, adoring!
Hymns of joy with rapture swelling,
O'er and o'er with transport telling
All the weird and wondrous story,
All its faith, its toil, its glory!
Not vain babblers they, with mystic
Signs, and secrets cabalistic;
Not false wizards, foul, infernal,
Conjuring with the name supernal;
Not black magic's league with devils,
Theirs, nor witchcraft's midnight revels;
Not the stark fakeer's pain braving,
Not the howling dervish's raving,
Not idolatry's brute vision,
Not the Greek's fond dream elysian.
Men were they whose sires through ages
Kept the world's primeval pages,
Kept and conned the faith once cherished,
When a world apostate perished,
And whose kings God's shrine and nation
Reared, with world-wide proclamation.
Men were they whose search had wandered
Wide through nature, prayed and pondered,
Seeking one great truth supernal—
God th' all-perfect, God th' eternal.
Men were they austere and awful,
Men who' abhorred th' impure, unlawful;
Men with souls on fire for union
With their source—sublime communion!
Such were they. Not souls more fitting
In proud Salem's shrine are sitting;
Souls of nobler, purer merit
Not the globe's wide realms inherit:
Meet to bring earth's best oblations,
Great first-fruits of all the nations.
Homage glad for Him whose greeting
Jew and Gentile join, completing,
Let them bring, and bow, and offer.
Lo! from many a jewelled coffer,
Many a casket rare and shining,
Pour forth treasures past divining!

1. *Gold.*

And first imperial gold they bring—
Grand service, meet for sceptred king;

For Him whose right to reign alone,
Wide subject realms with tributes own.
Bright coins of many a mint are there,
And many a blazoned crown they bear,
Broad arms and seals of towns and states,
From Egypt's Nile to Indus' gates;
From shores that drink Atlantic's spray
To sands that slope to far Cathay:
Earth's empires round that infant rolled,
Their royal duty paid in gold,
The pledge of earth's uncounted hoards,
Whose wealth and power are all her Lord's,
Whose mines and gems and treasures won,
Shall serve the kingdom of God's Son.

2. *Frankincense.*

Divine frankincense next exhales
Its odor on the ravished gales:
That balsam owned o'er all the earth
A gift too rare for mortal worth;
Fragrance too fine for crumbling clod,
And only breathed in flame to God.
That sacred incense Heaven denied
To mortal joy or mortal pride,
Beneath the conscious infant's eye
Now rolls its volumes toward the sky,
And sense of Heaven's accepting grace
With joyous sweetness fills the place.
Not spicy gales from Yemen bring
Such balm, while birds of evening sing;
Not Hermon's cedar, Ural's pine,
Expire so sweet in flames divine;
Nor sandal, fetched from far Malay,
So steals the sense and soul away.
So prayer from contrite souls ascends.
So faith with pure forgiveness blends.
So orisons of souls sincere
Accepted greet Jehovah's ear;
And guilt and pain find glad release,
When heaven's blest Spirit whispers peace.

3. *Myrrh.*

And now, at last, the myrrh's sad breath
Reluctant sighs of woe and death;
Of grief and bitterness it tells,
And sorrow in its sweetness dwells.
No flame its pungent soul sublimes,
No temple's arch its vapor climbs;
No pestle grinds it with sweet spice
To burn—a costly sacrifice.
Its heavy perfumes stifling roll,
Its power benumbs both sense and soul.
The wretch condemned to pangs untold
It soothes with stupors dull and cold;
E'en rank corruption's hosts obey,
And quit the corpse that owns its sway.
Then why, ah! why, this gift of fear,
This omened sorrow, blending here
With royal gold and incense sweet,
For King and God a gift complete?
Ah Calvary! thy tale was known
Ere eldest angels hymned the throne.
That lamb of virgin-mother born,
Was slain ere chaos blushed with morn.
Before the founded world God's plan
Forestalled the sin, the shame of man,
And mercy gave God's only Son
Ere mortal joy or woe begun.
The myrrh before all else is His;
For this He quit the bowers of bliss,
For this the stable heard His cries;
For this He lives, for this He dies.
And royal gold and incense breath
Are His by right of myrrh and death,
For, conquering death, He yet shall rise
To crowns and anthems in the skies!
O King! O Christ! what sorrows stir,
What raptures, at thy gift of myrrh!

VII. POSTLUDE.

'Tis done. They give their gifts, they give themselves—
Themselves Philosophy's first-fruits to faith;
First-fruits of Science; howsoe'er she delves,
Or soars through all that is, above, beneath.
The universe explored is but the breath
Of that Intelligence incarnate now,
And minds that scan His power, His love, His death,
His life o'er death, through worlds and æons bow,
And crown with many crowns the great Creator's brow.

'Tis done. Th' adoring Magi, warned by Heaven,
To their own climes return another way.
'Tis done. This mystic sign to mortals given,
Shall teach the nations to times farthest day.
For unknown tribes their homage yet shall pay,
And mightiest empires on His nod attend;
To Him shall endless generations pray,
And praise like incense evermore ascend,
Till earth and heaven at last their alleluiahs blend.
'Tis done. My soul, what offering canst thou bring,
Meet gift for Him who chose the myrrh for thee?
What fit oblation for such hero-King,
Who mounts the awful throne of Deity?
O Child, O Conqueror, hear my spirit's plea!
Teach me Thy sovereign, self-renouncing love;
Help me, by mount or cross, Thy path to see,
And, upward drawn, like homeward-circling dove,
A child-like soul, to find sire, brother, home, above.

Geo. Lansing Taylor.

3729. MAGI, Visit of the.
Matthew ii: 1-12.

Three kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar;
Three wise men out of the East were they,
And they travelled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large, and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,

And by this they knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the three kings rode into the west,
Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at some wayside well.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltasar,
"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news;
For we in the east have seen His star,
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain;
We know of no king but Herod the Great!"
They thought the wise men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain,
Like riders in haste, and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the wise men and questioned them;
And said, "Go down unto Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new King."

So they rode away; and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn;
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David where Christ was born.

And the three kings rode through the gate and the guard,
Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard;
But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little Child in the manger lay,
The Child, that would be King one day
Of a kingdom not human, but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,
Sat watching beside His place of rest—
Watching the even flow of His breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at His feet:
The gold was a tribute to the King;
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete;
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone;
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,
Remembering what the angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the kings rode out of the city gate,
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

3730. MALACHI.

Malachi iii : 3, and iv : 5.

A sound on the rampart,
A sound at the gate!
I hear the roused lioness
Howl to her mate:
In the thicket, at midnight,
They crouch for the prey
That shall glut their red jaws
At the rising of day.
For wrath is descending
On Zion's proud tower;
It shall come like a cloud,
It shall wrap like a shroud,
Till, like Sodom, she sleeps
In a sulphurous shower.

For, behold! the day cometh,
When all shall be flame,
Thy robe shall be sackcloth,
Thy glory be shame.
When thy tree by the lightnings
From earth shall be riven,
When thy bark o'er the billows
Of death shall be driven;
When the oven, unkindled
By mortal, shall burn,
And, like chaff, thou shalt glow
In that furnace of woe,
And, dust as thou art,
Thou to dust shalt return.

Thou shalt die, and yet know not
The rest of the grave;
Thou shalt live, and yet live
To be only a slave!
Thou shalt die, and yet shrink
At thy conqueror's tread;
Thou shalt live, yet the sword
With thy carnage be fed!
The pilgrim of nations!
Still destined to roam,
On thy neck, on thy brain,
Still feeling the chain,
And, though wandering through earth,
Never finding a home!

As the surges of war
O'er earth's diadems roll,
Still, Judah, the iron
Shall enter thy soul;

The eagle, the cross,
And the crescent shall shine,
But earth shall awake
To no banner of thine!
Thy morning in sorrow,
Thy evening in fear.
They shall rise, they shall fall,
Thou the serf of them all!
Thy haunt be the dungeon,
Thy bed be the bier.

'Tis the darkness of darkness,
The midnight of soul!
No moon on the depths
Of that midnight shall roll;
No starlight shall pierce
Through that life-chilling haze,
No torch from the roof
Of the temple shall blaze.
But, when Israel is buried
To final despair,
From a height o'er all height,
God of God, Light of Light,
Her Sun shall arise,
Her Redeemer be there!

Who rushes from heaven?
The angel of wrath!
The whirlwind his wing,
And the lightning his path;
His hand is uplifted,
It carries a sword;
'Tis Elijah! he heralds
The march of his Lord!
Sun! sink in eclipse,
Earth, earth, shalt thou stand,
When the cherubim wings
Bear the King of all kings.
Woe, woe to the ocean!
Woe, woe to the land!

Then the sparkles of flame,
From His chariot-wheels hurled,
Shall smite the crowned brow
Of the god of this world;
Then, captive of ages!
The trumpet shall thrill
From the lips of the seraph,
On Zion's proud hill!
For, vestured in glory,
Thy Monarch shall come,
And from dungeon and cave
Shall ascend the pale slave;
Lost Judah shall rise,
Like the soul from the tomb!

'Tis the day long foretold,
'Tis the judgment begun;
Gird Thy sword, Thou most Mighty,
Thy triumph is won;
The idol shall burn
In his own gory shrine,
Then, daughter of anguish,
Thy dayspring shall shine!
Loved Zion, thy vale
With the vineyard shall bloom,
And the musk-rose distil
Its sweet dews on thy hill;
For earth is restored,
The great kingdom is come!

George Croly.

3731. MANNA, Coming of the.
Exodus xvi : 14, 15.

Silently it fell,
Whence, no man might tell,
Like good dreams from heaven
Unto mortals given,
Like a snowy flock [rock;
Of strange sea-birds alighting on a shore of
Silent thus and bright
Fell the manna in the night.

Silently thus and bright,
In our starless night,
God's sweet mercy comes
All about our homes;
Whence, no man can see,
In a soft shower drifting, drifting ceaselessly,
Till the morning light
Falls the manna in the night.

Thus His mercy's crown,
Bread of life, came down;
At our doors it fell,
Whence, no man might tell,
Silent to the ground; [around,
Softly shining thus through the darkness all
Snowy, pure, and white,
Fell the manna in the night.

3732. MANSIONS, The Many.
John xiv : 2.

The stars are out in their eternal youth,
That such a wealth of fancies nightly yield,
The golden corn-drop call them of a field
Where the moon glideth like the gleaner Ruth;
And some look on their company in sooth
For poesy, some for love of loving eyes,
Who see the same things in the same blue skies; [truth.
And some in search of hope and some of
I have my starry thought: the twelve are up,
The door is opened, and they linger yet:
Christ's wine is in the eucharistic cup;
Christ's chalice waiteth Him in Olivet;
While he, His eye on the star-sown expansions,
Saith, "In my Father's house are many mansions."

Wm. Alexander.

3733. MARAH, Healing the Waters of.
Exodus xv : 23-25.

Where is the tree the prophet threw
Into the bitter wave?
Left it no scion where it grew
The thirsting soul to save?

Hath nature lost the hidden power
Its precious foliage shed?
Is there no distant eastern bower
With such sweet leaves o'erspread?

Nay, wherefore ask? since gifts are ours
Which yet may well imbue
Earth's many troubled founts with showers
Of heaven's own balmy dew.

Oh! mingled with the cup of grief
Let faith's deep spirit be,
And every prayer shall win a leaf
From that blest healing tree!

Mrs. F. D. Hemans.

3734. MARAH, Waters of.
Exodus xv : 23–25.

By Marah's stream of bitterness,
When Moses stood and cried,
Jehovah heard his fervent prayer,
And instant help supplied;
The prophet sought the precious tree,
With prompt obedient feet;
'Twas cast into the fount, and made
The bitter waters sweet.

Whene'er affliction o'er thee sheds
Its influence malign,
Then, sufferer, be the prophet's prayer
And prompt obedience thine;
'Tis but a Marah's fount, ordained
Thy faith in God to prove,
And prayer and resignation shall
Its bitterness remove.

George W. Doane.

3735. MARK, The Apostle.
Acts xv : 39; 2 Timothy iv : 11.

Oh! who shall dare in this frail scene
On holiest, happiest thoughts to lean,
On friendship, kindred, or on love?
Since not apostles' hands can clasp
Each other in so firm a grasp,
But they shall change and variance prove.

Yet deem not on such parting sad
Shall dawn no welcome dear and glad:
Divided in their earthly race,
Together at the glorious goal,
Each leading many a rescued soul,
The faithful champions shall embrace.

For even as those mysterious four
Who the bright whirling wheels up bore
By Chebar in the fiery blast,
So on their tasks of love and praise
The saints of God their several ways
Right onward speed, yet join at last.

And sometimes even beneath the moon
The Saviour gives a gracious boon,
When reconciled Christians meet,
And face to face, and heart to heart,
High thoughts of holy love impart
In silence meek, or converse sweet.

Companion of the saints! 'twas thine
To taste that drop of peace divine,
When the great soldier of the Lord
Called thee to take his last farewell,
Teaching the church with joy to tell
The story of your love restored.

Oh then the glory and the bliss,
When all that pained or seemed amiss
Shall melt with earth and sin away!
When saints beneath their Saviour's eye,
Filled with each other's company,
Shall spend in love the eternal day!

John Keble.

3736. MARRIAGE OF THE KING'S SON.
Matthew xxii : 1–14.

The kingdom of our Lord,
The kingdom He hath won,
Is like as when a king hath made
A marriage for his son.

The bride, in bridal dress,
The bridegroom comes to greet,
And take her to His Father's house,
His favored friends to meet.

He bids the wedding-guests,
Come at your master's call;
Come, for your father's board is spread;
Come to the festival.

"All things are ready"—come;
An open door and free;
The bride is taken to her home
The bridegroom calleth thee.

But nearer calls than this,
And dearer claims arise;
Their farm and merchandise they seek,
The Master's call despise.

Out to the highways go;
Bid strangers to the feast
And say, Your King invites you all,
Each one, to be His guest.

How welcome was the word!
With joy the strangers came,
And furnished full the festive hall—
The halt, the blind, the lame.

But one unlike the rest
Did tread that festal floor,
Unclothed upon with courtly dress,
Nor wedding garment wore.

What meaneth this, my God,
From glow of festive light,
Thus called within, yet cast without,
To everlasting night?

To give that robe was Mine;
'Twas his to put it on;
And thus arrayed, to celebrate
The marriage of My Son.

Nor money and nor price,
Free as the air of heaven,
This royal robe of righteousness
Of God is freely given.

Come, sinner, as thou art;
Come to the marriage-feast;
Put on this robe, and thou shalt be
A "called" and "chosen" guest.

Just as I am, I come;
And Thou dost give me dress;
I but receive what Thou dost give—
The robe of righteousness.

INVITATION.

"All things are ready" for the marriage-feast,
All, save the heart of each invited guest;
The farm and merchandise
Have made them all unwise. [blind;
Then bid the poor, the maimed, the halt, the
All that will come are sure a place to find.
But see that they put on the courtly dress,
The royal robe, the robe of righteousness.
Robert Maguire.

3737. MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB.

The marriage-feast is ready,
The marriage of the Lamb,
He calls the faithful children
Of faithful Abraham;
He calls them from their sojourn
To come to their abode—
The children of the Promise,
The Israel of God.

He calls them from their prison
Fast bound in iron chains,
Whose cup is mixed with weeping,
Where sin with Satan reigns;
And from the golden portals
The sounds of triumph ring—
The triumph of the Incarnate,
The marriage of the King.

They come! the saints of Zion
With dance and timbrel come,
Where gleam the emerald meadows,
The meadows of our home.
Nor eye hath seen the glory,
Nor heart of man may tell
How bright the plains of Zion,
The meads of Asphodel.

Nor sigh nor sorrow enter
Where Jesus leads them in,
Nor death may cross the threshold,
Nor pain, nor fear, nor sin;
And shades of night and darkness
Are past and fled away,
Before the irradiant brightness
Of everlasting day.

No tear-drops stain that threshold,
No weeping eyes are there;
For God hath wiped all tear-drops,
And God hath stilled all care;
The sunlight of the Presence,
The bright Shechinah flame
Lights up the bridal banquet
Of God and of the Lamb.

The Rainbow of the Promise
Around the throne hath gleamed,
To welcome them forever
To joys of the Redeemed;
They enter to their glory,
The feast for them is spread,
The bridal feast of Jesus,
The first-fruits of the dead.
Gerard Moultrie.

3738. MARTHA.

Luke x: 38-42.

With joyful pride her heart is high:
Her humble chambers hold
The man prophetic destiny
Long centuries hath foretold.

Poor is He? Yes, and lowly born:
Her woman-soul is proud
To know and hail the coming morn
Before the eyeless crowd.

At her poor table will He eat?
He shall be served there
With honor and devotion meet
For any king that were.

'Tis all she can: she does her part,
Profuse in sacrifice;
Nor knows that in her unknown heart
A better offering lies.

But many crosses she must bear;
Her plans are turned and bent;
Do all she can, things will not wear
The form of her intent.

With idle hands, and drooping lid,
See Mary sit at rest!
Shameful it was her sister did
No service for their Guest.

But Martha one day Mary's lot
Must share with hands and eyes;
Must, all her household cares forgot,
Sit down as idly wise.

Ere-long they both in Jesus' ear
Shall make the self-same moan:
"Lord, if Thou only hadst been here,
My brother had not gone."

Then once will Martha set her word,
Yet once to bar His ways,
Crying: "By this he stinketh, Lord;
He hath been dead four days."

When Lazarus drags his trammelled clay
Forth with half-opened eyes,
Her buried best will hear, obey,
And with the dead man rise.
George Macdonald.

3739. MARTHA AND MARY.

Luke x: 38-42.

Martha's faith in active life
Was laudably employed;
Tending Christ with zealous strife,
She served the eternal God.

Mary waiting at His feet
The life contemplative expressed;
Let the happy sisters meet,
For joined they both are blessed.

Oh, that I might humbly sit
With His beloved ones,
Happier at my Saviour's feet
Than monarchs on their thrones!
Who before His footstool bow
Are sure His quickening voice to hear;
Jesus, speak: I listen now,
And all my soul is ear!

Martha's chosen work is good,
But Mary's better still;
Mary rests on earth employed
Like those on Zion's hill,
Antedates th' immortal joys,
Partaker with the heavenly powers,
Hears her dear Redeemer's voice,
And lost in love adores.

Rest, thou favored spirit, rest,
Who in His presence art,
Of the needful thing possessed,
And Mary's better part;
Choose who will that happy place,
He shall there unmolested sit;
Never can the Saviour chase
A sinner from His feet.

J. and C. Wesley.

3740. MARTHA OR MARY?

I cannot choose; I should have liked so much
To sit at Jesus' feet—to feel the touch
Of His kind, gentle hand upon my head
While drinking in the gracious words He said.

And yet to serve Him! oh, divine employ,
To minister and give the Master joy,
To bathe in coolest springs His weary feet,
And wait upon Him while He sat at meat!

Worship or service—which? Ah! that is best
To which He calls me, be it toil or rest,
To labor for Him in life's busy stir,
Or seek His feet a silent worshipper.

So let Him choose for us: we are not strong
To make the choice; perhaps we should go wrong,
Mistaking zeal for service, sinful sloth
For loving worship, and so fail of both.

Caroline A. Mason.

3741. MARTYR, The First Christian.
Acts vii: 59, 60.

Offering up his soul in prayer,
Stephen on his God relies,
Called the Saviour's death to share,
Joined to Jesu's sacrifice;
"Trusting in Thy only merit,
Thee my Lord and God I own;
Oh receive my ransomed spirit,
Take a sinner to Thy throne."

Rival meek of Jesu's passion,
Lo! the lamblike victim bleeds;
Breathes the final supplication,
For his murderers intercedes;
Loudly in his spirit crying,
Through whose only death we live,
Echoes the Redeemer dying,
Bows his head, and gasps "Forgive!"

See the first-expiring witness
Qualified for glorious rest,
Meet with love's celestial meetness,
Sinks on his Redeemer's breast.
Safe his soul in Jesu's keeping,
Dust to dust his body borne
Lies reposed, and sweetly sleeping,
Till his heavenly Lord return.

Oh how infinite the price is
Of a slaughtered Christian's prayer!
Oh how vast a harvest rises
From the seed that's buried there!
Sinful souls by grace forgiven
Rise, a countless multitude,
Spread, and fill both earth and heaven
From a single martyr's blood!

Saul, the furious Saul, confesses
First the power of Stephen's cries;
Jesu's witnesses increases,
For his Saviour lives and dies!
Myriads since have vied with Stephen,
Raised the martyrs' noble host,
Died, and in the highest heaven
Found the life on earth they lost.

J. and C. Wesley.

3742. MARTYRS, Triumph of the.

They seemed to die on battle-field,
To die with justice, truth, and law;
The bloody corpse, the broken shield,
Were all that senseless folly saw.
But, like Antæus, from the turf,
They sprung refreshed, to strive again,
Where'er the savage and the serf
Rise to the rank of men.

They seemed to die by sword and fire,
Their voices hushed in endless sleep;
Well might the noblest cause expire
Beneath that mangled, smouldering heap!
Yet that wan band, unarmed, defied
The legions of their pagan foes;
And in the truths they testified,
From out the ashes rose.

3743. MARY.
Luke x: 38–42.

I.

She sitteth at the Master's feet
In motionless employ;
Her ears, her heart, her soul complete
Drinks in the tide of joy.

In her still ear His thoughts of grace
Incarnate are in voice;
Her thoughts, the people of the place,
Receive them, and rejoice.

Her eyes, with heavenly reason bright,
Are on the ground cast low;
It is His words of truth and light
That sets them shining so.

But see! a face is at the door
Whose eyes are not at rest;
A voice breaks in on wisest lore
With petulant request.

"Lord," Martha says, "dost Thou not care
She lets me serve alone?
Tell her to come and take her share."
Still Mary's eyes shine on.

Calmly she lifts a questioning glance
To Him who calmly heard;
The merest sign, she'll rise at once,
Nor wait the uttered word.

The other, standing by the door,
Waits too what He will say.
His "Martha, Martha" with it bore
A sense of coming nay.

Gently her troubled heart He chid;
Rebuked its needless care;
Methinks her face she turned and hid
With shame that bordered prayer.

What needful thing is Mary's choice,
Nor shall be taken away?
There is but one—'tis Jesus' voice;
And listening she shall stay.

II.

Not now the living words are poured
Into her single heart;
For many guests are at the board,
And many tongues take part.

With sacred foot, refrained and slow,
With daring, trembling tread
She comes, with worship bending low
Behind the godlike head.

The costly chrism, in snowy stone,
A gracious odor sends.
Her little hoard, so slowly grown,
In one full act she spends.

She breaks the box, the honored thing!
And down its riches pour;
Her priestly hands anoint her King,
To reign for evermore.

With murmur and nod they called it waste:
Their love they could endure;
Hers ached a prisoner in her breast,
And she forgot the poor.

She meant it for His coming state;
He took it for His doom.
The other women were too late,
For He had left the tomb.

George Macdonald.

3744. MARY.

Luke x : 39.

Happy Mary! oh how sweet
Thus to sit at Jesu's feet;
With a true, unwavering heart
Thus to choose the better part!

Happy Mary! thus to hear
Holy words of heavenly cheer:
'Tis no marvel that to thee
All things else should trifling be!

Happy Mary! on that Face
Beaming with celestial grace,
Fixed is thine adoring gaze,
While thy heart is filled with praise!

Happy art thou! Earthly care
Falls on thee as down on air,
While thy longing soul is fed
Freely with the Living Bread.

Happy all who daily sit,
Mary-like, at Jesu's feet;
By His Spirit and His word
Taught to own Him as their Lord.

Children's Hour.

3745. MARY AND HER CHILD.

Luke ii : 15, 16.

When from Thy beaming throne,
O High and Holy One! [birth;
Thou cam'st to dwell with those of mortal
No ray of living light
Flashed on th' astonished sight, [earth:
To show the Godhead walked His subject.

Thine was no awful form,
Shrouded in mist and storm,
Of seraph, walking on the viewless wind;
Nor didst Thou deign to wear,
The port, sublimely fair,
Of angel-heralds sent to bless mankind.

Made like the sons of clay,
Thy matchless glories lay
In form of feeble infancy concealed;
No pomp of outward sign
Proclaimed the Power Divine;
No earthly state the heavenly guest revealed.

Thou didst not choose Thy home
Beneath a lordly dome;
No regal diadem wreathed Thy baby brow,
Nor on a soft couch laid,
Nor in rich vest arrayed,
But with the poorest of the poor wert Thou!

Yet she whose gentle breast
Was Thy glad place of rest;
In her the blood of royal David flowed:
Men passed her dwelling by
With proud and scornful eye;
But angels knew and loved her mean abode.

There softer strains she heard
Than song of evening bird,

Or tuneful minstrels in a queenly bower;
And o'er her dwelling lone
A brighter radiance shone
Than ever glittered from a monarch's tower.

For there the mystic star
That sages led from far,
To pour their treasures at her Infant's feet,
Still shed its golden light;
There, through the calm clear night,
We heard angelic voices, strangely sweet.

O happiest thou of all
Who bear the deadly thrall
Which for one mother's crime to all was given:
Her first of mortal birth
Brought death to reign on earth,
But thine brings Light and Life again from heaven!

Happiest of virgins thou,
On whose unruffled brow [love!
Blends maiden meekness with a mother's
Blest is thy heavenly Son,
Blest is the Holy One,
Whom man knows not below, though angels hymn above! *Thomas Dale.*

3746. "MARY!" "MASTER!"

St. John xx : 16.

"Mary!"—that voice is ever in mine ears,
When Carmel's oak-wood glistens through the morn,
Floats back again an echo of lost years,
I see myself once more a mark of scorn.
"Master," I sail across life's stormy tide,
Yet o'er its waves I clasp the Crucified.

"Mary!"—I hear His mother's virgin name,
Oft on His lips its music wont to play;
I see myself the same, and not the same,
As when I met Him on that glorious day.
"Master!"—my soul sped forth on one wild cry:
"A devil chains me! Free me, or I die!"

"Mary!"—I recollect His wondrous grace,
Wreathed in a rainbow arch of holy tears,
That fled like sunlit rain along His face,
I recollect a flight of lonely fears;
"Master," no fairer dream henceforth I know
Than Thy love; dawn above my midnight woe.

"Mary!"—in olden days, when I was young,
And found some beauty in the dreariest scene,
When fancy left for me no tale unsung
Of all things brave and gay there once had been,
"Master?"—I listened for my lover's feet,
And felt that any death for him were sweet.

"Mary!"—I was not beautiful, yet life
In burning Eastern fire ran through my veins;
He left me to a woman's anguished strife—
On the dry rock the torrent's scar remains.

"Master," 'twas Thine to love—to love in vain;
Mine, too, the eloquence of master pain.

"Mary!"—God made all beautiful but me;
I lacked Time's fleeting trick of lip and eye:
Yet tracked I genius through His mystery;
Who could do more than live, and droop, and die?
"Master!"—I fled along Despair's salt creek;
My thirsty sorrow rose in one wild shriek.

"Mary!"—the sere sedge lapped the briny yeast;
Crept o'er the steamy flats the sluggish tide;
Flapped the gorged sea-bird from her carrion-feast:
I twined a sea-weed chaplet for a bride.
"Master!"—amid dead pools I lost my way;
One like a shepherd led me from Death's bay.

"Mary!"—a little lamb lay on His breast:
I heard His whisper musically kind.
O'er all my fevered brain there stole a rest—
The shout of baffled spirits smite the wind.
"Master," Thy shepherd staff still decks Thy hand;
Lead me on, even to my Fatherland.

"Mary!"—how often, 'mid each haunted night,
I heard Thee whisper round my wakeful bed;
When spectral horrors rose in ghastly might
I heard Thy guardian angel near me tread;
"Master," I give my woman's heart to Thee,
Take it, and veil it, Lord, in purity.

"Mary!"—His own He calleth still by name;
His voice they know, and ever follow Him.
Jesus, sweet Shepherd, 'mid all time the same,
Awake through all my soul love's lofty hymn.
"Master," whom have I on this earth but thee?
Oh, for Thy summer roses o'er earth's wintry lea! *Alan Brodrick.*

3747. MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.

St. John xx : 16.

When vengeance on her victim's head
Her sevenfold vials sternly shed;
When foes the hand of menace shook,
And friends betrayed, denied, forsook;
Then woman, meekly constant still,
Followed to Calvary's fatal hill:
Yes, followed where the boldest failed,
Unmoved by threat or sneer;
For faithful woman's love prevailed
O'er helpless woman's fear.

In sorrow and in peril tried,
She was the last to quit His side;
And when the bloody scene was closed,
And low in dust her Friend reposed,
The first was she to seek His tomb,
With balm of Araby's perfume:
She fondly thought that honored form
To rescue from the loathsome worm;

And little dreamed, how Death in vain
Had cast his adamantine chain
O'er one who came his might to quell,
Even in his gloomiest citadel;
And high reward her zeal hath won:
"Woman!" she started at the tone;
"Mary!" she turned, beheld, adored:
'Twas He to life and her restored.

Thus on the pure and patient mind,
Quiet its joy, in grief resigned,
Fraught with rich blessings from above,
Beams the benignant smile of love;
E'en as the lake's unruffled breast
Makes pillow for the sunbeam's rest,
While waves, in wild disorder driven,
Roll dark beneath the clearest heaven.
O woman! though thy fragile form
Bows like the willow to the storm,
Ill suited in the unequal strife,
To brave the ruder scenes of life;
Yet, if the power of grace divine,
Find in thy lowly heart a shrine,
Then, in thy very weakness, strong,
Thou winn'st thy noiseless course along;
Weaving thy influence with the ties
Of sweet domestic charities,
And softening haughtier spirits down
By happy contact with thine own.
I. Hankinson.

3748. MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.
John xx: 1, 11-16.

Mary of Magdala, when the moon had set,
Forth to the garden that was with night dews wet,
Fared in the dark—woe-worn and bent was she,
'Neath many pounds' weight of fragrant spicery.

Mary of Magdala, in her misery,
"Who shall roll the stone up from yon door?" quoth she;
And trembling down the steep she went, and wept sore,
Because her dearest Lord was, alas! no more.

Her burden she let fall, lo! the stone was gone;
Light was there within, out to the dark it shone; [bright,
With an angel's face the dread tomb was
The which she beholding fell sore affright.

Mary Magdala, in her misery,
Heard the white vision speak, and did straightway flee;
And an idle tale seemed the wild words she said,
And naught her heart received—naught was comforted.

"Nay," quoth the men He loved, when they came to see,
"Our eyes beheld His death, the Saint of Galilee;
Who have borne Him hence truly we cannot say;"
Secretly, in fear, they turned and went their way.

Mary of Magdala, in her misery,
Followed to the tomb, and wept full bitterly,
Lingered in the dark, where first the Lord was laid;
The white one spake again: she was no more afraid.

In a moment—dawn! solemn and sweet and clear,
Kneeling, yet she weeps, and some one stands anear;
Asketh of her grief—she, all her thoughts are dim,
"If thou hast borne Him hence, tell me," doth answer him.

"Mary," He saith, no more, shades of night have fled
Under dewy leaves, behold Him!—death is dead;
"Mary," and "O my Master," sorrow speeds away,
Sunbeams touch His feet this earliest Easter day.

After the pains of death, in a place unknown,
Trembling, of visions haunted, and all alone,
I too shall want Thee, Jesus, my hope, my trust,
Fallen low, and all unclothed, even of my poor dust.

I, too, shall hear Thee speak, Jesus, my life divine;
And call me by my name, Lord, for I am Thine;
Thou wilt stand and wait, I shall so look and see,
In the garden of God, I shall look up—on Thee. *Holy Songs.*

3749. MARY, Weeping.
John xx: 11-16.

Mary to her Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume;
But the Lord she loved was gone.
For a while she weeping stood,
Struck with sorrow and surprise,
Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,
For her heart supplied her eyes.

Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceived,
Came, His drooping child to cheer,
Kindly asking, why she grieved?
Though at first she knew Him not,
When He called her by her name,
Then her griefs were all forgot,
For she found He was the same.

Grief and sighing quickly fled,
When she heard His welcome voice;
Just before she thought Him dead,
Now He bids her heart rejoice.
What a change His word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-tost;
On His word your burden cast,
On His love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

John Newton.

3750. MARY, Offering of.
Luke vii : 37, 38.

She brought her box of alabaster;
The precious spikenard filled the room
With honor worthy of the Master,
A costly, rare, and rich perfume.

Her tears for sin fell hot and thickly
On His dear feet, outstretched and bare;
Unconscious how, she wiped them quickly
With the long ringlets of her hair.

And richly fall those raven tresses
Adown her cheek, like willow-leaves,
As stooping still, with fond caresses,
She plies her task of love, and grieves.

Oh may we thus, like loving Mary,
Ever our choicest offerings bring,
Nor grudging of our toil, nor chary
Of costly service to our King!

Methinks I hear from Christian lowly
Some hallowed voice at evening rise,
Or quiet morn, or in the holy,
Unclouded calm of Sabbath skies;

I bring my box of alabaster,
Of earthly loves I break the shrine,
And pour affections, purer, vaster,
On that dear head, those feet of Thine.

The joys I prized, the hopes I cherished,
The fairest flowers my fancy wove,
Behold my fondest idols perished;
Receive the incense of my love!

What though the scornful world, deriding
Such waste of love, of service, fears?
Still let me pour, through taunt and chiding,
The rich libation of my tears.

I bring my box of alabaster;
Accepted let the offering rise!
So grateful tears shall flow the faster,
In founts of gladness from mine eyes!

Charles Lawrence Ford.

3751. MARY, Offering of.
Luke vii : 47.

Were not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
She wept, and was forgiven?

When, bringing every balmy sweet,
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet
The precious odors poured;

And wiped them with her golden hair,
Where once the diamond shone;
Though now those gems of grief were there
Which shines for God alone!

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed,
That hair, those weeping eyes,
And the sunk heart, that inly bled,
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh, wouldst thou wake in heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much," and be forgiven!

Thomas Moore.

3752. "MARY!—RABBONI!"
John xx : 16.

She turned her from the empty cell,
Where late the Prince of Glory lay;
A shadow on her spirit fell,
Her Lord was borne away.
"If thou hast spoiled the tomb,
And for its new-born light
Hast left the pall of ancient gloom,
O wanderer of the night—
Tell me!"

He looked into her earnest eyes,
Where lately shone Hope's dazzling dew;
Her lips, of the carnation dyes,
Now of the lily's hue,
He saw were quivering with dismay.
One word could light those eyes again,
And banish every grief away;
One word bring back the lips' sweet red,
One word restore the dead,
And pleasure substitute for pain;
'Twas music when he spake it:
"Mary!"

She turned herself, and from that face
Of beauty every care was fled,
And in its stead
Was much of grace,
And something meekly proud.
As look our skies, when midnight's cloud
Is chased, and they are overspread
With morning's early blush, so she,
The spirit of young Piety,
Divinely looked, when answering
"Rabboni!"

William B. Tappan.

3753. MARY, The Mother of Christ.
Luke i : 28.

Mary, to thee the heart was given
For infant hand to hold,
Thus clasping, an eternal heaven,
The great earth in its fold.

He seized the world with tender might,
By making thee His own:
Thee, lowly queen, whose heavenly height
Was to thyself unknown.

He came, all helpless, to thy power,
For warmth, and love, and birth;
In thy embraces, every hour,
He grew into the earth.

And thine the grief, O mother high!
Which all thy sisters share,
Who keep the gate betwixt the sky
And this our lower air;

And unshared sorrows, gathering slow;
New thoughts within thy heart,
Which through thee like a sword will go,
And make thee mourn apart.

For if a woman bore a son
That was of angel brood,
Who lifted wings ere day was done,
And soared from where He stood;

Strange grief would fill each mother-moan,
Wild longing, dim, and sore:
"My child! my child! He is my own,
And yet is mine no more!"

So thou, O Mary! years on years,
From child-birth to the cross,
Wast filled with yearnings, filled with fears,
Keen sense of love and loss.

His childish thoughts outsoared thy reach;
Even His tenderness
Had deeper springs than act or speech
Could unto thee express.

Strange pangs await thee, mother mild!
A sorer travail pain,
Before the spirit of thy child
Is born in thee again.

And thou wilt still forebode and dread,
And loss be still thy fear,
Till form be gone, and, in its stead,
The very self appear.

For, when thy son hath reached His goal,
And vanished from the earth,
Soon shalt thou find Him in thy soul,
A second, holier birth.

George Macdonald.

3754. MARY MAGDALENE.
Luke vii : 48.

To the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair;
She heard in the city that Jesus was there;
Unheeding the splendor that blazed on the board,
She silently knelt at the feet of the Lord.

The frown and the murmur went round through them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall;
And some said the poor would be objects more meet,
As the wealth of her perfume she showered on His feet.

She heard but the Saviour, she spoke but with sighs;
She dare not look up to the heaven of His eyes;
And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to His sandals were throbbingly pressed.

In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow,
He looked on that lost one: "her sins were forgiven,"
And the sinner went forth in the beauty of heaven.

Francis S. Key.

3755. MARY MAGDALENE.
Luke vii : 37–47.

Dear, beauteous saint! more white than day,
When in his naked, pure array;
Fresher than morning flowers, which show,
As thou in tears dost, best in dew.
How art thou changed; how lively fair,
Pleasing and innocent an air,
Not tutored by thy glass, but free,
Native, and pure, shines now in thee!
But since thy beauty doth still keep
Bloomy and fresh, why dost thou weep?
This dusky state of sighs and tears
Durst not look on those smiling years,
When Magdal-castle was thy seat,
Where all was sumptuous, rare, and neat.
Why lies this hair despised now,
Which once thy care and art did show?
Who then did dress the much-loved toy,
In spires, globes, angry curls and coy,
Which with skilled negligence seemed shee
About thy curious, wild, young head?
Why is this rich, this pistic nard
Spilt, and the box quite broke and marred?
What pretty sullenness did haste
Thy easy hands to do this waste?
Why art thou humbled thus, and low
As earth thy lovely head dost bow? [earth
Dear soul! thou knew'st flowers here on
At their Lord's footstool have their birth;
Therefore thy withered self in haste
Beneath His blest feet thou didst cast,
That, at the root of this green tree,
Thy great decays restored might be.
Thy curious vanities and rare,
Odorous ointments kept with care,

And dearly brought, when thou didst see
They could not cure nor comfort thee;
Like a wise early penitent,
Thou sadly didst to him present,
Whose interceding, meek, and calm
Blood is the world's all-healing balm.
This, this divine restorative
Called forth thy tears, which ran in live
And hasty drops, as if they had
(Their Lord so near) sense to be glad.
Learn, ladies, here the faithful cure—
Make beauty lasting, fresh, and pure;
Learn Mary's art of tears, and then
Say, You have got the day from men.
Cheap, mighty art! her art of love,
Who loved much, and much more could [move;
Her art! whose memory must last
Till truth through all the world be past;
Till his abused, despised flame
Return to heaven from whence it came,
And send a fire down, that shall bring
Destruction on His ruddy wing.
Her art! whose pensive, weeping eyes
Were once sin's loose and tempting spies;
But now are fixed stars, whose light
Helps such dark stragglers to their sight.

Self-boasting Pharisee! how blind
A judge wert thou, and how unkind!
It was impossible that thou,
Who wert all false, shouldst true grief know.
Is't just to judge her faithful tears
By that foul rheum thy false eye wears?

"This woman," say'st thou, "is a sinner!"
And sate there none such at thy dinner?
Go, leper, go! wash till thy flesh
Comes like a child's, spotless and fresh;
He is still leprous that still paints:
Who saint themselves, they are no saints.

Henry Vaughan.

3756. MARY MAGDALENE.

With eyes aglow, and aimless zeal,
She hither, thither goes;
Her speech, her motions, all reveal
A mind without repose.

She climbs the hills, she haunts the sea,
By madness tortured, driven;
One hour's forgetfulness would be
A gift from very Heaven.

The night brings sleep, sleep new distress;
The anguish of the day
Returns as free, in darker dress,
In more secure dismay.

The demons blast her to and fro;
She has no quiet place;
Enough a woman still to know
A haunting, dim disgrace.

Hers in no other eyes confide
For even a moment brief;
With restless glance they turn aside,
Lest they betray her grief.

A human touch! a pang of death,
And in a low delight
Thou liest, waiting for new breath,
For morning out of night.

Thou risest up: the earth is fair,
The wind is cool and free;
Is it a dream of hell's despair
Dissolves in ecstasy?

Did this man touch thee? Eyes divine
Make sunrise in thy soul;
Thou seest love and order shine:
His health hath made thee whole.

What matter that the coming time
Will stain thy virgin name!
Will call thine agony thy crime,
And count thy madness blame!

Let the reproach of men abide!
He shall be well content
To see not seldom by his side
Thy head serenely bent.

Thou, sharing in the awful doom,
Shalt help thy Lord to die;
And, mourning o'er His empty tomb,
First share His victory.

George Macdonald

3757. MARY MAGDALENE, Legend of.
Luke vii: 37–47.

'Twas within a Hebrew palace,
At a Hebrew ruler's board,
From her alabaster chalice
Magdalene the ointment poured.
Flowed the precious perfume, filling
All the air with odors sweet;
But, from Mary's eyes distilling,
Poured an offering far more meet,
Even than the costly ointment,
For the worn and weary feet
Of the Blessed Lord.

Humbly weeping, humbly loving,
Meek she kneeled beside Him there;
Tears and perfume both removing
With her soft and clustering hair.
But there wakened thoughts of evil
In the minds of the eleven;
And the first to scorn or cavil
Spake the traitor—cursed of Heaven:
"How much better were this ointment
Vended, and the money given
For the poor to share!"

Thus Iscariot reproved her,
Thinking, "'Twould my store increase;"
But when Jesu looked, He loved her,
And He bade their murmurs cease;
Saying, "Not for her preferment
Doth she here before Me bow,
But it is for mine interment
That she thus anoints Me now."
Then He uttered, turning toward her
That divine and gentle brow,
"Mary, go in peace!"

Who doth love shall be forgiven;
He hath mercy still in store,
He hath boundless power in heaven
Whom the cross on Calvary bore.
Earthly love may fail to ease you
When you bend in your despair,
But the gentle heart of Jesu
Turneth never from a prayer.
To the asker all is granted;
He who seeketh findeth there
Rest for evermore. *C. D. McLeod.*

3758. MATTHEW.

Luke v: 27–29.

Nor Pharisaic school, nor harnessed train
Of Roman state, nor pow'r, nor thoughtful gain,
Nor breezy lake, where circling mountains rise,
Nor Lebanon's snowy top in summer skies,
Could to thy longing eyes afford repose,
Good Levi, till they found the Man of woes!
Beneath thy lowly roof I see Him come,
An honored guest; the Pharisee's stern gloom
Sitting aloof, in calm and humble gaze
The Galilean twelve, th' half-pleased amaze
Of publicans, and mourning Eremite
Shrinking apart: yet seen, or out of sight,
Manifold words of wisdom find them out,
And in each heart an eye that looks through-out.
But, lo! again his hospitable store
Levi prepares, unfolding wide the door
Of His blest gospel, 'neath whose sacred roof
All may behold the Christ, and learn by proof.
E'en now, as then, within each secret soul
An eye is found; seek we or shun control,
All see the Son of man; each doth invest
His form with hues deep drawn from His own breast. *Isaac Williams.*

3759. MATTHEW, The Apostle.

There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

How sweet to them, in such brief rest
As thronging cares afford,
In thought to wander, fancy-blest,
To where their gracious Lord,
In vain to win proud Pharisees,
Spake, and was heard by fell disease,
But not in vain, beside yon breezy lake,
Bade the meek publican his gainful seat forsake.

At once he rose, and left his gold;
His treasure and his heart
Transferred, where he shall safe behold
Earth and her idols part;
While he beside his endless store
Shall sit, and floods unceasing pour
Of Christ's true riches o'er all time and space,
First angel of His church, first steward of His grace.

Nor can ye not delight to think
Where He vouchsafed to eat,
How the Most Holy did not shrink
From touch of sinners' meat;
What worldly hearts and hearts impure
Went with Him through the rich man's door,
That we might learn of Him lost souls to love,
And view His least and worst with hope to meet above.

These gracious lines shed gospel light
On Mammon's gloomiest cells,
As on some city's cheerless night
The tide of sunrise swells,
Till tower and dome and bridge-way proud
Are mantled with a golden cloud,
And to wise hearts this certain hope is given;
"No mist that man may raise shall hide the eye of Heaven."

And oh! if even on Babel shine
Such gleams of paradise,
Should not their peace be peace divine
Who day by day arise
To look on clearer heavens, and scan
The work of God untouched by man!
Shame on us, who about us Babel bear,
And live in paradise, as if God was not there.
John Keble.

3760. MATTHIAS.

Acts i: 23–26.

From Abraham's breast, 'mid heavenly towers on high,
Death's lake is seen, and heard the dismal cry;
From Salem's heights, dread Sodom's sea of doom
Is o'er the hills descried in fiery gloom;
'Mid that small band, for Heaven's high mandate sealed,
Hell opens, and a Judas is revealed.

Dread thought of terror! Heaven the rescued crown
Holds, and on just Matthias lets it down;
Sent forth of Him who was sent forth of God,
And armed with naught but His supporting rod.

Oh, by that cross on which Thou deign'st to die,
Let that staff bear me death's dark valley by!
Thine was the patriarch's staff when Jordan's strand
He passed, and thence returned a twofold band;
Thine was the staff Elisha sent before,
The staff of health which false Gehazi bore.

From this new morn until th' eternal day
That pastoral staff must be the pilgrim's stay;

From this new morn, when, from its wintry blight,
Springs the new year, and day is mast'ring night.
Still, wheresoe'er the grounded staff shall pass,
The sea divides, wide opes the watery mass.
Isaac Williams.

3761. MELCHIZEDEK.

Hebrews vii : 3.

Thrice blest are they who feel their loneliness;
To whom nor voice of friend nor pleasant scene
Brings that on which the saddened heart can lean;
Yea, the rich earth, garbed in its daintiest dress
Of light and joy, doth but the more oppress,
Claiming responsive smiles and rapture high;
Till, sick at heart, beyond the veil they fly,
Seeking His presence who alone can bless.
Such, in strange days, the weapons of Heaven's grace;
When passing o'er the high-born Hebrew line,
He forms the vessel of His vast design;
Fatherless, homeless, reft of age and place,
Severed from earth, and careless of its wreck,
Borne through long woe His rare Melchizedek.
John H. Newman.

3762. MEMPHIS.

Hosea ix : 6.

But now famed Memphis' ancient bounds are gained,
Where the long line of iron Pharaohs reigned.
Hallowed by sacred lore, these scenes impart
A speechless awe, yet interest to the heart.
Here exiled Joseph rose to wealth and fame,
And, bent with years, the trembling Israel came.
Yonder in Goshen toiled, with many a sigh,
His countless sons, and mourned for days gone by;
And far away, where sweeps the Red Sea shore,
Lies the long track their myriads hurried o'er,
When blazed the fiery cloud o'er mount and plain,
And midnight winds rolled back the subject main,
While Moses led them on with wand of might,
Saw Pharaoh's host, nor trembled at the sight.

But Memphis' kings are less than ashes now,
The crowns e'en dust that decked each royal brow.
Goshen, where Israel toiled, no trace retains
Of all the towers they built, when scourged in chains.
Memphis herself, as cursed for injuries piled
On Judah's head, long, long hath strewn the wild.
Where is the shrine to soft-eyed Apis reared,
That sacred bull, kings, blood-stained chiefs revered?
Where Vulcan's fane? and, gorgeous as a dream,
The gold-roofed palace raised by Nilus' stream?
No vestige meets the pilgrim's curious gaze;
O'er Memphis' site the turbaned robber strays;
Each wall is razed, each pillared shrine o'erthrown;
The sands drift on, the desert breezes moan;
Shades of the Pharaohs! rise from marble sleep!
And o'er your lost loved city bend and weep!
Nicholas Michell.

3763. MESSIAH, Reign of the.

Isaiah ii : 2, 3.

Behold! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain-tops above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to His house we'll go.

The beams that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
Shall all the world command.
Among the nations He shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
No longer hosts encount'ring hosts
Shall crowds of slain deplore:
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Come then, O house of Jacob! come
To worship at His shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.
John Logan.

3764. METHUSELAH.

Genesis v : 21–27.

And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred
And sixty and nine years, and he died.
And was this all? He died! he who did wait
The slow unfolding of centurial years,
And shake that burden from his heart which turns
Our temples white; and in his freshness stand

Till cedars mouldered and firm rocks grew gray:
Left he no trace upon the page inspired
Save this one line—He died!

Perchance he stood
Till all who in his early shadow rose,
Faded away, and he was left alone;
A sad, long-living, weary-hearted man,
To fear that death, remembering all beside,
Had sure forgotten him.

Perchance he roved
Exulting o'er the ever-verdant vales,
While Asia's sun burned fervid on his brow;
Or 'neath some waving palm-tree sate him down,
And in his mantling bosom nursed the pride
That mocks the pale destroyer, and doth think
To live forever.

Yet whatsoe'er his lot, in that dim age
Of mystery, when the unwrinkled world had drunk
To deluge cup of bitterness, whate'er
Were earth's illusions to his dazzled eye,
Death found him out at last, and coldly wrote,
With icy pen on life's protracted scroll,
Naught but this brief, unflattering line—He died!

Ye gay flower-gatherers on Time's crumbling brink,
This shall be said of you, howe'er ye vaunt
Your long to-morrows in an endless line;
Howe'er amid the gardens of your joy pass,
Ye hide yourselves, and bid the pale king
This shall be said of you at last—He died!
Oh, add one sentence more: He lived to God.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.

3765. METHUSELAH, Lesson from.

And didst thou, patriarch, tread this vale of tears,
And bear life's load for near a thousand years?
And is the record of thy days so brief,
Without one song of joy, or tale of grief?

Brief though it be, a lesson it imparts
(Bind it, ye high and mighty, round your hearts);
For thus it says to each, "Thy pomp, thy pride,
At last shall come to this: He lived, and died!"

3766. MIGHTY FALLEN, The.
2 Samuel i: 25.

Fallen on Zion's battle hill
A soldier of renown,
Armed in the panoply of God,
In conflict cloven down;
His helmet on, his armor bright,
His cheek unblanched with fear,
While round his head there gleamed a light
His dying hour to cheer.

Fallen, while cheering with his voice
The sacramental host;
With banner floating on the air,
Death found him at his post;
In life's high prime his warfare closed,
But not ingloriously;
He fell beyond the outer wall,
And shouted victory.

Fallen—a holy man of God,
An Israelite indeed,
A standard-bearer of the cross,
Mighty in word and deed;
A master-spirit of the age,
A bright and burning light,
Whose beams across the firmament
Scattered the clouds of night.

Fallen—as sets the sun at eve
To rise in splendor where
His kindred luminaries shine,
Their heaven of bliss to share;
Beyond the stormy battle-field
He reigns and triumphs now,
Sweeping a harp of wondrous song,
With glory on His brow.

John Newland Maffitt.

3767. MILCH-KINE DRAWING THE ARK.
1 Samuel vi: 12.

The kine unguided went
By the directest road,
When the Philistines homeward sent
The ark of Israel's God.

Lowing they passed along
And left their calves shut up;
They felt an instinct for their young,
But would not turn or stop.

Shall brutes, devoid of thought,
Their Maker's will obey;
And we, who by His grace are taught,
More stubborn prove than they?

John Newton.

3768. MIRACLE, Christ's First.
John ii: 7-11.

When wine they want, th' Almighty Lord
Water instead of wine demands:
He both created by His word,
Nothing His sovereign will withstands:
And every year in every vine
He changes water into wine.

Annexed to means improbable,
Thy blessing, Lord, we oft perceive,
Who, when Thou dost Thy mind reveal
Thy word implicitly believe,
And do what Thou art pleased t' ordain,
And thus a greater blessing gain.

Not the desires of men to please
Thou dost Thy first of wonders show,
But sent from heaven on earth to bless,
Jehovah manifest below,
Thou dost Thy peerless power display,
And faith's eternal basis lay.

This demonstration of Thy grace,
This proof of Thy Divinity,
Saviour in every age and place,
Convinced Thy true disciples see,
Built on the rock that cannot move,
The truth of Thine almighty love.

Who changes water into wine,
Can sinners into saints convert:
Thy grace omnipotent, divine,
I trust to make me as Thou art,
To form my heart averse from sin,
And bid mine inmost soul be clean.

J. and C. Wesley.

3769. MIRACLES.

Mark xvi : 17.

Let not the sceptic's ignorance presume
To mark the limits of celestial power,
Nor weigh its greatness in the partial scale
Of little man's confined philosophy.
What! shall that God whose energies divine
Waked slumb'ring matter from the dark abyss
Of chaos, and with all-creative hand
Bade each minuter particle assume
Its form and character; shall He, whose arm
Upon the boundless ocean of the air
Launched yon stupendous continent of fire,
Round which, by laws immutable constrained,
The subject planets roll their pendent orbs;
Shall that great God, who, with all-seeing eye
And wisdom infinite, assigned its place
To each created atom; who arranged
And methodized by comprehensive rule,
In order beautiful, the harmonious whole;
Who, calling forth its active properties,
And blending all their excellence, produced
That miracle of miracles, this world:
Shall He be bounded by the narrow line
Of mortal action? Cease, presumptuous man;
Doubt not because thou canst not understand.
Thy circumscribed reason ne'er shall reach
The secret depths, or trace the hidden maze
Of heavenly councils: call thy truant thoughts
Back to their God, nor with fallacious art
Seek to mislead th' uncultivated mind
That asks of thee instruction; rather let
The passing wonders of thy Maker's works
Excite thine adoration and arouse
Thy sleeping faculties in hymns of praise:
"Great Lord of life! to Thee I kneel, to Thee
Pour forth the warm effusions of a heart
Grateful for all Thy mercies: Lord, look down
Upon Thy servant, and, as once Thou deign'dst
To send Thy Spirit to conduct the steps
Of Israel's children through the pathless waste
To happier regions, so may'st Thou, O God!
Guide through this world, this wilderness of sin,
A hopeless wand'rer, and at last from death
Raise up his raptured soul to that high heaven,
Where, throned with Thee, the just shall ever live,
In endless peace and everlasting love."

William Rolland.

3770. MIRACLES, Demand for.

Mark xv : 32.

See and believe! it cannot be:
We first believe and then we see,
While Israel's King His power exerts,
And comes from heaven into our hearts.

Had Christ descended from the cross
His life had been His creatures' loss,
Nor could we on that scale ascend
To live in joys that never end.

Did they not see to life restored
The man belovèd of his Lord,
Yet went with hardened hearts away,
And sought even Lazarus to slay?

Who miracles demand in vain
Would stubborn infidels remain,
By countless wonders unsubdued;
For faith is still the gift of God.

J. and C. Wesley.

3771. MIRIAM, Song of.

Exodus xv : 20, 21.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed, His people are free.
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken:
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting! The Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed, His people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword!
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed, His people are free.

Thomas Moore.

3772. MIRIAM, The Song of.

Oh, for that day, that day of bliss entrancing,
When Israel stood, her night of bondage o'er,
And leaped in heart to see no more advancing
Egypt's dark host along the desert shore!
For scarce a ripple now proclaimed where lay
The boasting Pharaoh and his fierce array.

Miriam! she silent stood, that sight beholding,
And bowed with sacred awe her wondering head;

Till, lo! no more their hideous spoils withholding,
The depths, indignant, spurned their buried dead;
And all along that sad and vengeful coast
Pale corpses lay—a monumental host.

Miriam! she saw; then all to life awaking,
"Sing to the Lord," with a great voice she cried;
"Sing to the Lord," their many timbrels shaking,
Ten thousand ransomed hearts and tongues replied;
While, leading on the dance in triumph long,
Thus the great prophetess broke forth in song:

"Oh sing to the Lord,
Sing His triumph right glorious;
O'er horse and o'er rider,
Sing His right arm victorious;
Pharaoh's horsemen and chariots
And captains so brave,
The Lord hath thrown down
In the bottomless wave.

"Man of war is the Lord,
And Jehovah His name;
We trusted His pillar
Of cloud and of flame.
Proud boasters, ye followed,
But where are ye gone?
Down, down in the waters,
Ye sank like a stone.

"O Lord! Thou didst blow
With Thy nostrils a blast,
And upheaved the huge billows
Like mountains stood fast.
Egypt shuddered with wonder
That pathway to see,
Those depths all congealed
In the heart of the sea.

"'I, too, will march onward
(The enemy cried),
I shall overtake;
I the spoil will divide;
I will kill'—O my God!
The depths fell at Thy breath,
And like lead they went down
In those waters of death.

"But o'er us the soft wings
Of Thy mercy outspread,
To Thy own chosen dwelling
Our feet Thou hast led.
Palestrina, affrighted,
The tidings shall hear,
And your hearts, O ye nations!
Shall wither with fear.

"Thus brought in with triumph,
Safe-planted and blest,
On Thy own holy mountain
Thy people shall rest.
Shout! Pharaoh is fallen
To rise again never.
Sing! the Lord, He shall reign
Forever and ever."

E. Dudley Jackson.

3773. MITE, The Widow's.
Mark xii: 42.

"The widow's mite!" Who ever saw,
Since Jesus saw, that wondrous sight,
Fulfilling all the royal law
To God and man, "the widow's mite"?

And who for fame, or who for love
To body, intellect, or soul,
To man below, or God above,
Has yielded, since that hour, the whole?

Not one! not one!—the Jewish age
Has only such example shown;
It stands, a marvel, on the page
Of eighteen hundred years, alone.

"She, of her penury, gave her all,"
And shrank, in silence, from the crowd;
Thou canst thy gifts by hundreds call,
And set thy name among the proud.

Yet give! but on thy deed do not,
So often done, a falsehood write;
Nor to foul avarice add the blot
Of naming it "the widow's mite."

Nor deem the blazoned gift of gold,
Or paltry alms that fears the light,
For "blest memorial" will be told,
Or thought of, as "the widow's mite."

William B. Tappan.

3774. MITES, Widow and Her.
Luke xxi: 2.

Here much and little shift and change
With scale of need and time;
There more and less have meanings strange,
Nor with our reason rhyme.

Sickness may be more hale than health,
And service kingdom high;
Yea, poverty be bounty's wealth,
To give like God thereby.

Bring forth your riches; let them go,
Nor mourn the lost control;
For if ye hoard them, surely so
Their rust will reach your soul.

Cast in your coins, for God delights
When from wide hands they fall;
But here is one that brings two mites,
And yet gives more than all.

She heard not, she, the mighty praise;
Went home to care and need;
Perhaps the knowledge still delays,
And yet she has the meed.

George Macdonald.

3775. MOAB, Mountains of.

Dark hills of Moab! flinging down
  Your shadows on this gloomy vale;
Wild chasms through which the desert wind
  Rushes in everlasting wail.

Mountains of silence! keeping watch
  Above this stagnant, sullen wave,
Where sunshine seems to smile in vain
  O'er Sodom's melancholy grave.

Day's youngest beauty and its last [bare;
  Bathes your broad foreheads, stern and
Yet all unsoftened is their frown;
  No cheer, no love, no beauty there.

I may not climb your awful slopes;
  Yet, standing on this hungry shore,
By this poor reed-brake of the sand,
  I count your shadows o'er and o'er.

In this lone lake, your ancient roots
  Lie steeped in bitterness and death;
Your summits rise all verdureless,
  Scorched by its hot and hellish breath.

Yon sea! its molten silver spreads,
  And steams into the burning air;
Yon sunlight that across it plays,
  How sad, and yet how strangely fair.

Haunt of old riot and lewd song,
  When Sodom spread its splendor here;
O sea of wrath, how silent now!
  The shroud of cities and their bier.

O valley of the shade of death!
  O sea, of ancient sin the tomb!
O hills, sin's hoary monument,
  And type of the eternal doom!

Well might the prophet's curse have come
  From peaks where horrors only dwell;
And idol-altars smoke on cliffs
  That seem the very gates of hell!

And yet ye gaze on Judah's vales,
  Ye hear the rush of Jordan's flood!
Ye looked on Zion's palace-hill,
  And saw the temple of our God!

Horatius Bonar.

3776. MORDECAI.

Esther vii: 1-10; viii: 15.

"Now say, my queen," the monarch cries,
  "What boon dost thou demand?
Be it the half my kingdom's worth,
  'Tis given to thy hand."

"O king, had all my race been sold
  To bondage and to shame,
No murmur from my lip had passed
  My sovereign's deed to blame;

"But sold to slaughter, doomed to death,
  I pour my humble prayer;
Oh let thy royal clemency
  My guiltless kindred spare!"

"And who, my queen, hath dared the deed?"
  "Behold, our ruthless foe!
'Tis Haman whets the murd'rous steel
  And aims the fatal blow."

The king is wroth: the traitor shrinks;
  The stern command is given:
Bound and condemned they bear him forth
  To feed the fowls of heaven.

A gallows, by his impious hand
  For Mordecai designed,
Receives the tyrant's struggling form,
  And gives him to the wind.

Haman, thy wife hath well foretold
  The dark intent will fail;
Against Jehovah's chosen fold
  Thou never couldst prevail.

Who comes? His costly garments wave
  In many a purple fold,
Blent with the purest white; he wears
  A crown of burnished gold.

It is the Jew—'tis Mordecai,
  Type of his ransomed race;
For shame is double honor given,
  And glory for disgrace.

Such, Israel, is thy future lot,
  Purged in refining fires;
Queens shall thy nursing mothers be,
  And kings thy nursing sires.

And thou, in means and mercies rich,
  Loved Albion, happy land,
For Judah bend the suppliant knee,
  And work with willing hand.

Oh help thine elder brother's need,
  Bid him thy blessings share,
Nor let him perish at thy gate
  While thou hast bread to spare!

Jewish Expositor.

3777. MORDECAI.

Make friends with him! He is of royal line,
Although he sits in rags. Not all of thine
Array of splendor, pomp of high estate,
Can buy him from his place within the gate,
The king's gate of thy happiness, where he,
Yes, even he, the Jew, remaineth free,
Never obeisance making, never scorn
Betraying of thy silver and new-born
Delight. Make friends with him, for unawares
The charmèd secret of thy joys he bears;
Be glad, so long as his black sackcloth, late
And early, thwarts thy sun; for if in hate
And haste thou plottest for his blood, thy own death-cry,
Not his, comes from the gallows fifty cubits high.

Helen Hunt.

3778. MOSES AND AMALEK.

While Joshua led the armèd bands
Of Israel forth to war,
Moses, apart, with lifted hands,
Engaged in humble pray'r.

The armed bands had quickly failed,
And perished in the fight,
If Moses' prayer had not prevailed
To put the foes to flight.

When Moses' hands through weakness [dropped,
The warriors fainted too;
Israel's success at once was stopped,
And Am'lek bolder grew.

A people, always prone to boast,
Were taught by this suspense
That not a num'rous armed host,
But God, was their defence.

John Newton.

3779. MOSES AND CHRIST.

Acts iii : 22.

Moses, the meek man of God,
A type of Christ was seen,
Head of faithful Israel stood,
And guide of sinful men;
Showed as prophet of the Lord
The land to all believers given,
Herald of Jehovah's word,
Interpreter of Heaven.

Israel he from Egypt led,
But must to Jesus yield;
Jesus like His brethren made,
His brethren far excelled:
Moses formed the church of old,
And one peculiar nation joined;
Christ received into His fold
The souls of all mankind.

Soon as Moses prophesied,
Israel's deliverance came;
Soon as Jesus spake and died,
The sacrificial Lamb,
Life, the grand effect, ensued;
That blood for every soul was spilt,
Purged that all-redeeming blood
The universal guilt.

Those who quaked and could not bear
Jehovah's thundering word,
Asked that Moses might declare
The dictates of his Lord:
Wearied by the law of fire,
Much more the slaves of guilty fear
Fly from Sinai, and desire
The voice of Christ to hear.

Moses truly ministered,
A servant, not a son;
Christ, who in our flesh appeared,
Came from His Father down;
Equal to the Lord Most High,
By all the heavenly hosts confessed,
Re-enthroned beyond the sky,
Our God forever blessed.

J. and C. Wesley.

3780. MOSES AND JETHRO'S DAUGHTERS.

Exodus ii : 16–21.

To Midian now his pilgrimage he took—
Midian, earth's only paradise for pleasures,
Where many a soft rill, many a sliding brook,
Through the sweet valleys trip in wanton measures;

Where as the curled groves and flowery fields
To his free soul so peaceable and quiet,
More true delight and choice contentment yields
Than Egypt's braveries and luxurious diet:

And wandering long he happened on a well,
Which he by paths frequented might espy,
Bordered with trees where pleasure seemed to dwell,
Where, to repose him easily, down doth lie:

Where the soft winds did mutually embrace
In the cool arbors nature there had made,
Fanning their sweet breath gently in his face,
Through the calm cincture of the amorous shade:

Till now it nighed the noon-stead of the day,
When scorching heat the gadding herds do grieve,
When shepherds now, and herdsmen every way,
Their thirsting cattle to the fountain drive:

Amongst the rest seven shepherdesses went
Along the way for watering of their sheep,
Whose eyes him seemed such reflections sent
As made the flocks more white that they did keep:

Girls that so goodly and delightful were,
The fields were fresh and fragrant in their view,
Winter was as the spring-time of the year,
The grass so proud that in their footsteps grew:

Daughters they were unto a holy man
(And worthy, too, of such a sire to be),
Jethro, the priest of fertile Midian,
Few found so just, so righteous man as he.

But see the rude swain, the untutored slave,
Without respect or reverence to their kind,
Away their fair flocks from the water drave;
Such is the nature of the barbarous hind.

The maids, perceiving where a stranger sat,
Of whom those clowns so basely did esteem,
Were in his presence discontent thereat,
Whom he perhaps improvident might deem;

Which he perceiving, kindly doth entreat,
Reproves the rustics for that offered wrong,
Averring it an injury too great;
To such, of right, all kindness did belong.

But finding well his oratory fail,
His fists about him frankly he bestows;
That where persuasion could not late prevail,
He yet compelleth quickly by his blows.

Entreats the damsels their abodes to make,
With courtly semblance and a manly grace,
At their fair pleasures quietly to take
What might be had by freedom of the place.

Whose beauty, shape, and courage they admire,
Exceeding these the honor of his mind;
For what in mortal could their hearts desire
That in this man they did not richly find?

Returning sooner than their usual hour,
All that had happened to their father told:
That such a man relieved them by his power,
As one all civil courtesy that could:

Who full of bounty, hospitably meek,
Of his behavior greatly pleased to hear;
Forthwith commands his servants him to seek,
To honor him by whom his honored were:

Gently receives him to his goodly seat,
Feasts him, his friends and families among,
And with him all those offices entreat,
That to his place and virtues might belong:

Whilst in the beauty of those goodly dames,
Wherein wise Nature her own skill admires,
He feeds those secret and unpiercing flames,
Nursed in fresh youth and gotten in desires:

Won with this man, this princely priest to dwell,
For greater hire than bounty could devise;
For her whose praise makes praise itself excel,
Fairer than fairness, and as wisdom wise:

In her, her sisters severally were seen,
Of every one she was the rarest part,
Who in her presence any time had been,
Her angel eye transpierced, not her heart.

For Zipporah, a shepherd's life he leads,
And in her sight deceives the subtil hours:
And for her sake oft roves the flowery meads
With those sweet spoils to enrich her rural bowers.

Up to Mount Horeb with his flock he took,
The flock wise Jethro willed him to keep;
Which well he guarded with his shepherd's crook,
Goodly the shepherd, goodly were the sheep:

To feed and fold full warily he knew,
From fox and wolf his wandering flocks to free.

The goodliest flowers that in the meadows grew
Were not more fresh and beautiful than he.

Gently his fair flocks lessowed he along,
Through the trim pastures freely at his leisure,
Now on the hills, the valleys then among,
Which seem themselves to offer to his pleasure;

Whilst feathered sylvans from each blooming spray,
With murmuring waters whistling as they creep,
Make him such music to abridge the way,
As fits a shepherd company to keep.

When, lo! that great and fearful God of might
To that fair Hebrew strangely doth appear,
In a bush, burning visible and bright,
Yet unconsuming, as no fire there were:

With hair erected, and upturned eyes,
Whilst he, with great astonishment, admires,
Lo! that Eternal Rector of the skies
Thus breathes to Moses from those quickening fires:

"Shake off thy sandals," saith the thundering God,
"With humbled feet My wondrous power to see;
For that the soil where thou hast boldly trod,
Is most select and hallowed unto Me:

"The righteous Abraham for his God Me knew,
Isaac and Jacob trusted in My name,
And did believe My covenant was true,
Which to their seed shall propagate the same.

"My folk that long in Egypt had been barred,
Whose cries have entered heaven's eternal gate,
Our zealous mercy openly hath heard,
Kneeling in tears at our Eternal State;

"And am come down, then, in the land to see,
Where streams of milk through fruitful valleys flow,
And luscious honey dropping from the tree,
Load the full flowers that in their shadows grow:

"By thee My power am purposed to try,
That from rough bondage shalt the Hebrews bring,
Bearing that great and fearful embassy
To that monarchaic and imperious king.

"And on this mountain, standing in thy sight,
When thou returnest from that conquered land,
Thou hallowed altars unto Me shalt light:
This for a token certainly shall stand."
Michael Drayton.

3781. MOSES, Antitype of.
Acts vii : 20.

The type in Moses we confess,
Born in a time of great distress,
And born divinely fair.
But who of all the sons of men,
When once the Antitype is seen,
With Jesus can compare?

Born to fulfil the promises,
His captive people to release,
In a strange land He lives;
And persecuted from His birth,
The lot of all His saints on earth,
With meekest love receives.
J. and C. Wesley.

3782. MOSES, Birth of.
Exodus ii : 1-4.

Trembling with tenderest alarms,
A mournful mother bore
A babe, close cradled in her arms,
To Nile's green sloping shore.
Long bending o'er her sleeping child,
With prayers and tears she stood;
Then, with a look of sorrow wild,
She launched him on the flood.

Forlorn, in ark of bulrush left,
Misfortune's meekest child,
Of every human hope bereft,
Moaned to the waters wild.
A guide unseen along the strand
The Egyptian princess led;
The babe held out each little hand,
And tears resistless shed.

Soft pity touched her royal heart,
She drew him from the wave;
Christians, perform the nobler part,
The soul from ruin save.
Exposed to sin, and Satan's art,
We hasten to the grave;
O Christians! act the Christian part,
And souls from ruin save.
John Cawood.

3783. MOSES, Burial of.
Deuteronomy xxxiv : 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale of the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noisclessly as the daylight
Comes, when the night is done,
Or the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Fades in the setting sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crest of verdure waves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
That grand procession swept.

Perchance some bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance some lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drums
Follow the funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his matchless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
They lay the sage to rest;
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster's transept height,
Where lights like glory fall,
While the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, words half so sage,
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hill-side for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
The dark rock-pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave:

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—most wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day;

And stand, with glory wrapt around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
Through Christ the Incarnate God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still:
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell,
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

3784. MOSES, Burial of.

Of all the burials Time has witnessed,
None in simplicity may vie,
None in their state with that of Moses,
Who went up Nebo's top to die.

What lofty obsequies were rendered
That hour when darkness held the pall!
What pomp, where stood, in clouds pavilioned,
The silent, present, Lord of all!

How blest the man whose dust Jehovah
Hid in a grave that's yet untrod!
Thrice blessèd He, that soul most happy,
Whose life is hid with Christ in God!

William B. Tappan.

3785. MOSES, Calling of.

Exodus iii : 1–14.

Where Midian's hoary mountains in rugged grandeur climb,
And rule her desert solitudes in majesty sublime,
Through lonely wilds and gorges, by springs among the rocks,
The exiled seer, a shepherd, led his roving, browsing flocks.

At last on giant Horeb amid his charge he trod,
And roamed alone, with reverent feet, the awful mount of God;
Below lay green oases, above rose granite towers,
And all the soundless silence thrilled instinct with heavenly powers.

Here through long days of summer, among his lambs he strayed,
And pondered God's strange mysteries, wrestled, and dreamed, and prayed.
"Why all these years of exile, with Israel crushed the while?
Why sleeps the wrath of Abraham's God above the trembling Nile?

"If once God's Spirit moved me in years so long ago
To save my downtrod race and strike the swift, delivering blow,
Why triumphs still the oppressor? Why yet doth Israel's cry
Rise, wild with anguish, yet bring down no voice from all the sky?"

He ceased. A sudden wonder before his vision came!
Along the mountain thicket rose a strange and scathless flame!
Above the wild acacias it leaped, as from a pyre,
And wrapped the unscorched copse and towered a tent of lambent fire!

The seer drew near, astonished, to view the wondrous scene,
When lo! Jehovah's solemn voice from out the blazing screen
Spake: "Moses! Moses!" Trembling, he answered: "Here am I."
"Put off thy shoes, on holy ground, and hither draw not nigh!

"I am Elohim, mighty; the God of Abraham,
Of Isaac, Jacob, and thy sire; Jehovah, the I AM!
The cry of Israel's children has reached My throne on high;
I know their heavy sorrows, all their woe and agony.

"I am come down to save them from Egypt's bloody hand,
To smite the dire oppressor's power and scourge his guilty land;
My arm, outstretched in wonders, shall make his realm a grave,
For earth and sea shall fight for me till I have freed the slave!

"I know thy own brave spirit, I love the heart that yearns
To rend the bondage of its kind, the fiery soul that burns
At others' wrong and outrage; and, scorning power and pelf,
Dare rise for right 'gainst all earth's might, nor plan nor care for self.

"But he who with Jehovah would fight the fight for man
Must wait till God reveal His rod and show the battle's plan;
And forty years I've taught thee to meekly bide His time
Whose footsteps down earth's centuries beat one eternal rhyme.

"Rise, therefore, now, a hero in meekness as in might,
And I will send thee, thunder-clad, to shake the world for right.
But see thou aye remember the battle is not thine;
Face thou the blame, the jeers, the shame, but count the victory Mine.

"Lean on My arm, almighty, when sorrows bear thee down;
Fall back on Me when flesh is weak and earth and demons frown.
God rules to-day, to-morrow; God rules on earth, on high;
And on His side all heaven shall ride, all hell before Him fly!

"Go now, meet haughty Egypt; meet Pharaoh on his throne;
Meet Israel's coward doubts and fears; meet all, and shrink from none.
Take thou nor sword nor sceptre, thy might is all in Me;
Take only this, thy shepherd's staff, power in humility."

Then rose the seer and hero, no more to fear or flee,
Instinct and conscious of his God, himself half deity!
Nations and Nature owned him, and earth and time obey,
For he who does and dares in God, with God shall reign for aye.

Geo. Lansing Taylor.

3786. MOSES, Choice of.
Hebrews xi: 24-26.

Palace and temple I descry,
Columns and arches rising high,
And statues reared to kings of old,
Famed only for their pride and gold;
And wrought by skill of cunning hands
From revenues of many lands.
Or let me roam through sombre piles
With labyrinthine windings hid;
Or merging from their dark defiles,
Gaze out on sphinx and pyramid.

O royal city of the past,
Too boastful and too proud to last,
What is thy name, and thy estate;
What read I on thy palace gate?
'Tis Memphis, long in story known;
The court of Pharaoh and his throne;
The "Noph" of Scripture, proud and old,
Whose doom the prophet once foretold.
Now gazing down the thronged street,
What if three thousand years have flown?
It is the hurried tread of feet,
The same old rhythm we have known.
The dash and pomp of lordlings proud,
And solemn march of vassal crowd,
Of palace splendor looking down
On homes that feel oppression's frown.
Here fountains murmur cool and sweet,
Where paths of beauty winding meet;
And song and fragrance fill the air,
A scene Elysian, bright and fair.

These are the scenes that greet the child,
Whose beauty Pharaoh's house beguiled.
And thus Jehovah sought of old,
Through Egypt's arrogance and gold,
To bring this foster-child of power
To that sublime historic hour,
When He should publish His own name,
'Midst mighty thunderings and flame;
And call a nation of His own,
To know the sceptre of His throne.

A pageant moves before me now
Of Egypt's pride and glory;
Amid the splendor of her court
But faintly told in story.
I hear the city's busy hum,
I hear its thousand voices,
"Long live the prince of Egypt, long!"
The city all rejoices.

The son of Pharaoh's daughter rides,
With royal guards attending;
And throngs admiring follow him,
While shouts the air are rending.
And yet he wears no haughty air:
I see a shade of sadness
O'erhang his fair and manly brow,
'Mid Egypt's pomp and gladness.

In court and street his praise is heard,
From market-place to palace;
And vulgar eyes his beauty quaff
As from a charmed chalice.
And music floats upon the air,
Soft as the breath of roses;
And garlands strew his royal path
Till night the pageant closes,

O Hebrew prince! O favored one
In thy proud chariot sitting,
Sweet dreams of other years, I know,
Before thine eyes are flitting;
And in the silence of thy heart
Are thoughts of future duty;
'Tis life's grand struggle moving there
That shades thy brow of beauty.

Thou canst not bow with reverent heart
Before the shrine of waters,
Nor shout the great Osiris' name
With Egypt's sons and daughters.
Thy father's faith, thy mother's prayers,
In their low Hebrew dwelling,
Enchant thee with their hallowed power,
Of future glory telling.

And thus I hear thy secret soul
Within thy chamber lonely,
Pour out its low and sad regrets
Where God can listen only.
"Alas! why should I dream away
My years in wealth and pleasure;
My brethren groan in bondage sore,
And sorrows without measure.

"I hear the voice of God in dreams;
And shall I fear the trial?
What though a crown awaits my brow,
God hear my heart's denial.

This is the price of Israel's peace,
And if their chains be broken,
My hand must surely lead them out;
God waits; the word is spoken.

"I go; ye gilded halls, farewell!
Farewell, O palace bowers;
Ye princes, brothers whom I love
In Egypt's stately towers;
O Pharaoh's daughter, fare you well,
Your son no more forever;
The loving ties of years I break,
These royal bonds I sever.

"Farewell, ye dreams of fame and power,
Ye festal scenes alluring;
I turn through sorrow's rugged road
To riches more enduring:
Through desert wastes my paths may lie,
But they shall lead to glory;
My crown is there a fadeless one,
Unknown in Egypt's story."

Dwight Williams.

3787. MOSES, Death of.

Deuteronomy xxxiv: 1-5.

He climbed the mountain, and behold!
The land before him lay:
Here Jordan's boundary waters rolled,
There Carmel stretched away.

Where strangers' lives the patriarchs led,
Their promised Canaan smiled;
From northern Lebanon outspread,
To Araby the wild.

A land of fountains and of rills,
With milk and honey fraught,
Whose stones were iron, from whose hills
Marble and brass were wrought.

A land of corn and wine and oil,
Whose trees with fruitage hung;
While birds, to soothe the laborer's toil,
Among the branches sung.

Valleys stood thick with golden grain;
Goats bounded on the rocks;
And, white and dark on slope and plain,
Roamed pasturing herds and flocks.

But all the soil with blood was stained;
Revenge and rapine strove;
Pagan abominations reigned
In every tainted grove.

From cities, populous and proud,
The shrieks of infants came;
To drums and trumpets danced the crowd
Round Moloch's altar-flame.

The vision changed; and Moses saw
The idols overthrown;
God out of Zion giving law,
God worshipped there alone.

And still the vision grew more bright;
O'er humble Bethlehem shined
The Star of Jacob, and a Light
To lighten all mankind.

In silent trance the prophet gazed;
"It is enough!" he cried;
His hands with holy transport raised,
Saw the Lord's Christ, and died.

His soul returned to God, who gave;
His body, nowhere found,
Shall keep the secret of its grave
Till the last trumpet sound.

James Montgomery.

3788. MOSES, Death of.

Sweet was the journey to the sky
The holy prophet tried;
"Climb up the mount," said God, "and die;"
The prophet climbed, and died.

Softly, with fainting head, he lay
Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker soothed his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

In God's own arms he left the breath
That God's own Spirit gave;
His was the noblest road to death,
And his the sweetest grave.

Isaac Watts.

3789. MOSES, Death of.

Deuteronomy xxxiv: 1-5.

Led by his God, on Pisgah's height
This pilgrim prophet stood,
When first fair Canaan blessed his sight,
And Jordan's crystal flood.

Behind him lay the desert ground
His weary feet had trod;
While Israel's host encamped around,
Still guarded by their God.

With joy the aged Moses smiled
On all his wanderings past,
While thus he poured his accents mild
Upon the mountain-blast:

"I see them all before me now,
The city and the plain,
From where bright Jordan's waters flow,
To yonder boundless main.

"Oh! there the lovely promised land,
With milk and honey flows;
Now, now my weary, murmuring band
Shall find their sweet repose.

"There groves of palm and myrtle spread
O'er valleys fair and wide;
The lofty cedar rears its head
On every mountain-side.

"For them the rose of Sharon flings
Her fragrance on the gale;
And there the golden lily springs,
The lily of the vale.

"Amid the olive's fruitful boughs
Is heard a song of love,
For there doth build and breathe her vows
The gentle turtle-dove.

"For them shall bloom the clustering vine,
The fig-tree shed her flowers,
The citron's golden treasures shine
From out her greenest bowers.

"For them, for them, but not for me;
Their fruits I may not eat;
Not Jordan's stream, nor yon bright sea,
Shall lave my pilgrim feet.

"'Tis well, 'tis well, my task is done,
Since Israel's sons are blest:
Father, receive Thy dying one
To Thine eternal rest!"

Alone he bade the world farewell,
To God his spirit fled;
Now to your tents, O Israel,
And mourn your prophet dead!
Jessie G. McCartee.

3790. MOSES, Death of.
Deuteronomy xxxii : 49-53.

So Moses, servant of the Lord, died there,
Out in the land of Moab, as the Lord
Had spoken. He buried him, also,
Over against Beth-peor, in a vale
Of Moab; but, unto this day, no man
Knoweth his sepulchre, nor yet can tell
Where Moses, servant of the Lord, is laid.
. . . . . .
Now ere he died, we read that Moses clomb
(The Holy Spirit moving him thereto)
Up from the plain of Moab to the mount
Called Nebo, from a lofty peak whereof—
The towering peak of Pisgah—God the Lord
Showed him (yea! even from Pisgah that o'erlooks
The walled and towered pride of Jericho)
The land of Gilead stretching out to Dan,
And all of Naphtali and Ephraim,
Manasseh and all Judah's wide expanse
Unto the utmost sea:
The balmy-breathing south—the fertile plain
Of Jericho, the palm-tree city height,
In one glad dream of beauty unto Zoar!
And when the servant of the Lord had looked
One eagle-look on that fair map below
(As he was bid), thus spake to him the Lord:
"This is the land I sware to Abraham,
To Isaac, and to Jacob, when I said,
'Lo! I will give it for an heritage
For thee and thine, and for thy seed for aye.'
Now have I caused thee to look on it,
And see it with thine eyes; yet know, O man!
That never from this awful peak shalt thou,
Descending, cross unto those pleasant plains
Thus fully to possess them. Thou shalt die
Here—where thou standest, and be gathered
Unto thy people—as upon Mount Hor [in
Thy brother Aaron, who with thee once [sinned
So grievously at Meribah."
George Gordon McCrae.

3791. MOSES, Discipline of.

Ere Moses could the prison-doors unlock
Where Israel long in iron bondage lay,
On the green slopes beneath old Horeb gray,
A lonely shepherd he must feed his flock;

There sitting in the shade of some great rock
Mark the swift eagle darting on its prey,
Or watch the forked lightnings fiercely play,
And listen to the awful thunder-shock.

Thus 'mid the peaceful scenes of pastoral life,
Or sterner sights of mountain solitude,
He spent long years in holy contemplation;
To brace his spirits for that arduous strife
With Israel's foes, and provocations rude
Of God's own ransomed but rebellious nation.
R. Wilton.

3792. MOSES, Grave of.
Deuteronomy xxxiv : 6.

When he who from the scourge of wrong,
Aroused the Hebrew tribes to fly,
Saw the fair region, promised long,
And bowed him on the hills to die;

God made his grave to man unknown,
Where Moab's rocks a vale enfold,
And laid the aged seer alone
To slumber while the world grows old.

Thus still, whene'er the good and just
Close the dim eye on life and pain,
Heaven watches o'er their sleeping dust
Till the pure spirit comes again.

Though nameless, trampled, and forgot,
His servant's humble ashes lie,
Yet God has marked and sealed the spot,
To call its inmate to the sky.
W. C. Bryant.

3793. MOSES, Infant.
Exodus i : 22.

The cruel king of Egypt
A wicked order gave
To kill the Hebrews' children:
No male child could they save.
"Go cast into the river
Each son that shall be born;"
And many, many children
From loving arms were torn.

God gave to one fond mother
A bright-eyed darling boy;
No fairer in all Egypt,
And great the mother's joy;
To save her precious baby,
She hid him from her sight,
And prayed unto Jehovah
To keep him day and night.

Three months of anxious waiting,
Three months of earnest prayer,
And then she knew that longer
She could not hide him there;
A little ark of rushes
Then carefully she made,
And into it her darling
Most tenderly she laid.

Then mid the growing rushes,
Close by the river's side,
She laid the little basket
For God's own hand to guide.
His little sister watched him,
Far off, with ceaseless care,
But unseen friends were nearer:
Jehovah watched him there!

One day King Pharaoh's daughter,
Attended by her maid,
Was walking by the river
Near where the ark was laid;
She very soon discovered
The tiny floating bark,
And sent her maid to fetch it,
And soon she held the ark.

And when the ark was opened
She saw the weeping one,
And said unto her maidens,
"This is a Hebrew's son."
Then ran his little sister
To call a nurse, with joy,
And soon the child's own mother
Once more beheld her boy.

Then spake King Pharaoh's daughter,
"Go, nurse this child for me,
And I will give thee wages;
Thou shalt rewarded be."
Once more the Hebrew mother
Is strangely filled with joy,
For God her prayer has answered,
And saved her lovely boy.

Burch.

3794. MOSES IN THE ARK.

Exodus ii : 3-10.

Night reigned o'er Egypt's plains. The moon's bright beams
Playfully danced upon the rippling breast
Of the broad Nile. The stars like diamonds shone.
The snow-white lilies slept upon the tide.
The flags along the river's bank scarce waved,
So gentle was the breeze. No sound was heard
Save the soft murmur of the restless waves.
With cautious step a Hebrew mother stole
Adown the sloping bank; an infant boy
She bore, laid in an ark of rushes green,
Then poured a prayer that gracious Heaven would save
The child so dear. In a calm sleep he lay;
The breath of eve scarce stirred the golden curls
On his fair brow, while a soft dreamy smile
Played on his countenance. The moonbeams shone
Mildly and sweetly through the rushes tall,
And lent new beauty to the cherub boy,
And as the mother bent her o'er her son
To catch the last embrace, and the deep spring
Of pure affection swelled from her full heart,
And thought how soon, perchance, he too must die,
She wept her farewell agonizing prayer.
The morn came stealing on, and Miriam still
Her faithful vigil kept. No sleep her eye
With its soft influence closed; unwearied she
Alone the loved one watched the long, long night.
And now the sun rode up the summer sky,
And poured his torrid beams upon the earth.
The wearied slave looked up to heaven and prayed
That death might end his toil. Egypt's proud king,
Reclining on a lordly couch, was lulled
To soft repose with music's rapturous strains.
Meanwhile Thermatis to the Nile repaired,
Where she was wont, attended by a train
Of damsels fair, beneath a shady palm,
Whose goodly branches overhung the stream,
To lave her limbs in the translucent tide;
And as they walked along the verdant bank
She spied, half-hid, the ark among the flags.
Here slept till morning broke the unconscious babe,
By angels guarded, and behold, he wept.
Ah! tears like those have power to move the heart,
The tears by childhood shed. The secret spring
Of sympathy was touched: Thermatis felt
Its magic influence. Pity's tender cord
Trembled within her breast, and her dark eye
Shone with a starting tear. And should he die,
Plucked as some tender bud by ruthless hands?
Ah, no! The wrongs of Israel's injured race
Were written on her heart. The tie that binds
The mother to her child seemed woven there:
That love which many waters cannot quench.
The mother's prayer was heard. The future guide
Of the afflicted race, the minister
Of God's avenging wrath upon their foes,
Was saved from death by woman's pitying heart. *Legh Richmond Dickinson.*

3795. MOSES IN THE DESERT.

Go where a foot hath never trod,
Through unfrequented forests flee;
The wilderness is full of God,
His presence dwells in every tree.

To Israel and to Egypt dead,
Moses the fugitive appears;
Unknown he lived, till o'er his head
Had fall'n the snow of fourscore years.

But God the wandering exile found
In His appointed time and place;
The desert sand grew holy ground,
And Horeb's rock a throne of grace.

The lowly bush a tree became,
A tree of beauty and of light,
Involved with unconsuming flame
That made the noon around it night.

Thence came the Eternal Voice that spake
Salvation to the chosen seed;
Thence went the Almighty Arm that brake
Proud Pharaoh's yoke, and Israel freed.

By Moses, old and slow of speech,
These mighty miracles were shown—
Jehovah's messenger!—to teach
That power belongs to God alone.
James Montgomery.

3796. MOSES, Meekness of.

Moses, the patriot fierce, became
The meekest man on earth,
To show us how love's quick'ning flame
Can give our souls new birth.

Moses, the man of meekest heart,
Lost Canaan by self-will,
To show, where grace has done its part,
How sin defiles us still.

Thou who hast taught me in Thy fear,
Yet seest me frail at best,
Oh, grant me loss with Moses here,
To gain his future rest!
J. H. Newman.

3797. MOSES ON PISGAH.
Deut. iii: 27.

When Moses stood on Pisgah's awful height
Alone with his Creator, and beheld
In glorious prominence the wished-for land
Toward which he'd journeyed for so many years
Of weary travel, danger, and distress,
(Years dread with unimaginable weight
Of sin and wrong, of darkness and despair,
Yet guarded by the ministering spell
Of God's own presence, or in fire or cloud),
Did not his heart within him droop and sink
When God declared he must not enter in,
But must remain upon this mountain-top
And only silent view the happy land
From far? For who could gaze on paradise,
Long sought with earnest toil of weary days
And sleepless nights, and not be stung in soul
To be debarred from entering therein?
But was this land the heaven that Moses sought,
Which, once possessed, could only be retained
While burned life's feeble taper, soon gone out?
Ah, no! methinks in vision rapt he saw
A land more beautiful than Canaan's best;
A land transcending all his utmost hope
Could frame or picture as the promised land!
What though no parting words of hope or cheer
Were granted ere he swiftly passed from earth,
To be forever with his friend and God?
So God had willed, and so it was to be.
And yet, methinks, about the mystery
Of his strange burial was left a Book
More full of potent light than if each word
Of tender parting and of counsel sage
Were writ in living letters on our hearts.
Alexander Macauley.

3798. MOSES ON MOUNT SINAI.

Up a rough peak, that toward the stormy sky
From Sinai's sandy ridges rose aloft,
Osarsiph, priest of Hierapolis,
Now Moses named, ascended reverently
To meet and hear the bidding of the Lord.
But, though he knew that all his ancient lore
Traditionary from the birth of Time,
And all that power which waited on his hand,
Even from the day his just instinctive wrath
Had smote the Egyptian ravisher, and all
The wisdom of his calm and ordered mind
Were nothing in the presence of his God,
Yet was there left a certain seed of pride,
Vague consciousness of some self-centred strength,
That made him cry, "Why, Lord, com'st Thou to me,
Only a voice, a motion of the air,
A thing invisible, impalpable,
Leaving a void, an unreality,
Within my heart? I would, with every sense,
Know Thou wert there; I would be all in Thee!
Let me at least behold Thee as Thou art;
Disperse this corporal darkness by Thy light;
Hallow my vision by Thy glorious form,
So that my sense be blest for evermore!"
Thus spoke the prophet; and the Voice replied,
As in low thunders over distant seas:
"Beneath the height to which thy feet have striven,
A hollow trench divides the cliffs of sand,
Widened by rains and deepened every year.
Gaze straight across it, for there opposite
To where thou standest I will place Myself,
And then, if such remain thy fixed desire,
I will descend to side by side with thee."
So Moses gazed across the rocky vale;
And the air darkened, and a lordly bird
Poised in the midst of its long-journeying flight,
And touched his feet with limp and fluttering wings,
And all the air around, above, below,
Was metamorphosed into sound: such sound
That separate tones were undistinguishable:

And Moses fell upon his face, as dead.
Yet life and consciousness of life returned;
And, when he raised his head, he saw no more
The deep ravine and mountain opposite,
But one large level of distracted rocks,
With the wide desert quaking all around.
Then Moses fell upon his face again,
And prayed, "Oh! pardon the presumptuous thought
That I could look upon Thy face and live;
Wonder of wonders! that mine ear has heard
Thy voice unpalsied, and let such great grace
Excuse the audacious blindness that o'erleaps
Nature's just bounds and Thy discerning will!" *Lord Houghton.*

3799. MOSES, Rescue of.
Exodus ii : 5-10.

In Judah's halls the harp is hushed,
Her voice is but the voice of pain;
The heathen heel her helms has crushed,
Her spirit wears the heathen chain.
From the dark prison-house she cried,
"How long, O Lord, Thy sword has slept!
Oh, quell the oppressor in his pride!"
Still Pharoah ruled, and Israel wept.

The morning breezes freshly blow,
The waves in golden sunlight quiver;
The Hebrew's daughter wanders slow
Beside the mighty idol river.
A babe within her bosom lay:
And must she plunge him in the deep?
She raised her eyes to heaven to pray;
She turned them down to earth to weep.

She knelt beside the rushing tide,
Mid rushes dark and flow'rets wild;
Beneath the plane-tree's shadow wide,
The weeping mother placed her child.
"Peace be around thee, though thy bed
A mother's breast no more may be;
Yet He that shields the lily's head,
Deserted babe, will watch o'er thee!"

She's gone! that mourning mother! gone.
List to the sound of dancing feet,
And lightly bounding, one by one,
A lovely train the timbrel beat.
'Tis she of Egypt: Pharoah's daughter,
That with her maidens comes to lave
Her form of beauty in the water,
And light with beauty's glance the wave.

The monarch's daughter saw and wept:
(How lovely falls compassion's tear!)
The babe that there in quiet slept,
Blest in unconsciousness of fear.
'Twas hers to pity and to aid
The infant chief, the infant sage;
Undying fame the deed repaid,
Recorded upon heaven's own page.

Years pass away, the land is free!
Daughter of Zion! mourn no more!
The oppressor's hand is weak on thee,
Captivity's dark reign is o'er.
Thy chains are burst; thy bonds are riven;
On! like a river strong and wide:
A captain is to Judah given—
The babe that slept by Nile's broad tide.
London Keepsake.

3800. MOSES, The Song of.
Exodus xv : 1-9.

Dark was the night, the wind was high,
The way by mortals never trod;
For God had made the channel dry
When faithful Moses stretched the rod.

The raging waves on either hand
Stood like a massy tott'ring wall,
And on the heaven-defended band
Refused to let the waters fall.

With anxious footsteps, Israel trod
The depths of that mysterious way;
Cheered by the pillar of their God,
That shone for them with fav'ring ray.

But when they reached the opposing shore,
As morning streaked the eastern sky,
They saw the billows hurry o'er
The flower of Pharaoh's chivalry.

Then awful gladness filled the mind
Of Israel's mighty ransomed throng;
And while they gazed on all behind,
Their wonder burst into a song.

Thus Thy redeemed ones, Lord, on earth,
While passing through this vale of weeping,
Mix holy trembling with their mirth,
And anxious watching with their sleeping.

The night is dark, the storm is loud,
The path no human strength can tread;
Jesus, be Thou the pillar-cloud,
Heaven's light upon our path to shed.

And oh! when, life's dark journey o'er
And death's enshrouding valley past,
We plant our foot on yonder shore
And tread yon golden strand at last,

Shall we not see with deep amaze
How grace hath led us safe along;
And whilst behind, before, we gaze,
Triumphant burst into a song?

And even on earth, though sore bestead,
Fightings without and fears within;
Sprinkled to-day from slavish dread,
To-morrow captive led by sin:

Yet would I lift my downcast eyes
On Thee, Thou brilliant tower of fire—
Thou dark cloud to mine enemies—
That hope may all my breast inspire.

And thus the Lord, my strength, I'll praise,
Though Satan and his legions rage;
And the sweet song of faith I'll raise,
To cheer me on my pilgrimage.
Robert Murray McCheyne.

3801. MOSES, The Finding of.

Slow glides the Nile; amid the margin-flags
Closed in a bulrush-ark the babe is left—
Left by a mother's hand. His sister waits
Far off; and pale, 'tween hope and fear, beholds
The royal maid, surrounded by her train,
Approach the river-bank; approach the spot
Where sleeps the innocent. She sees them stoop
With meeting plumes: the rushy lid is oped,
And wakes the infant, smiling in his tears,
As when along a little mountain lake [sigh,
The summer south-wind breathes a gentle
And parts the reeds, unveiling, as they bend,
A water-lily floating on the wave.

James Grahame.

3802. MOSES, Weep for.

Weep, weep for him, the man of God;
In yonder vale he sunk to rest,
But none of earth can point the sod
That flowers above his sacred head.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

His doctrines fell like heaven's rain,
His words refreshed like heaven's dew;
Oh, ne'er shall Israel see again
A chief to God and her so true!
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Remember ye his parting gaze,
His farewell song by Jordan's tide,
When, full of glory and of days,
He saw the promised land—and died!
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Yet died he not as men who sink,
Before our eyes, to soulless clay;
But, changed to spirit, like a wink
Of summer lightning passed away!
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Thomas Moore.

3803. MOSES' WOOING.

Exodus ii: 16–21.

At noon sat Midian's priest within his door;
Faint was the summer air with heat, and calm
The golden glory hung o'er hill and vale;
Broad fields of grain were ripening in his sight,
And quiet hills of pasture stretched beyond:
A rural kingdom his; and he was priest
And sovereign both. As there he restful sat
In meditative air, his daughters came
From distant fields, where they were wont to draw
The clear cool waters for his flocks and herds.
A flush of strange excitement tinged their cheeks
With glow unusual. He marked their mood
So restless, and with kind and anxious air
The reason asked, and why they came so soon.
The tale was told of prowling shepherds vile,
Who came and, mocking, roughly treated them,
Their task preventing, while they fled with fright,
And how a stranger came, of princely form,
Who single-handed drove the cowards hence,
And turned to aid them till their task was done.
"Go bring him in," he said, "and spread the board;
Such valor wins my praise; and ye shall serve
Him with the choicest dainties of my house."
The feast was long, and rich the mutual cheer;
The priest with wonder heard his guest; the guest,
Delighted, listened to discourse more rich
Than he had heard mid all the teachers
In Egypt's schools profound. [known

The sun went down,
And still the stranger charmed the passing hours.
He talked of Egypt's proud philosophers,
Her statesmen, and her men of high renown;
He talked of art, of temples and of courts;
And when the topic turned to deeper things—
Of faith, and heaven's mysteries of love—
The glow was warmer still, and thought took wings
And mounted to ecstatic realms. At length
They sought repose, when they had bowed the knee
Before the throne invisible; and all
Were happy in the faith of Him who keeps
Celestial watch o'er all His earthly fold.

"Abide with us," the priest and father said,
"Abide with us," the admiring daughters plead;
And Moses was content to tarry there,
And Ruel's friendship and his bounty share.
His heart found rest in golden harvest-fields,
And all the joy that Nature smiling yields;
Ah, never in the halls of Memphis proud,
Where royal fêtes drew in the courtly crowd,
Did beauty touch him with a charm more sweet
Than in this guileless home, this loved retreat.
And blest was he to ask and win the hand,
The fairest, gentlest of the sister-band;
And happy was the rural nuptial feast,
With benedictions rich by Midian's priest.
From royal halls, to simple shepherd life,
Mid scenes sequestered far from noise and strife,
By rock and stream, through lonely desert ways,
O'er pastures green, through forest tangled maze,
He led his tender flocks with gentle hand,
An exiled prince, far in a stranger-land.

From "Moses," by Dwight Williams.

3804. MOSES, Youth of.
Acts vii : 21, 22.

It was a day of darkness and despair,
When Israel crouched beneath Egyptia's rule.
Nature recoiled from bondage, whose severe
And galling fetters entered every soul.
Prolific life, invaded at its source,
Yet flowed, unchecked, with renovated force.

Pharaoh, in wrath that Israel multiplied
The more they were afflicted and oppressed,
Doomed to destruction, with demoniac pride,
Each Hebrew son that hung upon the breast;
But He who guides the whirlwind and the storm
Bade e'en the wrath of man his will perform.

Her beauteous infant long a mother's care
Conceals; and when she can no longer hide,
An ark of bulrushes her hands prepare,
Where in her heart's sole treasure to confide.
Cast on the sedgy bosom of the Nile,
Affection watched Death hovering o'er his spoil.

Was ever aught like this forsaken one,
So destitute in this wide world of woe?
Yet was Jehovah's guardian arm o'erthrown,
Through earth and sky coercing every foe.
Nature, in sympathy with its distress,
Yields an asylum in her loneliness.

There floating where the river monsters play,
The ark is piloted by hand unseen.
And Pity's angel-form directs her way
To the scared vulture's startled haunts, to screen
Yon exiled babe, whose accents of distress
Echo the story of his injured race.

Rocked by the whirlwind, cradled in the storm,
Thus was the saviour of his country found
By Pharaoh's daughter in an infant's form:
That Heaven might thus, though Egypt's tyrant frowned
With withering aspect on the Hebrew race,
Around him throw the throne's all-shielding grace.

Schooled by the princess in Egyptian lore,
Yet nursed that bosom the adopted one
Which o'er him yearned in childhood's adverse hour.
Nature and truth thus triumphed o'er a throne,
And Israel's woes his patriot-heart preferred
To all the guilty honors courts afford.

That Heaven designed him for a holier sphere,
His infant fortunes deepest impress bore.
Nor thwarted his magnanimous career
A Pharaoh's court, or its profaner lore;
Till passed emancipated Israel through
The gulf, which sealed thy tyrant's overthrow.

H. S.

3805. MOUNTAINS, Sacred.

Enthroned upon the mountain-height,
Harmonious peace unbroken reigns,
While discord like a stormy night
In wild confusion wraps the plains.

When in Sinai's secret place
God with His servant talked alone,
With beams too bright for earth, his face
From the dread mount returning shone.

While from the camp below, the din
Of hideous mirth to heaven conveyed
Wild orgies of the monstrous sin,
The molten calf which Aaron made.

The wind is hushed, the ground is still,
The burning flames no longer glow;
On Horeb's top Jehovah's will
Is heard in accents soft and low.

While earth, of pity clean bereft,
God's latest servant thought to slay—
I, even I, alone am left,
Whose life they seek to take away.

How white their glitering robes appear,
How fair their heads with glory crowned!
Sinai's prophet, Horeb's seer,
On Tabor's top with Jesus found.

But while with Christ in God their life
Is hidden on the mountain brow,
More fierce the feud, more loud the strife,
Of Satan's sons must rage below.

Why? but that weary souls may yearn
The narrow path in patience trod,
Their homeward steps from earth to turn,
And rest on Zion's hill with God.

Lyra Messianica.

3806. MOUNTAINS, Sacred.

Pause here, and with reverential awe
Jehovah's more immediate presence find
In the mild grandeur of that mountain wall,
And hear His mandate in that mountain wind.
For in such solitude the Lord of all
Full oft by type, by miracle or sign,
Hath given the revelation and the call
That to the chosen of God prefigured truth divine.

On Ararat, the failing deluge left
The sacred ark, whose slow subsiding frame,
Heaving and grounding in the rocky cleft,
At length stood motherless. Then went and came
The raven; then released, flew back no more;
While, safety and deliverance to proclaim,
Her olive-branch the dove returning bore;
The winds were hushed, the welkin smiled serene,
The spice-grove bloomed, the sea again had shore,
And high in air the bow, sweet mercy's pledge, was seen.

On Horeb the descending Godhead cast
Darkness and cloud of thunder round His throne;
Long, loud, and longer,—louder yet the blast
Of trumpet pealed before the Holy One,—
The desert quaked, and Sinai, wrapped in fire,
Trembled while Amram's son went up alone;
And Israel, blasted by the vision dire,
Fell on their faces: "Prophet, hear our cry!
Make intercession with th' Eternal Sire;
For if that awful voice be heard again, we die."

Milder, but not less glorious, was the light
When the transfigured Son of God assumed
His majesty, and stood on Tabor's height,
While all the mount with balm of Eden fumed,
And clouds came shadowing o'er the apostles three,
With visions of the sanctuary illumed.
Then held th' Incarnate Word His colloquy
With Moses and Elias; while the king
Of darkness stood aloof, and groaned to see
Captivity led captive, death disarmed of sting.

In mountain cave the Tishbite talked with God;
In mountain desert the Redeemer prayed,
Or underneath His feet indignant trod
The world with all its kingdoms, the parade
Of arts and arms—the pageantry, the din,
Fleets, cities, nations—by the fiend displayed
To catch the wandering heart and move within
The workings of ambition. Turn and fly,
False tempter! offer not the lure of sin
Before the withering glance of that All-seeing Eye.

From Pisgah, Nebo, Abarim, let us view
The region whereon king or prophet fell,
The Spirit of the Lord; where Abraham knew
Messias' day; and Balaam's parable
Of Shiloh told. On each recorded theme,
In never-wearied contemplation dwell;
And visit oft in emblematic dream
The hills delectable, where shepherds fold
Their flocks in pasture fair, by living stream,
And from afar the new Jerusalem behold.

Or in the land of Beulah let us rove,
Amid the nard, the citron, and the vine,
List to the voice of turtle in the grove,
Grow half immortal in that air benign,
And in the field, the forest, or the bower,
See glimpse of angel visitation shine.
We sicken with delight: Oh for the hour
Of summons and departure! Why delay
The steeds of Israel? Come, releasing Power!
Roll on, thou never setting-Orb of heavenly day!

C. Hoyle.

3807. MOUNT HOR.

Where famed Mount Hor lifts high his barren peak,
And, king of air, the eagle whets his beak,
I climb in awe, pass many a nameless cave,
And reach at length the Hebrew's holy grave.
And here he sleeps, above the world serene;
As thus against the mouldering slabs I lean,
And gaze on yonder heaven, whose dewy tears
Have wet these blocks for dark, uncounted years,
My bosoms thrills, and heated Fancy's eye
Sees Aaron's ancient spirit hovering nigh,
Calm waiting till Heaven's final thunders roll,
And call the dust to join the undying soul.

Nicholas Michell.

3808. MUMMY, Address to an Egyptian.

And thou hast walked about—how strange a story!—
In Thebes's streets, three thousand years ago!
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue: come, let us hear its tune!
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy,
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon;
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features!

Tell us, for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden,
By oath, to tell the mysteries of thy trade;
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest; if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles!

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Hath hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat;
Or doffed thine own, to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great temple's dedication!

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;
For thou wert dead and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:

Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tells us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! Incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? Then keep thy vows!
But, prithee, tell us something of thyself:
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen, what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman Empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,—
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold!
A heart hath throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled;
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh! Immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trumpet shall thrill thee with its warning!

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

Horace Smith.

3809. MUMMY, Answer of the.

Child of the later days! thy words have broken
A spell that long has bound these lungs of clay,
For since this smoke-dried tongue of mine hath spoken
Three thousand tedious years have rolled away.
Unswathed at length, I "stand at ease" before ye.
List, then, Oh! list while I unfold my story.

Thebes was my birth-place, an unrivalled city
With many gates; but here I might declare
Some strange, plain truths, except that it were pity
To blow a poet's fabric into air;
Oh! I could read you quite a Theban lecture,
And give a deadly finish to conjecture.

But then you would not have me throw discredit
On grave historians, or on him who sung
The Iliad—true it is I never read it,
But heard it read, when I was very young.
An old blind minstrel for a trifling profit
Recited parts: I think the author of it

All that I know about the town of Homer
Is that they scarce would own him in his day,
Were glad, too, when he proudly turned a roamer,
Because by this they saved their parish pay.
His townsmen would have been ashamed to flout him,
Had they foreseen the fuss since made about him.

One blunder I can fairly set at rest: [bony
He says that men were once more big and
Than now, which is a bouncer at the best;
I'll just refer you to our friend Belzoni,
Near seven feet high; in truth a lofty figure.
Now look at me, and tell me, am I bigger?

Not half the size, but then I'm sadly dwindled,
Three thousand years with that embalming glue
Have made a serious difference, and have swindled
My face of all its beauty; there were few
Egyptian youths more gay—behold the sequel.
Nay, smile not; you and I may soon be equal.

For this lean hand did one day hurl the lance
With mortal aim; this light, fantastic toe
Threaded the mystic mazes of the dance;
This heart has throbbed at tales of love and woe:
These shreds of raven hair once set the fashion;
This withered form inspired the tender passion.

In vain; the skilful hand and feelings warm,
The foot that figured in the bright quadrille,
The palm of genius and the manly form,
All bowed at once to Death's mysterious will,
Who sealed me up where mummies sound are sleeping,
In cerecloth and in tolerable keeping;

Where cows and monkeys squat in rich brocade,
And well-dressed crocodiles in painted cases,
Rats, bats, and owls, and cats in masquerade,
With scarlet flounces, and with varnished faces;
Then birds, brutes, reptiles, fish, all crammed together,
With ladies that might pass for well-tanned leather;

Where Rameses and Sabacon lie down,
And splendid Psammis in his hide of crust,
Princes and heroes, men of high renown,
Who in their day kicked up a mighty dust.
Their swarthy mummies kicked up dust in number
When huge Belzoni came to scare their slumber.

Who'd think these rusty hams of mine were seated
At Dido's table, when the wondrous tale
Of "Juno's hatred" was so well repeated?
And ever and anon the queen turned pale.
Meanwhile the brilliant gaslights hung above her
Threw a wild glare upon her shipwrecked lover.

Ay, gaslights! Mock me not, we men of yore
Were versed in all the knowledge you can mention;
Who hath not heard of Egypt's peerless lore,
Her patient toil, acuteness of invention?
Survey the proofs: the pyramids are thriving,
Old Memnon still looks young, and I'm surviving.

A land in arts and sciences prolific,
O block gigantic, building up her fame,
Crowded with signs and letters hieroglyphic,
Temples and obelisks her skill proclaim!
Yet though her art and toil unearthly seem,
Those blocks were brought on railroads and by steam!

How, when, and why our people came to rear
The pyramid of Cheops—mighty pile!—
This, and the other secrets, thou shalt hear;
I will unfold, if thou wilt stay awhile,
The history of the Sphinx, and who began it,
Our mystic works, and monsters made of granite.

Well, then, in grievous times, when King Cephrenes,
But ah!—what's this! the shades of bards and kings
Press on my lips their fingers! What they mean is,
I am not to reveal these hidden things.
Mortal, farewell! Till Science' self unbind them,
Men must e'en take these secrets as they find them.

3810. MUSTARD-SEED, The.

Luke xiii : 18, 19.

Deep thought, that from a seed so small
A tree should rise, so great, so tall,
To reach from earth to heaven!
That from so light a living thing
Such weighty issues yet should spring,
As from that grain of leaven!

Yet so it is: the inner life
Takes vigor from the outer strife,
With strong and earnest will;
Released it strikes its roots below,
Its fruitful branches upward grow,
Wider and wider still.

And in those branches birds of air
Construct their home, and nestle there,
Safe in the Gospel-tree.
Planted on earth by God's own hand,
It spreads its boughs, and fills the land
With fruits of liberty.

Robert Maguire.

3811. MYRRH-BEARERS.

Luke xxiii : 55, 56; xxiv : 1.

Three women crept at break of day,
Agrope along the shadowy way
Where Joseph's tomb and garden lay;
Each in her throbbing bosom bore
A burden of such fragrant store
As never there had lain before.
Spices, the purest, richest, best,
That e'er the musky East possessed,
From Ind to Araby the Blest.

Had they, with sorrow-riven hearts,
Searched all Jerusalem's costliest marts
In quest of nards, whose pungent arts
Should the dead sepulchre imbue
With vital odors through and through,
'Twas all their love had leave to do:
Christ did not need their gifts; and yet

Did either Mary once regret
Her offering? Did Salone fret
Over those unused aloes? Nay!
They did not count as waste that day
What they had brought their Lord. The way
Home seemed the path to heaven. They bear
Thenceforth about the robes they wear
The clinging perfume everywhere.

So ministering, as erst did these,
Go women forth by twos and threes
(Unmindful of their morning ease)
Through tragic darkness, murk and dim,
Where'er they see the faintest rim
Of promise—all for sake of Him

Who rose from Joseph's tomb. They hold
It just such joy as these of old
To tell the tale the Marys told.

Myrrh-bearers still, at home, abroad,
What paths have holy women trod,
Burdened with votive gifts for God!
Rare gifts, whose chiefest worth was priced
By this one thought, that all sufficed:
Their spices have been bruised for Christ.
Margaret J. Preston.

3812. NAAMAN, Folly of.

2 Kings v : 1-15.

"Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them, and be clean?"—2 Kings v : 12.

Thus arrogant, and thus absurd,
Was he who then the prophet heard:
We blame his language; are not we
As foolish and as proud as he?

A fountain is unsealed to save
Of virtue passing Jordan's wave,
Beyond Bethesda's healing spring,
Though ruffled by an angel's wing.

There might we, in this gospel day,
Wash all our leprosy away,
Cleanse from our spirit every stain,
And more than childlike whiteness gain.

But faith is low, and pride is high;
We view that fount with doubting eye,
And choose, with proud and angry tone,
Abanas and Pharpars of our own.

O Thou whose love that fount unsealed
By which alone we can be healed,
Strengthen our faith, subdue our pride,
Nor let our leprosy abide!

As then by Jordan's hallowed brim
The leper's followers strove with him,
Beside Thy holier fountain now
Our spirits in subjection bow.

Teach us in simple faith to prove
The power of Thy redeeming love;
That, like the Syrian, we may see,
And own there is no God like Thee.
Bernard Barton.

3813. NAAMAN, Healing of.

"Go wash in Jordan's limpid stream,"
Of old the holy prophet said;
"Its waves with healing virtue teem,
And health and purity they spread."

The Syrian captain vainly thought
The streams his native land supplied
Might yield the benefit he sought,
And rival Israel's fairest tide.

Too little for his courtly gait
The simple rule Elisha gave,
Nothing to suit his sumptuous state
He saw in Jordan's flowing wave.

Incensed, he turned his steps aside:
"And is this all?" disdainful said;
"Some greater things he might have tried,
And on the place his hand have laid.

"Abana's, Pharpar's rivers flow,
With health and healing influence filled:
In them I'll bathe my limbs, and show
The powerful virtue which they yield."

His humble menials wiselier deem,
Urge him to prove the small command;
And now emerging from the stream,
In fairest health they see him stand.

The Syrian captain's case is ours:
We scorn to wash in Jordan's wave,
And fancy our own boasted powers
From woe and from disease will save.

3814. NADAB AND ABIHU.

Leviticus x : 1, 2.

"Away, or ere the Lord break forth!
The pure ethereal air
Cannot abide the spark of earth;
'Twill lighten and not spare."

"Nay, but we know our call divine,
We feel our hearts sincere;
What boots it where we light our shrine,
If bright it blaze and clear?"

God of the unconsuming fire,
On Horeb seen of old,
Stay, Jealous One. Thy burning ire . . .
It may not be controlled!

The Lord breaks out, the unworthy die;
Lo! on the cedar floor
The robed and mitred corses lie—
Be silent and adore.

Yet sure a holy seed were they,
Pure hands had o'er them passed;
Cuirass and crown, their bright array,
In Heaven's high mould were cast.

Th' atoning blood had drenched them o'er,
The mystic balm had sealed;
And may the blood atone no more,
No charm the anointing yield?

Silence, ye brethren of the dead!
Ye father's tears, be still!
But choose them out a lonely bed
Beside the mountain rill.

Then bear them as they lie, their brows
Scathed with the avenging fire,
And wearing—signs of broken vows—
The blest, the dread attire.

Nor leave unwept their desert grave,
But mourn their pride and thine,
Oft as rebellious thought shall crave
To question words divine. *John Keble.*

3815. NAIN, Grief of the Widow of.
Luke vii : 11-17.

Weep, weep for the widow! all lorn and forsaken,
She mourns in yon chamber of suffering and gloom;
Ah! what can she do if her loved one be taken—
If the child of her bosom descend to the tomb!
Through wearisome days hath she watched o'er his anguish,
Through long dreary nights sleep hath wooed her in vain;
And now the last hopes of her worn spirit languish
While in death's chilly grasp lies the victim of pain.

Weep, weep for the widow! her dream hath departed,
The vision that once came to solace her woe;
The bright star of promise hath left broken-hearted,
One whose tears must hereafter in bitterness flow.
Oh! dark is her soul, as she gazes with sadness
On all that reminds her of life in the dead—
On features that speak of past moments of gladness,
And awaken remembrance of happiness fled!

Weep, weep for the widow! Now voices are wailing,
And mourners are bearing her son to the grave:
And many are thronging, whose sighs, unavailing,
Only tell the kind wish had they power to save:
But pause! there is One from that number advancing,
With grace in His step, and strong love in His eye;
Whose look seems to say, as with tenderness glancing,
"The believer in Me shall yet live, though he die!"

Joy, joy to the widow! her Saviour hath spoken;
The word hath been uttered in accents divine—
"Arise!" Lo! the slumber of death is now broken,
And, disconsolate mother, once more he is thine!
Thus, Lord, when the sons of Thy faithful resemble,
In deadness of spirit, this object of love,
Give peace to fond hearts, that as anxiously tremble—
Oh, revive these lost souls by Thy word from above!

Hutton.

3816. NAIN, The Miracle at.

Forth through the solemn street
The sad procession swept,
Pacing its mournful way with measured feet;
While inly wept

One mourner, in a grief
Stern as the silent years,
Which seemed to mock the common, weak relief
Of outward tears.

Keen was her sense of loss,
An agony untold;
For death had seized, amid a world of dross,
Her piece of gold.

They bore her only son,
Star of her evening, fled;
Whose lesser light recalled that vanished one
Now long since dead.

For her best loved had died;
And, stunned from former bruise,
The widow's joyous oil of life had dried
Within her cruse.

Desert her heart, and bare;
Like lone house on a wild;
No voice to make blithe music on the stair—
No laughing child.

No solace from the past,
No hope in days to come,
She cowered, as if sorrow's second blast
Had struck her dumb.

But, near the city's verge,
A sudden silence came;
The hired mourners swift forebore their dirge,
As if in shame

To mourn a lifeless clod,
With such despairing cry,
While the Redeemer—"the strong Son of God"—
Was passing by.

"He came and touched the bier."
They wait, in curious pause:
Has He the power and will to interfere
With Nature's laws?

He walked upon the waves!
His word the thousands fed!—
Is He imperial in the place of graves
Over the dead?

Then spake the royal word;
And, quick with rushing throes,
The red life in the clay obedient heard:
The dead arose!

And spoke—just as before—
Unconscious of eclipse:
Like babe, who only knows that night is o'er
From mother's lips.

Or one who, free from harm,
From the perfidious sea
Comes home, and finds all in his father's farm
Which used to be.

No desert dream of tombs,
Naught but life's love and joy; [blooms
As Nature has no thought 'mid summer
That storms destroy.

The same through endless time,
Thus Jesus healeth now,
With "many crowns," for victories sublime,
Upon His brow.

Conqueror in each stern fight
O'er mortal sin and dread;
And mighty, from corruption's foulest night,
To raise the dead.

W. Morley Punshon.

3817. NAIN, Widow of.

Luke vii : 11-17.

Forth from the city, with the load
That makes the trampling low,
They walk along the dreary road
That dust and ashes go.

The other way, towards the gate,
Their footsteps light and loud,
A living man, in humble state,
Brings on another crowd.

Nearer and nearer come the twain;
He hears the wailing cry:
How can the life let such a train
Of death and tears go by?

"Weep not," He said, and touched the bier;
They stand, the dead who bear;
The mother knows nor hope nor fear,
He waits not for her prayer.

"Young man, I say to thee, arise."
Who hears, he must obey;
Up starts the form; wide flash the eyes
With wonder and dismay.

The lips would speak, as if they caught
Some converse sudden broke,
When the great word the dead man sought,
And Hades' silence woke.

The lips would speak: the eyes' wild stare
Gives place to ordered sight;
The murmur dies upon the air,
The soul is dumb with light.

He brings no news; he has forgot,
Or saw with vision weak:
Thou seest all our unseen lot,
And yet thou dost not speak.

Keep'st thou the news, as parent might
A too good gift, away,
Lest we should neither sleep at night,
Nor do our work by day?

His mother has not left a trace
Of triumph over grief;
Her tears alone have found a place
Upon the holy leaf.

If gratitude our speech benumb,
And joy our laughter quell,
May not Eternity be dumb
For things too good to tell?

While her glad arms the lost one hold,
Question she asketh none;
She trusts for all he leaves untold;
Enough, to clasp her son.

The ebbing tide is caught and won,
Borne flowing to the gate;
Death turns him backward to the sun,
And life is yet our fate.

George Macdonald.

3818. NAIN, Widow of.

Wake not, O mother! sounds of lamentation;
Weep not, O widow! weep not hopelessly!
Strong is His arm, the Bringer of Salvation;
Strong is the Word of God to succor thee!

Bear forth the cold corpse, slowly, slowly bear him:
Hide his pale features with the sable pall:
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him:
Widowed and childless, she has lost her all!

Why pause the mourners? Who forbids our weeping?
Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delayed?
"Set down the bier: he is not dead, but sleeping!
Young man, arise!" He spake, and was obeyed!

Change then, O sad one! grief to exultation;
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee.
Strong was His arm, the Bringer of Salvation!
Strong was the Word of God to succor thee!

Reginald Heber.

3819. NAOMI.

Ruth i : 19-21.

Two sad-faced women, haggard, worn, and wan,
Passed wearily through Bethlehem's sun-scorched street;
The city, moved to pity, round them ran,
And some with wondering cry the strangers greet,
"What! Is this Naomi?" She quickly broke
Upon them trembling, as they thus began:
"Call me not Naomi," she weeping spoke,
"For Naomi is numbered with the dead;
My name is Mara, for, O friends! with me
The Lord hath dealt exceeding bitterly!

"The hand of God has touched me, and I mourn;
Has robbed me both of husband and of son;
Woe worth the bitter day that I was born!
My prop, my stay, my life of life, is gone;
I went out full, empty come back to you,
A widow, childless, desolate, and forlorn;
The graves in Moab hold my dead heart too,
I left it with them where they sleep in peace.
So from my years has gone the sun, the light;
I grope as one through some dark dreary night." *Charles D. Bell.*

3820. NATHANAEL.
John i : 50.

"What word is this? Whence know'st thou me?"
All wondering cries the humbled heart,
To hear thee that deep mystery,
The knowledge of itself, impart.

The veil is raised; who runs may read,
By its own light the truth is seen,
And soon the Israelite indeed
Bows down to adore the Nazarene.

So did Nathanael, guileless man,
At once, not shamefaced or afraid,
Owning Him God who so could scan
His musings in the lonely shade.

In his own pleasant fig-tree's shade,
Which by his household fountain grew,
Where at noonday his prayer he made
To know God better than he knew.

O happy hours of heavenward thought!
How richly crowned! how well improved!
In musing o'er the Law he taught,
In waiting for the Lord he loved.

We must not mar with earthly praise
What God's approving word hath sealed;
Enough, if right our feeble lays
Take up the promise He revealed.

"Thy childlike faith, that asks not sight,
Waits not for wonder or for sign,
Believes, because it loves, aright;
Shall see things greater, things divine.

"Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,
And brightest angels to and fro
On messages of love shall glide,
'Twixt God above and Christ below."

So still the guileless man is blest,
To him all crooked paths are straight,
Him on his way to endless rest
Fresh, ever-growing strength await.

God's witnesses, a glorious host,
Compass him daily like a cloud!
Martyrs and seers, the saved and lost,
Mercies and judgments cry aloud.
Yet shall to him the still small voice,
That first into his bosom found
A way, and fixed his wavering choice,
Nearest and dearest ever sound,
John. Keble.

3821. NEBO, Mount.
Deuteronomy xxxii : 49, 50.

On Jordan's verdant borders
The tribes of Jacob lay;
The pilgrims there from Mizraim
Kept joyous holiday.
In camp at length reposing
The multitude found rest,
Through years of weary wandering,
The sandy desert's guest.

Then dropped the toil-worn travellers
Their staves from out their hands,
And from their loins ungirded
Each one his linen bands.
Then in the cool white vestments
In varied groups were seen
Dusk forms, with dark beards curling,
And pale and wasted mien.

There, too, their pilgrim dwellings
O'er all the plain appeared,
And high within each centre
The tent-pole stood upreared;
Their verdant boughs excluded
The sun's too fervid beam,
And filled was every pitcher
By some cool gushing stream.

Their limbs, fatigued and dusty,
Were freely laved with oil,
And there the drivers tended
Their camels worn with toil;
Their flocks and herds lay scattered
Upon the verdant mead,
And, wild with recent freedom,
Far roamed the unbridled steed.

And there, with loud rejoicings,
Tired hands were raised on high,
That now of this long journey
The end was drawing nigh.
And there stout swords were sharpened
By many a sturdy hand,
To fight for the green pastures
Of Israel's fatherland.

That seemed beyond the river
Their footsteps to invite—
A land of boundless plenty,
Like Eden to the sight:
That land oft seen in spirit
While journeying to and fro—
That land is now before them,
Where milk and honey flow.

Hark! from the valley's bosom
Glad shouts of "Canaan" rise,
As toward the rocky summit
Their valiant leader hies;

Upon his shoulders floating
Rest locks of purest white,
And 'neath his forehead flashing
Two golden rays shed light.

And when at length arriving
He gains the mountain's brow,
And tremblingly bends forward
To look on all below,
His eyes grow bright, admiring
The scenes beneath him spread,
Which, though he longs to enter,
His feet can never tread.

There pleasant plains are lying
Where corn and wine abound,
And brooks of flowing crystal
In ev'ry field are found.
The bee-hives there are swarming,
There neighs the teamster's span,
Thy heritage, O Judah!
From Beersheba to Dan.

"Now thou hast met my vision,
I ask not here to stay;
O Lord! in tranquil slumber
Thy servant take away;"
Then, with bright clouds around Him,
The Lord of earth drew nigh,
And from the wearied pilgrims
Their leader bore on high.

To die upon a mountain!
How glorious must it seem
When early clouds are glowing
With morning's ruddy beam!
Beneath, the world's wild tumult,
Woods, plains, the river's tide;
Above, heaven's golden portals
Extended far and wide.

Gedichte von Ferdinand Freiligrath.

3822. NEBUCHADNEZZAR, Fate of.

Daniel iv : 28–37.

The mighty God, [kings,
Who rules the sceptres and the hearts of
Gave thy renowned forefather here to reign,
With such extent of empire, weight of pow'r,
And greatness of dominion, the wide earth
Trembled beneath the terror of his name,
And kingdoms stood or fell as he decreed.
Oh, dangerous pinnacle of pow'r supreme!
Who can stand safe upon its treach'rous top,
Behold the gazing prostrate world below,
Whom depth and distance into pigmies shrink,
And not grow giddy! Babylon's great king
Forgot he was a man, a helpless man,
Subject to pain, and sin, and death, like others.
But who shall fight against Omnipotence?
Or who hath hardened his obdurate heart
Against the majesty of Heav'n, and prospered?
The God he hath insulted was avenged:
From empire, from the joys of social life,
He drove him forth; extinguished reason's lamp;
Quenched that bright spark of deity within;
Compelled him with the forest brutes to roam
For scanty pasture; and the mountain dews
Fell, cold and wet, on his defenceless head
Till he confessed—let men, let monarchs hear!—
Till he confessed, Pride was not made for man.

Hannah More.

3823. NEHEMIAH TO ARTAXERXES.

Nehemiah ii : 1–5.

'Tis sorrow, O King! of the heart,
Not anguish of body or limb, [part,
That causes the hue from my cheek to de-
And mine eye to grow rayless and dim.

'Tis the mem'ry of Salem afar,
Of Salem the city of God, [the star
In darkness now wrapped like the moon and
When the tempests of night are abroad.

The walls of the city are razed,
The gates of the city are burned;
And the temple of God, where my fathers have praised,
To the ashes of ruin are turned.

The palace of kings is consumed,
Where the timbrels were wont to resound;
And the sepulchre domes, like the bones they entombed,
Are mould'ring away in the ground.

And the fugitive remnant that breathe
In the land that their fathers have trod,
Sit in sorrow and gloom; for a shadow like
O'erhangs every wretched abode. [death

I have wept, I have fasted, and prayed
To the great and terrible God,
For this city of mine that in ruin is laid,
And my brethren who smart by His rod.

And now I beseech thee, O king!
If favor I find in thy sight,
That I may revisit my home, where the wing
Of destruction is spread like the night.

And when I to Shushan return
From rebuilding my forefathers' tomb,
No more shall the heart of thy cup-bearer burn
With those sorrows that melt and consume.

William Knox.

3824. "NEIGHBOR? Who is My."

Luke x : 29–37.

"Half dead!" Such life is not worth calling life;
Stripped of His raiment; wounded in the strife;
Left by the thieves, but only left, to die
The very picture of—Humanity.

By chance, there came a certain priest that way;
And then a Levite, later in the day;
But only the Samaritan, we read,
Had practical compassion on his need.

O Friend of sinners, Friend of sufferers, too!
I see Thee, with compassions ever new,
Stoop down to minister to fallen man,
And calling us to help Thy glorious plan.

"Take care of him," we heard the Saviour say,
Before, in that white cloud, He went away:
"Spend, without grudging; keep account: and then,
I will repay thee, when I come again."

O Holy One! what hast Thou to "repay,"
That we can claim from Thee, in that great day?
What have we risked, or done, for heathen lands,
For which to ask repayment at Thy hands?

O Judge and Saviour of the world, prepare
Our sinful souls to meet Thee in the air!
Teach us to spend, and to be spent, for men,
Nor seek reward, till—Thou shalt come again!

Catharine Hankey.

3825. NICODEMUS'S NIGHT VISIT.

John iii : 2.

When night had spread her solemn veil
O'er earth's fair face of light,
He came, this ruler of the Jews,
To our dear Lord by night.

Reproach him not, nor dare to blame,
For souls Christ washes white,
Through sin's deep gloom and guilt's dark shade,
First come to Him by night.

When doubts and fears o'erwhelm our soul,
Faint burns the torch of hope;
In the dark midnight of despair,
To seek His face we grope.

When on our lives the chastening rod
Falls with a crushing blight,
Through weakness then we seek for strength,
And come to Him by night.

When clouds o'erhang the golden sky
Of youth's bright morning brief,
When life's gay garlands, wreathed by hope,
Have faded leaf by leaf;

And when upon the face we love
Rests that strange pallor white,
With frozen hearts and tearless eyes
We come to Him by night.

For hearts that never sought His love
When laughed life's glowing sun,
Will turn to Him when shadows fall,
And day is almost done.

When storms have wrecked our happy dreams
With cruel pain and loss,
Alone, forsaken in grief's night,
We creep unto the cross.

When coldly frowns the selfish world,
And lips are prone to blame,
We cling unto the sheltering rock,
In the dark night of shame.

O happy souls that trembling come
To Thee, dear Lord, by night,
The morning dawns with rosy wings,
And brings celestial light!

Hollis Freeman.

3826. NINEVEH, Burden of.

Zephaniah ii : 13–15.

In our museum galleries
To-day I lingered o'er the prize
Dead Greece vouchsafes to living eyes,
Her art forever in fresh wise
From hour to hour rejoicing me.
Sighing I turned at last to win
Once more the London dirt and din;
And as I made the swing-door spin
And issued, they were hoisting in
A winged beast from Nineveh.

A human face the creature wore,
And hoofs behind and hoofs before,
And flanks with dark runes fretted o'er.
'Twas bull, 'twas mitred Minotaur,
A dead disbowelled mystery;
The mummy of a buried faith
Stark from the charnel without scathe,
Its wings stood for the light to bathe—
Such fossil cerements as might swathe
The very corpse of Nineveh.

The print of its first rush-wrapping,
Wound ere it dried, still ribbed the thing.
What song did the brown maidens sing,
From purple mouths alternating,
When that was woven languidly? [ferred,
What vows, what rites, what prayers pre-
What songs has the strange image heard?
In what blind vigil stood interred
For ages, till an English word
Broke silence first at Nineveh?

Oh! when upon each sculptured court,
Where even the wind might not resort,
O'er which time passed, of like import
With the wild Arab boys at sport,
A living face looked in to see:
Oh! seemed it not—the spell once broke—
As though the carven warriors woke,
As though the shaft the string forsook,
The cymbals clashed, the chariots shook,
And there was life in Nineveh?

On London stones our sun anew
The beast's recovered shadow threw.
(No shade that plague of darkness knew,
No light, no shade, while older grew
By ages the old earth and sea.)

Lo thou! could all thy priests have shown
Such proof to make thy godhead known?
From their dead past thou liv'st alone;
And still thy shadow is thine own
Even as of yore in Nineveh.

That day whereof we keep record,
When near thy city gates the Lord
Sheltered his Jonah with a gourd,
This sun (I said), here present, poured
Even thus this shadow that I see.
This shadow has been shed the same
From sun and moon—from lamps which came
For prayer—from fifteen days of flame,
The last, while smouldered to a name
Sardanapalus' Nineveh.

Within thy shadow, haply, once
Sennacherib has knelt, whose sons
Smote him between the altar stones;
Or pale Semiramis her zones
Of gold, her incense brought to thee,
In love for grace, in war for aid: . . . .
Ay, and who else? . . . till 'neath thy shade
Within his trenches newly made
Last year the Christian knelt and prayed—
Not to thy strength—in Nineveh.

Now, thou poor god, within this hall
Where the blank windows blind the wall
From pedestal to pedestal,
The kind of light shall on thee fall
Which London takes the day to be:
While school-foundations in the act
Of holiday, three files compact,
Shall learn to view thee as a fact
Connected with that zealous tract:
"Rome, Babylon, and Nineveh."

Deemed they of this, those worshippers,
When, in some mythic chain of verse
Which man shall not again rehearse,
The faces of thy ministers
Yearned pale with bitter ecstasy?
Greece, Egypt, Rome—did any god
Before whose feet men knelt unshod
Deem that in this unblest abode
Another scarce more unknown god
Should house with him, from Nineveh?

Ah! in what quarries lay the stone
From which this pigmy pile has grown,
Unto man's need how long unknown,
Since thy vast temples, court and cone,
Rose far in desert history?
Ah! what is here that does not lie
All strange to thine awakened eye?
Ah! what is here can testify
(Save that dumb presence of the sky)
Unto thy day and Nineveh?

Why, of those mummies in the room
Above, there might indeed have come
One out of Egypt to thy home,
An alien. Nay, but were not some
Of these thine own "antiquity"?

And now—they and their gods and thou
All relics here together—now
Whose profit? whether bull or cow,
Isis or Ibis, who or how,
Whether of Thebes or Nineveh?

The consecrated metals found,
And ivory tablets underground,
Winged teraphim and creatures crowned,
When air and daylight filled the mound,
Fell into dust immediately.
And even as these, the images
Of awe and worship; even as these—
So, smitten with the sun's increase,
Her glory mouldered and did cease
From immemorial Nineveh.

The day her builders made their halt,
Those cities of the lake of salt
Stood firmly 'stablished without fault,
Made proud with pillars of basalt,
With sardonyx and porphyry.
The day that Jonah bore abroad
To Nineveh the voice of God,
A brackish lake lay in his road,
Where erst pride fixed her sure abode,
As then in royal Nineveh.

The day when he, pride's lord and man's,
Showed all the kingdoms at a glance
To Him before whose countenance
The years recede, the years advance,
And said, Fall down and worship me:
'Mid all the pomp beneath that look,
Then stirred there, haply, some rebuke,
Where to the wind the salt pools shook,
And in those tracts of life forsook,
That knew thee not, O Nineveh!

Delicate harlot! On thy throne
Thou with a world beneath thee prone
In state for ages sat'st alone;
And needs were years and lustres flown
Ere strength of man could vanquish thee:
Whom even thy victor foes must bring,
Still royal, among maids that sing
As with doves' voices, taboring
Upon their breasts, unto the king:
A kingly conquest, Nineveh!

Here woke my thought. The wind's slow
Had waxed; and like the human play [sway
Of scorn that smiling spreads away,
The sunshine shivered off the day:
The callous wind, it seemed to me,
Swept up the shadow from the ground:
And pale as whom the fates astound,
The god forlorn stood winged and crowned;
Within I knew the cry lay bound
Of the dumb soul of Nineveh.

And as I turned, my sense half shut
Still saw the crowds of kerb and rut
Go past as marshalled to the strut
Of rank in gypsum quaintly cut.
It seemed in one same pageantry

They followed forms which had been erst;
To pass, till on my sight should burst
That future of the best or worst
When some may question which was first,
Of London or of Nineveh.

For as that bull-god once did stand
And watched the burial-clouds of sand,
Till these at last without a hand
Rose o'er his eyes, another land,
And blinded him with destiny:
So may he stand again; till now,
In ships of unknown sail and prow,
Some tribe of the Australian plough
Bear him afar—a relic now
Of London, not of Nineveh!

Or it may chance indeed that when
Man's age is hoary among men;
His centuries threescore and ten,
His furthest childhood shall seem then
More clear than later times may be:
Who, finding in this desert place
This form, shall hold us for some race
That walked not in Christ's lowly ways,
But bowed its pride and vowed its praise
Unto the God of Nineveh.

The smile rose first; anon drew nigh
The thought: Those heavy wings spread high
So sure of flight, which do not fly;
That set gaze never on the sky;
Those scriptured flanks it cannot see;
Its crown a brow-contracting load:
Its planted feet which trust the sod
(So grew the image as I trod):
O Nineveh! was this thy God;
Thine also, mighty Nineveh?

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

3827. NINEVEH, Repentance of.
Matthew xii : 41.

The sun shone bright o'er Nineveh, and every
marble street
Was filled with morning greetings, and with
fall of hurrying feet;
Aloft the sounding voices swelled through
all the slumbrous air,
From mart of many traders, and from Nis-
roch's fane of prayer.

But as pale Nature holds her breath beneath
the thunder-cloud,
By spell of sudden silence was that voiceful
city bowed;
And through the ghostly stillness, like a
knell, uprose the tone,
"Yet forty days, and Nineveh is humbled
or o'erthrown."

With eyes that shone with secrets, and with
haggard looks and wan,
From street to street the prophet passed—a
lonely, burdened man;
He passed, and spoke, and vanished, as some
spectre of the night,
Which lifts one dooming finger, and then
mocks the straining sight.

But to the city's heart that word leaped like
a forkèd flame,
And smote each chord, which, trembling,
broke in penitential shame;
And on and on, from hut to throne, the tide
of sorrow swept,
Till, with a wail which reached to God, that
mighty city wept.

W. Morley Punshon.

3828. NINEVEH, Site of.

Meet is the hour thy dreary site to see,
City of darkness, vanished Nineveh! [plain,
To trace the mounds that mark the barren
Where, veiled from view, tombed wonders
yet remain.
Yes, Ninus' palace, where all glories shone,
And rose at once his sepulchre and throne;
Thy far-encircling walls, and thousand
towers,
Baffling for ages Asia's leaguered powers;
The streets where princes drove their glit-
tering cars,
And traffic's sons were countless as the stars;
Arask's vast shrine, where that dread war-
rior died,
Whose banded myriads—boastful slaves of
pride—
Fell in one night, when heaven's own light-
ning's came,
And death's pale angel waved her sword of
flame,
Are now but heaps, with rude wrecks scat-
tered o'er,
That bear a language writ by man no more;
Where scarce the hermit wild-flower deigns
to blow,
But coarse rank grass and plants of poison
grow,
And jackals lurk, and hooded serpents glide:
Monarchs! approach ye here, and bow your
pride!
Empires! so strong to-day, like change await!
And, laurelled conquerors! weep, and read
your fate! *Nicholas Michell.*

3829. NINEVEH, The Fall of.
Nahum ii : 7.

The sun went down with darkened brow,
The river wildly foamed below;
That city's gates, her walls and towers;
A darkness fell above the hours;
There came a sound upon the breeze
Like the far roar of stormy seas,
Or tempests gathering in their might
Beneath the darkening brow of night;
Wild sounds, and dreams of heavy fear,
And boding cries came on the ear
Of that dark king: within his hall
He sat at splendid festival;
He heard those shouts upon the air,
He heard the cries of wild despair,
He looked, he gazed—what saw he there?

Gloomy and pale the dim moon rose
Upon that war of mighty foes;

The twilight spread a veil of gloom
Above that darkened hour of doom;
The clouds were sweeping through the sky,
The hurrying blast moaned fitfully,
The thunder rolled in solemn song,
And the red lightning flashed along
Above that city's domes and towers,
Above her palace halls and bowers,
Lighting that darkness of the night,
That veil of gloom, with solemn light.

Afar the distant city spread,
Above were deepest clouds o'erhead,
A heavy veil of wrathful doom
Above each fane and solemn tomb;
A heavy veil of darkening cloud
Hung o'er them like a blackening shroud,
Save where—it spread from shore to shore
Above the Tigris' foaming roar—
That bridge was lit by naphtha light
That gleamed upon the heavy night;
Or where the lightning from the sky
Flashed on those domes and towers high:
They flamed up o'er mount and vale,
Glowing amid the moonlight pale:
A shadowy gleam, a reddening glare,
Flung out upon that murky air.
Sacrifice-fires were gleaming far,
And burning like a distant star;
But down from heaven the lightnings came,
Sweeping away that wavering flame,
And flashing out in wrathful doom
O'er temple, tower, and solemn tomb!

But other sights and sounds are near,
The clash of hostile steel and spear;
The shouts of victory on the gale,
The flapping of the war-bark's sail;
The river's dark and rolling tide
Bursting its bounds afar and wide,
Spreading around that city's walls—
A crush, a groan, a thundering fall:
It rolls along with heavy swell,
The answer of the oracle!
The Ninevites gazed fearfully
Upon that river rushing by,
Upon the blackness of the sky.

They looked down upon the foe;
They heard the mighty sounds of woe;
They heard them in the thunder's peal,
They heard them in the clash of steel,
Where helms and bucklers were cast down,
Where trumpet's heavy blast was blown,
Where chariot-wheels were rolling o'er
Amid a lengthened track of gore;
And foes were thronging through the gate,
Where palace-halls were desolate,
Where shouts and shrieks came on the gale,
Where spear and javelin fell like hail:
These gazed they on; one louder cry,
One louder peal rang through the sky;
One vast wild shout of victory!

But nearer yet is one pale band,
Upon the platform's range they stand;
The king is there—'tis his last hour—
The ruler girt with might and power;
He has left his palace hall and bower,
And now he gazes fearfully
Upon the foe approaching nigh:
He turns to flee, yet who is there,
With looks of woe and wild despair,
And gentlest beauty in her hair?
Azubah raises her dark eye,
In softest, wildest ecstasy!
And leans on him—'tis but to die!
Yet who is she they bear away?
Her eye has yet a loftier ray,
A prouder smile is on her brow,
The maidens lead her captive now;
She gazes round with fearful mien,
'Tis Huzzub led a captive queen!
And nearer to that gorgeous pile
Of gold and gems from Eastern isle,
Of richest robes and vestments rare,
Raised high amid that gloomy glare;
Jewels that flash the lightning back,
And gems that form the sunbeam's track,
And all things gorgeous there are hid
Within that mighty pyramid.

Yet on that pyre they come to die,
Beauty and wealth and majesty!
The pile is fired; in center there,
Amidst that jewelled chamber rare,
That king with all his concubines,
Where gems and gold around them shine:
'Tis done; the flame shoots to the sky,
Waving like banners out on high;
The foe come on—a mighty throng—
Chariot and steed they burst along.
The lightning flames, the thunder rolls
Above that grave of mighty souls;
And mid that elemental roar
Nineveh passes from the shore,
A mighty wreck of days gone by,
A shadow mid eternity. *Frederick Muller.*

3830. NOAH.

Hebrews xi: 7.

Father of nations! what high thoughts endued
And armed thy soul with matchless fortitude,
Walking with God, in tranquil wisdom strong,
Mid turbulence, and violence, and wrong?
Sole star descried in that tempestuous night,
Sole thing of life in that o'erwhelming blight! [Son!
It was the stronger Man, Eve's promised
Bound Death's strong arm within thee, and put on
His armor: it was Christ in thee enshrined,
Stretching imploring hands to lost mankind.
In thee His feet found "rest" amid the gloom,
Noah, great name of comfort! Lights illume
The darkness, where He comes with thee to stay;
And, on th' horizon's verge, a heavenly ray

Surrounds thee, while the black baptismal flood
Seems but to lift thee, in thy solitude,
Nearer to th' aërial hall, to walk among
The stars of heaven; such hopes to faith belong.
In that frail bark Christ, our Emmanuel,
Is passing o'er that more than ocean's swell,
Where seas and skies the gathering darkness fills,
Bearing His own to the celestial hills.
Isaac Williams.

3831. NOAH, Methuselah's Prophecy of.

Then Noah stood forward in his majesty,
Shouldering the golden billhook, wherewithal
He wont to cut his way, when tangled in
The matted hayes. And down the opened roof
Fell slanting beams upon his stately head,
And streamed along his gown, and made to shine
The jewelled sandals on his feet.
And lo!
The Elder cried aloud: "I prophesy.

Behold! my son is as a fruitful field
When all the lands are waste. The archers drew—
They drew the bow against him; they would fain
To slay: but he shall live—my son shall live,
And I shall live by him in the other days.
Behold the prophet of the Most High God:
Hear him. Behold the hope o' the world, what time
She lieth under. Hear him; he shall save
A seed alive, and sow the earth with man.
O earth! earth! earth! a floating shell of wood
Shall hold a remnant of thy mighty lords.
Will this old man be in it? Sir, and you,
My daughters, hear him! Lo! this white old man
He sitteth on the ground.
The prophecy
Of the Elder, and the vision that he saw,
They both are ended." *Jean Ingelow.*

3832. NOBLEMAN'S SON, The Cure of a.
John iv : 46-54.

Where Capernaum's wave-girt towers
Dream mid oleander bowers
Stands a princely palace fair,
One bright boy its only heir.

One bright boy, and he must die!
Mark the death-gleam in his eye.
Fever burns him, blood and brain,
Deadly languor drowns his pain.

Vain the skill of healing art;
Vain the prayer of many a heart;
Vain a mother's piteous plea;
Vain her woe, her agony.

Then the father in that hour
Quits the chamber, quits the tower;
Leaves the lessening town behind,
Scours o'er hill and plain like wind.

"Where's the wonder-worker? He
Late returned to Galilee?"
As through Cana's gate he flies
Jesus greets his joyful eyes.

"Ho! endued with power divine!
Thou who mad'st the water wine!"
Straight he cries, with gasping breath,
"Lies my son at point of death!"

"Haste, O wonder-worker, down!
Haste to far Capernaum's town!
Yawns e'en now the open grave!
Thou, and only Thou, canst save!"

Then, the father's faith to try,
Thus the Saviour feigns reply:
"Signs and wonders ye must see,
Else ye will not trust in Me."

Instant all the father's woe
Bursts in unresisted flow.
"Save my only child!" he cries;
"Lord! come down before he dies!"

'Tis enough! The prayer of faith
Conquers distance, doubt, and death;
Love's resistless pleading thrives;
"Go thy way, thy son survives!"

In that darkened, mournful home,
Far in sad Capernaum,
In that hour the dying boy
Smiles, and springs to life and joy!

Joy and bliss the household crown!
Joy and wonder fill the town!
Glad the eager servants run,
"Master! master! lives thy son!"

Grateful rapture unexpressed
Warmed and filled the father's breast;
Awe and praise his heart o'ercame,
For he knew the hour the same.

Thou who once Thine only Son
Gav'st to die for man undone,
In like anguish, oh, may we
Fly from all things else to Thee!

Saviour, when all saviours fail,
Hear, oh hear, our utmost wail!
Give what only Thou canst give,
Faith by Thee alone to live!
George Lansing Taylor.

3833. OBED-EDOM, Blessings of.
2 Samuel vi : 11.

If but one Christian soul appear
Beneath my roof, the Ark is here:
Jesus, the real Ark Thou art,
Set up in every faithful heart!

And where Thy Godhead doth reside
Mercy and grace are multiplied,
Fulness of gospel-blessings flow,
And make a little heaven below.
J. and C. Wesley.

3834. OIL, The Widow's.
2 Kings iv : 6.

"Bring forth the vessels! borrow more,
Of all thy neighbors, not a few;
God, who regards the widow's store,
Her slender pittance will renew."

Then did the widow's heart rejoice,
No more in penury's depths to toil;
Those vessels, at the prophet's voice,
She sees run o'er with precious oil.

"And yet bring more!" No more were brought,
And straight the flowing treasure stayed.
O God! how fully we are taught
That thus we bound Thy Spirit's aid.

For when the Oil of Grace, in store
Unmeasured, flows for ready hearts:
Hearts, empted of their pride, no more
Appear, and slighted Grace departs.
William B. Tappan.

3835. OIL, The Widow's.
2 Kings iv : 1-6.

Pour forth the oil, pour boldly forth,
It will not fail until
Thou failest vessels to provide,
Which it may freely fill.

But then, when such are found no more,
Though flowing broad and free
Till then, and nourished from on high,
It straightway stanched will be.

Dig channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And Love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of Love for thee
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
That good thing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have:
Such is the law of Love.
Richard C. Trench.

3836. OLIVE, Suggestions of the.

The palm, the vine, the cedar, each hath power
To bid fair oriental shapes glance by,
And each quick glistn'ing of the laurel bower
Wafts Grecian images o'er Fancy's eye;
But thou, pale Olive! in thy branches lie
Far deeper spells than prophet grave of old
Might e'er enshrine; I could not hear thee sigh
To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold
One shiver of thy leaves' dim silvery green,
Without high thoughts, and solemn, of that scene
When in the garden the Redeemer prayed;
When pale stars looked upon His fainting head,
And angels, ministering in silent dread,
Trembled, perchance, within thy trembling shade.
Mrs. F. D. Hemans.

3837. OLIVET, Christ on.
Luke xxii : 39.

'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden now
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.

'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.
Wm. B. Tappan.

3838. OLIVET, Mount.
2 Samuel xv : 30.

The soul in meditation here beholds,
Fleeing for refuge from a wicked son,
And with a wounded spirit bowed to earth,
The minstrel king, in bitter anguish come,
Showering the mountain with a father's tears
For his rebellious child!
But richer drops,
From purer eyes, and by a mightier One,
For thousands sunk in sin, have since been shed
Where David mourned the guilt of Absalom!
The King of kings stood here; and, looking down,
Wept o'er Jerusalem! Here, too, He led,
From the last supper, when the hymn was sung,
His few grieved followers out, in that drear night
When, in the garden on the mountain's slope,
His agony wrung forth the crimson drops!
While these sad pictures hung upon thy sides,
Thou consecrated height, dissolve the heart
In pious sorrow; yet thy brow is crowned
With a bright, glorious scene!
Now, O my soul,
On the blest summit light a holy flame!
From the last footprint of the Prince of peace,
The Conqueror of death, let incense rise,

And enter heaven with thine ascending Lord!
Shake off the chains and all the dust of earth!
Go up and breathe in the sweet atmosphere
His presence purified, as he arose!
Come! from the Mount of Olives pluck thy branch,
And bear it like a dove to yon bright ark
Of rest and safety! *Hannah F. Gould.*

3839. OLIVET, Night on.
Matthew xxvi : 30.

'Tis night, a lovely night; and lo!
Like men in vision seen,
The Saviour and His brethren go,
Silent, and sorrowful, and slow,
Led by heaven's lamp serene,

From Salem's height, o'er Kedron's stream,
To Olivet's dark steep,
There o'er past joys, gone like a dream,
O'er future woes, that present seem,
In solitude to weep.

Heaven on their earthly hopes has frowned;
Their dream of thrones has fled;
The table that His love has crowned
They ne'er again shall gather round
With Jesus at their head.

Blast not, O God, this hope of ours,
The hope of sins forgiven;
Then, when our friends the grave devours,
When all the world around us lowers,
We'll look from earth to heaven.
John Pierpont.

3840. ON.
Genesis xli : 45–50.

Next Heliopolis, city of the sun,
A shattered sepulchre, a wreck of shrines!
Here Cæsar, zealous: "This must we survey;
The hallowed spot where Plato and Eudoxus
Conceived new thoughts; where Moses, legislator,
Derived his wisdom to instruct mankind;
Moses, prime leader of a tribe heroic,
Who told of heaven and earth in godlike words.
This city first named On, whence Joseph took
For wife the high-priest's daughter, Asenath;
Whence later Baruch, Jeremiah sang.
This seat of learning where sage Manetho wrote,
Which fostered Solon and Pythagoras,
Where somewhile dwelt sublime Euripides."
So saw he vestiges of those grand temples
Built to the sun-god Re; and obelisks,
Ancient when seen by Moses and by Plato,
Transported now to European shores.
Joseph Ellis.

3841. OTHERS, He saved.
Luke xxiii : 35.

When scorn, and hate, and bitter, envious pride
Hurled all their darts against the Crucified,
Found they no fault but this in Him so tried?
"He saved others!"

Those hands, thousands their healing touches knew;
On withered limbs they fell like heavenly dew;
The dead have felt them and have lived anew:
"He saved others!"

The blood is dropping slowly from them now;
Thou canst not raise them from Thy thorn-crowned brow,
Nor on them Thy parched lips and forehead bow:
"He saved others!"

That voice from out their graves the dead had stirred;
Crushed, outcast hearts grew joyful as they heard;
For every woe it had a healing word:
"He saved others!"

For all Thou hadst deep tones of sympathy:
Hast Thou no word for this Thine agony?
Thou pitied'st all: doth no man pity Thee?
"He saved others!"

So many fettered hearts Thy touch hath freed,
Physician! and Thy wounds unstanched must bleed;
Hast Thou no balm for this Thy sorest need?
"He saved others!"

Lord! and one sign from Thee could rend the sky;
One word from Thee, and low those mockers lie;
Thou mak'st no movement, utterest no cry,
And savest us!

3842. PALESTINE.

Blest land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills! in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Genesaret, chime on my ear;
Where the lowly and just with the people sat down,
And thy spray on the dust of His sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;
And I pause on the goat-crags of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!

Hark! a sound in the valley! where swollen and strung,
Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping along;
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,
And the torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

There down from his mountains stern Zebulon came,
And Naphtali's stag, with his eyeballs of flame,
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son.

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang
To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang,
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around and the valleys between;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The song of the angels rose sweet in the air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at His feet!

I tread where the twelve in their wayfaring trod;
I stand where they stood with the chosen of God;
Where His blessings were heard, and His lessons were taught,
Where the blind were restored, and the healing was wrought.

Oh, here with His flock the sad wanderer came;
These hills He toil'd over in grief are the same,
The founts where He drank by the wayside still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on His brow.

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But the dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet;
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of humanity clothed in the likeness of God?
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,
It would gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when,
In love and in meekness, He moved among men;
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea,
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!

And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which He bowed Him to bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer?

Yet, Loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;
And the voice of Thy love is the same even now
As at Bethany's tomb or on Olivet's brow.

Oh, the outward hath gone! but in glory and power
The spirit surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same! *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

3843. PALESTINE, Associations of.

Hail to the hills where Desolation weeps,
Yet holy watch untiring Memory keeps!
Hail to the vales where Plenty laughs no more,
Or mantling vines display their purple store,
But every rock with history's wreath is crowned,
And every barren glen is hallowed ground!
Hail to the streams that flow not now along
Blessed by the saint, or charmed by holy song,
Yet seem the haunt of angels, that still glide
By tree and cave, and skim the silent tide!
Hail to the spot Heaven favored, land divine,
Revered, long-suffering, beauteous Palestine!

Ah! who so cold can gaze, and wander here,
Nor feel his bosom thrill, nor shed a tear?
Thrill when he thinks of glorious times of yore,
And weep to know that glory ever o'er.
The ground he treads a thousand saints have trod,
Prophets, far-visioned bards, and seers of God.
The ruined tower, the once-green olived hill,
The stony waste, the half-choked fount and rill,
Each tells its tale that prompts a hope or sigh,
Linked with celestial memories ne'er to die.

The harp of Judah sounds o'er Sharon's vale,
Though there no more the roses scent the gale:
Despite the Roman's plough and Moslem's shrine,
Fancy beholds the temple's splendors shine;
High stands on Olivet that sacred Form,
Bright in our world as rainbow in a storm;
By Kedron's tomb-lined brook He wanders slow,
Teaches His followers mid those caves below,
Sheds tears loved Salem's bitter fate to tell,
Or leans and talks by blessed Samaria's well:
Yes, those far ages flash a heavenly ray,
That hallows every scene we here survey.

Nicholas Michell.

3844. PALESTINE, Desolate.

Land of the sunny east, where grow the olive and the vine,
Oh, what a charm of light invests that hallowed name of thine!
Lost Palestine! a sorrowing heart fain, fain would mourn for thee,
Then hang in tears this broken harp upon the willow-tree.

And has thy splendor disappeared, and is thy glory gone,
And are thy marble tow'rs of might and palaces o'erthrown?
And is Mount Zion desolate, and do no longer there
The gathered of the chosen race prefer the common prayer?

And is thy temple ruin-struck, and does naught but the name
Remain of what was once thy pride, the bright Jerusalem?
Lost Palestine! thy might has fled, like snows that melt away
From off the brow of Lebanon before the star of day.

Yes! now thou art most desolate, and o'er the shaded urn
Of thy dead splendor does the shade of ancient glory mourn.
And has the star of Judah set? and never shall it rise
To shed its living beams around, and gild thy gloomy skies?
And has the night of ruin wrapt thy land as with a veil?
And are the sons of Israel heard to mourn with Egypt's wail?
No! though thy radiance has gone down, like sunlight 'neath the sea,
And though no more the triumph-song is raised aloud for thee,
Weep not, forlorn! the Sun of Pow'r will yet upon thee rise,
And with His ray of purest light drive midnight from thy skies;
Thy ruined tow'rs again shall rear their marble crests on high,
And through thy silent cities heard the shout of victory;
The Lion sprung from Judah's root shall burst thy binding chain,
And make thee know, lost Palestine! that thou art free again.
Then weep not, land of the forlorn, for Zion yet shall be
The glory of the living world; the bright home of the free!

David Mallock.

3845. PALESTINE, Farewell to.

Though many be the shores and lands
My pilgrim steps have wandered o'er,
From Alpine heights to classic lands;
Oh! never have I felt before

The effort to pronounce farewell
To all those varied scenes of thine;
No other spot can share thy spell,
Unique, beloved Palestine!

Yet, not thy outward form can claim
This tribute-tear in parting now;
These fields so drear, these hills so tame,
The laurels faded on thy brow.

Dare I conceal the inward taunt,
As over mount and vale I trod,
"Is this indeed the angel-haunt,
The seraph-land, the home of God?"

Beneath my childhood's skies, I wean,
A thousand spots I can recall,
Far lovelier than your loveliest scene
Of wood and lake and waterfall.

In vain I looked for limpid rills,
Where Syrian shepherd led his flock;
No herbage on your blighted hills,
No pine-tree in "the rifted rock."

Greater your charms, ye streams of home,
Which verdant meadows gently lave,
Than Jordan, with its turgid foam
Fast hastening to its Dead Sea grave.

. . . . . .

But hush! The one absorbing thought
Transfigures all the passing scene,
And makes the present time forgot,
In musing what the past has been.

Here patriarchs lived, here prophets trod,
Here angels on their errands sped;
The home of sainted men of God,
The resting-place of holy dead!

More wondrous still: on these same hills
The eye of God Incarnate fell;
He walked these paths, He drank these rills,
He sat Him by yon wayside well.

Oft by that Kedron brook, He heard
The rustle of its olives gray,
Or carol of the matin-bird
Which greeted the first eastern ray.

In temple court, or noisy street,
When wearied with the wrangling cry,
How oft He found a calm retreat
In thee, thrice-hallowed Bethany:

Watching the evening shadows fall,
Or glow of sunbeam from the west,
Transmuting Moab's mountain wall
Into a blaze of amethyst!

Or thou, Gennesaret! favored lake,
How fragrant with His presence still;
The deeds of love, the words He spake,
Graved on thy shores indelible!

Thy green hills oft were altar stairs,
Up which His weary footsteps trod,
For morning praise and midnight prayers,
Away from man, alone with God.

He loved the flowers which fringed the sea,
He trod thy groves of stately palm,
Thy carpets of anemone,
Thy vine-clad hills, and bowers of balm.
. . . . . .
Enough. With kindred interest teems
Each scene, where'er I gaze around;
The land throughout a Bethel seems,
And "every place is hallowed ground."

Adieu! each shrine of holy thought,
Each ruined heap, each storied "Tel."
I pluck the last "forget-me-not,"
And now I take a fond farewell!

To-night on Hermon's northern brow,
The stars upon our tents shall shine;
Set up the stone! record the vow!
"Forget thee, never, Palestine!"

The life-long wish and dream to see
Thy blessed acres, God has given;
A lingering tear I drop to thee,
Thou earthly vestibule of heaven!

J. R. Macduff.

3846. PALESTINE, Going to.

No, no; a lonelier, lovelier path be mine;
Greece and her charms I leave for Palestine:
There purer streams through happier valleys flow,
And sweeter flowers on holier mountains blow.
I love to breathe where Gilead sheds her balm;
I love to walk on Jordan's banks of palm;
I love to wet my foot in Hermon's dews;
I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse;
In Carmel's holy grots I'll court repose,
And deck my mossy couch with Sharon's deathless rose. *J. Pierpont.*

3847. PALESTINE, Interest in.

Through Palestine my wand'rings cease,
In all my future of life's lease;
Thou Middle Sea, I sail thee o'er,
From Asia's coast to Europe's shore.

My eyes have seen thy hills and plains,
Once blest with late and early rains;
Alas! how scorched and barren now,
As nature's laws to judgments bow!

But for our blest, our Bible lore,
How slight our int'rest in thy store;
We tire to view what all must see,
And from its scenes and people flee.

But if the land is desolate,
Shows of a Jewish race, the fate,
Where vice and folly now abound,
That land was long with glory crowned!

With joy I've seen the place on earth
That gave to Christ His lowly birth;
I've seen His haunts, the paths He trod,
And where, all night, He prayed to God!

The mount, the garden, oft I've seen,
Where Christ felt agony most keen!
And oh! I've gazed on Calvary,
Where, to redeem, Christ died for me!

Alonzo G. Shears.

3848. PALESTINE, Jews' Return to.

They come from the ends of the earth,
White with its aged snows;
From the bounding breast of the tropic tide,
Where the day-beam ever glows;
From the east where first they dwelt,
From the north, and the south, and the west;
Where the sun puts on his robe of light,
And lays down his crown to rest.

Out of every land they come;
Where the palm triumphant grows, [hills,
Where the vine overshadows the roofs and the
And the gold-orbed orange grows;
Where the olive and fig-tree thrive
And the rich pomegranates red,
Where the citron blooms, and the apple of il'
Bows down its fragrant head.

From the land where the gems are born,
Opal and emerald bright;
From shores where the ruddy corals grow,
And pearls with their mellow light;
Where silver and gold are dug,
And the diamond rivers roll,
And the marble white as the still moonlight
Is quarried, and jetty coal—

They come, with a gladdening shout;
They come, with a tear of joy;
Father and daughter, youth and maid,
Mother and blooming boy.

A thousand dwellings they leave—
Dwellings, but not a home;
To them there is none but the sacred soil,
And the land whereto they come.

And the temple again shall be built,
And filled as it was of yore; [world,
And the burden be lift from the heart of the
And the nations all adore;
Prayers to the throne of heaven
Morning and eve shall rise,
And unto, and not of the Lamb
Shall be the sacrifice. *Bailey.*

3849. PALESTINE, Skies of.

Star-gemmed floor of the land I love,
Tell me, and tell me now,
What are the many glittering pearls
Which hang on thy jewelled brow?

Schoolmen write in the lettered page
That each is a world like ours;
But where sky-birds sing superior songs,
In more delightful bowers.

Where the wolf and the lamb in concord meet,
Where the leopard harmless lives,
And where, undewed with the sweat of man,
The field its harvest gives.

Where sin hath shed no withering blight,
Where death no entrance gains,
Where the men of a thousand years ago
Still bound across the plains.

Many, if such ye be, fair worlds,
Would ask no brighter doom,
Than within your gorgeous palaces
To find a lasting home.

So let them; more ambitious, I
More towering wishes frame;
I would not dwell in these, but with
The Lord of all of them.

They may be near to the pearly gates,
They may stand close to heaven.
But who would live in the servant's lodge
If the mansion-house were given?

3850. PALESTINE UNBLEST.

Long hath the Crescent's glittering sign
On Salem's temple shone;
Long hath Jehovah's awful shrine
Stood desolate and lone.

The tents of Midian tribes unblest
On Shinar's plains are spread;
And wandering feet have rudely prest
The soil where Jesus bled.

But Shiloh comes to bless the land,
And Israel's tribes restore;
Lo! Edom, with Assyria's band,
On Calvary shall adore.

Fair Lebanon shall hear His voice,
And lands where Jordan flows,
With Sharon's desert shall rejoice,
And blossom as the rose.

No more shall Zion's daughter mourn,
Or captive Judah sigh;
Jehovah shall her walls adorn,
And bring His ransomed nigh.
William B. Tappan.

3851. PALM-LEAVES, Whispers in the.

Surely the Lord was in this place!
I slept, and knew it not;
He showed me tokens of His grace;
I saw them, and forgot.

"I will not leave thee," saith the Lord,
And that which He hath spoken
Is an irrevocable word;
His promise is unbroken.

He led me through the wilderness,
A long and lonely way;
He soothed me with His tenderness,
And fed me day by day.

He brought me to a quiet place,
A sweet refreshing shade,
Where the tall palm-trees interlace,
And the cool shadows played.

I slept; in dreams that slumber weaves
The little breezes came,
And whispered in the long palm-leaves
The Saviour's holy name.

But soon the whispers died away,
And other sounds were brought
Like softest music, where I lay,
Suggesting earthly thought.

I lay entranced for many a day
On that enchanted plain,
But never heard the palm-leaves say
The holy name again.

Oh! better far the wilderness
And desert way to me,
If, wandering in its loneliness,
I should be nearer Thee;

Nay, better far to tune the ear,
So true to heaven's lays,
That every common sound we hear
May seem a hymn of praise.

3852. PALSIED MAN, Healing the.
Matthew ix : 1-8; Mark ii : 1-12; Luke v : 17-26.

Crowds gathered to the Saviour's feet,
And thronged the place where Jesus taught,
The wise and learned came to greet,
And loving friends their sick ones brought;
And there the "power of the Lord"
Wrought with the preaching of His word.

Among the halt, the blind, the lame,
Who sought to have their woes redressed,
From far attracted by His fame,
Was one more helpless than the rest;
Amid the throng about the door,
The palsied man upborne of four.

How hard it is; the help so near,
And yet the waiting crowd so great;
How brief the distance doth appear,
But oh, how long the time to wait!
Such thronging multitudes between,
Such hosts of sorrow intervene.

Yet hath the Saviour power to heal
The furthest woe, the utmost want,
If faith has only sense to feel
And strength to struggle to the front.
True faith, like truest love, invents:
Denied the door, it circumvents.

Whene'er the eye of faith's restrained
From looking through, it looks above;
And from aloft its end is gained,
The steps of faith are steps of love.
Thus up the staircase, from the door,
The palsied man is "borne of four."

Distinguished faith, distinguished love,
Wondrous the mode of access too;
The patient bearers mount above,
To try what earnest faith can do.
The bed descends from roof to floor—
Oh! what could loving faith do more?

The Saviour speaks—"Thy sins forgiven;"
This the glad message of that day;
And then, as proof of power from heaven,
"Take up thy bed and go thy way!"
The power that bids the sick be whole,
And heals the body, saves the soul.

Lord, give us faith, like this of old,
To bear the burdens of the weak;
Let love be strong and faith be bold,
The good of others thus to seek.
The faith to strive, as these men strove,
Is that strong faith that "works by love."

Robert Maguire.

3853. PARADISE, Joys of.

For the fount of life eternal is my thirsting spirit fain,
And my prisoned soul would gladly burst her fleshly bars in twain,
While the exile strives and struggles on to win her home again.

As she groans beneath the troubles which with weary weight oppress,
She is thinking on the glory which she lost through wickedness,
And the thought of joy departed but increaseth her distress.

Who can tell the perfect gladness of the peace within the skies,
Where, of living pearls upbuilded, mansions for the blessed rise,
Where the golden halls and roof-trees shine and glow with radiant dyes?

Framed alone of precious jewels stately dwellings there appear,
And the highways of the city, paved with gold, as crystal clear;
Mire is far and filth is banished, naught that may pollute is near.

Winter's snowing, summer's glowing, never thither pain may bring;
There the gorgeous roses flower in the calm of endless spring,
Balms exude, and crocus blushes, lilies fair are blossoming.

Meads are sheening, fields are greening, honey drops from combs of bees;
Liquid odors, fragrant spices, shed their perfume on the breeze,
Never-falling fruits are hanging from the ever-leafy trees.

There no moon through phases passes, sun and stars bestow no light,
But the Lamb on His glad city, light unsetting, shineth bright;
There the day is everlasting, gone for aye are time and night.

For the saints, now crowned in triumph, like the sun in radiance glow,
Greet each other in that gladness which the saints alone can know,
While, secure, they count their battles with their subjugated foe.

Fleshly wars they know no longer, since with blemish stained is none,
For the spiritual body and the soul at last are one;
Dwell they now in peace eternal, with all stumbling they have done.

To their first estate return they, freed from every mortal sore,
And the truth, for ever present, ever lovely they adore,
Drawing from that living Fountain living sweetness evermore.

And they drink in changeless being as they taste those waters clear;
Bright are they, and swift and gladsome, no more perils need they fear;
There the youth can know no aging, never cometh sickness near.

Thence they draw their life unending, passingness has passed away;
Thence they grow, and bloom, and flourish, freed forever from decay,
And deathlessness hath swallowed up the might of death for aye.

They know Him who knoweth all things,
nothing from their ken may flee,
And the thoughts of one another in the inmost heart they see;
One in choosing and refusing, one are they in unity.

And though each for divers merits there hath won a various throne,
Yet their love for one another maketh what each loves his own;
Every prize to all is common, yet belongs to each alone.

Where the body is, together in their flight the eagles speed;
There the saints and there the angels seek refreshment in their need,
And the sons of earth and heaven on that One Bread ever feed.

In new harmonies, unceasing they with voice melodious sing,
While their listening ears are gladdened with the harp's exulting ring;
And for He hath made them victors, praises chant they to their King.

Where the King of heaven is present, happy is the gazing soul,
And she sees the double frame-work of the globe beneath her roll,
Sees the sun and moon and planets, and the stars that stud the pole.

Jesu, Palm of all Thy soldiers, who in Thee alone confide,
Bring me to that Holy City when my belt is laid aside,
Grant that I may share the portion of the saints who there abide.

While the war is yet unended, give me vigor for the fray;
Give me, when the fight is over, peace that passeth not away;
Give Thyself to me, O Jesu! as my one reward for aye.

Peter Damiani, tr. by R. F. Littledale.

3854. PASSOVER, Christ Our.
1 Corinthians v : 7.

Once the angel started back
When he saw the blood-stained door,
Pausing on his vengeful track,
And the dwelling passing o'er.
Once the sea from Israel fled,
Ere it rolled o'er Egypt's dead.

Now our Passover is come,
Dimly shadowed in the past,
And the very Paschal Lamb,
Christ, the Lord, is slain at last.
Then with hearts and hands made meet
Our unleavened bread we'll eat.

Blessed Victim sent from heaven,
Whom all angel hosts obey,
To whose will all earth is given,
At whose word hell shrinks away,
Thou hast conquered death's dread strife,
Thou hast brought us light and life.

Bishop Williams.

3855. PASSOVER, Eucharist and.
Exodus xii : 3-42.

In anxious haste, at God's command
All Israel's host prepare and stand
To take its ordered flight:
With bitter herbs, unleavened bread,
And roasted lamb, the feast is spread
That memorable night.

The awful angel soars on high,
And death is dealing far and nigh,
Save where the blood is found:
Supported by that paschal food,
The mighty host passed through the flood
Beyond the sea's dark bound.

All girded for its coming flight,
A soul is passing hence to-night,
And bids the world farewell:
Fed with the sacred nourishment
Of Christ's most holy sacrament,
It burst through sin's dark spell.

All sprinkled with the precious blood,
It calmly passes through the flood
Of death's last agony:
It chants, while borne on angels' wing:
O mighty death! where is thy sting,
Where, grave, thy victory?

Edwin L. Blenkinsopp.

3856. PATMOS, John's Vision in.
Revelations i : 9.

The blue Ægean's countless waves in Sabbath sunlight smiled,
And murmuring washed the rocky shore of that lone island wild;
Where unto him "whom Jesus loved" such views sublime were given,
That e'en the land of exile shone "the very gate of heaven"!

He saw the radiant form of Him upon whose sorrowing breast,
At the last supper's solemn feast, his weary head found rest:
One "like unto the Son of Man," all glorious to behold,
Arrayed in robes of dazzling light, and girt with purest gold.

His head and hair were white as wool; His eyes a fiery flame,
Not tearful now, as when He trod this world of sin and shame;
His countenance was as the sun, His voice was as the sound
Of many waters, murmuring deep in harmony profound.

But when before His feet as dead the loved disciple fell,
How gently deigned the Prince of Life His servant's fears to quell!
And give him strength to see His face, whom highest heavens adore,
The Lord, who "liveth and was dead," and lives for evermore!

Oh! then upon His raptured gaze what floods of glory streamed;
He saw the land of love and light, the home of the redeemed;
He stood by life's resplendent stream, whose tide in music rolled
Throughout the holy city's length among its streets of gold.

He heard the mighty new-made song, to angel-hosts unknown,
Go up like incense unto Him that sat upon the throne;
And the pure strains by seraphs sung in that celestial sphere,
In sweetest cadence rose and fell upon his listening ear.

Within the flashing walls of heaven, with jewelled splendor bright,
He saw the countless multitudes arrayed in saintly white:
He marked them with their waving palms, in worship bending low
Before the feet of Him who smiled beneath the emerald bow.

The pearly gates, the crystal sea, the universal hymn,
The sun-bright forms, the brilliant eyes, which tears may never dim,
The healing trees, the fadeless flowers, the harpings of the blest,
In splendid vision to his soul revealed the promised rest.

Long since that aged saint hath reached the fair celestial shore,
And gained the martyr's crown, for He the martyr's suffering bore;
Long since his happy feet have stood within his Father's home,
Yet still the mighty voice he heard, with ceaseless cry saith, "Come!"

And life's bright fountain springeth yet, as free and fresh and fair
As when in Patmos' dreary isle it cheered the exile there!
And hark! the Spirit and the Bride repeat in mercy still,
That he who is athirst may drink—yea, whosoever will!

O blessed voices! be it ours your loving call to hear,
And so obey that when, at last, from yonder radiant sphere
The heavenly bridegroom shall descend to claim His own again,
We may lift up our heads and say, "Lord even so, Amen!"

3857. PAUL.

Faithful teacher, mighty Paul,
Ringing like a trumpet call,
Flying cloud, whose couriers glance
Red-winged round the world's expanse,

Let thy deep-voiced thunders roll,
Saturate each thirsty soul,
Showers of heavenly grace impart,
Fertilize each barren heart.

Guerdon high was thine, when thrice
Pearly gates of paradise
Turning gave thy raptured ear
Words that none but angels hear.

Sower of the gospel seed,
Hundredfold shall be thy meed,
Garnered where no thief can spoil,
Fruit of thine abundant toil.

Peter Damiani, tr. by N. B. Smithers.

3858. PAUL.

Whose is that sword, that voice and eye of flame,
That heart of unextinguishable ire?
Who bears the dungeon keys, and bonds and fire?
Along his dark and withering path he came,
Death in his looks and terror in his name,
Tempting the might of heaven's Eternal Sire.
Lo! the light shone! the sun's veiled beams expire:
A Saviour's self a Saviour's lips proclaim!
Whose is yon form stretched on the earth's cold bed,
With smitten soul, and tears of agony
Mourning the past? Bowed is the lofty head,
Rayless the orbs that flushed with victory.
Over the raging waves of human will,
The Saviour's spirit walked, and all was still.

Roscoe.

3859. PAUL AT MELITA.

Acts xxviii : 1-10.

Secure in his prophetic strength,
The water peril o'er,
The many-gifted man at length
Stepped on the promised shore.

He trod the shore; but not to rest,
Nor wait till angels came:
Lo! humblest pains the saint attest,
The firebrands and the flame.

But when he felt the viper's smart,
Then instant aid was given.
Christian, hence learn to do thy part,
And leave the rest to Heaven.

J. H. Newman.

3860. PAUL AT PHILIPPI.

Acts xvi : 11-18.

'Twas Sabbath at Philippi's town, in Macedonian Thrace,
But worldly labors, pleasures, strifes, resounded through the place;
For Grecian pageant, Roman power, knew not God's holy day,
And few and strange were Israel's seed who turned aside to pray.

For them no temple reared its dome: Apollo's marble shrine
Rose fair, and from Pangæus' height waved Bacchus' grove divine;
E'en mortal Cæsar's sculptured form obsequious throngs adored,
With Nature's known and unknown dreams —all things, save God the Lord.

Him, though all-present, those who sought, before His throne to wait
In humble prayer and grateful song, must seek without the gate;
And by Gangistes' rippling flood, beneath the summer air,
A lowly group of women bowed to Israel's God in prayer.

Not as the wild bacchantes raved among those hills of yore,
When first the wine-god's revelries were brought from India's shore;
Not like the Pythoness profane, with Delphic frenzy fired,
Knelt that chaste sisterhood of souls, in worship pure inspired.

But on that day four holy men sat in their circle small—
Luke, Silas, youthful Timothy, and mighty-minded Paul;
From Asian climes to Europe's shores that misionary band
Had crossed the Grecian sea to bring glad news, at Christ's command.

Not as the old Phœnicians came, who sought Pangæus' gold,
Nor as once passed, to win the world, the Macedonian bold;
Not with the pomp of earthly state, nor pride of earthly lore,
Those way-worn pilgrims met that day beside Gangistes' shore.

That plain, an hundred years agone, saw Rome's republic fall,
When Freedom fled the conquered world, and Tyranny grasped all;
And Hæmus' snow-clad peaks, afar, blushed erst, when Typhon strove
And earth's rude powers, o'erwhelmed in blood by bright celestial Jove.

But ah! that day a mightier than Philip's deathless son,
Or great Augustus, on that plain Rome and the world who won,
Or mythic Jove, whose fabled bolts the Titan crew could quell,
Was first to Europe preached, as Lord of heaven and earth and hell.

Him Paul proclaimed, of Mary born, the peasant Nazarene,
And told His life of wonders o'er, 'mid that enchanting scene;
Not Orpheus' shell, that thrilled those shores, while trees and rocks kept time,
Nor bright Apollo's golden lyre, e'er breathed such strains sublime.

Good news! glad news! the Lord is come! Immanuel, long foretold,
Has lived, and died, and risen, and reigns, eternal bliss t' unfold!
And on that listening company blest influence benign
E'en now he pours, till many a soul is lit with joy divine.

And one true heart God opened then, touched by His Spirit's power—
A woman's heart, and Lydia's faith found life in Christ that hour;
And all her wealth, with all her love, she laid at Jesus' feet,
And in her house God's servants found home, church, and converse sweet.

O brightest day that ever yet has dawned o'er Europe's hills,
Thy meek beginning all my heart with hope and comfort fills!
Pangæus' hundred-petalled rose, that sets his slopes aflame,
Breathes not such fragrance as thy deed around Philippi's name!

Fade, Grecian glory! Roman power! A mightier empire's march
Is blazoned on the orient sky, and kindles heaven's high arch!
Rise, Freedom, nevermore to fall! Rise, woman, pure and bright,
To cheer man's toil up centuries of heavenward deepening light!

And ever when our hearts grow faint, or earthly dreams allure,
When fruit seems small, the cross too great for nature to endure,
We'll hail that band who preached and prayed beside Gangistes' wave,
And trust Him still who reigns for aye, omnipotent to save.

George Lansing Taylor.

3861. PAUL, Conversion of.
Acts ix : 1-9.

The midday sun, with fiercest glare,
Broods o'er the hazy, twinkling air;
Along the level sand
The palm-tree's shade unwavering lies,
Just as thy towers, Damascus, rise
To greet yon wearied band.

The leader of that martial crew
Seems bent some mighty deed to do,
So steadily he speeds,
With lips firm closed and fixed eye,
Like warrior when the fight is nigh,
Nor talk nor landscape heeds.

What sudden blaze is round him poured,
As though all heaven's refulgent hoard
In one rich glory shone?
One moment, and to earth he falls:
What voice his inmost heart appalls—
Voice heard by him alone?

For to the rest both words and form
Seem lost in lightning and in storm,
While Saul, in wakeful trance,
Sees deep within that dazzling field
His persecuted Lord revealed
With keen yet pitying glance;

And hears the meek upbraiding call
As gently on his spirit fall,
As if the Almighty Son
Were prisoner yet in this dark earth,
Nor had proclaimed His royal birth,
Nor His great power begun.

"Ah! wherefore persecut'st thou me?"
He heard and saw, and sought to free
His strained eye from the sight:
But Heaven's high magic bound it there,
Still gazing, though untaught to bear
The insufferable light.

"Who art Thou, Lord?" he falters forth:
So shall Sin ask of Heaven and earth
At the last awful day,
"When did we see Thee suffering nigh,
And passed Thee with unheeding eye?
Great God of judgment, say!"

Ah! little dream our listless eyes
What glorious presence they despise,
While, in our noon of life,
To power or fame we rudely press;
Christ is at hand, to scorn or bless,
Christ suffers in our strife.

And though heaven's gates long since have closed,
And our dear Lord in bliss reposed,
High above mortal ken;
To every ear in every land,
Though meek ears only understand,
He speaks as He did then.

"Ah! wherefore persecute ye Me?
'Tis hard, ye so in love should be
With your own endless woe.
Know, though at God's right hand I live,
I feel each wound ye reckless give
To the least saint below.

"I in your care My brethren left,
Not willing ye should be bereft
Of waiting on your Lord.
The meanest offering ye can make,
A drop of water, for love's sake
In heaven, be sure, is stored."

Oh! by those gentle tones and dear,
When Thou hast stayed our wild career,
Thou only hope of souls,
Ne'er let us cast one look behind,
But in the thought of Jesus find
That every thought controls.

As to Thy last apostle's heart
Thy lightning-glance did then impart
Zeal's never-dying fire,
So teach us on Thy shrine to lay
Our hearts, and let them day by day
Intenser blaze and higher.

And as each mild and winning note,
Like pulses that round harp-strings float
When the full strain is o'er,
Left lingering on his inward ear
Music that taught, as death drew near,
Love's lesson more and more:

So, as we walk our earthly round,
Still may the echo of that sound
Be in our memory stored.
"Christians! behold your happy state:
Christ is in these who round you wait;
Make much of your dear Lord!"

John Keble.

3862. PAUL IN PRISON.
Acts xvi : 19-40.

Hearest thou that solemn symphony that swells
And echoes through Philippi's gloomy cells?
From vault to vault the heavy notes rebound
And granite rocks reverberate the sound.
The wretch who long in dungeons cold and dank
Had shook his fetters, that their iron clank
Might break the grave-like silence of that prison
On which the star of hope had never risen;
Then sunk in slumbers by despair oppressed,
And dreamed of freedom in his broken rest;
Wakes at the music of these mellow strains,
Thinks it some spirit, and forgets his chains.
'Tis Paul and Silas, who at midnight pay
To Him of Nazareth a grateful lay.
Soon is that anthem wafted to the skies;
An angel bears it, and a God replies:
At that reply a pale portentous light
Plays through the air, then leaves a gloomier night.
The darkly tottering towers, the trembling arch,

The rocking walls confess a monarch's march;
The stars look dimly through the roof; behold,
From saffron dews, and melting clouds of gold,
Brightly uncurling on the dungeon's air,
Freedom walks forth serene; from her loose hair,
And every glistening feather of her wings,
Perfumes, that breathe of more than earth, she flings,
And with a touch dissolves the prisoners' chains
Whose song had charmed her from celestial plains. *John Pierpont.*

3863. PAUL, Preaching of.
Acts ix: 21.

Each holy rite performed, the zealous saint
Poured from his tongue spontaneous the
Of eloquence and inspiration. Lo! [stream
The gazing synagogue, in wonder wrapt,
Devour his pregnant speech. Th' instructive
With simple style, deliberate address, [sage,
And nervous arguments, now vindicates
The great Messiah. Now with words that live,
With thoughts that burn, the last tremendous day,
Expiring nature and the doom of man,
He thunders on the soul. Sin's ghastly front,
Her shape deformed, the poison of her touch,
Behind her Vengeance with eternal fire,
He next describes. Affrighted conscience wakes;
The murd'rer starts aghast! th' oppressor groans;
Th' adulterer trembles, and the harlot weeps.
What heart so pure, so innocent of vice,
But shuddered there! Now with mellifluous tongue [guilt.
He soothes the scorpion-sting of conscious
Behold! each faded countenance relumed
With hope and gladness, whilst the chosen saint
Unfolds the myst'ries of redeeming love,
Of grace and mercy infinite, displays
The high rewards of penitence and life
Reformed, the freedom of the Christian yoke
Avers, and testifies th' eternal league
'Twixt happiness and virtue. Now to crown
The preacher's task, with sweet persuasive phrase,
He wins th' enchanted audience to peace,
Long-suff'ring, gentleness, and social love,
The godlike spirit of his Master's laws.

Was this the hot vindictive Pharisee?
Oh strange conversion! This th' impetuous Saul breathed?
That late dire menaces and slaughter
Was this, sage priest, the minister of wrath
Fixed by the dreaded sanction of thy power
To hurl perdition on the rising church?
What! Were those hands, now lifted up to heav'n
To bless man's great Redeemer, once imbrued
In the pure blood of His devoted saints,
And consecrated martyrs? Wondrous change!
But what can check that All-controlling Power
Who turns the course of Nature at His will;
Whose word was med'cine to the sick, whose call
Awoke the grave's cold tenants, whose firm step
Trod the soft surface of the ocean, whilst
His potent voice bade the curled waves subside, [peace?
And hushed the wind's wild uproar into

Behold! th' illustrious convert now invades
The reign of Gentile darkness. See! appalled
Black Superstition, with her baleful throng
Of self-bred fears and unembodied forms
That haunt despair; the foul unholy train
Of molten idols and fantastic gods
Shrink at his presence like the fleeting shades
Of sullen night when first Hyperion's orb
Scatters its purple radiance o'er the skies.
Nor long the majesty of Jove supreme
Withstood the thunders of the preacher's tongue.
Tottered his throne, his golden sceptre fell;
Nor more Olympus trembled at his nod.
No longer smoked his odoriferous shrines
With frankincense and myrrh, the fragrant
Of Araby; nor bleeding hecatomb [breath
Distained his blushing altars. Solemn praise
And pray'rs devoutly breathed, the tears, the sighs
Of penitential grief, the broken heart,
Now formed the Gentile's purer sacrifice
To the true God. Each attribute [world
That points th' Almighty Parent of the
To man's conceptions, legibly portrayed [sees;
On Nature's page, th' enlightened convert
And as he views, his elevated breast,
With inextinguishable ardor, burns
For truth, for life and immortality. [tide
Where'er the preacher rolled the powerful
Of inspiration, from each fabled haunt
Foul error fled, whether the Roman school
Or Attic portico her presence held,
Or the dark inmate of the pagan shrine,
She heaped vain incense to some idol-god.

Oh! may those living oracles of light,
That boast the sanction of thy hallowed pen,
Illustrious convert! o'er each gloomy land,
Where still pale fear and superstition reign,
Spread the rich treasures of immortal truth!
May the false prophet's sensual paradise,
Base hopes of ignorance and lust,
Allure no more the pilgrim's weary step
To Mecca's walls; no longer Fohi's name
Usurp the prostrate adoration, due
To God alone: nor more th' unconscious sun
Provoke the trembling Indian's fruitless vow:
But may one mind, one faith, one hope, one
Unite the scattered progeny of man! [God
John Lettice.

3864. PAUL, Vision of.
Acts ix : 1-9.

What is this that stops my way
Like a wall, unseen by day?
Who doth bid my errand stay
Ere I come?
What o'erclouds me like a dream,
Blotting each remembered scheme
With an unaccustomed theme?
"Jesu sum."

What strange dissolution rends
From the comfort of my friends,
From my life's determined ends?
Dark and dumb,
What doth bind my fluent tongue
Like an instrument unstrung,
With its lesson never sung?
"Jesu sum."

See! this sudden shock of light
Falls like palsy on my sight,
Till I view no path aright
In my gloom;
All my faculties are dead,
Every sinew bound with lead:
What this shivering trance of dread?
"Jesu sum."

"Listen, since for human weal,
All thy misdirected zeal,
Thee to warm, and thee to heal,
Am I come:
Thou with stones My saints hast slain,
Torture bound with scourge and chain;
Know thyself the martyr pain!
'Jesu sum.'

"Thou wert Mine without thy knowing;
From this moment's wonder-showing,
Pay the debt thy life is owing
Burthensome:
On the blindness of thy thought
Dawns the inner life unsought.
Teach, as thou thyself art taught;
'Jesu sum.'"

Julia Ward Howe.

3865. PENTECOST.
Acts ii : 1-4.

The rolling year brings back the time,
With blessed joys replete,
When on the waiting twelve came down
The Holy Paraclete.

The fire, in quivering tongues of flame,
Descending sat on each,
To fill with fervency of love
And fluency of speech.

To every race, in every tongue,
They spoke with power divine;
Some trembling heard, some mocking said
That they were drunk with wine.

When Pentecost was fully come
This marvel wrought, they see,
That thus the sacred round of days
Should bring our jubilee.

On us, O God most merciful,
With bended heads we pray
That Thou wilt of Thy Spirit pour
Abundantly, to-day.

Hilary, tr. by N. B. Smithers.

3866. PENTECOST.
Acts ii : 1-4.

My Saviour, can it be
That I should gain by losing Thee?
The watchful mother tarries nigh
Though sleep have closed her infant's eye;
For should he wake and find her gone,
She knows she could not bear his moan.
But I am weaker than a child,
And Thou art more than mother dear;
Without Thee, heaven were but a wild:
How can I live without Thee here?

"'Tis good for you that I should go,
You lingering yet awhile below:"
'Tis Thine own gracious promise, Lord!
Thy saints have proved the faithful word,
When heaven's bright boundless avenue
Far opened on their eager view,
And homeward to Thy Father's throne,
Still lessening, brightening on their sight,
Thy shadowing car went soaring on;
They tracked Thee up th' abyss of light.

Thou bidd'st rejoice; they dare not mourn,
But to their home in gladness turn,
Their home and God's, that favored place
Where still He shines on Abraham's race,
In prayers and blessings there to wait
Like suppliants at their monarch's gate
Who, bent with bounty rare to aid
The splendors of his crowning day,
Keeps back awhile his largess, made
More welcome for that brief delay.

In doubt they wait, but not unblest;
They doubt not of their Master's rest,
Nor of the gracious will of Heaven—
Who gave His Son, sure all has given—
But in ecstatic awe they muse
What course the genial stream may choose,
And far and wide their fancies rove,
And to their height of wonder strain,
What secret miracle of love
Should make their Saviour's going gain.

The days of hope and prayer are past,
The day of comfort dawns at last,
The everlasting gates again
Roll back, and lo! a royal train:
From the far depths of light once more
The floods of glory earthward pour;
They part like shower-drops in mid-air,
But ne'er so soft fell noontide shower,
Nor evening rainbow gleamed so fair
To weary swains in parched bower.

Swiftly and straight each tongue of flame
Through cloud and breeze unwavering came
And darted to its place of rest
On some meek brow, of Jesus blest.
Nor fades it yet, that living gleam,
And still those lambent lightnings stream;
Where'er the Lord is, there are they;
  In every heart that gives them room
They light His altar every day,
  Zeal to inflame and vice consume.

Soft as the plumes of Jesus' Dove
They nurse the soul to heavenly love:
The struggling spark of good within
Just smothered in the strife of sin,
They quicken to a timely glow,
The pure flame spreading high and low.
Said I that prayer and hope were o'er?
  Nay, blessed Spirit! but by Thee
The Church's prayer finds wings to soar,
  The Church's hope finds eyes to see.

Then, fainting soul, arise and sing:
Mount, but be sober on the wing;
Mount up, for heaven is won by prayer;
Be sober, for thou art not there;
Till Death the weary spirit free,
Thy God hath said, 'Tis good for thee
To walk by faith and not by sight:
  Take it on trust a little while;
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right,
  In the full sunshine of His smile.

Or if thou still more knowledge crave,
Ask thine own heart, that willing slave
To all that works thee woe or harm;
Shouldst thou not need some mighty charm
To win thee to thy Saviour's sight,
Though He had deigned with thee to bide?
The Spirit must stir the darkling deep,
  The Dove must settle on the cross,
Else we should all sin on or sleep
  With Christ in sight, turning our gain to loss. *John Keble.*

3867. PENTECOST, Wind of.
Acts ii : 2.

Blow on, thou mighty Wind!
  The cloven tongues descending, [burn,
Fanned by thy dewy breath, shall blaze and
  A sacred flame unending;
  Soon shall the fire behold
Vile earth transformed to fine wrought gold;
  A gloom of shadowy night
That flame shall kindle into light:
Therefore, thou mighty Wind, blow on.

Blow on, thou mighty Wind,
  And waft to realms unbounded
The notes of faith and hope and tender love
  The gospel-trump hath sounded.
  Those sweetly piercing tones,
That charm all woes and tears and groans,
  Through earth and sea and sky
Upon thy rushing wings shall fly:
Therefore, thou mighty Wind, blow on.

Blow on, thou mighty Wind;
  For, tempest-tossed and lonely,
The Church upon the rolling billows rides,
  And trusts in thy breath only;
  She spreads her swelling sails
For thee to fill with favoring gales,
  Till through the stormy sea
Thou bring her home where she would be:
Therefore, thou mighty Wind, blow on.

Blow on, thou mighty Wind,
  On hearts contrite and broken, [words
And bring in quickening power the gracious
  That Jesus' lips have spoken.
  Lo! then, from death and sleep,
The listening souls to life shall leap;
  Then love shall reign below,
And joy the whole wide world o'erflow:
Therefore, thou mighty Wind, blow on.
John Henry Hopkins, Jr.

3868. PENTECOST, Zechariah's Vision of.
Zechariah iv · 1-7.

I slept, and dreamed; and in my dream, behold,
I saw a candlestick made all of gold,
And on the top thereof a bowl, all bright,
The golden reservoir of oil for light;
And from the bowl seven golden lamps are fed,
Through golden pipes the rich supply is shed.
These golden lamps mean love and grace professed;
The lamps alight are love and grace possessed;
The pipes, supplied, supply the lamps in turn,
The lamps, supplied, with holy radiance burn,
Fed by the oil that floweth out apace
From out the golden bowl—the oil of grace.

Whence is that golden bowl supplied with oil?
Is it by human efforts, human toil?
By some precarious hand, inconstant care,
That now bestows and now withholds its share?
Filled from a vial that itself runs dry,
And fails to keep supplied its own supply?
Or from a fountain fickle at its source,
Or some impulsive intermittent force?
Ah no! not these the golden bowl can fill,
It needs a fountain flowing, flowing still;
A source itself perennially supplied,
A spring, receiving always, never dried.

Beside the candlestick and golden bowl,
(Material emblem of the life and soul),
Two olive-trees—two living trees—behold,
With fruit in ceaseless season, manifold;
Upon the right and on the left hand, see,
They pour the precious oil unceasingly;
Communing ever with the bowl all bright,
The golden reservoir of oil for light,
The rich supply comes welling up, unspent,
As from a fount of living unction sent;
The throbbing pulses of the living trees
Send forth their costly issues, with such ease,

And with such constancy, that nevermore
Can oil be lacking in that reservoir;
No famine of this oil can e'er prevail,
To cause the widow's scanty cruse to fail;
Nor blight upon these olive-trees is found,
Deep-rooted are they in the olive-ground;
And through the golden pipes their issues roll
Into the golden candlestick and bowl.

What meaneth this? what does the vision mean—
This wondrous dream and vision I have seen;
"'Tis not might," the angel straight replied,
"Nor yet by power of human pomp and pride;
But only by My Spirit, saith the Lord,
The Spirit of My grace, on each outpoured."

The golden candlestick and bowl
Are emblems of the life and soul;
The golden pipes, the secret ways,
Are emblems of the means of grace;
The olive-trees, with oil endowed,
The Spirit of the living God;
From this full Source the soul supplied,
The oil of grace is multiplied;
From copious fountain of God's love,
That ever flowing source above,
The streams of grace unceasing flow
Into the golden bowl below,
Communing with the Spirit's power,
Partaking of the gracious shower;
The living, rooted olive-tree
Is grace supplied unceasingly;
The Spirit of the living Lord
In Pentecostal strength outpoured.

Thus is the Church supplied with food,
E'en by the Spirit of our God;
Thus, too, it burns with radiance bright,
A burning and a shining light.
From living root, the living spring,
The olive-trees their tribute bring;
Without the Spirit thus supplied,
The means of grace are channels dried;
Without communion with the root,
There is no bringing forth of fruit;
No oil the service pipes to feed,
The lamps are cold and dark and dead:
That candlestick will God remove,
Unfed by springs of grace and love.

Thus, too, the Spirit feeds the soul,
As those two olive-trees the bowl;
Perennial doth the olive flow,
From root in God to man below;
Unfailing is the rich supply,
The golden pipes are never dry;
The means of grace as channels prove
Blest conduits of Thy grace and love;
The soul sheds forth its golden light,
The pure oil-olive burning bright—
Oil-olive from the olive-tree,
Led on and flowing ceaselessly.

O Spirit of the living Lord,
Be Thou unto Thy Church outpoured!
The unction from Thy sacred breast
Brings life and light, and peace and rest;
Bless, Lord, Thy living churches bless,
Diffuse Thyself in means of grace.
'Tis thus the Church's life is fed
By unction of the Spirit shed;
Communing with the olive-tree,
With Thee, O Holy Ghost, with Thee.

O Spirit, to my waiting heart
Supply this oil, Thyself impart;
From root and fatness of the tree,
Rooted and grounded, Lord, in Thee,
The means of grace, with grace bedew,
And all my inmost soul renew;
Life from the dead Thy grace is found,
Replenishing the parchèd ground;
Communing with the olive-tree,
All my fresh springs are, Lord, in Thee;
In Pentecostal blessing given,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

Robert Maguire.

3869. PETER, Christ's Look at.
Luke xxii: 61.

The Saviour looked on Peter. Ay, no word,
No gesture of reproach! the heavens serene,
Though heavy with armed justice, did not lean
Their thunders that way! The forsaken Lord
Looked only on the traitor. None record
What that look was; none guess; for those who have seen
Wronged lovers loving through a death-pang keen,
Or pale-cheeked martyrs smiling to a sword,
Have missed Jehovah at the judgment call!
And Peter, from the height of blasphemy,
"I never knew this Man," did quail and fall
As knowing straight that God, and turned free,
And went out speechless from the face of all,
And filled the silence weeping bitterly.

I think that look of Christ might seem to say,
Thou, Peter! art thou then a common stone,
Which I at last must break my heart upon,
For all God's charge to His high angels may
Guard My foot better? Did I, yesterday,
Wash thy feet, My beloved, that they should run
Quick to deny Me 'neath the morning sun?
And do thy kisses like the rest betray?
The cock crows coldly. Go, and manifest
A late contrition, but no bootless fear!
For when thy deadly need is bitterest,
Thou shalt not be denied; I am here.
My voice to God and angels shall attest—
Because I know this man, let him be clear.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

3870. PETER, Christ's Question to.
John xvi: 17.

A group had gathered on the shore that bounds
The restless waters of Tiberias.

The weary fishermen, who, all night long,
Had cast their nets in vain, now saw amazed
The wondrous product of their later toil,
And half in terror cried, "It is the Lord!"
And He, mysterious Man, whom late they saw
Expire in agony upon the cross,
Stood calmly in their midst and hushed their fear.

Impetuous Peter, bolder than the rest,
Had met his Master first, and sought to prove
His zealous confidence and greater love.
Him loving, yet reproving for his warmth,
The Lord addressed: "Thou son of Jonas, hear,
And answer truly if thou lovest Me." Thrice fell this question on his anxious ear,
While wonder first, and then dismay and grief,
Oppressed him as his answer thus he made:
"Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee well."

"Then feed My lambs," the holy Shepherd said:
"If Me thou lovest more than all beside,
Then feed My lambs! If thou wilt prove thy zeal,
And thus insure thy Master's welcome praise,
Go feed My lambs! I ask no arduous toil,
No deed of high emprise thy powers shall task:
I only bid thee feed My lambs!" He said,
And soon for heav'n departed, there to watch
His under-shepherds while they guard His flock.

O ye whose holy privilege it is
To serve Him thus, see that ye feed His lambs!
So shall ye gain the evidence ye seek,
That your commission bears His sacred seal;
So shall ye prove your love, and so acquire
The rich reward on which your hopes are fixed. *Julian Cramer.*

3871. PETER, Deliverance of.
Acts xii : 5.

He slept between two soldiers, bound with chains,
Waiting the hour when wily Herod's hand
Should point his martyr-doom. Yet still he slept,
Peaceful as the young babe. And lo! a light
Gleamed o'er the dungeon-darkness, and a voice
Not of this earth poured forth the high command,
"Peter, arise." Then the investing chains
Melted from off his limbs, and he arose
And robed himself, and girt his sandals on,
And followed where the wondering messenger
Guided, with shining track. The iron gate,
That guarded portal of the city's wall,
As if it knew heaven's high ambassador,
Turned on its massy hinge. So on they passed,
Free and unquestioned, till the seraph's wing
Outspread in parting flight. With snowy trace
Awhile it hovered, then, like radiant star
From its bright orbit loosed, went soaring up,
High o'er the arch of night.
Then Peter knew
The angel of the Lord, for he had deemed
Some blessed vision held his tranced sight
In strange illusion.
With the voice of praise
His joyous steps a well-known threshold sought,
The home of Mary. Midnight reigned around,
And heavy sleep hung o'er Jerusalem.
Yet here they slumbered not. A sigh arose
Of ardent supplication for the friend
In durance and in chains. But can ye paint
The astonished gaze with which those tearful eyes
Did fasten on his features as he stood
Sudden amid the group?
High Heaven had heard
The prayer of faith. And heard it not the breath
Of gratitude from every trembling lip,
Ascribing glory to the Lord of hosts,
Whose holy angel had His servant freed
From the high-handed malice of the Jews
And from the wrath of Herod?
Ye who held
The key of prayer, that key which entereth heaven,
How long will ye be doubtful? and how long
Seek from brief earth the help she cannot give,
Choosing her broken cisterns? Say! how long? *Lydia H. Sigourney.*

3872. PETER, Denial by.
Mark xiv : 66-72.

We look with scorn on Peter's thrice-told lie!
Boldly we say, "Good brother, you nor I,
So near the sacred Lord, the Christ indeed,
Had dared His name and marvellous grace deny."

O futile boast! O haughty lips, be dumb!
Unheralded by boisterous trump or drum,
How oft 'mid silent eves, and midnight chimes,
Vainly to us our pleading Lord hath come,

Knocked at our hearts, striven to enter there;
But we, poor slaves of mortal sin and care,
Sunk in deep sloth, or bound by spiritual sleep,
Heard not the voice divine, the tender prayer!

Ah! well for us if some late spring-tide hour
Faith still may bring, with blended shine and shower;
If through warm tears a late remorse may shed,
Our wakened souls put forth one heavenly flower! *Paul H. Hayne.*

3873. PETER, Denial by.
Matthew xxvi : 69–75

Night on the chamber lay,
Dull was the lamp's red ray,
Fitful its stealthy play
On the carved ceiling;
And without speech or sound,
Dim curious shadows round
Men in amazement bound,
Came slowly stealing.

Back from the staircase head
Echoed a quivering tread,
As the scared traitor sped
Swift toward the valley.
Then while a tide of woe
Surged through the breast below,
One voice in melting flow
Rose musically:

"Comes My full glory now,
And round My Father's brow,
As to His will I bow,
That glory shineth;
No longer here I stay,
To seek Me ye will stray,
But will not find a way
Ere life declineth.

"Leave I a new command:
In one unbroken band
Firmly together stand,
Brother by brother;
Would ye all men should know
From the same root ye grow,
From the same fountain flow,
Love one another."

Peter, with anxious brow,
"Whither, Lord, goest Thou?"
"Thou canst not follow now,"
Said the loved Master,
"But thou shalt come to Me;"
Peter, in answer free,
"Nay, but I'd go with Thee,
Spite of disaster;

"Go with Thee, e'en to die,
With Thee in prison lie,
And though all these should fly
Yet will I never!"
Clearly the warm words rang
As to the lip they sprang,
Born of that bitter pang
With which hearts sever.

Dumbly the shadows swayed,
And the dim lamp-light played,
In ghostlier twist and braid,
From floor to ceiling;
Each clumsy mottled fold
Of hangings quaint and old,
Now gray with dust and mould,
Wildly revealing.

Earnest was Peter's vow,
But on his Master's brow
Solemnly gathered now
Pity and sorrow;
In its strong favor true
That throbbing heart He knew,
But a quick glance He threw
On the stern morrow.

Mournfully answered He,
"Say'st thou wilt die for Me?
Ere yet the night shall flee,
Morn's light be shown to thee,
Ere to the waking sky
Shrills forth the watch-cock's cry,
Thrice will those lips deny
That thou hast known Me."

"Never!" Quick burst the word,
Slowly the hangings stirred;
Young muffled Echo heard,
And half sighed "Ever;"
Broke was the shadow's rest,
Heaved every listener's breast:
All round the Master pressed,
High rang the "Never."

Midnight lamps streamed with light,
Fagots with blaze were bright;
Hushed Heaven marked the sight
In that proud palace;
Traitor, thy work was done!
There stood the holy One,
God's own eternal Son,
Sport for base malice.

Gathered the false lip there;
By the bold villain's glare
And the proud bigot's stare
Was the hall bordered;
While the priests circled round
Him with the mitre crowned,
And sacred ephod bound,
Jewelled and broidered.

In his black enmity
Strutted the Pharisee,
Pompous phylactery
On wrist and forehead;
Sadducees gathered near
Wearing the sceptic sneer;
Scribes bandied jest and jeer
Round heaven's Adored.

Back from the flaming wood,
In shaded corner, stood
Young John, the mild and good,
For boudoir meeter;
And by the ruddy blaze,
With frantic mien and gaze,
Lost in a dread amaze,
Trembling, sat Peter.

"Judea's King art Thou?"
Caiaphas questioned now:
"Christ, to whom angels bow,
In glory seated?"
"I am." From wall to wall,
Throughout that palace-hall,
Echo, to echo's call,
"I am" repeated.

"Me ye'll hereafter see
Throned with the Deity,
Glory encircling Me,
God's power and glory;
See Me in clouds descend,
Time's measured reign to end,
While round Me angels bend
And go before Me."

Wild rang the clattering staff,
High rose the scornful laugh,
As when the demons quaff
Soul's blood in wassail;
And with a leering head,
Or scowl of hate instead,
Swaying in mockery dread,
Did the crowd jostle.

Priests the rich tunic rent,
Bigots in horror bent,
All one deep cry upsent—
"Hear His blaspheming!
Guilty! to death with Him!"
Waxed Peter's vision dim,
Sights ghastly, bloody, grim,
Around him swimming.

"Thou too hast been seen
With this vile Nazarene;"
"Thou art a Galilean,"
Came the dread sally;
"Sure of His band art thou:
I marked thee even now
Where bends the olive bough
In yonder valley."

Thrice the accusing knell,
Thrice the denial fell,
Then, with the crowd's mad yell,
Came oaths and scorning;
E'en as the sounds did flow,
One silver gleam, and lo!
Shrilled high the clarion crow,
Ushering morning.

As rose the warning sound
Slowly the Lord turned round,
His mild eye from the ground
Raising to Peter;
Cowering, the bold man crept
Where darkest shadows slept,
Covered his face, and wept
Tears large and bitter.

Mrs. Emily Judson.

3874. PETER, Denial of.
Luke xxii. 55-62.

Into the high-priest's palace Peter comes,
Not boldly, as his wont, but stealthily,
As he doth fear at every step some foe.
He stands and warms himself, as if to hide
The perturbations of his soul, now sunk
In fear and dread of what may Christ befall.
A pert and curious maid has spied him out,
And, gazing in his tell-tale face, exclaims,
"And thou wast also with the Nazarene?"
This he denies, and fain would have her think
He knows not even what she talks about!
But his unrestful soul can brook no more
Her curious, doubting gaze, and forth he goes
Into the outer court, to hide his shame.
Soon comes another maid, and points him out
To those that nearest stand. Again denies
False Peter, stronger than before. And now,
When sev'ral say he is betrayed by speech
That smacks of Galilean land, he still
With strongest oaths declares he knows Christ not.
And while the words yet blister on his lips
There pierces through his soul the cock's shrill crow.
And lo! the Master's face in pitying guise
And sad remonstrance passes him before.
All base denial melts beneath that look,
And out he rushes where his tears may flow
And find their freest vent; where he may
And bitterly repent the blasphemy [paues
And sin of thrice denying his dear Lord.
Peter, methinks, never forgot that day,
And often in his after glorious life,
When over-confident, he'd sudden stop,
And hear again the cock's shrill voice re-sound,
And see the wondrous pitying gaze of Christ.

Alexander Macauley.

3875. PETER, Go Tell.
Mark xvi: 7.

But wherefore Peter? He whose pride
Dreamed on the monarch sea to tread,
Whose traitor-tongue with oaths denied
His Master in the hour of dread,
Wherefore to him in accents sweet
Such words of heavenly solace bear,
And not to those whose firmer feet
Indignant foiled the tempter's snare?

Hark! from a risen Saviour's tomb
The guardian seraph makes reply,
And sweet amid sepulchral gloom
Flows forth the language of the sky,
To teach us how the flame of love,
With silent ministry sublime,
May in repentant bosoms move,
And neutralize a mass of crime.

So, when some erring brother mourns
His recreant course with grief severe,
Haste, and with tender accent breathe
The "Go, tell Peter," in his ear,
For angels soothe the pangs of woe
That swell when contrite tears are shed,
And, pure as light, the pearl may glow
That darkest slept in ocean's bed.

Lydia H. Sigourney.

3876. PETER, Legend of St.
Matthew xxvi: 31-35.

All of you shall soon forsake Me; one already hath betrayed.
So the Lord addressed His loved ones; only one an answer made.

Simon Peter, self-reliant, yet the strongest
in the faith,
Answered—Master, I go with Thee, both to
prison and to death.

Soon, too soon, he rued that answer! Now,
by God's great mercy blest,
Clings he closer to the Saviour thrice denied,
yet thrice confessed.

And for Him who knoweth all things, knows
he loves him, will he keep
Until death that last injunction, Christ's
command to feed His sheep.

Toils he on with patient labor through the
work and wail of years,
But though still in Christ rejoicing, sheds he
still repentant tears.

Still whene'er the bird of morning, ere the
day break, sound his call,
Up St. Peter at the summons rises, kneels
to weep his fall.

So, though holiest aspirations on life's work
our hearts may fix,
Still the tears of deep contrition with the
noblest aims must mix

Now at length, his mission ended, in a
prison he must lie,
Where the foes he braved have thrown him,
captive and condemned to die.

But the brave and faithful servant, eager yet
to work for all,
Cannot rest in patient waiting 'neath that
dreary dungeon-wall.

Stealthily he leaves his prison in the silence
of the night,
Though no angel now attends him sent from
heaven to aid his flight:

Yet the massive gates of iron yield unto his
trembling hands:
What is this? Can sight deceive him? Christ,
his Lord, before him stands.

Joy and wonder overwhelming, heart and
head before Him bow,
Scarce his lips can form the question—
Master, whither goest thou?

Falls the hope that erst had thrilled him,
Christ with him might there abide:
Peter, I to Rome am wending; there I must
be crucified!

Then, as once when at Emmaus, in the
breaking of the bread,
He before His two disciples spake the word
and vanished,

So e'en now He spake to Simon, spake and
vanished at the word,
Leaving him transfixed in wonder at the
tidings he had heard.

Ponders he—Though He redeemed us by
His death of shame and pain,
Though subdued is death's dominion, must
He suffer all again?

No! 'Twas once for all He suffered, by His
death to make us free;
But His followers still may bear Him: He
must die again in me.

I who late have left my prison, feared to
suffer for His name,
Have I thus again denied Him? Coward
spirit! blush for shame.

Have I then in deed belied Him, spurned the
holy truth's defence?
Oh, the act of sinful weakness! Satan!
Tempter! get thee hence!

Now, O Lord, would I confess Thee with no
self-confiding breath;
Lord, I love Thee: take me with Thee both
to prison and to death.

Humbled, yet in hope exultant; stricken,
yet of fear bereft,
Turns he back a willing captive to the dun-
geon he had left.

With the iron chain they bind him, bear
him prisoner into Rome:
Ah! they little reck they lead him unto his
eternal home.

One more victim stands beside him, fellow-
witness to the faith,
Who, for love of his dear Saviour, will
endure the pains of death.

Saints of God he persecuted till he heard
his master's call,
Then with holy zeal he labored more abun-
dantly than all.

Now before the cross St. Peter stands con-
fessing bold and free,
Speaks the thought that seethes within him:
Is this privilege for me?

No, myself I will not liken to the Lord
whom once I spurned;
Of His death I am not worthy; downward
let my head be turned.

Thus he suffers; yet who knoweth what
divine support is nigh?
Who shall say what golden visions float be-
fore that closing eye?

Who shall guess what inward rapture stays
that short and gasping breath,
While the pallid brow is moistened with the
chilly dews of death?

Who shall doubt, the warfare over, on his
Master's breast he lies;
Face to face doth there confess Him mid
the joys of paradise.

Mary Moultrie.

3877. PETER, Sifting of.
Luke xvii : 31.

In St. Luke's Gospel we are told
How Peter in the days of old
Was sifted;
And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and scene
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat, to sift us, and we all
Are tempted;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter;
No heart hath armor so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow
Who hear the warning voice, but go
Unheeding;
Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows, crucified
And bleeding.

One look of that pale suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness;
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache;
The reddening scars remain, and make
Confession;
Lost innocence returns no more;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger,
And, conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

H. W. Longfellow.

3878. PETER, Tears of.
Mark xiv : 72.

O strong in purpose, frail in power,
Where now the pledge so lately given?
Coward to creatures of an hour;
Bold to the challenged bolts of heaven!

Shall that fierce eye e'er pour the stream
Of heart-wrung tears before its God?
Thus did the rock in Horeb seem
One moment ere it felt the rod.

But Jesus turns: mysterious drops
Before that kindly glance flow fast;
So melt the snows from mountain-tops
When the dark wintry hour is past.

What might it be that glance could paint?
Did one deep touching impress blend
The more than sage, the more than saint,
The more than sympathizing friend?

Was it that lightning thought retraced
Some hallowed hour beneath the moon,
Or walk, or converse high that graced
The temple's columned shade at noon?

Say did that face to memory's eye
With gleams of Tabor's glory shine?
Or did the dews of agony
Still rest upon that brow divine?

I know not; but I know a will
That, Lord! might frail as Peter's be!
A heart that had denied Thee still,
Even now, without a look from Thee!

Samuel Miller Waring.

3879. PETER, The Apostle.

Thou thrice-denied, yet thrice-beloved,
Watch by Thine own forgiven friend;
In sharpest perils faithful proved,
Let his soul love Thee to the end.

The prayer is heard; else why so deep
His slumber on the eve of death?
And wherefore smiles he in his sleep
As one who drew celestial breath?

He loves and is beloved again:
Can his soul choose but be at rest?
Sorrow hath fled away, and pain
Dares not invade the guarded nest.

He dearly loves, and not alone;
For his winged thoughts are soaring high
Where never yet frail heart was known
To breathe in vain affection's sigh.

He loves and weeps; but more than tears
Have sealed Thy welcome and his love;
One look lives in him, and endears
Crosses and wrongs where'er he rove.

That gracious chiding look, Thy call
To win him to himself and Thee,
Sweetening the sorrow of his fall,
Which else were rued too bitterly.

Even through the veil of sleep it shines,
The memory of that kindly glance;
The angel watching by divines
And spares a while his blissful trance.

Or haply to his native lake
His vision wafts him back, to talk
With Jesus ere His flight He take,
As in that solemn evening walk,

When to the bosom of His friend,
The Shepherd, He whose name is Good,
Did His dear lambs and sheep commend,
Both bought and nourished with His blood;

Then laid on him the inverted tree,
Which, firm embraced with heart and arm,
Might cast o'er hope and memory,
O'er life and death, its awful charm.

With brightening heart he bears it on,
His passport through the eternal gate,
To his sweet home—so nearly won;
He seems, as by the door he waits,

The unexpressive notes to hear
Of angel song and angel motion,
Rising and falling on the ear
Like waves in joy's unbounded ocean.

His dream is changed: the tyrant's voice
Calls to that last of glorious deeds:
But as he rises to rejoice,
Not Herod, but an angel, leads.

He dreams he sees a lamp flash bright,
Glancing around his prison-room;
But 'tis a gleam of heavenly light
That fills up all the ample gloom.

The flame that in a few short years
Deep through the chambers of the dead
Shall pierce and dry the fount of tears,
Is waving o'er his dungeon-bed.

Touched he upstarts: his chains unbind;
Through darksome vault, up massy stair,
His dizzy, doubting footsteps wind
To freedom and cool moonlight air.

Then all himself, all joy and calm,
Though for awhile his hand forego,
Just as it touched, this martyr's palm,
He turns him to his task below:

The pastoral staff, the keys of heaven,
To wield awhile in gray-haired might,
Then from his cross to spring forgiven,
And follow Jesus out of sight.

John Keble.

3880. PETER WALKING ON THE SEA.

Matthew xiv: 28-31.

Swift-rolling clouds the face of heaven pervade,
And cast o'er night's dark brow a deeper shade;
Whilst still in sullen calm the whirlwinds sleep,
Presaging murmurs moan along the deep;
Hushed is the sea-bird's cry, the billow's roar,
And gloomy silence broods along the shore.

Now bursts the storm, the clouds are rent in twain,
And rise at once the terrors of the main:
The forked lightnings flash with lurid fire,
To quench the flaming bolts the waves aspire,
The rattling thunder rolls along the sky,
And bursting breakers to the roar reply;
Whilst the fierce whirlwind flies with direful sweep,
And rouses all the monsters of the deep;
And the swift-pattering hail and drenching shower
On yon half-sinking bark their fury pour,
Where seem alike the fervent prayer
Of holiest saints or ravings of despair.

But who is He; that mild yet awful Form
That rises midst the horrors of the storm?
O'er the still-heaving wave He calmly treads,
Whilst back the billows roll their shrinking heads.
Around His brow celestial splendors play,
And the white sparkling foam reflects the ray.
Unmoved by wind, His flowing locks repose,
Unbathed His foot, unwet His garment flows;
Onward He moves majestic o'er the wave,
The messenger of boundless love, to save.

Oh, mighty lesson! see obedience tried!
At His command now Peter climbs the side
And leaves the bark; such is the force of love,
Which yields e'en life its fervent zeal to prove!
But when around he sees the waves aspire,
Weak nature's fear attempts to quench the fire:
"Save me!" Now steadfast Faith becomes his guide,
And bears him o'er the terrors of the tide,
And gives in safety to his Saviour's breast
The man with faith and pure obedience blest!

Mrs. Henry Rolls.

3881. PETER'S MOTHER-IN-LAW HEALED.

Matthew viii: 14-17.

Capernaum, Sabbath, afternoon;
The synagogue seems closed too soon,
So swiftly sped th' unconscious hour,
Winged by such words of love and power.

To Simon's and to Andrew's home
Jesus, with James and John, is come,
And all with joyful haste prepare
To make the Saviour welcome there.

Not all: the fond and anxious wife
Bends o'er the form that gave her life,
Her mother, in whose wasting frame
A mighty fever burns like flame.

Sad is her welcome, but her heart
Leaps instant with prophetic start,
And straight, with prayers that fill her eyes,
She tells him how her mother dies.

As Jesus takes that burning hand,
Lo, fever owns His kind command!
The brow grows cool, the pulse beats calm,
Health pours through every vein like balm.

She rises, languor gone and pain,
Joy crowns that grateful home again,
And on sweet ministries of love
Her willing feet accustomed move.

And lo, as Sabbath's sun goes down,
At Peter's door the thronging town
Trembles while dire diseases fly,
And demons own the Lord Most High.

O Jesus, when we give up all
Like Peter, at Thy sovereign call,
When all our souls on Thee depend,
Faith finds physician, food, and friend.

And all the woes that mortals mourn,
Of all their bitterest sharpness shorn,
Subdued by skill no schools afford,
Are soothed at Jesus' gentlest word.
George Lansing Taylor.

3882. PHARAOH, Overthrow of.
Exodus xv : 26.

Ye daughters and soldiers of Israel, look back!
Where, where are the thousands who shadowed your track,
The chariots that shook the deep earth as they rolled,
The banners of silk and the helmets of gold?

Where are they, the vultures whose beaks would have fed
On the tide of your hearts ere the pulses had fled?
Give glory to God, who in mercy arose,
And strewed mid the waters the strength of our foes!

But this morn, and the Israelites' strength was a reed,
That shook with the thunder of chariot and steed:
Where now are the swords and their far-flashing sweep?
Their lightnings are quenched in the depths of the deep.

3883. PHARAOH, The Pursuit of.
Exodus xiv : 5-31.

There's darkness on the Erythræan deep,
Where the green waves rush with foaming sweep,
And heavily roll o'er Migdol's shore,
Whose cliffs prolong the lengthened roar.

Hark! the shrill trumpet's warlike wail
Comes from the hills; the glare of mail
Breaks through the gloom; the red torch's flash,
The chariot's din, the cymbal's clash,
The horseman's clang, the gleaming spear,
Proclaim the van of battle near!

Where now is thy mysterious power,
Leader of Israel? 'Tis the hour
Of flight, pursuit, revenge, and fear:
The dreadful host of Egypt's near!

There's no escape! The sea's dark swell
Before thee roars; behind, the yell
And shout of Mizraim's bannered-line,
With targe, and lance, and brigandine,
And regal car, and sworded king,
Encircled with a fiery ring
Of warriors panting for the fight,
With brands unsheathed that shed a light,
A death-gleam, o'er the splendid throng,
As vauntingly they pass along;
While their deep march is heard from far,
And clashing shields that threaten war!

. . . . . .

The Hebrew leader stretched his rod;
The sea obeyed his godlike nod,
And flung its mountain billows back,
Leaving a deep and oozy track,
A pathway through the foam-curled tide,
That high arose on either side,
Amid the gloom of that strange night,
Like walls of brass and towers of might!
On rushed through that dim ocean vale,
With trembling fear and wonder pale,
The Hebrew bands in long array,
When burst upon their darksome way
A flood of rainbow-colored light,
Streaming o'er plume and helmet bright,
Banner and pennon, shield and glave,
O'er chief and serf, and glittering wave;
For now the cloud that led them towers,
Their hindmost guard from hostile powers,
A pyramid of dazzling glory,
The mightiest spell in eastern story.
Mid the upgushing swell of light
That onward through the starless night
Its diamond-blazing radiance shed,
Round each fear-hurried pilgrim's head
Were winged splendors, shapes of heaven,
Clad in the sky-wrought pomps of even,
While thick their flashing glories shone
More brilliant than the morning sun!
But on the heathen charioteer,
The prancing steed, the halberdier,
Their pride of war, grim darkness fell;
The wailing horn, the threatening yell,
Died into silence; and then came
From the black pillar a fitful flame,
A lurid gleam, then deep and loud
The thunder-peal broke from that cloud;
While fiery shapes of dreadful mien
Were seen its gloomy skirts between.

. . . . . .

The Hebrew tribes have gained the strand,
Their leader stretches forth his hand;
Down fell with sudden rush and roar
The mountain billows piled on high!
One wild fierce death-shriek rung along the shore,
And all was still! Nor voice nor cry
Came from that dark and desolate wave,
The heathen warrior's unblest grave!
J. F. Pennie.

3884. PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.
Luke xviii : 9-14.

Behold, two men go forth to-day,
Up to the temple shrine to pray.

Is it to pray, or say their prayer,
These twain are found resorting there?

One, robed in broad phylactery,
Nor bends the heart nor yet the knee,
No sense of sin, no weary load;
Boasting, he saith, "I thank Thee, God!
I am no wretched slave of lust,
Nor yet extortionate, unjust;
I fast, and earn a talked-of fame;
I tithe, and gain a good man's name."
Thus, robed in broad phylactery,
Spake the proud, boastful Pharisee.

Abashed, ashamed, the other man
His prayer in penitence began.
He stood far off, and, sore afraid,
He smote upon his breast, and prayed.
He dared not lift to heaven his eye,
But from his bosom heaved a sigh.
"O miserere!" was his plea,
"Have mercy, mercy, Lord, on me!"
Thus did he pray, that other man:
This was the lowly Publican.

These twain a goodly lesson teach,
As learnt from acts and words of each:
The one, by prayer a blessing brought;
The other, condemnation wrought.
One in his pride of spirit stood,
And dared to boast before his God.
One "de profundis" humbly cried,
He was the "rather justified"!

Robert Maguire.

3885. PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.

With brow upraised, as one who sees his peers,
From some tall summit, dwarf to lesser size,
Free from all vulgar awe or feeble tears,
Courting all eyes,

To gaze upon his eyes, alight with pride,
Behold the Pharisee! a statelier sort
Of man, not made of clay, fit to abide
In temple court,

As his own heart assured him. Bound to thanks
For duty done and life enjoyed, to God;
But not to wail o'er sin, like meaner ranks
Of common clod.

Proud as he passed, his eye's dilating globe
Fell on a poor wretch crouching in the aisle,
And, gathering up the fringes of his robe
From chance defile

He to the altar strode with lordly scorn,
And spoke his thanks to self and God again
For the rare privilege of not being born
"As other men."

Blind to the beauty of all high desire,
Content with husks, not fruit, he clung to form,
As one who blows white ashes of the fire,
Saying, "I'm warm."

. . . . . .

With eyes that sought the ground, and inly burned
With that dry sorrow which is keenest pain;
Longing for tears, if but "the clouds re-
After the rain;" [turned

Crushed by the one large, deadly sense of sin,
Fearing to look toward the holy place,
Lest he should find nor cleft to shelter in,
Nor smile of grace—

Came the poor sinner to the place of prayer;
Not with the voice of some exulting psalm,
But with dim, tremulous hope, which scarcely
Expect its balm. [dare

The homeless, flying from the furious blast,
Heeds not the passer-by, although a king;
So filled with grief, the scorn upon him cast
Had lost its sting.

No pomp of words the lab'ring silence broke;
Mutely the eye besought, the lips implored;
Then, passionate, the heart leaped forth and
"Have mercy, Lord!" [spoke:

And could no more; for then a storm arose,
Sweeping through all the chambers of the mind,
As when through northern forests shrieks and blows
The wintry wind.

. . . . . .

And He, the Highest, sat in heaven and heard
The voice of both. For upward to His throne
There rise alike the ostentatious word
And undertone,

Spoken in murmurs. Whether vaunted loud,
Or held, like some shy secret in the mind,
He answers each, the contrite and the proud,
After their kind.

To some, like Caiaphas and Herod, naught;
To some, the smoke and whirlwind, as to Cain;
To some, the whisper, which, imbreathed to thought,
Can soothe its pain.

"Who ask not have not." Why should men repine
That He is jealous, and will reign alone?
Nor suffer us to rear an idol-shrine
Beside His own.

Who bows to self, of God hath small regard.
His pride he worships, let his pride befriend;
And "seen of men," of men he reaps reward
Until the end.

But when the sinners pour their anguished prayer,
All heaven is hushed while God Himself imparts,
And "gathers up the fragments" to repair
Their broken hearts.

W. Morley Punshon.

3886. PHILIP AND THE EUNUCH.

Acts viii : 26-40; Isaiah liii : 6-8.

'Twas silent all and dead
Beside the barren sea,
Where Philip's steps were led—
Led by a voice from Thee;
He rose and went, nor asked Thee why,
Nor stayed to heave one faithless sigh;

Upon His lonely way
The high-born traveller came,
Reading a mournful lay
Of "One who bore our shame,
Silent Himself, His name untold,
And yet His glories were of old."

To muse what Heaven might mean
His wandering brow he raised,
And met an eye serene
That on him watchful gazed;
No hermit e'er so welcome crossed
A child's lone path in woodland lost.

Now wonder turns to love;
The scrolls of sacred lore
No darksome mazes prove;
The desert tires no more;
They bathe where holy waters flow,
Then on their way rejoicing go.

They part to meet in heaven;
But of the joy they share,
Absolving and forgiving,
The sweet remembrance bear.
Yes, mark him well, ye cold and proud,
Bewildered in a heartless crowd,

Starting and turning pale
At rumor's angry din,
No storm can now assail
The charm he wears within,
Rejoicing still, and doing good,
And with the thought of God imbued.

John Keble.

3887. PI-HAHIROTH.

I.

Ho! bring ye forth the chariot, make bright the sword and bow,
In evil hour of mourning we let the captives go;
The craven dogs of Goshen, with their slave-leader bold,
Have flown like birds, with flocks and herds, with jewels and with gold.

"Who is this God so mighty, the recreant vaunted so?
It was the dread Osiris that laid our first-born low;
And by the help of Ammon this hand shall fetch them home,
Or whelm them with their prophet beneath the whirling foam."

Six hundred chosen chariots, with captains every one,
Led forth the van of battle at rising of the sun;
And lo! in standing order, from each Egyptian nome,
From Æthiop land and Libyan sand the gathered cohorts come.

From Abyssinian mountains where, hid in mist and snow,
Lie that great river's fountains no mortal man may know;
From the tall tower of Syènè and that green fairy isle,
From No's broad streets and Zoan's field, and the marshy mouths of Nile.

Through the high gates of Memphis poured that long cavalcade,
While pipe and drum and timbrel gay battle-music made;
Rich trappings, lofty standards, flung back the morning ray—
They little thought such evening should close so bright a day.

Ah! gaze ye well at parting on pyramids and towers!
Give one last smile to the lordly Nile, tall palms and lotus-flowers;
And bid farewell—a long farewell—to Mizraim's dark-eyed daughters,
Ye shall lie to-night where the coral-shell reddens the eastern waters.

II.

"Were there no graves in Egypt?" (I heard a people cry;)
"Ye have brought us out like cattle on desert sands to die.
Lo! rocks each side stand frowning, in front the pathless main,
And behind the ranks of Pharaoh come rolling on like rain."

"Fear not, ye trembling children! your God shall fight for you;
Who brought you forth from bondage shall surely bring you through,
Through foe, and flood, and desert, to that far pleasant soil,
The land of milk and honey, of corn, and wine, and oil.

"To-day is come salvation—your strength is to be still;
With signs and mighty wonders the Lord shall work His will;
The waves themselves shall wall you, this rod their crests shall sever,
And that great array ye dread to-day ye shall see no more forever."

All night in that strange journey with fear
and haste they fled,
While after them with wonder the foe in
fury sped;
Through coral caves, o'er yawning graves,
where lights unearthly showed,
Marched that six hundred thousand, and
that six hundred rode.

For those red waves were parted—so strong
the east wind blew,
And left and right a watery height flashed
in the lurid hue,
The glow of that strange pillar that moved
the hosts between,
A light to guide on Israel's side—a cloud by
Egypt seen.
And the Lord looked from that pillar just
ere the east was gray,
A look of fire, of vengeful ire on Pharaoh's
proud array;
And Egypt's host was troubled, and heavily
they drave,
For, loosed I ween by hands unseen, their
wheels to the salt mud clave.

III.

Bright rose the sunny morning, the long
dread night is o'er,
And that six hundred thousand are landed
safe ashore:
They turned them back, all fearful that fol-
lowing host to see,
But far and wide they only spied the red
waves rolling free.

And lances all in splinters, and banner-bear-
ing staves,
And quivers loose and bows unstrung that
danced upon the waves,
And dying steeds that struggled in vain to
reach the coast,
Were all they saw, in 'wildered awe, of that
o'erwhelmèd host.

For with the morning breezes the sea in
strength returned,
And all in vain for Nile's green plain those
drowning horsemen yearned,
Temple and tower colossal—the broad pa-
ternal stream,
And maids' dark eyes, and cloudless skies,
Flashed o'er them like a dream.

Down in the mazy chambers of those tall
tapering tombs,
Each mighty Pharaoh lieth in grand sepul-
chral glooms;
With spices and fine linen embalmed and
swathèd well,
While sculptured scrolls and picture-rolls
their deeds of glory tell:

But the order fair is broken of that old an-
cestral line,
For one lies deep in a lonely sleep in halls
of crystal brine;
His shroud of slime and seaweed, his grave
the wide Red river,
And the silent laugh of a cenotaph shall
speak his shame forever.

Then loud from Israel's children the song of
praise arose
Unto the God who gave them to triumph
o'er their foes;
Who ploughed a path through waters His
chosen ones to free,
And 'whelmed the horse and rider beneath
the roaring sea.

Charles Lawrence Ford.

3888. PILATE.

Matthew xxvii: 24.

Immortal infamy is his
Who gave the Saviour up
To bear the Jewish scourge and scorn
And drink the Roman cup.
He washed his hands in sight of men,
And slander thought to kill;
Yet he was damned, and to this hour
His hands are spotted still.

There's something of audacious crime
In guilty Judas found,
Though viler than the vilest thing
That crawls upon the ground;
But he who had not fortitude,
In trial's honest hour,
To own the holy influence
Of conscience' secret power,

And whose unfeeling, coward heart,
Intent on selfish ease,
Did seek, with sophistry and art,
Both God and man to please—
By God abhorred, by man despised,
And shunned by fiends below—
Where shall the wretch, to hide himself,
And hide his meanness, go?

William B. Tappan.

3889. PILATE'S WIFE, Dream of.

Matthew xxvii: 19.

Why came in dreams the low-born man
Between thee and thy rest?
For vain thy whispered message ran,
Though justice was thy quest.

Did some young ignorant angel dare—
Not knowing what must be,
Or blind with agony of care—
To fly for help to thee?

It may be. Rather I believe
Thou, nobler than thy spouse,
The rumored grandeur didst receive,
And sit with pondering brows,

Until thy maidens' gathered tale
With possible marvel teems:
Thou sleepest, and the Prisoner pale
Returneth in thy dreams.

Well mightst thou suffer things not few
For His sake all the night!
In pale eclipse He suffers who
Is of the world the light.

Precious it were to know thy dream
Of such a one as He!
Perhaps of Him we, waking, deem
As poor a verity.

George Macdonald.

3890. PILATE'S WIFE, Dream of.

Matthew xxvii : 19.

Oh, touch not thou that holy head!
The wife of Pilate cried;
Full is my heart with fear and dread,
As though a friend had died,
Or was about to die, instead
Of some one else beside:
Spare then that just One; let Him go;
The whispering spirits tell me so.

Mysterious dream: I saw a fire
All boundless in its blaze,
Raging in red omnivorous ire,
And scorching in its rays;
It licked the heavens with many a spire,
Nor could I bear to gaze:
The clouds together seemed to roll
And wither, like a parchment scroll.

Hosts upon hosts essayed in vain
The ruthless flames to quell;
Each mountain, city, tower, and plain
Subsided in the hell:
Ten thousand sounds of woe and pain
Blended into a yell,
Such as hath struck no mortal ear
But mine in this last night of fear.

The rocks were rent; the welkin rang;
When lo! as from a throne,
While souls in secret sorrow sang,
A Lamb came forth alone.
Its look was love: it hushed the clang
Of earth's tremendous groan;
Then mounting on the awful pyre,
Pierced its own heart and quenched the fire.

And as it died its closing eyes
With tears most piteous ran;
Its face beneath the frowning skies
Waxed wonderfully wan;
Then changed, and in amazing guise
An aspect wore of man:
A man divine and more than fair,
Too like the mystic Prisoner there.

M. Bridges.

3891. PILLAR, The Guiding.

Exodus xiii : 21, 22.

The "Exodus" was only the beginning
Of countless tender mercies by the way:
God went before the people He had chosen,
With fire by night, and with a cloud by day.
He took it not away, that cloudy pillar,
Although they oft provoked Him so to do:
Ungrateful though they were for all His kindness,
The pillar led them all their journey through.

It must have looked so cool and so refreshing,
That cloudy Pillar, in the heat of day!
And then at night, its shadow no more needed,
Became a fire to light them on their way.

Just what they needed! Wonderfully fitted
To meet the varying wants of every hour!
But oh, how little did they prize the token
Of His unerring wisdom, love, and power!

God's leadings often crossed their inclinations:
The Pillar went too fast or went too slow;
It stayed too long to suit their restless temper,
Or, when they wished to stay, it bade them go!

It kept them so uncertain of the future!
It wrote "if God permit," on every plan;
It seemed to mock the wisdom of the wisest,
And made a child of every full-grown man.

To bear such discipline aright, they needed
Far more humility than they possessed;
More self-abandonment, and more devotion,
A will surrendered, and a heart at rest.

And so they murmured! murmured very often;
Their sullen hearts rebelled against the light:
And had not God been strong, and very patient,
They never would have found their way aright.

Now these things happened to them for ensamples;
We find them "written for our learning," here:
O Israel! Israel! How can I condemn thee?
Thy condemnation were my own, I fear!

Yet, God of Israel, do not Thou forsake me!
O do not answer any wilful prayer!
But lead me safely to the land of Promise,
To heaven itself, and I will praise Thee there!

Catharine Hankey.

3892. PLAGUE OF EGYPT, The Seventh.

Exodus xi : 4-7.

'Twas morn: the rising splendor rolled
On marble towers and roofs of gold;
Hall, court, and gallery below
Were crowded with a living flow;
Egyptian, Arab, Nubian there,
The bearers of the bow and spear,
The hoary priest, the Chaldee sage,
The slave, the gemmed and glittering page—
Helm, turban, and tiara shone,
A dazzling ring, round Pharaoh's throne.

There came a man—the human tide
Shrank backward from his stately stride:
His cheek with storm and time was tanned;
A shepherd's staff was in his hand.
A shudder of instinctive fear
Told the dark king what step was near;
On through the host the stranger came,
It parted round his form like flame.

He stooped not at the footstool stone,
He clasped not sandal, kissed not throne;
Erect he stood amid the ring,
His only words, "Be just, O king!"
On Pharaoh's cheek the blood flushed high,
A fire was in his sullen eye;
Yet on the chief of Israel
No arrow of his thousands fell:
All mute and moveless as the grave,
Stood chilled the satrap and the slave.

"Thou'rt come," at length the monarch spoke;
Haughty and high the words outbroke:
"Is Israel weary of its lair,
The forehead peeled, the shoulder bare?
Take back the answer to your band:
Go, reap the wind; go, plough the sand;
Go, vilest of the living vile,
To build the never-ending pile,
Till, darkest of the nameless dead,
The vulture on their flesh is fed!
What better asks the howling slave
Than the base life our bounty gave?"

Shouted in pride the turbaned peers,
Upclashed to heaven the golden spears.
"King! thou and thine are doomed! Behold!"
The prophet spoke: the thunder rolled!
Along the pathway of the sun
Sailed vapory mountains, wild and dun.
"Yet there is time," the prophet said:
He raised his staff, the storm was stayed.
"King! be the word of freedom given;
What art thou, man, to war with Heaven?"
There came no word. The thunder broke
Like a huge city's final smoke,
Thick, lurid, stifling, mixed with flame,
Through court and hall the vapors came.

Loose as the stubble in the field,
Wide flew the men of spear and shield;
Scattered like foam along the wave,
Flew the proud pageant, prince, and slave;
Or, in the chains of terror bound,
Lay, corps-like, on the smouldering ground.
"Speak, king! the wrath is but begun!
Still dumb? Then, Heaven, Thy will be done!"

Echoed from earth a hollow roar,
Like ocean on the midnight shore;
A sheet of lightning o'er them wheeled,
The solid ground beneath them reeled;
In dust sank roof and battlement;
Like webs the giant walls were rent;
Red, broad, before his startled gaze,
The monarch saw his Egypt blaze.
Still swelled the plague: the flame grew pale,
Burst from the clouds the charge of hail;
With arrowy keenness, iron weight,
Down poured the ministers of fate;
Till man and cattle, crushed, congealed,
Covered with death the boundless field.

Still swelled the plague: uprose the blast,
The avenger, fit to be the last;
On ocean, river, forest, vale,
Thundered at once the mighty gale.
Before the whirlwind flew the tree,
Beneath the whirlwind roared the sea;
A thousand ships were on the wave:
Where are they? Ask that foaming grave!
Down go the hope, the pride of years;
Down go the myriad mariners;
The riches of earth's richest zone,
Gone! like a flash of lightning, gone!

And lo! that first fierce triumph o'er,
Swells ocean on the shrinking shore;
Still onward, onward, dark and wide,
Engulfs the land the furious tide.
Then bowed thy spirit, stubborn king,
Thou serpent, reft of fang and sting:
Humbled before the prophet's knee,
He groaned, "Be injured Israel free!"

To heaven the sage upraised his wand:
Back rolled the deluge from the land;
Back to its caverns sank the gale;
Fled from the noon the vapors pale;
Broad burned again the joyous sun—
The hour of wrath and death was done.

George Croly.

3893. POUNDS, The.
Luke xix: 11–27.

Departed King! what wouldst Thou have me do?
How shall I serve Thee? Whither shall I go?

My child! this pound I cheerfully supply;
Go thou, and, till My coming, "occupy!"
Use it, increase it to a goodly store,
And "grace for grace," I yet will grant thee more!
If thou dost hide this gift and use it not,
Thy day is done, and loss shall be thy lot!
Who hath, shall have; his neighbor's and his own;
He that hath not what seemeth his is gone!

Then is the end: the Lord of all doth come
To slay His foes, and take His children home.

Robert Maguire.

3894. PRAYER, Christ's Unanswered.
Luke xxii: 42.

No moon or planets ruled the hour
When Jesus, wrapt in deeper shade,
And pressed by an infernal power,
At midnight, in the garden, prayed.

He asked, who never asked in vain—
And sighs embalmed the heavy air—
That hence might pass the cup of pain;
Yet His was an unanswered prayer.

I go in vision where He lies,
Forsaken in His utmost need;
I see His terrors, hear His cries,
For whom there's none to intercede.
The night dews wet His burning brow,
The moaning breezes lift His hair;
Why crowd these horrors on Him now?
And wherefore this unanswered prayer?

It may not pass—that fearful cup,
Though mortal flesh and spirit shrink;
Insulted Law has filled it up,
The world is lost, and He must drink.
No pity for His doom is shown,
Who comes, unmeasured wrath to bear;
The quick cross lightning guards the throne,
And wards off that unanswered prayer.

Oh! had the cup but passed from Him,
And Calvary borne a stainless tree,
In heaven might range the cherubim,
But where, my spirit, wouldst thou be!
To break the cruel yoke of sin,
To raise from rags creation's heir,
The rebel to repentance win,
Must this remain unanswered prayer.

Unanswered! that forever more
Should contrite cries the boon obtain;
That he who knocks at mercy's door
In truth, might never knock in vain.
Then strengthened be thy bold intent,
In all thy need to Him repair,
And He will teach thee to present
What shall not be unanswered prayer!

William B. Tappan.

3895. PRAYER, What is?
Luke ix : 1.

And what is prayer?

'Tis a missive sped by faith;
'Tis a thought, a sigh, a breath;
'Tis the soul's repentant cry
In the ears of God Most High;
Messenger sent forth for food;
'Tis the speech of man with God;
'Tis the letter of our love
To our Father's home above;
Incense rising to the skies
Morning, evening, sacrifice.

Prayer is asking, as for bread;
Hunger, seeking to be fed.
'Tis the waiting at the door,
Waiting long, and asking more.
'Tis the widow's oft request,
When she gives the judge no rest.
'Tis the air by which we live;
Exercise on which we thrive;
Wrestling of the soul with God;
Bending back the chastening rod.

Prayer is that far distant view
Vista piercing through and through;
Through the clouds and through the sky,
Through yon star-lit canopy;
Bowstring bending more and more,
As the tension so the power.
'Tis the arrow on the string,
Now dispatched and taking wing;
Cleaving air and yonder sky,
Speeding far, and mounting high.

Sortie of the soul is prayer,
Breaking through this dark despair·
Pinion of the carrier dove,
Soaring to the heaven above;
Out of siege and dire distress,
Bearing, oh, such messages!
When the soul besieged by sin,
None goes out, and none goes in,
All the foe can do or dare
Cannot check the power of prayer.

Prayer—the onward, heavenward road;
'Tis the ladder up to God;
'Tis the way by which we go
Round and round proud Jericho;
'Tis the sound of trumpet blast,
Bringing down the walls at last;
'Tis the telegraphic cord,
Holding converse with the Lord;
'Tis the key of promise given
Turning in the lock of heaven.

Prayer—the fragrance of a flower
After the refreshing shower;
'Tis the dew that soars again,
Mist ascending after rain;
'Tis the life blood of the tree,
Oft it bleeds in agony.
Oh, the agony of prayer!
How it wrings the soul with care;
One of God's true witnesses,
This true sign: "Behold, he prays!"

Robert Maguire.

3896. PRISON, Peter's Deliverance from.
Acts xii : 3–19.

'Tis here my nature's state I see!
Fast bound in sin and misery,
In chains of hellish night,
Ready to render up my breath,
I slept, condemned to endless death,
Nor missed that heavenly light.

Th' infernal jailer stood before,
With guards that watched the prison door;
Yet unawakened I,
And linked to Satan's soldier's lay,
(The next was execution day!)
Nor dreamed of death so nigh.

'Twas then the heavenly messenger
Did in my dungeon's gloom appear;
The light of grace unknown—
Of grace which free salvation brought—
Came unexpected and unsought,
And in my nature shone.

Alarmed by mercy's sudden stroke,
My careless sleeping conscience woke;
And lifting up mine eyes
I saw the glory from above,
I heard the voice of pardoning love,
Which bade my spirit rise.

My sins fell off, my will was free,
I rose restored to liberty;
A messenger of peace—
I put the gospel sandals on,
And clothed with Christ, prepared to run
And spread His righteousness.

I followed my immortal Guide,
Who saved me by His blood applied,
Who did my sins redeem,
And turned my soul's captivity:
Yet still I asked how can it be?
And thought it all a dream.

Darkness was light, and rugged plain,
Before that heaven-descended man
Whose footsteps I pursued:
I passed the first and second ward,
And opening of its own accord
The iron gate I viewed.

Jesus hath made me free indeed,
Into the sacred city led;
And now He tells my heart
He will not leave me here alone:
Who freely loves and saves His own,
He never will depart.

Saviour, Thou dost my soul restore:
My body too Thy gracious power
Shall ransom from the grave,
Out of this worldly prison bring,
And show me that my Lord and King
Can to the utmost save.

Under the conduct of Thy grace,
I follow, in the holiest place,
Jerusalem above,
The church of the first-born to meet,
And praise, around Thy dazzling seat,
My God's eternal love.

J. and C. Wesley.

3897. PRODIGAL, Affliction of the.
Luke xv: 11-24.

Afflictions, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopped the prodigal's career,
And forced him to repent.

Although he no relentings felt,
Till he had spent his store;
His stubborn heart began to melt
When famine pinched him sore.

"What have I gained by sin (he said),
But hunger, shame, and fear;
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.

"I'll go and tell him all I've done,
And fall before his face;
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."

His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled;
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

"Father, I've sinned; but oh, forgive!"
"I've heard enough," he said;
"Rejoice my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead.

"Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around:
My son was dead, but lives again;
Was lost, but now is found."

'Tis thus the Lord His love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love He feels,
And welcomes all that come.

John Newton.

3898. PRODIGAL, Call to the.

O prodigal! come, I am waiting,
Am waiting and watching for thee;
Come, share in my love and my blessing,
Till hunger forever shall flee.

O prodigal! wasting thy substance
And starving while plenty is near,
Why stay from the arms of the father—
Thy father to whom thou art dear?

Thy heart of its sin is repenting,
Thy coming afar I behold;
I hasten to give thee my blessing,
My prodigal child to enfold.

O prodigal! dead and yet living,
Wherever on earth thou may'st be,
Whatever thy sins and thy errors,
God still holds a blessing for thee.

Caroline Dana Howe.

3899. PRODIGAL, Grace for the.

O blessed grief, that brings relief
To prodigals afar!
The Father there has honored prayer,
And takes us as we are.

From want and waste we gladly haste,
The heavenly hills we see;
We're saved and blest, we're home at rest,
With joy, dear Lord, in Thee.

The home long sought, the best robe bought,
The festal fatling slain,
The shoes, the ring, the hearts that sing—
Oh hear the joyful strain!

From wanderings vain, at home again,
The lost, the dead, restored!
From his dear heart no more to part,
Nor from his regal board!

O wondrous grace, that makes a place
For all who cease to roam!
With joyful song, and festive throng,
The Father takes us home.
M. R. Watkinson.

3900. PRODIGAL, Parable of the.

"Give me my portion, let me live my life,
And take my pastime;" thus I spoke, and He
Gave me free choice to go or stay. Ah me!
My passions tore and rent me with their strife.

And so I gathered all my gifts, and came
To this far land; by the broad flowery way
I wandered, like a sheep that goes astray,
With my wild heart for pleasure all aflame.

For what with climbing the strait track o' the hill,
And drawing water from the wells, and work
In the vineyard, tears within mine eyes would lurk
For freedom. I refused to do His will.

I was His son, His heir, and not His slave,
Therefore I left His service. Youth was mine,
And ruddy health; and gold, and purple fine
I brought, and wantoned in yon city brave.

I lived for mine own self, for wine and love;
The delicate maidens praised my gay attire,
The proud curl of my lips, the flashing fire
Of my bold eyes, that turned no more above

Unto the holy hills, where lies my home.
I have spent all; and lifted up the veil
From Pleasure's face, and found it dull and stale
And ghastly, and as restless as sea-foam.

Then there arose the famine, and in want,
I joined myself to this hard master mine,
Who sent me to his fields to feed his swine;
I fain would eat their husks, but they are scant.

I serve a cruel master. Oh once more
For the true freedom of the pleasant land!
The tender guiding of my Father's hand!
His voice to chide and bless as heretofore!

From the cleft rock the living water flows;
The sheep are safely folded: there the vine
Spreads forth its sheltering branches; there the mine
Of purest gold; and there the lily and rose.

Would not the faithful watch-dogs welcome me,
If I return with all my weight of cares?
And will my father's love be less than theirs?
Let me not think it; that can never be.

How many of His hirèd servants have
Enough bread, and to spare, while here I die
Of hunger! I will rise, and go and cry,
And to be made his hired servant crave.

I do repent for all that I have done;
I have sinned, Father, against heaven and Thee;
Thy service is most perfect liberty;
I am not worthy to be called Thy son!

It was hard work to rise, and harder still
To trace back every step I had gone wrong;
But the sweet melody of Zion's song
Cheered the drear road, and nerved the faltering will.

So I pressed forward, and each day I thought
I loathed myself the more, who went and sold
My birthright for the thrills of sense, my gold
For tinsel, with my blessing curses bought.

There was a Lamb that loved me, and He came
Bounding to meet me; and, though far away,
My Father saw me, and ran to where I lay,
Fell on my neck, and kissed away my shame.

I said, "I have sinned, Father, against Thee,
I do repent for all that I have done,
I am not worthy to be called Thy son;
Thy service is the one true liberty."

"Bring the best robe, the robe of righteousness,"
He cried; "the ring of reconciliation,
And kill the fatted calf; with exultation
Let symphony and dance our joy express.

"Put shoes upon his feet, that he may strive
To tell my love to others, and the sound
Of the good news may through the world rebound;
For this my son was dead, and is alive;

"Was lost, and he is found." So I forgave
My brother's sneer. We feasted: to fulfil
The faintest utterance of my Father's will
I labor, and am His son, and not His slave.

He washed me clean in sweet oblivion's river,
And in the mystic fountain of the Lamb.
I will abide, where, by His grace I am,
Within His house forever and forever.
Charles Coldwell.

3901. PRODIGAL, Parable of the.

Far from a father's hearth and home,
Far in a foreign desert land,
The prodigal doth vainly roam,
And all his substance madly spend.

In riot, wantonness, and wine,
He wastes his fortune and his all;
And feeds on husks with sordid swine;
Oh what a deep, degrading fall!

A mighty famine far and wide,
And all his means and substance gone;
He smote upon his breast, and cried:
Unclean, unworthy, and undone!

He thought of home, where once he dwelt,
Of all its plentiful supply;
And, in the bitterness he felt,
Cried with exceeding bitter cry:

"I die of want; and all I crave
Is, though a son, but some small share
Of what the hired servants have;
They have enough, and some to spare!"

He felt what sorrow sin had wrought,
And all the havoc it had made;
In solemn realizing thought,
He "came unto himself," and said:

I will arise, said he, and go
Unto my father, ever good;
My father will not say me, no;
I'll seek my father's fatherhood!

I will arise, said he, and say:
My father, I am lost, undone;
Have sinned in sight of heaven and thee,
Nor worthy to be called thy son.

From want and famine and distress,
He seeks again his once-loved home;
Fleeing the dreary wilderness,
Far off his father sees him come.

He's come! he's come! the father said;
Bring forth the robe, the signet ring;
My son now liveth who was dead;
Rejoice with me; rejoice and sing!

'Tis welcome to that home of bliss;
'Tis music and the tabret's sound
The robe, the ring, the father's kiss;
"My son was lost, but now is found!"

Robert Maguire.

3902. PRODIGAL, Return of the.

"Return, return, the way is long and dreary;
Return, return, O wand'rer, sad and weary;
Why so with sin beguiled?
Thy Father's heart is breaking,
With this cruel long forsaking;
Come back, come back, my child!"

"Gladly I would, for with hunger I am perishing,
The memories of home still fondly I am cherishing;
I'm weary in the wild;
No Sabbath bells now ringing,
No loving voices bringing
Peace to this heart defiled!"

Return, return, why any longer linger?
There are sandals for your feet, and a ring to deck your finger;
Your Father reconciled,
With pity will behold you,
In His arms He will enfold you;
"Come back, come back, my child!"

"I come, I come, my heart with joy is beating;
I come, I come, as I hear Thee thus entreating
With accents fond and mild;
I thought myself forsaken,
But to-morrow I'll awaken—
Waken, once more, Thy child!"

"Oh, joyful sight! at last he is appearing;
Light up the festal hall, the wanderer is nearing;
Go, let the board be piled;
Let fatted calf be killed for him,
And golden goblets filled for him;
I've found, I've found my child!"

J. R. Macduff.

3903. PRODIGAL, Return of the.

Almighty Father, Lord of all,
Unworthy as Thy sons to call,
As servants at Thy feet we fall.

By all the love which Thou hast shown
For wanderers from fold and throne,
Have mercy while our sin we own.

As hired servants, can it be
That we must serve who once were free?
Oh bring us to ourselves and Thee.

While still a great way off, we yearn
Those tender words of love to learn,
Which greet the prodigal's return.

The ring shall on our hand be placed,
With love's best robe shall we be graced—
We who our own had so debased.

Ah! hateful now the wretched past,
By turns with swine and harlots cast;
We rioted, then starved at last.

Thy welcome, Lord, will purge away
The sting of each rebellious day,
And love will pardon all, for aye.

Rejoicing Thou wilt give for pain,
For sight, a part in heaven's glad strain,
When all the lost are found again.

W. C. Dix.

3904. PRODIGAL, Return of the.

Away in Eastern land, a day of peace,
Serene with beauty, hastens to its close;
And while the blessed light yet strongly lingers,
A father's watchful eyes have caught the likeness,
Yet vague and indistinct, of his lost son,
Coming in dire distress, in want and woe.
He runs to meet the prodigal, and falls
Upon his neck, nor heeding dirt nor filth,
And kisses him again, and yet again,
Until the wanderer's soul dissolves in tears.
No word of harsh complaint the father speaks,
But still renewedly exclaims in voice

Of most exquisite tenderness and love:
"Welcome, my son! a thousand welcomes back
To this thy home, which ever was and shall be
While I live. For know my house seemed ever
Bare and comfortless without thee; but now
Thou'rt come again, it is transformed to what
It was so many weary years ago,
When, in the hot impatience of thy youth,
Thou didst demand thy portion of our goods."
Such cheering words to him the father speaks,
And straightway leads him to his long-lost home,
Whose very doors obey the magic of
His presence, and of themselves wide open stand.
Such feasting and rejoicing as were there
I ween this world has scarcely seen eclipsed
The elder brother, stung with hate at first,
At length joins in the revelry, and all
Is gay with choral song and merry dance.
The fatted calf is slain, and Envy gnaws
Its lips in mute despair to see such mirth
Unmixed with base alloy, but full and free
As is the mighty ocean, fathomless
As water whose depths only can be guessed!
And oh, what waves of bliss come o'er the soul,
To know that all the joy herein expressed
But faintly shadows forth the joy in heaven
Over one sinner who returns to God!

Alexander Macauley.

3905. PRODIGAL, Return of the.

The prodigal, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.

"I starve," he cries, "nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of His hand.

"With deep repentance I'll return,
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll ask a servant's place."

Far off the Father saw him move,
In pensive silence mourn,
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew,
The long-lost son is found!

Lydia H. Sigourney.

3906. PRODIGAL, Thanksgiving of the.

Thee, O my God and King,
My Father, Thee I sing!
Hear well-pleased the joyous sound,
Praise from heaven and earth receive;
Lost, I now in Christ am found;
Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

Father, behold Thy son;
In Christ I am Thy own.
Stranger long to Thee and rest,
See the prodigal is come!
Open wide Thine arms and breast,
Take the weary wanderer home.

Thine eye observed from far,
Thy pity looked me near:
Me Thy bowels yearned to see,
Me Thy mercy ran to find,
Empty, poor, and void of Thee,
Hungry, sick, and faint and blind.

Thou on my neck didst fall,
Thy kiss forgave me all:
Still the gracious words I hear,
Words that made the Saviour mine:
"Haste, for him the robe prepare;
His be righteousness divine!"

Thee then, my God and King,
My Father, Thee I sing!
Hear well-pleased the joyous sound,
Praise from earth and heaven receive;
Lost, I now in Christ am found,
Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

J. and C. Wesley.

3907. PRODIGAL, The Repenting.

Luke xv: 13-24.

Behold the wretch, whose lust and wine
Have wasted his estate;
He begs a share amongst the swine,
To taste the husks they eat!

"I die with hunger here," he cries;
"I starve in foreign lands;
My Father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are His hands.

"I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
Fall down before His face;
Father, I've done Thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve Thy grace."

He said, and hastened to his home,
To seek his Father's love:
The Father saw the rebel come,
And all His bowels move.

He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embraced and kissed His son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
For follies he had done.

"Take off his clothes of shame and sin"
(The Father gives command),
"Dress him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.

"A day of feasting I ordain;
Let mirth and joy abound;
My son was dead, and lives again,
Was lost, and now is found."

Isaac Watts.

3908. PRODIGAL, Voice to the.

Oh, when wilt thou return
To thy spirit's early loves?
To the freshness of the morn,
To the stillness of the groves?

The summer-birds are calling,
Thy household porch around,
And the merry waters falling
With sweet laughter in their sound.

And a thousand bright-veined flowers,
From their banks of moss and fern,
Breathe of the sunny hours;
But when wilt thou return?

Oh! thou hast wandered long
From thy home without a guide,
And thy native woodland song
In thine altered heart hath died.

Thou hast flung the wealth away,
And the glory of thy spring;
And to thee the leaves' light play
Is a long-forgotten thing.

But when wilt thou return?
Sweet dews may freshen soon.
The flower, within whose urn
Too fiercely gazed the noon.

Still at thy father's board
There is kept a place for thee,
And, by thy smile restored,
Joy round the hearth shall be.

Still hath thy mother's eye,
Thy coming step to greet,
A look of days gone by,
Tender and gravely sweet.

Still, when the prayer is said,
For thee kind bosoms yearn,
For thee fond tears are shed;
Oh! when wilt thou return?

Felicia D. Hemans.

3909. PROPHET, The Disobedient.

1 Kings xiii: 14–26.

Prophet of God, arise and take
With thee the words of wrath divine,
The scourge of heaven, to shake
O'er yon apostate shrine.

Where angels down the lucid stair
Come hovering to our sainted sires,
Now, in the twilight, glare
The heathen's wizard fires.

Go, with thy voice the altar rend,
Scatter the ashes, be the arm,
That idols would befriend,
Shrunk at thy withering charm!

Then turn thee, for thy time is short,
But trace not o'er the former way,
Lest idol pleasures court
Thy heedless soul astray.

Thou know'st how hard to hurry by,
Where on the lonely woodland road
Beneath the moonlit sky
The festal warblings flowed;

Where maidens to the queen of heaven
Wove the gay dance round oats or palm,
Or breathed their vows at even
In hymns as soft as balm.

Or thee perchance a darker spell
Enthralls: the smooth stones of the flood,
By mountain grot or fell,
Pollute with infants' blood;

The giant altar on the rock,
The cavern whence the timbrel's call
Affrights the wandering flock:
Thou long'st to search them all.

Trust not the dangerous path again;
Oh, forward step and lingering will!
Oh, loved and warned in vain!
And wilt thou perish still?

Thy message given; thy home in sight,
To the forbidden feast return?
Yield to the false delight
Thy better soul could spurn.

Alas, my brother! round thy tomb
In sorrow kneeling, and in fear,
We read the pastor's doom
Who speaks and will not hear.

The gray-haired saint may fail at last,
The surest guide a wanderer prove;
Death only binds us fast
To the bright shore of love.

J. Keble.

3910. RACHEL, Death of.

Genesis xlviii: 7.

And Rachel lies in Ephrath's land,
Beneath her lonely oak of weeping;
With mouldering heart and withering hand,
The sleep of death forever sleeping.

The Spring comes smiling down the vale,
The lilies and the roses bringing;
But Rachel never more shall hail
The flowers that in the world are springing.

The Summer gives his radiant day,
And Jewish dames the dance are treading;
But Rachel on her couch of clay
Sleeps all unheeded and unheeding.

The Autumn's ripening sunbeam shines,
And reapers to the field are calling;
But Rachel's voice no longer joins
The choral song at twilight's falling.

The Winter sends his drenching shower
And sweeps his howling blast around her;
But earthly storms possess no power
To break the slumber that hath bound her.

Thus round and round the seasons go,
For joy and grief no more betide her;
For Rachel's bosom could not know, [her.
Though friends were housed in death beside

Yet time shall come, as prophets say,
Whose dreams with glorious things are blended,
When seasons, on their changeful way,
Shall wend not as they long have wended.

Yes, time shall come when flowers that bloom
Shall meet no storm their bloom to wither;
When friends rejoicing from the tomb
Have gone to heavenly climes together.

William Knox.

3911. RACHEL, Grief of.
Jeremiah xxxi : 15.

On Ramah's heights a voice is heard,
The voice of one that weeps alone;
A mother's woes that voice has stirred,
A mother's heart is in that moan.

For her lost children Rachel weeps,
And who this mother's tears shall stay?
On Ramah's hill her watch she keeps,
A lonely mourner night and day.

In Ramah Rachel weepeth still,
Refusing to be comforted;
Her sons the prey of every ill,
Lost, slain, or into exile led.

In every clime her children roam,
In every realm their ashes lie;
Without a city or a home,
They weep, they wander, and they die.

Thus saith the Lord, "Refrain thy voice
From weeping, and thine eyes from tears;
Thy mother's heart shall yet rejoice,
And sing through everlasting years.

"Thy wandering sons shall yet return,
Thy lost ones shall be found again;
O tender mother, cease to mourn;
Rachel, thine eyes from tears refrain.

"Once more thou yet shalt clasp thine own,
With them thou shalt rejoice and sing;
Thy grief a winter past and gone,
Thy joy an everlasting spring!"

Horatius Bonar.

3912. RACHEL, The Mourning of.
Matthew ii : 18.

"Oh! whither, whither shall I fly,
My beautiful, my best-beloved?
I hear the tread of warriors nigh,
Men of stern mood and tearless eye,
E'en by a mother's prayer unmoved.
Soon will they stand beside thee;
Where shall thy mother hide thee?

"Cleave, cleave, thou solid earth! and yield
A shelter in thy central cave;
Heaven! be thy red right arm revealed,
Avert the tyrant's wrath, and shield
My last, my sole one from the grave;
The foe, the foe are near him;
Oh! whither can I bear him?

"A curse upon thee, ruthless king!
A mother's with a nation's prayer
Mount on the tempest's rapid wing,
And to the Eternal Presence bring
The frantic accents of despair!
Now is the avenger nigh thee;
Let not his sword pass by thee!

"Again, again, my babe, again
I clasp thee to this bleeding heart.
They come! and are thy people slain,
And dost Thou still, O God! restrain
The avenger ardent to depart?
Or have the lightnings passed them
Which Thou hadst sent to blast them?

"They come! they come! Hold, hold thine hand,
Thou canst not shed an infant's blood;
Sheathe, murderer, sheathe thy reeking hand:
Thou wilt not? Is the fiend's command
Fulfilled by his own demon brood?
Oh, if ye will not spare him,
Strike first at her that bare him!"

There's blood upon that mother's brow,
Blood of her child by ruffians shed.
A voice is heard in Ramah now,
A voice of wailing long and low:
'Tis Rachel weeping for her dead.
The mother broken-hearted
Calls on her babe departed!

'Twere vain to bid her weep no more;
Only the dreamless grave shall bring
The rest she cannot feel before.
But when thy reign of blood is o'er,
What doom is thine, detested king?
Guards, sceptres, left behind thee,
The mother's curse shall find thee!

Thomas Dale.

3913. RACHEL, Tomb of.
Genesis xxxv : 19, 20.

What mouldering pile near Ephrath stands alone,
With dome-shaped top and base of massy stone?
Rude is the chamber where her bones repose,
Yet here, 'tis said, fair Rachel's pillar rose.

Ah! sad her fate in nature's pangs to die;
To sorrowing friends I hear her parting sigh;
I see her husband's woe, his streaming tear,
His last fond kiss before he laid her here,
His anguished brow, where smiles no more would be,
For ne'er was wife, poor Rachel! loved like thee. *Nicholas Michell.*

3914. RAIMENT, The White.
Revelations iii : 5.

The babe, the bride, the quiet dead,
Clad in peculiar raiment all,
Yet each puts on the spotless white
Of cradle, shroud, and bridal hall.

The babe, the bride, the quiet dead,
Each, entering on an untried home,
Wears the one badge, the one fair hue,
Of birth, of wedding, and of tomb.

Of death and life, of mirth and grief,
We take it as the symbol true:
It suits the smile, it suits the sigh,
That raiment of the stainless hue.

Not the rich rainbow's varied bloom,
That diapason of the light,
Not the soft sunset's silken glow,
Or flush of gorgeous chrysolite;

But purity of perfect light,
Its native, undivided ray,
All that is best of moon and sun,
The purest of the dawn of day.

O cradle of our youngest age,
Adorned with white, how fair art thou!
O robe of infancy, how bright,
Like light upon the moorland snow!

O bridal hall and bridal robe,
How silver-bright your jewelled gleam,
Like sunrise on the gentle face
Of some translucent mountain stream!

O shroud of death, so soft and pure,
Like starlight upon marble fair!
Ah! surely it is life, not death,
That in still beauty sleepeth there.

Mine be a robe more spotless still,
With lustre bright that cannot fade,
Purer and whiter than the robe
Of babe or bride or quiet death.

Mine be the raiment given of God,
Wrought of fine linen, clean and white,
Fit for the eye of God to see,
Meet for His home of holy light.
Horatius Bonar.

3915. RAINBOW, Significance of the.
Genesis ix : 12, 13; Revelation iv : 3.

When eyes that watched the flood rise and decline
First saw the bow of beauteous color braided,
Which spanned a threatening cloud, then slowly faded,
Each heart relied on that assuring sign.
So when in Christ the dazzling light divine
Spreads out its heavenly splendors softly shaded
In clouds of flesh, our trembling faith is aided
On God's sure truth and mercy to recline.
To see Him once to holy John was given,
"Clothed in a cloud, a rainbow round His head,"
Earth's green memorial wearing still in heaven;
And when God looks upon that blessed token
Encircling "Him who liveth, and was dead,"
He keeps His covenant of peace unbroken.
R. Wilton.

3916. RAINBOW, The.

Still in the dark and threat'ning cloud
That bow is brightly placed above;
Nor should despondency enshroud
The token of eternal love.

More bright, more beauteous are its beams.
Contrasted with surrounding gloom;
Thus heavenly mercy ever seems
Most lovely in impending doom.

A cloudless heaven, to joy's glad gaze,
May be with richer glory fraught;
While sorrow's eye its arch surveys
Without one fond congenial thought.

But when dark clouds obscure the sky,
That bow of promise still is fair,
Cheering the mourner's heavenward eye,
Teaching his heart that God is there.
Bernard Barton.

3917. RAINBOW, Youth of the.

Still young and fine! but what is still in view
We slight as old and soiled, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnished, flaming arch did first descry!
When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot,
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair,
Storms turn to music, clouds to smile and air;
Rain gently spends his honey-drops and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of His eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant and low, I can in thine see Him
Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
And minds the covenant 'twixt all and One.

O foul, deceitful men! my God doth keep
His promise still, but we break ours and sleep.
Water, though both heaven's windows and the deep
Full forty days o'er the drown'd world did weep,
Could not reform us; and blood in despite,
Yea, God's own blood, we tread upon and slight.
Then peaceful, signal bow, but in a cloud
Still lodged, where all thy unseen arrows shroud,
I will on thee as on a comet look— [book;
A comet, the sad world's ill-boding
Thy light as luctual and stained with woes
I'll judge, where penal flames sit mixed and close.
But though some think thou shin'st but to restrain
Bold storms, and simply dost attend on rain,
Yet I know well, and so our sins require,
Thou dost but court cold rain till rain turns fire. *Henry Vaughan.*

3918. RAMAH, The Voice of.
Matthew ii : 18.

Heard ye, from Ramah's ruined walls,
That voice of bitter weeping!
Is it the moan of fettered slave,
His watch of sorrow keeping?
Heard ye, from Ramah's wasted plains,
That cry of lamentation!
Is it the wail of Israel's sons
For Salem's devastation?

Ah, no! a sorer ill than chains
That bitter wail is waking,
And deeper woe than Salem's fall
That tortured heart is breaking:
'Tis Rachel, of her sons bereft,
Who lifts that voice of weeping;
And childless are the eyes that there
Their watch of grief are keeping.

Oh! who shall tell what fearful pangs
That mother's heart are rending,
As o'er her infant's little grave
Her wasted form is bending;
From many an eye that weeps to-day
Delight may beam to-morrow;
But she—her precious babe is not!
And what remains but sorrow?

Bereavèd one! I may not chide
Thy tears and bitter sobbing;
Weep on! 'twill cool that burning brow,
And still that bosom's throbbing;
But be not thine such grief as theirs
To whom no hope is given:
Snatched from the world, its sins and snares,
Thy infant rests in heaven.
George Washington Doane.

3919. REAPERS, Call for.
Matthew ix : 36-38.

Ho! reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade
Until the night draws round thee
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing,
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain;
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall He call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

Come down from hill and mountain
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below;
And come with stronger sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold,
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.
I. B. Woodbury.

3920. REAPERS, Need of.

The Master hath need of the reapers,
And, mourner, He calleth to thee:
Come out of the valley of sorrow,
Look up to the hill-tops, and see
How the fields of the harvest are whitening,
How golden and full is the grain:
Oh! what are thy wants to the summons?
And what are thy griefs and thy pain?

The Master hath need of the reapers,
And, idler, He calleth to thee;
Come out of the mansions of pleasure,
From the halls where the careless may be.
Soon the shadows of eve will be falling,
With the mists, and the dews, and the rain:
Oh! what are thy rests and thy follies
To the world and the rusts of the grain?

The Master hath need of the reapers,
And, worker, He calleth to thee;
Oh! what are the dreams of ambition
To the joys that hereafter shall be?
There are tokens of storms that are coming,
And summer is fast on the wane;
Then alas for the hopes of the harvest!
Then alas for the beautiful grain!

The Master hath need of the reapers,
And He calleth to thee and to me;
Oh! haste, while the winds of the morning
Are blowing so freshly and free;
Let the sound of the scythe and the sickle
Re-echo o'er hill-top and plain,
And gather the sheaves in the garner,
For golden and ripe is the grain.

By the wounds of that blessed One calling,
Our Maker, Redeemer, and God;
By the deeds of these reapers now falling,
Of those who sleep under the sod;

Who, counting their lives as but nothing,
Pressed on in the ranks of the host;
Who toiled in the field of the Master,
And, dying, fell dead at their post.

Oh! think of the crowns they are wearing,
Resplendent with jewels of light;
Oh! think of the palms they are bearing,
As they walk with the angels in white;
Of the beautiful songs they are singing,
Of the shouts that will thrill you above.

By these, and the joys that are given,
While toiling and weeping below,
Of pointing one sinner to heaven,
Oh! list to the summons, and go [ing,
To the fields where the harvests are whiten-
For the summer is fast on the wane,
And gather the sheaves in the garner,
For golden and ripe is the grain.
Mrs. Archbishop Thomson.

3921. REAPERS, Song of the.

Revelation xiv : 15.

Oh! where are the reapers that garner in
The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin?
With sickles of truth must the work be done,
And no one may rest till the "harvest-home."

Where are the reapers? Oh! who will come
And share in the glory of the "harvest-home?"
Oh! who will help us to garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

Go out in the by-ways and search them all;
The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall;
Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
But gather from all for the home on high.

The fields all are ripening, and far and wide
The world now is waiting the harvest-tide;
But reapers are few, and the work is great,
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.

So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain;
Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,
Then share ye His joy in the "harvest-home."

3922. REBECCA PARTING WITH JACOB.

Genesis xxvii : 44.

My youngest born, my pride of heart, thou must, thou must away;
Thy brother's wrathful hand is raised, and here thou canst not stay.
Oh, I have deeply sinned for thee! the chastisement be mine,
And I will bear it all, my son: the blessing shall be thine.

What matter though my childless years in grief and pain pass on?
Thou wilt be safe from danger's hour, my own, my darling son;
And, like the fountain sending forth a sweet and murmuring sound,
Thy pleasant voice will come to me from some far-distant ground.

Go, bear thy mother's blessing back to those from whom she came;
My kinsmen's hearts will leap with joy to hear Rebecca's name.
Say to them, Haran's shaded well and flocks that near it stray
Come to me in my midnight dreams as fresh as yesterday.

Speed on, and when thy nimble feet have brought thee to the place,
And when thou stand'st an exiled one before my brother's face,
Tell him thou bear'st thy mother's soul, and therefore will not twine
Around the savage olive-tree, a strong and noble vine.

Ask if of all my kinsman's house no maiden bright there be
Of lofty soul, with heart to seek thy father's God with thee;
And if there be, oh! say to her, "Rebecca left her all;
The Father of the faithful spake, and she obeyed the call."

The angel of the covenant protect thee, precious child!
Defend thee from the covert snare, direct thee in the wild!
Oh! I shall weep in darkness oft, to think thy houseless head
Must pillow on the stony ground or seek the foxes' bed.

But glory, breaking on the gloom, my grief to joy shall turn;
Proud mother of a favored race, ah! wherefore shouldst thou mourn?
Go then, fulfil Jehovah's word, the blessing is for thee,
And joy, and pride, and thankfulness, beloved son, for me! *Emily Taylor.*

3923. RED SEA, Forward Through the.

"Forward let the people go,"
Israel's God will have it so;
Though the path be through the sea,
Israel, what is that to thee?
He who bids thee pass the waters
Will be with His sons and daughters.

Deep and wide the sea appears:
Israel wonders, Israel fears;
Yet the word is "Forward" still:
Israel! 'tis the Master's will;
Though no way thou canst discover,
Not one plank to float thee over.

Israel, art thou sorely tried?
Art thou pressed on every side?
Does it seem as if no power
Could relieve thee in this hour?
Wherefore art thou thus disheartened?
Is the arm that saves thee shortened?

Stand thou still this day, and see
Wonders wrought, and wrought for thee;
Safe thyself on yonder shore,
Thou shalt see thy foes no more.
Thine to see the Saviour's glory,
Thine to tell the wondrous story.

3924. RED SEA, Passage of the.
Exodus xiv.

With heat o'ercome and with the length of way,
On Ethan's beach the bands of Israel lay.
'Twas silence all, the sparkling sands along;
Save where the locust trilled her feeble song,
Or blended soft in drowsy cadence fell
The wave's low whisper or the camel's bell.
'Twas silence all! the flocks for shelter fly
Where, waving light, the acacia shadows lie;
Or where, from far, the flattering vapors make
The noontide semblance of a misty lake:
While the mute swain, in careless safety spread,
With arms enfolded, and dejected head,
Dreams o'er his wondrous call, his lineage high,
And, late revealed, his children's destiny.
For, not in vain, in thraldom's darkest hour,
Had sped from Amram's sons the word of power;
Nor failed the dreadful wand, whose godlike sway
Could lure the locust from her airy way;
With reptile war assail their proud abodes,
And mar the giant pomp of Egypt's gods.
O helpless gods! who naught availed to shield
From fiery rain your Zoan's favored field!
O helpless gods! who saw the curdled blood
Taint the pure lotus of your ancient flood,
And fourfold night the wondering earth enchain,
While Memnon's orient harp was heard in vain!
Such musings held the tribes, till now the west
With milder influence on their temples prest?
And that portentous cloud which, all the day,
Hung its dark curtain o'er their weary way
(A cloud by day, a friendly flame by night),
Rolled back its misty veil, and kindled into light!
Soft fell the eve; but, ere the day was done,
Tall waving banners streaked the level sun;
And wide and dark, along the horizon red,
In sandy surge the rising desert spread.
"Mark, Israel, mark!" On that strange sight intent,
In breathless terror, every eye was bent;
And busy faction's fast-increasing hum,
And female voices shriek, "They come, they come!"
They come, they come! in scintillating show
O'er the dark mass the brazen lances glow;
And sandy clouds in countless shapes combine,
As deepens or extends the long tumultuous line;
And fancy's keener glance even now may trace
The threatening aspects of each mingled race:
For many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,
The hireling guards of Mizraim's throne, were there.
From distant Cush they trooped, a warrior train,
Siwah's green isle and Sennaar's marly plain;
On either wing their fiery coursers check
The parched and sinewy sons of Amalek;
While close behind, inured to feast on blood,
Decked in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla strode.
'Mid blazing helms and bucklers rough with gold
Saw ye how swift the scythèd chariots rolled?
Lo! these are they whom, lords of Afric's fates,
Old Thebes hath poured through all her hundred gates,
Mother of armies! How the emeralds glowed,
Where, flushed with power and vengeance, Pharaoh rode!
And stoled in white, those brazen wheels before,
Osiris' ark his swarthy wizards bore;
And still responsive to the trumpet's cry
The priestly sistrum murmured, Victory!
Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's gloom?
Whom come ye forth to combat? warriors, whom?
These flocks and herds, this faint and weary train,
Red from the scourge and recent from the chain?
God of the poor, the poor and friendless save!
Giver and Lord of freedom, help the slave!
North, south, and west the sandy whirlwinds fly,
The circling horns of Egypt's chivalry.
On earth's last margin throng the weeping train;
Their cloudy guide moves on: "And must we swim the main?"
'Mid the light spray their snorting camels stood,
Nor bathed a fetlock in the nauseous flood.
He comes, their leader comes! the man of God
O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,
And onward treads. The circling waves retreat,
In hoarse, deep murmurs, from His holy feet;
And the chased surges, inly roaring, show

The hard wet sand and coral hills below.
With limbs that falter, and with hearts that swell,
Down, down they pass—a steep and slippery dell,
Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurled,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world;
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,
And caves, the sea-calves' low-roofed haunt, are seen.
Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread;
The beetling waters storm above their head,
While far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.
Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them, or cheerless came the night.
Still in their van, along that dreadful road,
Blazed broad and fierce the brandished torch of God.
Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
On the long mirror of the rosy wave,
While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,
Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye—
To them alone; for Mizraim's wizard train
Invoke for light their monster-gods in vain:
Clouds heaped on clouds their struggling sight confine,
And tenfold darkness broods above their line.
Yet on they fare, by reckless vengeance led,
And range unconscious through the ocean's bed;
Till midway now, that strange and fiery form
Showed his dread visage lightening through the storm;
With withering splendor blasted all their might,
And brake their chariot-wheels, and marred their coursers' flight.
"Fly, Mizraim, fly!" The ravenous floods they see,
And fiercer than the floods, the Deity.
"Fly, Mizraim, fly!" From Edom's coral strand
Again the prophet stretched his dreadful wand;
With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,
And all is waves, a dark and lonely deep,
Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs past,
As mortal wailing swelled the nightly blast,
And strange and sad the whispering breezes bore
The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.
Oh, welcome came the morn, where Israel stood
In trustless wonder by the avenging flood!
Oh, welcome came the cheerful morn, to show
The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below;
The mangled limbs of men, the broken car,
A few sad relics of a nation's war—
Alas, how few! Then, soft as Elim's well,
The precious tears of new-born freedom fell.
And he, whose hardened heart alike had borne
The house of bondage and the oppressor's scorn;
The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,
In faltering accents sobbed his gratitude,
Till, kindling into warmer zeal, around
The virgin timbrel waked its silver sound;
And in fierce joy, no more by doubt suppresst,
The struggling spirit throbbed in Miriam's breast.
She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky
The dark transparence of her lucid eye,
Poured on the winds of heaven her wild sweet harmony.
"Where now," she sang, "the tall Egyptian spear?
On's sunlike shield, and Zoan's chariot, where?
Above their ranks the whelming waters spread.
Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphèd!"
And every pause between as Miriam sang,
From tribe to tribe the martial thunder rang,
And loud and far their stormy chorus spread,
"Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphèd!" *Reginald Heber.*

3925. RED SEA, Passage of the.

On the sand and sea-weed lying,
Israel poured her doleful sighing;
While before the deep sea flowed,
And behind fierce Egypt rode,
To their fathers' God they prayed,
To the Lord of hosts for aid.

On the margin of the flood
With lifted rod the prophet stood;
And the summoned east wind blew,
And aside it sternly threw
The gathered waves, that took their stand,
Like crystal rocks, on either hand,
Or walls of sea-green marble piled
Round some irregular city wild.

Then the light of morning lay
On the wonder-pavèd way,
Where the treasures of the deep
In their caves of coral sleep.
The profound abysses, where
Was never sound from upper air,
Rang with Israel's chanted words:
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Then, with bow and banner glancing,
On exulting Egypt came,
With her chosen horsemen prancing,
And her cars on wheels of flame,
In a rich and boastful ring
All around her furious king.

But the Lord from out His cloud—
The Lord looked down upon the proud,
As the host drave heavily
Down the deep bosom of the sea.

With a quick and sudden swell
Prone the liquid ramparts fell;
Over horse and over car,
Over every man of war,
Over Pharaoh's crown of gold,
The loud thundering billows rolled
As the level waters spread;
Down they sank, they sank like lead,
Down without a cry or groan.
And the morning sun, that shone
On myriads of bright-armed men,
Its meridian radiance then
Cast on a wide sea, heaving as of yore,
Against a silent, solitary shore.

Then did Israel's maidens sing,
Then did Israel's timbrels ring,
To Him, the King of kings, that in the sea
The Lord of lords had triumphed gloriously!
Henry H. Milman.

3926. RED SEA, Passage of the.

In doubt, in weariness, in woe,
The host of Israel flee;
Behind them rode the raging foe,
Before them was the sea.

The angry waters at their feet,
All dark and dread, rolled on;
And where the sky and desert meet,
Spears flashed against the sun.

But still along the eastern sky
The fiery pillar shone,
And o'er the waves that rolled so high
It bade them still come on.

Then Moses turned the sea toward,
And raised his hand on high;
The angry waters know their lord:
They know him, and they fly.

Where never gleamed the red sunlight,
Where foot of man ne'er trod,
Down, down they go, and left and right
The wall of waters stood.

Full soon along that vale of fear,
With cymbals, horns, and drums,
With many a steed and many a spear
The maddening monarch comes.

A moment—far as eye could reach,
The thronging myriads tread;
The next—the waste and silent deep
Was rolling o'er their head?

3927. RED SEA, Passage of the.

On land's remotest verge the bondmen stood,
And gazed, dismayed, upon the boundless flood.
Black, threat'ning mountains walled the arid shore;
The sea swept on, unbridged and vast before;
And far and hoarse along the desert strand
The long, loud billows beat the bending sand.

Now mingling deep with ocean's ceaseless sound,
A muffled murmur steals along the ground,
Swelling like muffled thunder far behind,
Waxing and sinking with the changing wind.
But anxious ears have caught the creeping jar,
That leads the land-breeze with the tread of war,
And million hearts beat quick in deadly fear,
As rolls the laboring discord yet more near.

In that dread hour a thousand memories roam
Back o'er the way that led them from their home—
That home of bondage, shame, oppression, pain,
Sorrow, and sin; and quailing ones would fain
Fly from the present to the past again.
Was it that when we sorrow most, the heart
Makes e'en its tortures of its life a part?
Was it that age, and infancy, and love
Bring e'en to slave-hood radiance from above?
Oh! ring not shrill along their ears the while
The shrieks of infants from the waves of Nile?
Yet, O Death, Death! from thee, from thee we fly;
And oft we loathe to live, but dare not, dare not die!
But while such thoughts, and darker, through their souls,
The rising uproar near and nearer rolls,
Till, through the eddying dust-clouds, on their sight
Bursts a long line of plumes and helmets bright,
And sunset flames on banner, lance, and spear,
Where Egypt's chariots flash in full career!

One wild, amazed, and agonizing cry
Instant from Israel's armies smites the sky!
On God, in terror, million voices call;
On Moses million imprecations fall:
Were there no graves in Egypt that we flee
To perish in the wilderness with thee?
Did we not bid thee leave us there alone,
To serve th' Egyptians till our days were done?
Why hast thou thus our hearts and hopes beguiled,
And led us forth to slaughter in the wild?
"Fear not," cried he whose Heaven-assisted hand
Had filled with woe and wonder Pharaoh's land;
"Stand still, and see salvation from the Lord
Revealed from heaven to prove His changeless word;
For these your foes, whom now your eyes deplore,
Henceforth shall vex your vision nevermore!"

Still, as they trembling gazed on foe and flood,
Fell from the skies the awful voice of God:

"Wherefore this cry of faithless fear to Me?
Bid Israel forward! stretch above the sea
Thy hand, and lift thy rod to cleave its flow,
And lead My chosen through its depths
below;
And Egypt's king shall know that I am God,
What time I whelm him with the gulfing
flood!"
So spake Jehovah; swift His angel turns,
And o'er their rear the fiery pillar burns:
On Egypt frowning black with gloomiest
night;
On Israel scattering soft, serenest light!
Lo! by its ray, at beck of Moses' rod,
The sea sinks down, as at the feet of God!
The east wind ploughs its billows like a share,
Furrowing the brine till ocean's bed is bare,
Flinging the foamy ridges long and high,
On right and left, until they wash the sky;
And emerald ranges, wreathed with rain-
bows, stand
Guarding a valley scooped by God's right
hand!

Down, down the gorge, far-sloping from the
shore,
The trembling millions now obedient pour,
Dry-shod and safe along the yawning caves,
'Twixt mountain walls of piled and solid
waves.
Awed by such wonders, reverently they move
'Neath watery bastions, looming dim above;
While bright behind them, blackness to
their foes,
The guardian Presence like a meteor glows,
Cheers all the wasteful deep with dusty rays,
But lights their path with bright, benignant
blaze!

But as they march adown the dread profound,
Their foiled pursuers catch the lessening
sound,
And instant arm, with Heaven-sent fury blind,
And rush, impetuous, down the deep behind!
There is a point, a limit, in all sins,
Where reason ends, and madness, stark,
begins;
Where Heaven withdraws all judgment,
shame, or fear,
And retribution then is swift and near;
The impious wretch to whom, in vain, are lent
All days of mercy, and all warnings sent,
Whose soul, insensate, mocks where demons
quail,
And scorns repentance till forbearance fail,
Sees, when too late, the bolt of vengeance
gleam,
And drops, a blackened ruin, from his dream.

The nation that can crush a weaker race,
Or hunt the human-kind like beasts of chase,
Be it by armies, hounds, or laws more fell,
Hangs toppling on the crumbling verge of
hell!
And though she lift her haughty head alone,
Confronting Heaven with brow of slave-hewn
stone,
Impatient thunders, big with fearful trust,
Tremble to leap and dash her into dust;
And though Heaven's judgments linger, and
seem slow,
Not lighter falls the long-suspended blow
That hurls, at last, the blasted tyrant low!

O Egypt! Art thou enough chastised?
Is not thy pride by all the past advised?
Rush not vague terrors on thy shrinking
sight
From out the pall that doubles nature's night?
Runs not along thy soul that wail untold
That rose when morning found thy first-born
cold?
Seems not the burdening pressure of the air
To stir with whisperings bidding thee *for-
bear?*

On, on they pour, by fiends exulting driven,
Smit with portentous hardihood from heaven.
Throned in his burnished car the monarch
rides,
Defiant gazing on the quivering tides
That, with restraint impatient, creep and
move,
And curl, and hiss, and murmur, far above!
On, on they pour! Till now, in middle sea,
The long black valley, open far and free,
Stretches before, behind, beyond their sight,
Where sky and ocean blend in circling night.

But as they rave along the hideous gloom,
Lo! Light appalling flashes on their doom!
Forth from the cloud in blinding blaze it
streams,
Malignant influence rides on all its beams!
Perplexed, dismayed, all hearts with bodings
quake;
All arms, relaxed, in nerveless terror shake!
The steed grows restive with brute instinct's
dread,
Startles, and snorts, and flings his lofty head!
The trembling driver scarce his stand main-
tains,
Plies the vain thong, and grasps the useless
reins!
And swift avenging angels o'er them crowd,
While Israel's God looks lightening from the
cloud!

But still the maniac king pursues his prey,
Scorns every omen, mocks at all delay,
Till hands unseen, innumerous, deftly steal
The pins that fasten many a rapid wheel!
Erring they roll, confused at Heaven's com-
mand,
And many a laboring axle ploughs the sand!

With pale recoil, at last, appalled, they cry,
"From face of Israel let us turn and fly!
God fights for them against Egyptian's host!
Turn we, and fly! Fly! fly! or all is lost!"
They wheel, they fly! Then from the cloudy
gloom
Breaks instant forth the fiery storm of doom!

Dread thunders crash! The bellowing heavens descend!
Lightning and rain in blinding wrath contend!
Blackness and whirlwind sky and ocean blind!
And eddying tides resistless turn, and sweep
And whirl and foam along the rising deep!

Ah, vain repentance, or of man or state,
That never comes until it comes too late!
Even as they wheel, lo! Israel's ransomed host,
With dawn safe climbing free Arabia's coast!
Too late, too late, through middle seas they fly;
The hour of vengeance flushes all the sky!

O maid of Egypt! vainly dost thou wait
Thy hero-lover at his palace gate!
Vainly, with love's fond studiousness prepare
To crown him victor, and to deck his car!
Vainly do waiting hearts of pride and love
Through all the land, at every footfall move!
Their last, their utterest desolation flies,
Shadowy and swift, along the ominous skies!

Ten direful plagues throughout the world proclaim
Jehovah's wrath at slavery's wrong and shame:
One final stroke, stupendous and sublime,
Shall peal the re-enslaver's doom through time;
For when God's right hand rends the bondman's chain,
Woe, woe to him who wields the links again—
Who rashly braves the Omnipotent decree!
He wars with God who wars with liberty!
Once more wide sounds the awful voice of God;
Once more wide waves the sea-compelling rod,
And, at its beck, the pent, recoiling tide
In deluge mountains bursts on either side!
Vainly, in frantic terror, from its flow,
Shoreward they rage, tumultuous, far below!
Before, behind, with instantaneous pour,
The ocean plunges and the surges roar!
Vainly at once to thousand gods they cry,
To prop the seas that, stooping, hide the sky!

With shock tremendous yields each green arched wall,
Immense and swift the whelming ranges fall,
And ruin runs with level lapse o'er all!
One moment, struggling in the surge for life,
See some strong swimmer stem the seething strife!
One moment Pharaoh's golden armor shines
'Mid cataracts booming like exploding mines!
One moment, madly plunging in their toils,
His war-steeds flounder where the tumult boils;
And one long, mingled, stifled, strangled scream
Comes like the gasp-shriek of a nightmare dream;
And Pharaoh, deified, and prince, and slave,
Together sink beneath th' all-whelming wave;
And meeting billows skip, and clap their hands,
And laugh wild requiem o'er proud Egypt's bands,
That slumber low along the weltering sands.

George Lansing Taylor.

3928. RED SEA, Song at the.
Exodus xv : 1.

Sing to Jehovah, who gloriously triumphs,
The God of our fathers, the God of the free!
For Jah is our strength, our song and salvation!
The horse and his rider are drowned in the sea!

The Lord is a warrior, His name is Jehovah!
Thy right hand, O Lord! is exalted in might!
Thou dashest in pieces the foes of Thy people!
Thy wrath hath consumed them and swept them to night!

The chariots of Pharaoh, his captains and princes,
The hosts of oppression, the legions of wrong,
The blast of Thy nostrils with floods overwhelms them,
And Israel shouts in her thunders of song!

What God of the nations is like to Jehovah?
Glorious in holiness, fearful in praise!
All peoples shall fear Him, all ages adore Him!
He reigns in His glory, through infinite days!

George Lansing Taylor.

3929. RESURRECTION, Christ's.
Matthew xxviii : 2; Mark xvi : 4.

Cold is the midnight air;
Judea's vine-clad heights in silence lie,
And dark yon rugged cliffs their shadows fling
Across the olive glens, in softness veiled,
Beneath the silver beams of the pale moon.

Jerusalem, too, in solemn silence lies,
Though thronged throughout her halls with num'rous guests,
Now met as in the holier days gone by
To keep the paschal festival.

But hark! there is a sound! What footstep dares
Intrude on spot so sacred? Who disturb
The quiet of the grave? a grave that could
Alone afford repose to Him whose life
Had been one lasting tempest of rebuke,
And scorn and bitterness and blackest hate,
A mystery of abandonment and woe!
Who dares approach? unless some priceless friend,

Whose agony and love scorns all restraint,
And at the noon of night seeks the lone tomb,
To raise the linen shroud, and gaze, and weep
On the pale mangled corpse, now cold and mute
As the cold rock on which His head doth rest.
Is it the noiseless step—the smothered sigh
Of holy friendship, seeking e'en in death
To hold communion with the loved and lost!
No; 'tis the martial clank of steel-clad men,
The measured tread of Roman sentinels,
Who sullen pace the private garden-paths,
And watch the tomb of Jesus. Wherefore thus
Do hoary warriors stand in consultation?
And why are signs of dread so visible
On those stern countenances, long inured
To buffet with life's storm, and smile in scorn
At what the gods might doom in duty's path?
Does Death not hold secure enough his prey,
That these becomes his allies?
Make all secure!
Let rocks be sealed, and men of war be placed
At every avenue, with lance and sword,
To guard the still domain. Let the keen eye
Of the young soldier fix its fiery glance
On the mysterious shrine; while near him
The laurelled veteran, with scrutiny [stands
Intense as the red lightning. And let hell
Spread her embattled hosts—the viewless ranks
Of principalities and powers and thrones,
Be ready for the charge, and all combine
To keep imprisoned in that dark above,
The murdered corpse of the poor Nazarene!

O earth and heaven! What dread convulsion shakes
The adamantine pillars that have reared
Their dark volcanic heaps against the sky,
So many ages! See, the rocks are rent,
And opening wide disclose their secret depths,
In all the frightful grandeur of their form!
What mighty thunderings wake this peaceful dawn,
With voice more dreadful than the deafening roll
Of Cæsar's conquering chariots! And ye men,
Ye men of blood and valor, who have stood
Unblanched on battle-fields, and heard unmoved
The tumult of ten thousand dying groans,
Why stand ye thus with terror-stricken brow,
And rolling eye, and lip as ashy white
As that of some weak, helpless woman!
And why beneath the corselet heaves so wild
Stout hearts that never quaked for man or fiend?
The white-robed messengers of heaven's high King
Are hovering o'er your heads; while near you now,
Within that sepulchre, is going on
A mystery. . . . . .
No human hand may feel the first warm throb
That stirs beneath the shroud. No eye may view
The mantling bloom of reawakened life
Spread o'er that pallid countenance—
But now He lives. *Mitchell.*

3930. RESURRECTION, Christ's.
Matthew xxviii : 1-10.

Our Lord His dissolution had commenced,
And Deity His soul reinfluenced;
Infernal malice now had reached its height,
And God had to the land restored the light,
When the chief priests the Governor bespeak,
That some the malefactors' legs should break.
By Pilate's order, with a pond'rous stroke
The two thieves' bones were by the soldiers broke,
To hasten death, lest hanging on a tree
Upon the feast, it might polluted be.
But seeing Jesus dead they passed Him by:
God watched Him with a providential eye,
That all the prophecy fulfilled might own—
Messias should not have a broken bone;
One thrust his spear into His tender side,
And from His pericardium streaming eyed
Both blood and water, and from thence we know
From His heart-love rites sacramental flow;
The wound was mortal, and the spiteful Jews [abuse;
With a feigned death could not the world
The wound predicted in the Sacred Book,
They on Messias, whom they pierced, shall look.

The pious Joseph then to Pilate goes,
Begs he of Jesus' body might dispose:
Pilate consents, and in the marble womb
Of a hard rock, where was a new-cut tomb
For his own burial in his garden made,
Our Lord took rest, where never man was laid,
Lest, when He rose, it might suggested be,
Some other there entombed arose, not He;
Or that He rose not by His Power Divine,
But contact of some saint's or prophet's shrine.
Good Nicodemus, to adorn his hearse,
Brought odors o'er His body to disperse:
All was enwrapped in a fine linen fold,
And a huge stone upon the entrance rolled

Meanwhile His separate soul to Hades flew,
The receptacles of the dead to view,
O'er ghastly death His triumph to proclaim,
And make all Tophet tremble at His name.
A bright angelic squadron on the wing
Attended on their death-subduing King.
With a bright cross of rays transversed made,
And His inscription at the head displayed,
In great resplendent characters, like those
Which God's celestial Book of Life compose,
Our Lord began His awful, radiant march,
Descending first to the infernal arch.
Damned ghosts at His dread sight began to quake,

Flouncing for shelter in the burning lake;
He their malicious tyranny restrained,
And orders gave they should be all rechained.
The prison next where souls polluted dwell,
Infested daily by near neighboring hell,
Where they too late impenitent bewail,
Reserved for judgment in that dolorous jail,
He enters; with strange terror each was dashed,
And with fresh stings of guilty conscience lashed.
Thence He to paradise ascends direct,
Where holy souls with languor Him expect;
There saints are in the interim at rest,
Till, judgment passed, they are completely blessed;
There each good soul remains in widowed state,
In longings till remarried to its mate;
Thither our Lord the thief benignly brought,
Who to the saints the crucifixion taught.
The holy souls their gracious Lord revered,
And He with sweet supports their languors cheered,
Advanced their joys to a more rapturous height,
And placed them nearer to the blissful sight.
Some He for present resurrection chose,
His train at His own rising to compose,
Whose tombs then open by the earthquake lay,
Ordained a while to reassume their clay.
The third day's dawn gave Him His rising call,
He poured out heavenly favors on them all.
Down then He flew with His selected train,
That He and they might glad reunion gain.

The envious Jews once more to Pilate came,
His jealousy thus striving to inflame:
"We oft have heard that great deceiver say
That He would reinspire His buried clay;
A guard we for the sepulchre implore,
Which day and night may strictly watch the door,
Lest His admirers some new fraud impose,
And then affirm He from His grave arose."
At their request straight Pilate guards assigned,
And watchful duty to them all enjoined:
The Jews, lest votaries should His body steal,
See the watch set, and stone sepulchral seal;
Wisdom divine Judaic malice steered,
And they, the truth they strove to smother, cleared.

Bless'd Jesus' flesh and spirit reunite;
He rose from death by His own boundless might;
His blood recircling made His pulses beat;
All vital channels felt rekindled heat.
The seventh day's Jewish Sabbath breathed its last,
And into desuetude eternal passed; [begun,
The first day's hallowed gleams were then
Illumined by God's co-eternal Son;
When a new earthquake gave the awful sign
Of God incarnate rising from His shrine.

In the first, earth and air at every pore
Transpiring thunders globe terraqueous tore;
The frighted sea its channel then forsook,
Foundations of the globe terrestrial shook;
The pillars on which arched heavens rely
Were on their several bases screwed awry.
But in the second, by propitious force,
All things recovered their conatural course:
Back to their magazine the waters rolled;
Fixed were foundations which the earth upheld;
The pillars screwed aright which heaven sustained;
The world, with Jesus, resurrection gained.
His foes alone had of the omen dread,
And feared His glorious rising from the dead;
The guard who watched the tomb, in horrid fright,
To the chief priests took instantaneous flight;
They told the wondrous truth, while envious Jews
(Convinced, but not converted at the news),
Bribed high the soldiers, charging them to say,
His votaries stole Him, while they slept, away:
And if the Governor should doubt the tale,
They would for their impunity prevail.
The soldiers took the bribe, and could not hold,
But all abroad both truth and fiction told.

Explosions which the second earthquake gave,
By Heaven directed, opened Jesus' grave;
They raised the stone erect, while Jesus rose,
Which straight fell down the sepulchre to close,
Till from high heaven a mighty angel flown,
Rolled quite away the monumental stone,
That saints who thither came their tears to shed
Might see plain marks of rising from the dead.
The tender sex got of the men the starts,
They first the tribute paid of thankful hearts;
They, ere the sun could gain the morning point,
Haste Jesus with rich odors to anoint.
The guard was fled, the stone away was rolled,
And on the stone an angel they behold,
His face like unafflicting lightning bright,
His vesture than the new-fall'n snow more white;
The guard he struck into amazing fears,
But the soft votaries he benignly cheers;
"'Tis Jesus whom ye seek; be not afraid;
Come, see the empty tomb where He was laid.
The living 'mongst the dead ye seek in vain;
He oft foretold that He should rise again;
'Tis now fulfilled; haste to His votaries make,
That they may of the happy news partake."

Two other angels, each in radiant vest,
The same propitious wonder co-attest.
The news, too good in haste to be believed,
Was with suspicions at the first received:
Loved John and Peter gave them greatest heed;
Both ran to reach the sepulchre with speed;
With Magdalen they both the tomb survey,
Minutely all the circumstances weigh;
The grave they enter, linen shroud they view,
And the impression which His body drew;
The napkin which around His head was tied,
Wrapt up, they in another place descried:
They both believe, yet doubts were intermixed,
Till fresh illuminations faith refixed.
They both departing, Magdalen remained;
Showers from her eyes into the tomb she rained;
At head and feet where Jesus lay she saw
Two radiant angels sit with humble awe:
"Why weepest thou?" they mildly her bespeak.
"Ah me!" she said, "I here loved Jesus seek,
But they have moved Him from His burial-place,
And I, alas! their motions cannot trace."
Our Lord with that to her glad view appears,
And changed afflicting into joyful tears.
Jesus on love and tears sets value high,
And first with His dear sight blessed Mary's eye.
To His great Father in the garden shade,
Jesus first-fruits of resurrection paid,
In hymns divine and eucharistic joys,
And next a glorious angel He employs,
To carry to His mother the glad news, [fuse.
Which o'er her soul high rapture should dif-
The saints departed who with Jesus rose,
To Salem came the wonder to disclose.
Jews them beheld with a surprise profound,
Who rose when no last trump was heard to sound,
Known by their bodies; they with saints conversed,
Each heart they with the love of Jesus pierced.
To female saints Himself He early showed,
Whose tears, like Mary's, had His tomb o'erflowed;
To James, to Peter, to the saints who talked
Of Jesus as they to Emmaus walked;
To His disciples in assembly joined;
When Thomas stayed by accident behind;
Peace to you all was His benign salute.
Their want of faith to chide and to confute,
He showed His wounded hands, and feet, and side,
That by their sense His body might be tried.
He food demanded, and before them eat,
Beyond all doubt conviction to complete;
"Peace to you," Jesus said, "I now decree,
To send you, as My Father first sent Me."
Then breathing, adds, "The Holy Ghost receive,
To tender you, when I My votaries leave.
Heaven will the sins, you here absolve, remit,
And no bold sinners, whom you bind, acquit."
When Thomas present was, He them reviews,
His solemn benedictions He renews; [nails
His hands into the wounds of spear and
Whilst Thomas thrusts, past doubting he bewails:
"My Lord, my God!" he passionately cried,
The same now risen, Who was crucified.
Our Lord made visit to His friends again,
As on Tiberias' sea they fished in vain.
A wondrous draught made risen Jesus known,
By whom a greater miracle was shown;
For as to land the mighty shoal they drew,
A fire-broiled fish, and loaves, they had in view;
Our Lord with them at the same table fed,
Or by the angels, or creation spread.
For Peter's trine denial, there a trine
Profession, He required of love divine;
Bade him His lambs and sheep with zeal to feed,
Predicting, he by martyrdom should bleed;
To heavenly solitude He then withdrew,
Where angels to congratulate Him flew.

Weak, conquered Death, on Jesus I rely,
And all your whole artillery defy;
You of dire terrors are no longer king,
By Jesus disenvenomed is your sting;
Our Jesus' rising has unbarred the grave,
From your insulting horrors saints to save;
Your force, which you by sin accursed gained,
Is now by His all-gracious might restrained;
You may the body for a time surprise,
But from its fall it shall to glory rise.
May I, Lord, by repentance sin bewail—
Sin, which armed death, o'er sinners to pre-
And early rising from a life impure, [vail;
My rising to eternal bliss secure!

All praise to Jesus! Who from death arose,
And triumphed over our infernal foes.
Glory to Jesus! o'er the mountain rolls,
Who rising, opens heaven to faithful souls.
Thomas Ken.

3931. RESURRECTION, Paul Preaching the.
Acts xvii: 32.

Upborne on towering fancy's eagle wing,
Methinks imagination's piercing eye
Darts through the veil of ages, and beholds
Imperial Athens; views her sumptuous domes,
Her gorgeous palaces, and splendid fanes,
Inscribed to all the various deities
That crowd the pagan heaven. Amid the rest
An altar sacred to the God Unknown
Attracts my gaze; I see a list'ning throng
With eager haste press round a reverend form,
Whose lifted hands and contemplative mien
Express the anxious feelings of a mind
Big with momentous cares. 'Tis he! 'tis he!
Methinks I hear the apostle of my God
From blind idolatry to purer faith

Call the deluded city; naught avails
The rude abuse of jeering ignorance,
Nor all the scoffs that malice can invent;
To duty firm, their mockery he derides,
And, with intrepid tone, divinely brave,
Proclaims the blessed Jesus, tells His power,
His gracious mercy and unbounded love
To sinful man; tells how the Saviour fell,
Awhile a victim to insulting death,
'Till, bursting from the prison of the grave,
He rose to glory, and to earth declared
These joyful tidings, this important truth—
"There is another and a better world."

Who shall describe the senate's wild amaze,
When the great orator announced that day,
That solemn day, when from the yawning
earth
The dead shall rise, and ocean's deep abyss
Pour forth its buried millions? When, 'mid
choirs
Of angels throned, the righteous God shall sit
To judge the gathered nations. Vice appalled,
With trembling steps retired, and guilty fear
Shook every frame, when holy Paul pro-
nounced
The awful truth; dark superstition's fiend
Convulsive writhed within his mighty grasp,
And persecution's dagger, half unsheathed,
Back to its scabbard slunk; celestial grace
Around him beamed; sublime the apostle
stood,
In heaven's impenetrable armor clothed,
Alone, unhurt before a host of foes.
So, 'mid the billows of the boundless main,
Some rock's vast fabric rears its lofty form,
And o'er the angry surge that roars below
Indignant frowns; in vain the tempest howls,
The blast rude sweeping o'er the troubled
deep
Assaults in vain: unmoved the giant views
All nature's war, as 'gainst his flinty sides
Wave after wave expends its little rage,
And breaks in harmless murmurs at his feet.

William Bolland.

3932. RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

Luke xvi: 19-31.

Two men—one rich, the other poor;
The poor lay at the rich man's door,
The rich amid his goodly store:
So was it here.
Of these two men, the Scriptures say:
In purple robes the rich man lay;
His fare was sumptuous every day,
And everywhere.

Attendants on the rich man wait,
The courtiers of his pomp and state;
The lazar waiting at his gate
All friendless lay.
The poor man at the rich man's doors
Sought but the fragments of his stores;
The dogs were kind, and licked his sores,
From day to day.

We are not told the rich man's name,
But only of his earthly claim,
His wealth, and his unworthy fame,
And sumptuous fare.
The poor man's name is in all lands;
Writ in the Book of Life it stands;
Upon His forehead and His hands—
'Tis graven there!

They lived, they died—we all must die;
The rich in gorgeous pomp did lie;
Beneath some gilded canopy
He slept his sleep.
The beggar on his bed, forlorn,
His body wearied, wasted, worn,
His soul by angel hands is borne
For God to keep.

Bright angels bear light souls away
To realms of light and endless day;
The stony heart to heavy clay,
Too great a load.
Thus, he who craved the crumbs that fell,
Awoke in heaven's high festival;
The other oped his eyes in hell,
Far, far from God.

Between those worlds vast spaces are;
But as the gates are left ajar,
They see each other from afar,
From thence to there.
And there behold the poor man's bliss,
More joy in that world than in this;
The fulness of that joy was his,
God's love to share.

Safe harbor, and the voyage o'er;
Fair haven of the peaceful shore;
Soft "bosom," never troubled more,
All peace and rest;
Where pains of earth are past and gone;
Hunger and thirst no more are known;
The toil and weary travel done,
Forever blest.

The rich man saw, through yonder gate,
The poor man's joy and blissful state;
And from his own dread, awful fate,
Cried, "Father, hear!"
'Mid burning thirsts and wailing sighs,
And from the death that never dies,
The rich man's voice from Hades cries
In pain and fear.

He that the very crumbs denied—
"Give but one cooling drop!" now cried.
But no; the gulf is deep and wide
'Twixt us and you;
And none can help another thus,
For none can pass from thence to us.
'Tis vain to call for Lazarus
To help thee now!

Nor can he to thy brethren go,
Nor to thy father's house below
The way of life and truth to show;
His work is o'er.

Nor, when the guilty sinner dies,
Can he from endless death arise:
As the tree falleth, there it lies,
For evermore!

No dead one from the narrow grave,
Nor angel from above, could save;
Who Moses and the prophets have,
Must read with fear.
Would'st thou maintain a living creed
To comfort thee when dying, dead?
In Moses and the prophets read:
It is all there. *Robert Maguire.*

3933. RIGHT MUST WIN.

Oh it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battlefield of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

Yes, there is less to try our faith,
In our mysterious creed,
Than in the godless look of earth,
In these our hours of need.

Ill masters good; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways
Love's lifelong study are;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own;
Her step is firm and free;
Yet there is cautious science too
In her simplicity.

Workmen of God! oh lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt know where to strike!

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

As He can endless glory weave
From what men reckon shame,
In His own world He is content
To play a losing game.

Muse on His justice, downcast soul!
Muse and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part.

God's justice is a bed, where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.
F. W. Faber.

3934. RIGHT, Trust in God and do the.

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:
"Trust in God and do the right."

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight,
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
"Trust in God and do the right."

Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light,
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God and do the right."

Trust no party, church, or faction,
Trust no "leaders" in the fight;
But in every word and action
"Trust in God and do the right."

Trust no lovely forms of passion;
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion;
"Trust in God and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee;
"Trust in God and do the right."

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light,
Star upon our path abiding,
"Trust in God and do the right."
Norman Macleod.

3935. RIZPAH.

2 Samuel xxi: 8–10.

Oh moments to others, but ages to me,
I have sat with the brow of the dead at my knee;
In the purple of night, at the flushing of noon,
I have bent o'er the cherished, that left me—how soon!
And I looked on the dimness that froze on the eye,
So bright in its burning, its glances so high!
And I watched the consumer, as over he crept,
And feasted where beauty and manhood still slept.

I loved the dark eye, though its kindling was dead,
And the pride of that lip, though its blushing was shed.
O sons of the kingly! how lovely in death!
Though your frown, when ye died, flitted not with your breath;
As ye lay in your strength, so unmoving and chill,
There was daring, calm daring, that death could not kill;
So mighty to conquer, and never to fly,
And life in its fulness, oh, how did ye die!

The eagle at dawning stooped down in his pride,
With the blood-drops of princes his pinions were dyed;
But he looked on that eye, and he shrouded his own:
In your sternness of sleeping he left you alone.
The leopard at evening leaped onward in play,
And he plunged where I knelt, as he scented his prey;
But he knew the strong arm he had met in his mood,
And he crept to his lair, like a fawn of the wood.

Oh, yon moon, with her cold light has maddened my brain!
In the wildness of midnight they waken again:
In their softness and wrath, in their sadness and glee,
With their fierce scowl in battle, their bright smile to me;
The frown when they struck 'mid the carnage begun,
The smile as we met when the conflict was done;
And there is not in Judah a mother so blest
As I with my dead, in their desolate rest.
Bryan Fitch Ransom.

3936. RIZPAH.

2 Samuel xxi: 9, 10.

Hear what the desolate Rizpah said,
As on Gibeah's rocks she watched the dead.
The sons of Michal before her lay,
And her own fair children, dearer than they:
By a death of shame they all had died,
And were stretched on the bare rock, side by side.
And Rizpah, once the loveliest of all
That bloomed and smiled in the court of Saul,
All wasted with watching and famine now,
And scorched by the sun her haggard brow,
Sat, mournfully guarding their corpses there,
And murmured a strange and solemn air;
The low, heart-broken, and wailing strain
Of a mother that mourns her children slain.

"I have made the crags my home, and spread
On their desert backs my sackcloth bed;
I have eaten the bitter herb of the rocks,
And drunk the midnight dew in my locks;
I have wept till I could not weep, and the pain
Of my burning eyeballs went to my brain.
Seven blackened corpses before me lie,
In the blaze of the sun and the winds of the sky.
I have watched them through the burning day,
And driven the vulture and raven away;
And the cormorant wheeled in circles round,
Yet feared to alight on the guarded ground.
And, when the shadows of twilight came,
I have seen the hyena's eyes of flame,
And heard at my side his stealthy tread,
But aye at my shout the savage fled:
And I threw the lighted brand, to fright
The jackal and wolf that yelled in the night.

"Ye were foully murdered, my hapless sons,
By the hands of wicked and cruel ones;
Ye fell, in your fresh and blooming prime,
All innocent, for your father's crime.
He sinned, but he paid the price of his guilt
When his blood by a nameless hand was spilt;
When he strove with the heathen host in vain,
And fell with the flower of his people slain,
And the sceptre his children's hands should sway
From his injured lineage passed away.

"But I hoped that the cottage roof would be
A safe retreat for my sons and me;
And that while they ripened to manhood fast,
They should wean my thoughts from the woes of the past.
And my bosom swelled with a mother's pride,
As they stood in their beauty and strength by my side,
Tall like their sire, with the princely grace
Of his stately form, and the bloom of his face.

"Oh, what an hour for a mother's heart,
When the pitiless ruffians tore us apart!
When I clasped their knees and wept and prayed,
And struggled and shrieked to Heaven for aid,
And clung to my sons with desperate strength,
Till the murderers loosed my hold at length,
And bore me breathless and faint aside,
In their iron arms, while my children died.
They died, and the mother that gave them birth
Is forbid to cover their bones with earth.

"The barley-harvest was nodding white,
When my children died on the rocky height,
And the reapers were singing on hill and plain,
When I came to my task of sorrow and pain.
But now the season of rain is nigh,
The sun is dim in the thickening sky,
And the clouds in sullen darkness rest
Where he hides his light at the doors of the west.

I hear the howl of the wind that brings
The long drear storm on its heavy wings;
But the howling wind and the driving rain
Will beat on my houseless head in vain:
I shall stay, from my murdered sons to scare
The beasts of the desert and fowls of air."

William Cullen Bryant.

3937. RIZPAH.

Lo! the day-star's golden car
Brings the morning from afar,
Lighting up Mount Gibeah.

I must raise my eyes and see
In the sighing cypress tree,
Faces dead, but dear to me.

Sons of Rizpah, children mine!
Sons of Saul, a kingly line!
Drunken now with Death's pale wine!

I am Rizpah and accursed!
Vultures hunger, jackals thirst
For the babes I fondly nursed!

O my darlings! Mine no more!
Never mother wept before
With a soul so sick and sore!

From your cold but comely clay
I will once more drive away
The avenging birds of prey.

Since the barley fields were ripe,
In the darkness, in the light,
I have waged a weary fight.

Winds at twilight, as they blow,
Move your dead limbs to and fro,
Mock me, while I watch below;

For I fancy you alive,
From my half-sleep rise and strive,
Back the birds and dreams to drive!

In despair, aloud I cry,
"Speak, Armoni! It is I,
Rizpah!" You make no reply.

Then I turn me to the other:
"Hear, Mephibosheth, thy mother!"
Art thou voiceless as thy brother?

Long ago death's frigid stare
Left your features fond and fair;
And I knew whose touch was there.

Death is cruel, but Decay
Is my helper; none can stay
What her hands would hide away.

Spite of gibbet, gyve, or chain,
Soon upon the flowery plain
You will lie, my twain, my slain.

Then by hands you loved the best
Shall the soft, sweet soil be pressed
On your bones, and we will rest!

Simeon Tucker Clark.

3938. RIZPAH.

She sat beneath the midnight sky,
Amid her grief alone;
The soft winds swept in silence by,
Or breathed an answering moan.
She wept not, for the source was dry
Whence bitter tears are shed;
But gazed with calm and steadfast eye
Upon the silent dead:

The dead whose forms before her lay,
Wrapped in that deep repose
That will not pass with night away,
Nor sudden wakening knows:
On whom the mourner called in vain
With words of tenderness,
Whose pale lips trembled not again
To soothe her deep distress.

Well might she gaze, in mute despair,
Upon that scene of woe;
For every treasured hope was there,
Besides those sleepers low.
Too soon, too sudden torn away,
The lone and childless left,
Where shall her sad heart find a stay,
Of every hope bereft?

Sadly looked down the dark-blue sky,
Though bright with many a star;
She heeded not each glittering eye
That watched her from afar.
She would have poured her bitter grief
Upon the midnight air;
But words were all too few and brief
To paint her wild despair.

Then gayly came the crimson dawn,
Clothed in its robe of light;
But what to her was rosy morn,
Who dwelt in endless night?

The midnight's veil could never hide
That depth of bitter woe;
The gorgeous sun, arrayed in pride,
But mocked the grief below.

Slowly the golden sunbeams crept
Along their wide domain,
And rested on the forms that slept
Where love still watched in vain.
The sunshine of her life's glad day
Was gone, no more to rise;
Hid 'neath the heavy lids that lay
Above the darkened eyes.

Gay voices, breathing tones of mirth,
Came floating on the breeze;
The mingled choristers of earth,
The sound of waving trees.
These fell unheeded on her ear;
To her all music died,
When, bending o'er these slumb'rers dear,
She called and none replied.

Still through each long and weary day
Her vigil sad she kept;
Beneath the noontide's scorching ray,
Or when the night dews wept.
With love that changed or faltered not,
She kept her place unmoved;
On earth that single lonely spot
Held all her best beloved.

And oh! what piercing tones of woe
Awoke the silence there,
Or died away in murmurs low
Upon the troubled air!
What storm of grief and passion thrilled
Her heart so long opprest!
What brooding waves of sorrow filled
The mourner's haunted breast!

They bore the silent dead away
From that drear scene of gloom,
And laid them with their kindred clay
Within the sheltering tomb.
And where—where broke the faithful heart
Whose task was now fulfilled?
Whence did that spirit, wrung, depart?
When was that deep grief stilled?

We know not; but the love profound
That lived when life was o'er,
That human speech can never sound,
Or human thought explore,
Must surely in some realm above
Have found its fitting home,
Where death can never sunder love,
Or grief and parting come.

A sad and weary lot was thine,
O watcher by the dead!
To gaze upon the soul's loved shrine,
When life's fair hues had fled.
But oh! 'tis sad from day to day
To mark the love of years,
Long prized and cherished, fade away
Amidst unheeded tears:

The love that we had called our own,
The joy of vanished hours,
Die, like an echo's scarce-heard tone,
Or hues of withered flowers;
And leave but sorrow in the place
Whence love and hope have fled:
The soul that seeks their early trace
Must gaze upon the dead!

P. J. Owens.

3939. RIZPAH.

With staff in hand, stern Rizpah dauntless stands
To guard the bodies of her sons, who, slain
For sacrifice, now hang upon the plain
In ghastly form, a terror to all lands.
Mute, prayerful, watchful, as if mighty bands
Of robbers girt her like a giant chain,
She backward drives the birds and beasts again,
By wondrous power and might of eyes and hands.
Rizpah! thy name comes blazoned through long years
For showing all the strength and fearlessness
A mother can bestow upon her own,
To guard from foul disgrace. Yet not the less
Methinks e'en in this time and temperate zone
Would every mother shield her sons from stress
Of evil, 'till soul and body's strength were gone.

Alexander Macauley.

3940. ROBES, Bridal.

Bride of the Lamb, thyself prepare
To meet the spouse divine;
Put on thy robe with virgin care,
And bright with jewels shine.

Arrayed in linen white and clean,
The saints' pure righteousness,
Come forth as sun or moon serene,
And show thy beauteous dress.

No blemish in thy garb must be,
Nor spot on all thy vest,
Fair emblems of the purity
Grace wrought within thy breast.

Whate'er thou once couldst call thine own
Must all be laid aside;
In what He hath conferred alone
Will Jesus own His bride.

What scarlet was, white snow behold;
What crimson, native wool;
For every sheep in Jesus' fold
Is washed in Calvary's pool.

Faith, hope, and love unite to gem
Emmanuel's chosen bride;
But in the New Jerusalem
Love only shall abide.

J. M. Hare.

3941. ROCK AND SAND.

Matthew vii : 24-27.

Happy he whose willing ears
Catch the words of life with joy;
He who treasures what he hears,
Makes its practice his employ.

On the rock his house he rears;
Vain the floods that 'round him roar;
Built on Christ, no storms he fears;
God his trust for evermore.

Woe to him who hears in vain—
Hears, but does not, Christ's commands;
Shuns the cross this world to gain,
Builds his house upon the sands!

Soon the gathering storm shall dash,
Waves shall beat, and tempests roar;
Then, with awful, endless crash,
Sinks that house, to rise no more!

Help me, Lord, to hear and do
All Thy words of life and love;
Christ my rock, my house in view,
Built for endless years above.

George Lansing Taylor.

3942. ROCK, Streams from the.

Numbers xx : 11.

What wonder's this, that there should spring
Streams from a rock to quench a people's thirst?
What man alive did e'er see such a thing,
That waters out of stones should burst?
Yet rather than with drouth should Israel die,
God by a miracle will them supply.

What wonder's this, that from Christ's side
Water and blood should run to cleanse our sin?
This is that fountain which was opened wide
To purge all our uncleanness in;
But this the greater wonder is by far,
As substances beyond the shadows are.

Christ is that spiritual Rock from whence
Two sacraments derived are to us:
Being the objects of our faith and sense,
Both receive comfort from them thus;
Rather than we should faint, our Rock turns Vine,
And stays our thirst with water and with wine.

But here's another rock, my heart
Harder than adamant; yet by and by,
If by a greater Moses struck, 'twill part,
And stream forth tears abundantly. [blow,
Strike then this rock, my God! double the
That for my sins my eyes with tears may flow!

My sins that pierced Thy hands, Thy feet,
Thy head, Thy heart, and every part of Thee,
And on the cross made life and death to meet—
Death to Thyself, and life to me;
Thy very fall does save; O happy strife!
That struck God dead, but raised man to life.

Thomas Washbourne.

3943. ROSE OF SHARON AND LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Canticles ii : 1.

A wilderness of barren sand,
With scorching sun-glare, hot and red,
Where whitened bones of men long dead,
A level, broad, deserted land.

Storms swept across it, and the sky
Deepened its red to blackest gloom;
It seemed a buried nation's tomb,
So desolate below, on high.

Years passed, years slowly passed again:
A long pale line of eastern light
Broke at the murkiest hour of night,
To herald sounds of summer rain.

Then on that lone and sandy flat
A Lily grows, with milk-white bloom,
The wilderness no more a tomb—
The desert beautiful for that.

And soon another flower expands,
The Rose of Sharon for the dew,
A silver morning light so new;
Transplanted then to other lands:

But leaving many a blessing there,
Odors of beauty and of grace,
Leaves for the healing of the race,
Rich gifts forgotten, new and rare.

A barren wilderness no more;
Athwart, away to yonder fold
Beyond those seas of green and gold,
A peaceful, bright, and sunny shore.

Frederick George Lee.

3944. RULER, Faith of the.

Matthew ix : 18, 19.

Death cometh to the chamber of the sick:
The ruler's daughter, like the peasant's child,
Turns pale as marble. Hark! that hollow moan,
Which none may soothe, and then the last faint breath
Subsiding with a shudder.
Deep the wail
That speaks an idol fallen from the shrine
Of a fond parent's heart. A withered flower
Is there, O mother! where thy proudest hope
Solaced itself with garlands, and beheld
New buddings every morn.
Father, 'tis o'er!
That voice is silent which had been thy harp,
Quickening thy footsteps nightly toward thy home,
Mingling, perchance, an echo all too deep

Even with thy temple worship,
Should deal with God alone.
What stranger-step
Breaketh the trance of grief! Whose radiant brow
In meekness and in majesty doth bend
Beside the bed of death?
"She doth but sleep;
The damsel is not dead."
A smothered hiss,
Contemptuous, rises from that wondering band,
Who beat the breast, and raise the license wail
Of Judah's mourning.
Look upon the dead!
Heaves not the winding-sheet? Those trembling lids,
What peers beneath their fringes, like the tint
Of dewy violet? The blanched lips dispart,
And what a quivering long-drawn sigh restores
Their rose-leaf beauty. Lo! that clay-cold hand
Doth clasp the Master's, and, with sudden spring,
That shrouded sleeper, like a timid fawn,
Hides in her mother's bosom. Faith's strong root
Was in the parent's spirit, and its fruit
How beautiful!
O mother! who doth gaze
Upon thy daughter, in that deeper sleep,
Which threats the soul's salvation, breathe her name
To thy Redeemer's ear, both when she smiles
In all her glowing beauty on the morn,
Or when at night her clustering tresses sweep
Her downy pillow, in the trance of dreams,
Or when at pleasure's beckoning she goes
Or to the meshes of an early love [forth,
Yields her young heart, be eloquent for her,
Take no denial, till the gracious hand,
Which raised the ruler's dead, give life to her,
That better life, whose power surmounts the tomb. *Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*

3945. RULER'S DAUGHTER.

Luke viii : 41–56.

My child! my child! methinks I see her now.
Streamed o'er her couch the long, rich, wavy hair,
Dark as the pencilled arches of that brow,
So noble, so expansive, and so fair.

And the soft, silken lashes silently
In death's deep slumber rested on the cheek,
And fringed the lid of the large, lustrous eye
That once the language of the soul could speak.

But now the glory was departed. All
That was most lovely seemed forever fled:
'Twas useless on the well-loved name to call;
There came no voice, nor answer, from the dead!

How grated then upon mine ear the sound
Of noisy weeping, and the clamorous wail
Of many minstrels, as they crowded round
When thou wert lying motionless and pale!

Then Jesus spoke. And sweetly to mine ear,
At that sad moment, came His voice alone;
Nor rose the sigh, nor fell the gathering tear,
While hung our souls upon each soothing tone.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth!" All the sobbing
Of noisy grief was in a moment still:
That Voice hath power to calm the heart's wild throbbing,
The darkened soul with light and peace to fill.

And He bent down and took her by the hand,
And with that touch the life and vigor came,
And coursed the crimson tide, at His command,
Through all its wond'rous channels in her frame.

Few words He spake: "Maiden, I bid thee rise!"
And she forthwith obeyed the voice. Restored
On earth to us again, she raised her eyes,
And first they opened on her gracious Lord.

And when the change and chance of mortal life,
And all its lights and shadows, shall have passed,
Where only there is rest from sin and strife,
Oh may we meet before Thy throne at last!

3946. RULER'S DAUGHTER.

Matthew ix : 18, 19, 23–25.

"Dead is thy daughter; trouble not the Master!"
Thus in the ruler's ear his servants spake,
While tremblingly he urged the Saviour faster
Up the green slope from that white-margined lake.

The soft wave weltered, and the breeze came
Out of the oleander thickets red; [sighing
He only heard a breath that gasped in dying,
Or "Trouble not the Master; she is dead."

Trouble Him not. Ah! are these words be-
The desolation of that awful day, [seeming
When love's vain fancies, hope's delusive dreaming,
Are over, and the life has fled for aye?

We need Him most when the dear eyes are closing,
When on the cheek the shadow lieth strong,
When the soft lines are set in that reposing
That never mother cradled with a song.

Then most we need the gentle human feeling
That throbs with all our sorrows and our fears,
And that great love divine its light revealing
In short bright flashes through a mist of tears.

Then most we need the voice that while it weepeth
Yet hath a solemn undertone that saith,
"Weep not: thy darling is not dead, but sleepeth;
Only believe, for I have conquered death."

Then most we need the thoughts of resurrection,
Not the life here, 'mid pain, and sin, and woe,
But even in the fulness of perfection
To walk with Him in robes as white as snow.

When in our nursery garden falls a blossom,
And as we kiss the hand and fold the feet
We cannot see the Lamb in Abraham's bosom,
Nor hear the footfall in the golden street.

When all is silent—neither moan nor cheering,
The hush of hope, the end of all our cares—
All but that harp above, beyond our hearing,
Then most we need to trouble Him with prayers.

Did He not enter in when that cold sleeper
Lay still, with pulseless heart and leaden eyes,
Put calmly forth each loud tumultuous weeper,
And take her by the hand and bid her rise?

Come to us, Saviour! in our lone dejection,
Speak calmly to our wild and passionate grief;
Bring us the hopes and thoughts of resurrection,
Bring us the comfort of a true belief.

Come! with that human voice that breaks in weeping;
Come! with that awful tenderness divine;
Come! tell us that they are not dead but sleeping,
But gone before to Thee, for they are Thine.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

3947. RUTH.

Ruth ii, iii.

In the land of Bethlehem Judah,
Let us linger, let us wander!
Ephrath's sorrow, Rachel's pillar,
Lieth in the valley yonder;
And the yellow barley harvest
Floods it with a golden glory.
Let us back into the old time,
Dreaming of her tender story,
Of her true heart's strong devotion,
From beyond the Dead Sea water,
From the heathen land of Moab—
Mahlon's wife and Mara's daughter.

On the terebinth and fig-tree
Suns of olden time are shining,
And the dark leaf of the olive
Scarcely shows its silver lining;
For still noon is on the thicket,
Where the blue-necked pigeons listen
To their own reproachful music,
And the red pomegranates glisten;
As a queen a golden circlet,
As a maid might wear a blossom,
So the valley wears the cornfields
Heaving on her fertile bosom;
And the wild gray hills stand o'er them,
All their terraced vineyards swelling
Like the green waves of a forest,
Up to David's mountain dwelling.

Lo! the princely-hearted Boaz
Moves among his reapers slowly;
And the widowed child of Moab
Bends behind the gleaners lowly,
Gathering, gleaning, as she goeth
Down the slopes and up the hollows,
While the love of old Naomi
Like a guardian angel follows.
And he speaketh words of kindness,
Words of kindness, calm and stately;
Till he breaks the springs of gladness
That lay cold and frozen lately;
And the love-flowers that had faded
Deep within her bosom lonely,
Slowly open as he questions,
Soon for him to blossom only,
When that spring shall fill with music,
Like an overflowing river,
All his homestead; and those flowers
Bloom beside his hearth forever.
Mother of a line of princes,
Wrought into that race's story,
Whom the Godhead breaking earthward
Marked with an unearthly glory!
Still he walks among the reapers,
And the day is nearly over,
And the lonely mountain partridge
Seeks afar his scanty cover:
And the flocks of wild blue pigeons,
That had gleaned behind the gleaner,
Find their shelter in the thicket;
And the cloudless sky grows sheener
With a sudden flush of crimson,
Steeping in a fiery lustre
Every sheaf-top in the valley,
On the hill-side every cluster.

Slowly, slowly fade, fair picture,
Yellow lights and purple shadows,
On the valley, on the mountain,

And sweet Ruth among the meadows!
Stay awhile, true heart, and teach us,
Pausing in thy matron beauty,
Care of elders, love of kindred,
All unselfish thought and duty.
Linger, Boaz, noble-minded!
Teach us, haughty and unsparing,
Tender care for lowlier station,
Kindly speech, and courteous bearing.
Still each softest loveliest color
Shrine the form beloved and loving,
Heroine of our heart's first poem,
Through our childhood's dreamland mov-
When the great old Bible opened, [ing,
And a pleasant pastoral measure,
As our mothers read the story,
Filled our infant hearts with pleasure.

Dublin University Magazine.

3948. RUTH.

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened; such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell;
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

Thomas Hood.

3949. RUTH.

The plume-like waving of the auburn corn,
By soft winds to a dreamy motion fanned,
Still brings me back thine image, oh! forlorn
Yet not forsaken Ruth! I see thee stand
Lone 'midst the gladness of the harvest-band,
Lone as a wood-bird on the ocean's foam
Fallen in its weariness. Thy fatherland
Smiles far away; yet to thy sense of home,
That finest, purest, which can recognize
Home in affection's glance, forever true
Beats thy calm heart; and if thy gentle eyes
Gleam tremulous through tears, 'tis not to rue
Those words immortal in their deep love's
tone,
"Thy people and thy God shall be mine own."

Scotch Sunday-School Magazine.

3950. RUTH AND NAOMI.

"Entreat me not to leave thee, but convert
me to the truth;"
So spake in sorrow and in tears the gently-
chiding Ruth;
"Entreat me not to leave thee, nor unclasp
thy loosening hand;
I'll follow thee, my mother, to the far Ju-
dean land."
But, turning still in grief away from her
young pleading face,
And sadly putting back the arms so fondly
that embrace—
"My daughter," thus Naomi said, in meas-
ured tones and deep,
"We have our Sabbath in that land, and
holy days to keep,
And there's a bound we cannot pass upon
that day, you know."
But Ruth said, "Only where thou goest,
mother, will I go."

Still spake Naomi: "Turn again; thy home
is not with me;
For Judah's children must not with the out-
cast Gentile be."
Ruth answered, "In that stranger-land with
thee, oh! let me stay,
And where thou lodgest I will lodge—I can-
not go away."
And then again Naomi: "We have precepts
to observe,
And from our fathers' worship are com-
manded not to swerve."
Ruth answered with religious zeal: "I bow
to Judah's Lord;
Thy people shall my people be, thy God
shall be my God."

And now the mother's love burst forth, and
rose in accents wild:
"Turn back, beloved, oh! turn back; for
think you, Ruth, my child,
Your fainting heart could ever bear the woes
I number now?
They must not dim those gentle eyes, nor
darken o'er that brow;
For though thy mother yields to them, yet,
dearest daughter mine,
It were not meet that they should fall on
such a head as thine."

Then Ruth, with sudden brightness in her
mild and loving eye,
"However hard thy death may be, thus only
will I die."
But yet once more Naomi spoke, "My
daughter, for the dead
We have a house of burial;" but Ruth, still
answering, said,
"And there will I be buried; and the Lord
deal thus by me,
If aught, my mother, on the earth, but death
part thee and me."

Mrs. E. H. J. Cleaveland.

3951. RUTH, Devotion of.

Entreat me not to leave thee,
  My heart goes with thee now;
Why turn my footsteps homeward?
  No friend so dear as thou!
Thy heart has borne my sorrow,
  And I have wept for thine;
And now how can I leave thee?
  Oh! let thy lot be mine.

I'll follow where thou leadest;
  My love will cling to thee;
And where thy head is pillowed,
  My nightly rest shall be:
Thy birthplace and thy kindred
  I'll cherish like my own;
Thy God shall be my refuge,
  I'll worship at His throne.

Where death's cold hand shall find thee,
  There let my eyelids close,
And, in the grave beside thee,
  This mortal frame repose:
Oh, do not now entreat me;
  No friend so dear as thou;
My heart would break in anguish
  If I should leave thee now.

Fanny J. Crosby.

3952. RUTH, Resolution of.

Farewell? Oh no! it may not be;
  My firm resolve is heard on high:
I will not breathe farewell to thee,
  Save only in my dying sigh.
I know not that I now could bear
  Forever from thy side to part,
And live without a friend to share
  The treasured sadness of my heart.

I did not love, in former years,
  To leave thee solitary: now,
When sorrow dims thine eyes with tears,
  And shades the beauty of thy brow,
I'll share the trial and the pain;
  And strong the furnace fires must be
To melt away the willing chain
  That binds a daughter's heart to thee.

I will not boast a martyr's might,
  To leave my home without a sigh—
The dwelling of my past delight,
  The shelter where I hope to die.
In such a duty, such an hour,
  The weak are strong, the timid brave;
For Love puts on an angel's power,
  And Faith grows mightier than the grave.

But where thou goest I will go;
  With thine my earthly lot is cast;
In pain and pleasure, joy and woe,
  Will I attend thee to the last.
That hour shall find me by thy side;
  And where thy grave is mine shall be;
Death can but for a time divide
  My firm and faithful heart from thee.

3953. SALOME.

Mark vi : 25.

Once on a charger there was laid,
And brought before a royal maid,
As price of attitude and grace,
A guiltless head, a holy face.

It was on Herod's natal day
Who o'er Judea's land held sway.
He married his own brother's wife,
Wicked Herodias. She the life
Of John the Baptist long had sought,
Because he openly had taught
That she a life unlawful led,
Having her husband's brother wed.

This was he, that saintly John,
Who in the wilderness alone
Abiding, did for clothing wear
A garment made of camel's hair;
Honey and locusts were his food,
And he was most severely good.
He preached penitence and tears,
And waking first the sinner's fears,
Prepared a path, made smooth a way,
For his diviner Master's day.

Herod kept in princely state
His birthday. On his throne he sate,
After the feast, beholding her
Who danced with grace peculiar;
Fair Salome, who did excel
All in that land for dancing well.
The feastful monarch's heart was fired,
And whatsoe'er thing she desired,
Though half his kingdom it should be,
He in his pleasure swore that he
Would give the graceful Salome.
The damsel was Herodias' daughter;
She to the queen hastes, and besought her
To teach her what great gift to name.
Instructed by Herodias, came
The damsel back; to Herod said:
"Give me John the Baptist's head;
And in a charger let it be
Hither straightway brought to me."
Herod her suit would fain deny,
But for his oath's sake must comply.

When painters would by art express
Beauty in unloveliness,
Thee, Herodias' daughter, thee,
They fittest subject take to be.
They give thy form and features grace;
But ever in thy beauteous face
They show a steadfast, cruel gaze,
An eye unpitying; and amaze
In all beholders deep they mark,
That thou betrayest not one spark
Of feeling for the ruthless deed,
That did thy praiseful dance succeed!
For on the head they make you look,
As if a sullen joy you took,
A cruel triumph, wicked pride,
That for your sport a saint had died.

Charles Lamb

3954. SAMARIA, The Woman of.
John iv : 4-42.

O woman of olden Samaria! tell
What the stranger of Galilee said at the well,
When he paused and sat down all alone by the way,
With His holy lips parched like the summer-dried clay.

"I will tell you the words of the sage that I saw,
When I went to the well the bright waters to draw,
Where the stones are all mossy and green at the side,
And the life-cheering drops so delightfully glide.

"Alone with my jar, ere the blaze of high noon,
With a carolling voice, and my feet all unshoon,
I leisurely sought for a draught of that wave,
Which the wisdom of Jacob our forefathers gave.

"At the verge of the fountain I stood, and behold!
In silence there sate, with his garments in fold,
A Hebrew apparelled in seamless attire,
Whose presence did reverence deeply inspire.

"He asked for a drink from the pitcher I bore,
Of that cool well of Jacob, delicious and pure;
And I gave it unready, yet gave it at last,
When the spell of his spirit had over me passed.

"He told then of waters that flowed for the soul,
From the rivers of life that unceasingly roll,
Gushing freely for all that would seek them in awe,
With faith in the might of the Lord and His Law.

"He said that salvation was born of the Jews,
With a blessed Messiah to love and to choose,
Whose feet with the brightness of virtue were shod,
While righteousness rose in the path that he trod.

"He said in these mountains our worship should cease,
And Jerusalem's glory forget to increase;
That God was a Spirit to love and adore,
Whom in spirit and truth we must seek and implore.

"And, with countenance looking celestially calm,
Whence holiness beamed with a soul-given charm,
He said that Himself was Messiah, foretold
By the patriarchs, seers, and the prophets of old!

"Oh! beautiful sight, on those features to gaze,
As the holy announcement came forth, like the blaze
Of the horizon lights, to the zenith unfurled,
For the wonder and love of the sky-viewing world!

"He told me of things that I deemed were unknown,
Save unto myself, and my chosen alone;
And all that I knew He perused in my soul,
As it bowed to His will, and confessed His control.

"'A prophet! a prophet!' I uttered, amazed;
Our God for His people a prophet hath raised!
An angel hath come from the light of His throne,
The Messiah at last to the world to make known.

"O'erawed by His words, from His presence I turned,
With my heart full of thought, as it fluttered and burned
With the weight of the marvels I heard and I saw,
By that fountain whose waters I wandered to draw.

"Thus—thus have I told what so lately befell
My wondering soul at the patriarch's well;
Where the waters, though sweet, as the way-farer sips,
Yet sweeter the words of that bright Stranger's lips!"

Thank thee, oh! thank thee, Samarian friend!
For the God-light that did to thy vision descend,
For the words that thy spirit remembered and told,
And the sacred delight they forever unfold!

Thomas G. Spear.

3955. SAMARITAN, The Good.
Luke x : 30-37.

See there a Jew from th' hallowed town
To Jericho is going down,
Unguarded as he goes that way,
To bloody thieves becomes a prey!
They rob, strip, wound, and bruise him sore;
There he lies weltering in his gore.
A priest and Levite see his state,
But, fearing like disastrous fate,
Left him half dead, and gasping lie,
And pass in haste their brother by;
But, a Samaritan, a name
To Jews most hateful and infame,
When he sees where the Jew was cast,
Who, bleeding, seemed to breathe his last,
Soft pity pierces deep his breast;
He there draws near his foe distressed,

With wine and oil, which by his care
For his own health provided were;
He tries the helpless to relieve,
And in the hopeless, life retrieve;
His sores he searches with kind hand,
Cleanses with wine from dirt and sand,
Pours oil to ease and heal each wound,
Which there is with soft swathing bound;
To save the Jew he freely chose
Himself to danger to expose;
There on the envious, naked Jew,
He his own upper garment threw;
On his own beast the wretch he lays,
And to a distant inn conveys,
To walk afoot to tend him deigns,
And with kind arms his bulk sustains;
There of the inn defrays the scores,
Charged them to tend his painful sores;
There promises the rest to pay
Soon as he should return that way.

This parable by Jesus was designed
By picture to inform and please the mind,
To copy the Philanthropy Divine,
Who on the worst of sinners deigns to shine;
Each saint the story to himself applies;
By Jesus taught, go, and do thou likewise.
Bishop Ken.

3956. SAMARITAN, The Good.

A traveller fell among the thieves;
He was crushed like autumn leaves;
He was beaten like the sheaves
Upon the threshing-floor.

There, upon the public way,
In the shadowless heat of day,
Bleeding, stripped, and bound he lay,
And seemed to breathe no more.

Void of hope was he, when lo!
On his way to Jericho,
Came a priest, serene and slow,
His journey just begun.

Many a silver bell and gem
Glittered on his harness hem;
Behind him gleamed Jerusalem,
In the unclouded sun.

Broad were his phylacteries,
And his calm and holy eyes
Looked above earth's vanities,
And gazed upon the sky.

He the suffering one descried,
But, with saintly looks of pride,
Passed by on the other side,
And left him there to die.

Then approached with reverend pace
One of the elected race,
The chosen ministers of grace,
Who bore the ark of God.

He a Levite and a high
Exemplar of humanity,
Likewise passed the sufferer by,
Even as the dust he trod.

Then came a Samaritan,
A despised, rejected man,
Outlawed by the Jewish ban
As one in bonds to sin.

He beheld the poor man's need,
Bound his wounds, and with all speed
Set him on his own good steed,
And brought him to the inn.

When our Judge shall reappear
Thinkest thou this man will hear,
"Wherefore didst thou interfere
With what concerned not thee?"

No! the words of Christ will run,
"Whatsoever thou hast done
To this poor and suffering one,
That hast thou done to Me!"

3957. SAMARITAN, The Good.

Woe is me! what tongue can tell
My sad afflicted state,
Who my anguish can reveal,
Or all my woes relate?
Fallen among thieves I am,
And they have robbed me of my God,
Turned my glory into shame,
And left me in my blood.

O Thou good Samaritan!
In Thee is all my hope;
Only Thou canst succor man
And raise the fallen up:
Hearken to my dying cry;
My wounds compassionately see;
Me a sinner, pass not by,
Who gasp for help from Thee.

Still Thou journeyest where I am,
Still Thy compassions prove;
Pity is with Thee the same,
And all Thy heart is love;
Stoop to a poor sinner, stoop,
And let Thy healing grace abound,
Heal my bruises, and bind up
My spirit's every wound.

Saviour of my soul, draw nigh,
In mercy haste to me,
At the point of death I lie,
And cannot come to Thee;
Now Thy kind relief afford,
The wine and oil of grace pour in;
Good Physician, speak the word,
And heal my soul of sin.

Pity to my dying cries
Hath drawn Thee from above,
Hovering over me, with eyes
Of tenderness and love;
Now, even now, I see Thy face;
The balm of Gilead I receive;

Thou hast saved me by Thy grace,
And bade the sinner live.

Surely now the bitterness
Of second death is past;
O my Life, my Righteousness!
On Thee my soul is cast!
Thou hast brought me to Thine inn,
And I am of Thy promise sure;
Thou shalt cleanse me from all sin,
And all my sickness cure.
J. and C. Wesley.

3958. SAMSON, Antitype of.
Judges xvi : 30.

Samson the theatre o'erthrew,
And thousands at his death he slew;
But lo! our Samson from the skies,
A more triumphant conqueror dies,
A nobler victory obtains,
And heaven for all His Israel gains.

He by the pangs of death oppressed,
With outstretched hands the pillars seized;
Compassed with foes He bowed His head,
For mercy, not for vengeance prayed;
And groaned His last expiring groan,
And pulled th' infernal kingdom down.

The author dire of sin and death
He slew by yielding up His breath;
The powers of darkness He destroyed,
And made their hellish boastings void:
Died with the Philistines, but rose
Triumphant o'er His slaughtered foes.
J. and C. Wesley.

3959. SAMSON, Death of.
Judges xvi : 25–30.

See! he comes with fettered tread;
Bursting heart and drooping head;
Flowing tresses, quickly grown,
O'er his shoulders wildly thrown;
Arms with superhuman power,
Nerved for that momentous hour.

Shouts of savage joy arise,
While with fixed and wondering eyes
On this peerless man they gaze,
All absorbed in strange amaze.
But they know not; God is there,
Hearing, owning, answering prayer.

One vast effort, and 'tis done,
Prayer is answered, victory won;
Samson wears the martyr's crown,
Dagon's temple tumbles down;
Priests and people, lords and all,
Buried in that mighty fall.

So in after ages died
Christ, for sinners crucified;
So the Prince of martyrs fell,
So He crushed the powers of hell;
So His people's peace obtained,
So the crown of glory gained.
J. S. Hawey.

3960. SAMSON, Death of.

The building was a spacious theatre,
Half round on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, wine,
When to their sports they turned. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad; before him pipes
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot, before him and behind
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamoring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He, patient but undaunted where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was set before him
Which without help of eye might be assayed
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed
All with incredible, stupendous force:
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
As over-tired to let him lean awhile [lars,
With both his arms on those two massy pil-
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He unsuspicious led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,
And eyes fast fixed he stood, as one who prayed,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved:
At last with head erect thus cried aloud:
"Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:
Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater
As with amaze shall strike all who behold."
This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed,
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro,
He tugged, he shook, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath—

Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson with these inmixed, inevitably
Pulled down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only scaped who stood without.
John Milton.

3961. SAMSON, Death of.

Where is my strength, my faith, my God,
My confidence of boasting now?
Borne down by sin's revolting load,
Beneath its iron yoke I bow.
Again indignantly I groan,
My strength, my faith, my God is gone.

Departed is the Lord from me,
Weak as another man I am;
Spoiled of my power and liberty,
I bear my punishment and shame;
The world their feeble foe despise,
Their god hath put out both mine eyes.

Into their hands by sin betrayed
(The sin I cherish in my breast),
Low in the deepest dungeon laid,
Fettered in brass, by guilt opprest,
A slave to Satan I remain,
And bite, but cannot burst, my chain.

Now to their idol's temple brought,
A sport I am to fiends and men;
They set my helplessness at naught,
They triumph in my toil and pain;
Th' uncircumcised lift up their voice,
And Dagon's worshippers rejoice.

Remember me, O Lord, my God!
If ever I could call Thee mine;
Though now I perish in my blood,
And all my hopes of heaven resign,
Yet listen to my latest call,
Nor suffer me alone to fall.

Oh, cast not out my dying prayer!
Strengthen me with Thy Spirit's might
This only once: I pray Thee, hear;
Avenge me for my loss of sight;
Avenge it on mine enemies,
For they have put out both mine eyes.

Blind as I am, with both my hands
The pillars let me feel, and seize,
On which the house of Dagon stands—
The pillars of self-righteousness:
'Tis done; with all my might I bow:
Help me, O God! and help me now.

Now let the ponderous ruin fall,
And crush the world, and Satan's head;
Oh, let it now o'erwhelm us all:
Since I must sink among the dead,
Since I can neither fight nor fly,
Let me with the Philistines die!
J. and C. Wesley.

3962. SAMSON IMPRISONED.

This, this is he; softly awhile!
Let us not break in upon him:
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused,
With languished head unpropped,
As one past hope, abandoned,
And by himself given over;
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
O'erworn and soiled;
Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
That heroic, that renowned,
Irresistible Samson? whom unarmed
No strength of man or fiercest wild beast could withstand;
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,
Ran on imbattled armies clad in iron,
And weaponless himself
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammered cuirass
Chalybean tempered steel, and frock of mail
Adamantean proof;
But safest he who stood aloof,
When insupportably his foot advanced,
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurned them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite
Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turned
Their plated backs under his heel, [the dust,
Or grov'ling soiled their crested helmets in
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
A thousand foreskins fell, the flower of Palestine,
In Ramath-lechi famous to this day. [tine,
Then by main force pulled up, and on his shoulders bore
The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,
Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,
No journey of a Sabbath-day, and loaded so;
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heaven.
Which shall I first bewail, [heaven.
Thy bondage or lost sight,
Prison within prison
Inseparably dark?
Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)
The dungeon of thyself; thy soul
(Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain)
Imprisoned now indeed [complain)
In real darkness of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light
T' incorp'rate with gloomy night;
For inward light, alas!
Puts forth no visual beam.
O mirror of our fickle state,
Since man on earth unparalleled!
The rarer thy example stands,
By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
Strongest of mortal men,
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen:
For him I reckon not in high estate [fallen:

Whom long descent of birth
Or the sphere of fortune raises;
But thee whose strength, while virtue was
Might have subdued the earth, [her mate,
Universally crowned with highest praises.
Milton, from "Samson Agonistes."

3963. SAMSON, Lament of.

Oh wherefore was my birth from heaven fore-
Twice by an angel, who at last in sight [told
Of both my parents all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an offering burned,
As in a fiery column charioting
His godlike presence, and from some great act
Or benefit revealed to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding ordered and prescribed
As of a person separate to God,
Designed for great exploits; if I must die
Betrayed, captived, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this heaven-gifted strength? O glorious strength
Put to the labor of a beast, debased
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver:
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke;
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction; what if all foretold [fault,
Had been fulfilled but through mine own de-
Whom have I to complain of but myself? [me,
Who this high gift of strength committed to
In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,
Under the seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
O'ercome with importunity and tears.
Oh, impotence of mind, in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command!
God, when He gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace: I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries.
John Milton.

3964. SAMSON, Riddle of.

Judges xiv: 5-14.

Through Timnath's vineyards as alone he strayed,
Roused from its secret lair, a lion roared.
With his bare hands, and help from Heaven implored,
Lifeless the tawny monster soon he laid.
Passing once more he sought the same green shade,
When lo! a swarm of bees had strangely stored
In the bleached skeleton their fragrant hoard,
And there a dainty feast for him had made.
Thus in our path, when threatening danger rises,
Let us trust God, and it will disappear:
His providence assumes alarming guises
To make us fly to Him, unseen, but near:
While Love prepares a thousand sweet surprises
God's ways to our weak hearts the more t' endear.
R. Wilton.

3965. SAMUEL.

Thou chosen judge of Israel's race,
Grown gray in holy toil,
Whose lips are truth's own dwelling-place,
Whose hands no bribe can soil;
And is it thus the tribes of God
Spurn thy meek rule and gifted rod?

Yet where are Dathan's cursèd crew?
And where Abiram's seed?
Must heaven its fires of wrath renew?
Must earth repeat her deed,
And from the nations sweep away
Who scorn the prophet's gentle sway?

But no; the flames of holy zeal
Sad pity's tears assuage;
Over his kindling eyes there steal
Tears for God's heritage,
While for the rebel tribes flows forth
The prayer that stems Jehovah's wrath.
Lyra Apostolica.

3966. SAMUEL, Call of.

1 Samuel iii: 4-10.

In Israel's fane by silent night
The lamp of God was burning bright;
And there, by viewless angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

A voice unknown the stillness broke:
"Samuel!" it called, and thrice it spoke;
He rose, he asked, whence came the word?
From Eli?—no; it was the Lord.

Thus early called to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod;
Prophetic visions fired his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were blest.

Speak, Lord, and from our earliest days
Incline our hearts to love Thy ways;
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear;
Speak, Lord, to us; Thy servants hear.

And ye who know the Saviour's love,
And richly all His mercies prove,
Your timely, friendly aid afford,
That we may early serve the Lord.
James Cawood.

3967. SAMUEL, Death of.

1 Samuel xxv : 1.

Rest, prophet, rest!
Thou hast fulfilled thy mission!
Samuel died.
Loud was the lamentation: tears unfeigned
At Ramah, o'er his tomb long time deplored
Him, last of those who righteous ruled the land,
Ere man sat throned in Israel. All deplored
The Nazarene, to whose unmingled cup
The grape ne'er lent its flavor. Tears unWept him, a holy vessel, set apart [feigned
An offering from the birth: yea, dedicate
Ere yet the womb conceived. All spake of him
Who, yet a child, in peaceful slumber laid
Fast by the altar of Jehovah, thrice
Rose at celestial communing, in days [eye
When the Lord's word was precious, and no
Saw open vision. At his voice the brood
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, abashed,
Fled with their priests from Israel. At his call,
On Ebenezer's plain, celestial fire
Consumed the foe. Who, sole, the king withstood?
The prophet, sole. Whose arm, before him, slew
The Amalekite? the prophet, serving God.
Rest, venerable seer! brow, hoar with age,
Rest in the peace and sabbath of the tomb:
Till, from the bonds of death, God call thee forth
A spirit unfleshed, once more to rise on earth,
And pour Heaven's judgment on the unrighteous king. *Sotheby.*

3968. SAMUEL, Ministry of.

1 Samuel ii : 18.

Upon his knees, with reverent air,
The youthful prophet bends;
While, from his parting lips, the prayer
To Israel's God ascends;
His father's God, he loves to claim
An interest in the hallowed name.

He prays that all his people's guilt
May be, through grace, forgiven;
And that the blood on altar spilt
May make their peace with heaven,
Through One who, from all else concealed,
Is to his mental eye revealed.

Yes, in the vista dark and dim
Of slow revolving years,
In human guise, a child like him,
The Son of God appears;
And dies on earth a death of pain,
A sinless Lamb for sinners slain.

'Tis this which bids that youthful cheek
With joy celestial glow;
'Tis this which makes each feature speak
Of more than mortals know;
And to the pictured semblance gives
The air of one that breathes and lives.

Pray on, fair boy; and at the sight
Of that sweet form of thine,
May our devotion wax more bright,
Our fervor more divine;
And each, in spirit pure and mild,
Become, like thee, a little child!
Dr. Huie

3969. SAMUEL, Obedience of.

Speak, for Thy servant heareth;
Alone in my lonely bed,
Before I laid me down to rest
My nightly prayer was said;
And naught my spirit feareth
In darkness or by day:
Speak, for Thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

I've stood before Thine altar,
A child before Thy might;
No breath within Thy temple stirred
The dim and cloudy light.
And still I knew that Thou wert there
Teaching my heart to say:
"Speak, for Thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey."

O God! my flesh may tremble
When Thou speakest to my soul;
But it cannot shun Thy presence blest,
Or shrink from Thy control.
A joy my spirit cheereth
That cannot pass away:
Speak, for Thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

Thou biddest me to utter
Words that I scarce may speak;
And mighty things are laid me,
A helpless one and weak;
Darkly thy truth declareth
Its purpose and its way:
Speak, for Thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

And shouldst Thou be a stranger
To that which Thou hast made?
Oh! ever be about my path,
And hover near my bed.
Lead me in every step I take,
Teach me each word I say:
Speak, for Thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

How hath Thy glory lighted
My lonely place of rest;
How sacred now shall be to me
The spot which Thou hast blest!
If aught of evil should draw nigh
To bring me shame and fear,
My steadfast soul shall make reply,
"Depart, for God is near!"

I bless Thee that Thou speakest
Thus to an humble child;
The God of Jacob calls to me
In gentle tones and mild;

Thine enemies before Thy face
Are scattered in dismay:
Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

I've stood before Thee all my days;
Have ministered to Thee;
But in the hour of darkness first
Thou speakest unto me.
And now the night appeareth
More beautiful than day:
Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

Julia Ward Howe.

3970. SATISFIED.

Psalm xvii : 15.

Not here! not here! Not where the sparkling waters
Fade into mocking sands as we draw near;
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters:
"I shall be satisfied;" but oh! not here!

Not here where all the dreams of bliss deceive us,
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal;
Where, haunted ever by the thought that grieves us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,
Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,
And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us
Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied! Satisfied! The spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds;
The silent love that here meets no returning;
The inspiration which no language finds:

Shall they be satisfied? The soul's vague longing,
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
Oh! what desires upon my soul are thronging
As I look upward to the heavenly hills!

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending;
Saviour and Lord! with thy frail child abide!
Guide me toward home, where, all my wandering ending,
I then shall see Thee, and "shall be satisfied."

3971. SATISFIED.

When I in Thy likeness, O Lord, shall awake,
And shine a pure image of thee,
Then I shall be satisfied when I can break
These fetters of flesh and be free.
I know I must suffer the darkness of night
To welcome the coming of dawn.
I know this stained tablet must first be washed white
To let Thy bright features be drawn.

Then I shall be satisfied when I can cast
The shadows of nature all by,
When this cold, dreary world from my vision is past,
To let this soul open her eye;
I gladly shall feel the blessed morn drawing near,
When time's dreary fancy shall fade,
If then in Thy likeness I may but appear,
And rise with Thy beauty arrayed.

To see Thee in glory, O Lord, as Thou art,
From this mortal and perishing clay
The spirit immortal in peace would depart,
And joyous mount up her bright way;
When on Thine own image in me Thou hast smiled,
Within Thy blest mansions, and when
The arms of my Father encircle His child,
Oh! I shall be satisfied then.

George C. Wells.

3972. SAUL, Effects of Music upon.

1 Samuel xvi : 23.

The king of Israel sat in state
Within his palace fair,
Where falling fountains, pure and cool,
Assuaged the summer air:

But shrouded was the son of Kish,
Mid all his royal grace;
The tempest of a troubled soul
Swept flashing o'er his face.

In vain were pomp, or regal power,
Or courtier's flattering tone;
For pride and hatred basely sat
Upon his bosom's throne.

He called upon his minstrel-boy,
With hair as bright as gold,
Reclining in a deep recess,
Where drooped the curtain's fold.

Upon his minstrel-boy he called,
And forth the stripling came,
Bright beauty on his ruddy brow,
Like morn's enkindling flame.

"Give music," said the moody king,
Nor raised his gloomy eye;
"Thou son of Jesse, bring the harp,
And wake its melody."

He thought upon his father's flock,
Which long, in pastures green,
He led, while flowed, with silver sound,
Clear rivulets between.

He thought of Bethlehem's starlit skies
Beneath whose liquid rays

He gazed upon the glorious arch
And sang its Maker's praise.

Then boldly o'er the sacred harp
He poured in thrilling strain
The prompting of a joyous heart
That knew no care nor pain.

The monarch, leaning on his hand,
Drank long the wondrous lay;
And clouds were lifted from his brow,
As when the sunbeams play.

The purple o'er his heaving breast
That throbbed so wild grew still,
And Saul's clear eye glanced out, as when
He did Jehovah's will.

O ye who feel the poison-fumes
Of earth's fermenting care
Steal o'er the sky of hope, and dim
What heaven created fair,

Ask music from a guileless heart,
High tones, with sweetness fraught,
And by that amulet divine
Subdue the sinful thought.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

3973. SAUL, Farewell of.

Warriors and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path;
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!

Lord Byron.

3974. SAUL AND JONATHAN, Death of.

2 Samuel i: 17-27.

Ah, Israel! on thy places high
Thy beauty bendeth low;
Thy mighty sons dishonored lie,
While vaunts thy haughty foe!
Let none the tidings send to Gath,
Or Ashkelon convey,
Lest joy o'er Judah's darkened path
Should prompt their daughters' lay!

Gilboa! on thy fated hill
May never dew be found;
Nor gentle rain from heaven distil,
Nor offerings spread the ground:
For there the brave have bowed the head,
And there, to fear resigned,
The Lord's anointed vilely fled
And left his shield behind.

Oft Jonathan, with bow of might,
Had marred the hero's plume;
Nor empty did the falchion bright
Of Saul its sheath resume:
Their lives were lovely, and 'twas meet
That death should join their names;
The eagle's swiftness graced their feet,
The lion's strength their frames.

Weep, maids of Israel, weep for Saul,
Your splendid robes who won;
And mourn your king's, your father's fall,
Who put your jewels on;
How, midst the battle's carnage red,
Are all the mighty slain!
O Jonathan! thy blood was shed
Where once thou thought'st to reign!

My Jonathan, my brother, sore
Am I distressed for thee!
Than love of youthful maiden more
Has been thy love to me.
How are thy mighty fallen low
On slaughter's crimsoned field!
While Israel mourns her broken bow,
Her broken spear and shield.

Dr. Huie.

3975. SAUL AND JONATHAN, Lament for.

In the high places of thy land
Is Israel's beauty slain,
Unstrung the bow, unnerved the hand,
The spear and shield are vain;
Low as the dust, cold as the stone,
How are the mighty overthrown!

Publish it not in Ashkelon,
Oh! tell it not in Gath,
How there each high and mighty one
Was scattered in Heaven's wrath;
Lest over us, with harp and voice,
The daughters of the foe rejoice!

Hills of Gilboa! you no more
May dews and rains make gay.
For there the shield the mighty bore
Was vilely cast away;
The shield of Saul, the crowned, the famed,
Like his, the slave who died unnamed.

Once from the battle's bloody van,
And from the mighty slain,
Thy sounding bow, O Jonathan,
Returned not back in vain;
On hill and plain the sword of Saul
Streamed with the richest blood of all.

Pleasant and beautiful in life
Were they, and side by side
Death on the narrow field of strife
Their hearts did not divide;

Swifter than eagles seek the prey,
And stronger than the lions they.

Weep, daughters! weep for Saul, whose throne
Decked you with spoils from far!
How are the mighty overthrown
Amid the shock of war!
For thee my sorrows most o'erflow,
O Jonathan! my brother thou!

For very pleasant hast thou been
To me; and far above
Measure and bound thy love was seen,
And more than woman's love.
How are the arms of battle strown!
How are the mighty overthrown!

H. W. J.

3976. SAUL AND JONATHAN, Lament of David over.
1 Samuel i : 17-27.

Thy beauty, Israel, is fled,
Sunk to the dead;
How are the valiant fallen! the slain
Thy mountains stain.
Oh! let it not in Gath be known,
Nor in the streets of Ashkelon.

Lest that sad story should excite
Their dire delight!
Lest in the torrent of our woe
Their pleasure flow;
Lest their triumphant daughters ring
Their cymbals, and their pæans sing.

Yon hills of Gilboa! never may
You offerings pay;
No morning dew, nor fruitful showers,
Clothe you with flowers:
Saul and his arms there made a spoil,
As if untouched with sacred oil.

The bow of noble Jonathan
Great battles won;
His arrows on the mighty fed,
With slaughter red.
Saul never raised his arm in vain,
His sword still glutted with the slain.

How lovely! oh, how pleasant! when
They lived with men!
Than eagles swifter, stronger far
Than lions are;
Whom love in life so strongly tied,
The stroke of death could not divide.

Sad Israel's daughters, weep for Saul;
Lament his fall,
Who fed you with the earth's increase,
And crowned with peace;
With robes of Tyrian purple decked,
And gems which sparkling light reflect.

How are thy worthies by the sword
Of war devoured!
O Jonathan! the better part
Of my torn heart!
The savage rocks have drunk thy blood:
My brother! oh, how kind! how good!

Thy love was great; oh, never more
To man man bore!
No woman when most passionate
Loved at that rate!
How are the mighty fallen in fight!
They and their glory set in night!

George Sandys.

3977. SAVED, Abel the First.

Righteous Abel! first to tread
The dark valley to the dead;
First to pass the mystic gate,
By a brother's vengeful hate;
First of martyrs, first of souls
Crossing o'er the untried shoals
Where life's sea eternal rolls.

First of all the sons of earth
Welcomed to a heavenly birth;
First of mortals to behold
Jasper walls and streets of gold;
First of all the mighty throng
That to Christ the Lord belong,
First to sing redemption's song.

Through the gateway as he trod,
Safe within the realm of God,
O'er him heaven's all-glorious skies,
Round him angels' eager eyes,
Wondering whence this stranger fair,
Whence the robe they saw him wear,
Brighter both than any there.

Wondering still, they list the strain
Abel sings and sings again,
Sings so sweet, so strange, so new,
Hosts from farthest bounds it drew:
Ne'er on all the heavenly shore
Strain like that they heard before,
Thrilled to hear it o'er and o'er.

Ah! redemption's song on high
Wakes the wonder of the sky,
Still increasing since the hour
Abel first disclosed his power.
Vast the throng its music share,
Vaster yet as ages wear,
Countless when all gathered there.

S. D. Phelps.

3978. SAVIOUR, Hymn to the.

Oh! Thou didst die for me, thou Son of God!
By Thee the throbbing flesh of man was worn;
Thy naked feet the thorns of sorrow trod,
And tempests beat Thy houseless head forlorn.
Thou, that wert wont to stand
Alone on God's right hand,
Before the ages were, the Eternal, eldest born.

Thy birthright in the world was pain and grief,
Thy love's return ingratitude and hate;
The limbs Thou healedst brought Thee no relief,
The eyes Thou openedst calmly viewed Thy fate;
Thou that wert wont to dwell
In peace, tongue cannot tell,
No heart conceive the bliss of Thy celestial state.

They dragged Thee to the Roman's solemn hall,
Where the proud judge in purple splendor sate;
Thou stood'st a meek and patient criminal,
Thy doom of death from human lips to wait;
Whose throne shall be the world
In final ruin hurled,
With all mankind to hear their everlasting fate.

Thou wert alone in that fierce multitude,
When "Crucify Him!" yelled the general shout;
No hand to guard Thee 'mid those insults rude,
Nor lips to bless Thee in that frantic rout;
Whose lightest whispered word
The Seraphim had heard,
And adamantine arms from all the heavens broke out.

They bound Thy temples with the twisted thorn,
Thy bruised feet went languid on with pain;
The blood from all Thy flesh with scourges torn,
Deepened Thy robe of mockery's crimson grain;
Whose native vesture bright
Was the unapproached light,
The sandal of whose feet the rapid hurricane.

They smote Thy cheek with many a ruthless palm,
With the cold spear Thy shuddering side they pierced;
The draught of bitterest gall was all the balm
They gave t' enhance Thy unslaked, burning thirst;
Thou, at whose words of peace
Did pain and anguish cease,
And the long-buried dead their bonds of slumber burst.

Low bowed Thy head convulsed, and drooped in death,
Thy voice sent forth a sad and wailing cry;
Slow struggled from Thy breast the parting breath,
And every limb was wrung with agony.
That head, whose veilless blaze
Filled angels with amaze,
When at that voice sprang forth the rolling suns on high.

And Thou wert laid within the narrow tomb,
Thy clay-cold limbs with shrouding grave-clothes bound;
The sealed stone confirmed Thy mortal doom,
Lone watchmen walked Thy desert burial-ground,
Whom heaven could not contain,
Nor th' immeasurable plain
Of vast infinity enclose our circle round.

For us, for us, Thou didst endure the pain,
And Thy meek spirit bowed itself to shame,
To wash our souls from sin's infecting stain,
T' avert the Father's wrathful vengeance flame;
Thou, that couldst nothing win
By saving worlds from sin,
Nor aught of glory add to Thy all-glorious name. *H. H. Milman.*

3979. SCAPEGOAT, The.

Leviticus xvi.

Away to the desert, thou doomed of God!
Away to a land in its terrors untrod!
Speed on in the might of thine agony sore,
For thou bear'st what no creature of earth ever bore.

Away! for the crimes of a nation are shed
In their blackness of darkness, at once on thy head;
And the bolts of God's vengeance pursue thee to smite
The sins of a host in thy wilderness flight.

Away! for thy heart is enlarged to know
The idolater's fear and the murderer's woe;
And thy nature is strengthened, concentred to bear
All the pangs of the lost in their haunting despair.

Methinks at thy coming the desert grows dark,
Thy hoofs sear the sward like the lightning spark;
And the fountain, that gushed in its freshness so free,
Shrinks back from the lips of a victim like thee.

Speed on! thou art safe from man's arrows of pride;
From thee shall the hunter turn wildly aside;
And the chasers alone to thy wilderness bed,
Be the purple Simoom, or the sand-column red.

But no! lovely creature, a gentler fate
May yet on the track of thy sorrows await;

And He who has wrapped thee in terrors and wrath
With His goodness, ere long, may revisit thy path.

From thy heart shall the gloom of man's sinfulness flee,
And the rocks of the wild goats thy dwelling-place be,
And the richdropping fruits of the wilderness vine,
And the date and the fig be thy fellows and thine.

For oh! thou frail creature of aspect forlorn,
A glorious charge has thy feebleness borne!
Thou hast suffered and sighed in that contest of woe
That the Son of the Highest shall tremble to know.

'Tis past! in far ages this symbol was shown,
Of Him who should trample the wine-press alone;
'Tis past! in far ages the Promised was slain—
Alas for the soul that has heard it in vain!

William Howitt.

3980. SEA, Ships at.

God hath so many ships upon the sea!
His are the merchantmen that carry treasure,
The men-of-war, all bannered gallantly,
The little fisher-boats and barks of pleasure;
On all this sea of time there is not one
That sailed without the glorious name thereon.

The winds go up and down upon the sea,
And some they lightly clasp, entreating kindly,
And waft them to the port where they would be;
And other ships they buffet, long and blindly.
The cloud comes down on the great sinking deep,
And on the shore the watchers stand and weep.

And God hath many wrecks within the sea;
Oh, it is deep! I look in fear and wonder;
The wisdom throned above is dark to me,
Yet it is sweet to think His care is under;
That yet the sunken treasure may be drawn
Into His storehouse when the sea is gone.

So I that sail in peril on the sea,
With my beloved, whom yet the waves may cover,
Say: "God hath more than angel's care for me,
And larger share than I in friend and lover."
Why weep ye so, ye watchers on the land?
This deep is but the hollow of His hand.

Carl Spencer.

3981. SEA, Walking on the.

Mark vi: 45–50.

Hath the Master bidden
Thee the deep to try,
Though o'ercast and hidden
Lowers the evening sky?
Venture forth obeying,
On the mountain praying,
Jesus signals, saying:
Fear not, it is I.

Does the tempest, raging
Round thee fierce and high,
Ruin seem presaging?
Courage, help is nigh!
On the billows nearing,
Lo! thy Lord, appearing,
Speaks in accents cheering:
Fear not, it is I.

Does He, on the surges,
Seem as passing by?
Silent thus He urges
Thee for aid to cry;
Let not awe oppress thee,
Lo! He comes to bless thee,
Hear Him now address thee:
Fear not, it is I.

'Mid the darkness dreary,
Forced the oar to ply,
Dost thou, worn and weary,
Often heave a sigh?
Jesus hears thy sighing,
He, thy need supplying,
Answers to thy crying:
Fear not, it is I.

Does thy pathway only,
To thy longing eye,
Strewn with thorns and lonely
On before thee lie?
Lo! unseen to guide thee,
Jesus walks beside thee;
Hear Him gently chide thee:
Fear not, it is I.

What though, reft and cheerless,
All thy comforts fly;
Trust thy Lord and, fearless,
Dread and doubt defy;
Onward press enduring;
Strength from Him securing,
Who still speaks assuring:
Fear not, it is I.

Oliver Crane.

3982. SEAL, The Sixth.

Revelations vi: 12.

The hour is come! The mighty sun
Darts downward, like a blood-red shield.
Earth, has thy final day begun?
Earth, has thy solid centre reeled?
Why bursts the ocean on its shore?
Howls tempest, tenfold thunders roar!

Like foam along the surges borne;
Like leaves, when gusts of autumn rise;
From heaven's eternal vine are torn
The stars, the clusters of the skies.
The moon, like barks by tempests driven,
Wanders her wild, blind way through heaven.

No chance has bid you rush, ye winds!
No chance has bid those thunders roll!
Whose are those earthquakes? His who binds
The fetter on the struggling soul.
Ye lightnings! yours is not the blaze;
A mightier withers, smites, and slays!

The thunder peals for overthrow;
The ripening of a world of crime.
Thou crimsoned mass of wrong and woe,
Now comes the great, consummate time,
When thou shalt blaze from pole to pole—
Ashes and dust—a burning scroll.

Six thousand wild and weary years
By truth the sackcloth has been worn;
The prize of virtue chains and tears,
And faith a stain, and zeal a scorn!
And gold and gems have paid the blow
That laid their glorious beauty low.

Earth's scourges, Heaven's avenging ire—
War, famine, pestilence, the chain,
All fruitless; scorned the prophet's fire,
The dungeon, nay, the grave, in vain!
The sole inheritance of time,
The hardened heart, the deeper crime.

Still, man makes fellow-man a slave;
Still raves the livid infidel;
Still burthens earth that more than grave,
Dungeon of soul, the convent cell;
Still idols are the gods of Rome.
But vengeance wakes! the hour is come!

Who rides upon the whirlwind!
Who rushes, slaying and to slay!
His angels, Woe and Death, behind,
Calling the vultures to their prey!
I hear the desert lion roar,
Snuffing afar the feast of gore!

Whose lifted sceptre smites earth's thrones;
Whose glance eclipses star and sun?
God! shall we worship "stocks and stones"?
Come in Thy might! "Thy will be done!"
And standing upon sea and shore,
Proclaim that "Time shall be no more."

Ye men of blasphemy and blood,
The sword is out, your reign is o'er;
Fierce caterers of the vulture's food,
Ye now shall gorge them with your gore,
Pay pang for pang, and groan for groan;
Tortures that tear, but not atone!

And ye, the most undone of all,
Who dragged the martyr to the pyre!
Call to the depths of ocean—call,
To quench within your breasts the fire.
Worse than the earthquake or the storm—
The sting of soul, th' undying worm!

Aye, now ye know what 'tis to die!
Howl to the mountains and the caves;
Aye, fix on Heaven the frenzied eye;
Plunge terror-stricken in your graves!
Ye doomed! the time is past for prayer;
Your heart has but one word—despair!

Wail to the skies, thou guilty globe!
Wail, all thy warriors, all thy kings!
When ruin wraps thee like a robe,
When flame from all thy mountains springs,
And ocean feels its burning breath,
All death—an universe of death!

George Croly.

3983. SENNACHERIB, Destruction of.
2 Kings xix : 35.

The angel of death o'er the armed hosts is flying,
The fire from his wing their heart's-blood is drying;
From the slumber of life into death they have passed,
And his is the march like a rustling blast,
Their prowess and strength defying.

Swifter far than the flash 'mid the tempest's roar
He delivered the terrible message he bore;
And myriads lay breathless and rotting ere day
Lit the stranger to mark the Assyrian array,
Like grass upon Galilee's shore.

There is silence of horror all over the plain;
There are few that arise from that couch of the slain;
And they wander in fear 'mid the festering dead,
And they shout, but no comrade lifts up his head;
They shout, and they shout in vain.

There the steed and his rider, the chief of the sword,
Are melted away by the breath of the Lord;
And the purple Sennacherib is wailing his power,
For whose bosom of pride, in prosperity's hour,
The wine-cup of wrath is poured.

There are none that the burial rites prepare
For the thousands that cover the green earth there;
The living are fled to their far country,
The unsepulchred dead are the vultures' prey,
And wolves the carnival share.

3984. SENNACHERIB IN HADES.
Isaiah xiv : 9-12.

Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee
At thy coming, mighty monarch!
Sleeping dead for thee it stirreth.

All the chief ones of the nations.
All they speak, and say unto thee,
Art thou also weak as we are?
Art thou like to one among us?
All thy pomp is brought to nothing,
And the music of thy viols;
Noisome worms, spread underneath thee,
Give the lie to all thy glory.
Lucifer! how art thou fallen
To the ground, thou son of morning!
How the nations didst thou weaken!
For within thine heart thou boastedst,
"I will climb to lofty heaven,
Above the stars of God exalted
O'er the height of clouds ascending,
And be equal with the Highest!"
Yet thou shalt be brought to Hades,
Down to dwell in pit of darkness;
They that see thee shall look on thee,
And shall say as they consider:
"Is this he who made earth tremble?
Is this he who shook the kingdoms?
Made the world a howling desert,
And destroyed its mighty cities,
Opening not his captives' prison?"
All the monarchs of the nations,
Each one lieth in his glory,
Each one claims his house of silence.
But like branch cut off and worthless,
Thou shalt have no grave to keep thee;
Like a carcass trodden under,
Never joined with them in burial;
For thou hast destroyed the nations!

J. R. Macduff.

3985. SHADRACH, MESHECH, ABEDNEGO.

Daniel iii: 12.

God of Israel's faithful three
Who braved a tyrant's ire,
Nobly scorned to bow the knee,
And walk unhurt in fire;
Breathe their faith into my breast,
Arm me in this fiery hour;
Stand, O Son of man, confest
In all Thy saving power!

Lo! on dangers, deaths, and snares
I every moment tread,
Hell without a veil appears,
And flames around my head:
Sin increases more and more;
Sin in all its strength returns;
Seven times hotter than before,
The fiery furnace burns.

But while Thou, my Lord, art nigh,
My soul disdains to fear;
Sin and Satan I defy,
Still impotently near;
Earth and hell their wars may wage;
Calm I mark their vain design,
Smile to see them idly rage
Against a child of Thine.

J. and C. Wesley.

3986. SHARON, The Rose of.

There was a vale where roses bloomed,
And all the live-long year perfumed;
And they were roses passing fair,
Most meet for beauty's brow to wear;
So sweet, that not a nightingale
But loved amid those flowers to wail;
And all confessed such heavenly dyes
Could only bloom in paradise:
O canst thou tell within that vale
Why roses scent no more the gale.

For sunbeams there are still most bright,
And softest dews of heaven delight;
And hoary Carmel's rugged crown
Still rolls its genial currents down;
And teeming round its fertile soil,
Implores the busy hand of toil,
While generous nature yearns to bless
Each thoughtful care with large success:
Then, tell me, why within that vale
Those roses scent no more the gale?

O Sharon! spot so famed of yore,
Are all thy vaunted charms no more?
And must our footsteps only press
Through a wide howling wilderness?
Alas! thy very echoes lone
Seem now to sigh in piteous tone
As if they grieved a stranger's eye
Should e'er such shame and woe descry:
Then, tell me, why within thy vale
Blooms there no rose to scent the gale.

Sharon! shall flowers no more again
Spring from thy ancient fruitful plain?
And must yon glittering sun illume
Naught but a drear and voiceless tomb?
No, brighter hours are yet in store,
When sin's dark reign of grief is o'er:
Oh, then shall shine such glorious hues
As ne'er was kissed by Israel's dews,
And roses deck thy happy vale
As never bowed to mortal gale.

E. D. Jackson.

3987. SHEAVES, Ungarnered.

Almost ripe was the harvest,
With its wealth of waving grain;
And I looked for the reapers busy,
Scattered up and down the plain.
Oh! I watched till the fields were whitened,
But no one came to glean;
And I saw how the reapers, listless,
Just leaned on their sickles keen.

And I called: "O reapers, hasten,
There's a chill breath over the plain;
Ye must gather the harvest quickly,
And bind up the ripened grain!"
But the reapers made answer: "We're ready
To join in the harvest home;
And we wait with our sickles, sharpened,
Till the Master-reaper come."

Oh! where was the Master-reaper,
That He tarried when fields grew ripe?
And why were the reapers all listless
When their sickles were glancing so bright?
From places made fragrant with blossoms,
All over the fruit-strewn lands,
They were bringing the choicest of treasures
For the Master-reaper's hands.

Then I cried: "O Master-reaper,
They are standing all idle here,
Though the fields are ready for reaping,
And the shadows of night are near!
Oh! truly great is the harvest,
There's enough for each one to do;
The sickles are sharpened for labor,
And the reapers are waiting for you!"

But He only called to them gayly:
"Go, reapers, all over the plain,
And sing the glad song of the harvest
As ye gather the rich, ripe grain!"
But never a sweep of a sickle
Broke the stillness that grew forlorn—
Oh, I knew there would be no reaping
When He came not to beckon them on!

And now, when the Lord of the harvest
Is calling all over His lands,
When the laborers, eager and joyous,
Are hastening with well-filled hands;
I know as they pass before Him,
How he looks on His own, and grieves
For the wasted fields—for the many
Who are bringing no garnered sheaves.

Victoria A. Smith.

3988. SHEBA, Queen of.

1 Kings x: 1-9.

From Sheba a distant report,
Of Solomon's glory and fame,
Invited the queen to his court,
But all was outdone when she came;
She cried, with a pleasing surprise,
When first she before him appeared,
"How much what I see with my eyes
Surpasses the rumor I heard!"

When once to Jerusalem come,
The treasure and train she had brought,
The wealth she possessed at home,
No longer had place in her thought;
His house, his attendants, his throne,
All struck her with wonder and awe;
The glory of Solomon shone
In every object she saw.

But Solomon most she admired,
Whose spirit conducted the whole;
His wisdom, which God had inspired,
His bounty and greatness of soul;
Of all the hard questions she put,
A ready solution he showed;
Exceeded her wish and her suit,
And more than she asked him bestowed.

Thus I, when the gospel proclaimed
The Saviour's great name in my ears,
The wisdom for which He is famed,
The love which to sinners He bears;
I longed, and I was not denied,
That I in His presence might bow;
I saw, and transported I cried,
"A greater than Solomon Thou!"

My conscience no comfort could find,
By doubt and hard questions opposed;
But He restored peace to my mind,
And answered each doubt I proposed.
Beholding me poor and distressed,
His bounty supplied all my wants;
My pray'r could have never expressed
So much as this Solomon grants.

I heard, and was slow to believe,
But now with my eyes I behold
Much more than my heart could conceive,
Or language could ever have told:
How happy Thy servants must be,
Who always before Thee appear!
Vouchsafe, Lord, this blessing to me,
I find it is good to be here.

John Newton.

3989. SHEPHERD, Good.

John x: 14.

The snow was drifting o'er the hills,
Fierce was the wind and loud,
While the Good Shepherd forward pressed,
His head in sorrow bowed;
"O Shepherd, rest, nor farther go;
The tempest hath begun."
"I cannot stay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

A thorn-wreath bound the gentle brow
That beamed with pity sweet,
And marks of wounds were in His hands,
And scars upon His feet.
Again I said: "O Shepherd, rest;
The tempest hath begun."
He murmured: "Nay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

"I saw Thy flock at peace within
Thine old well-guarded fold;
O Shepherd, pause, for wild the gale
That rages o'er the world!"
"No; one poor lamb hath gone astray,
And soon may be undone;
I cannot stay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

"But, since Thy flock are all secure,
Why to the height repair?
If thou hast ninety-nine at home,
Why for a truant care?"
"Dearer to Me than all the rest
Is that poor struggling son!
I cannot stay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

"Good Shepherd, tell me, if his need
Should bring the wanderer home,
Wilt Thou not punish him with stripes,
Lest he again should roam?"
"No; I would clasp him to My heart,
As mother clasps her son;
I cannot stay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

Even so, I thought, our gracious Lord
Hath in His heart divine
A wealth of love for all His saints—
For all the ninety-nine!
But most He loves and most He seeks
The soul by sin undone;
And still He sighs: "I must away
To seek My little one!" *W. H. D. A.*

3990. SHEPHERD, Voice of the.

"Come unto Me," with loving voice at morn
I heard the Shepherd call;
But narrow seemed the fold, and fair the fields
Beyond the frowning wall.

Again, at midday, came the gentle voice,
But far my feet had strayed,
And, weary with the heat, I only longed
To find the forest shade.

Once more it came, but cool the shadows lay
Across the glassy wold,
And resting there, content with present ease,
I scorned the sheltering fold.

Soon fell the night, with neither silver star
Nor song of happy bird,
And through the gloom no more, with pleadings sweet,
The Shepherd's voice I heard.

Affrighted then, I turned, and blindly sought
To cross the pathless lea,
Till faint with fear, in sorest need, I cried:
"O Shepherd, come to me!"

No answering voice the sullen silence cleft,
But, lo! beside me stood
One who, with sorrowing brow, had followed close,
Unseen through wold and wood.

Then all the night grew light, and soft and sweet
The stars shone overhead,
While homeward by the Shepherd's tender hand
The wandering sheep was led.
Mary B. Sleight.

3991. SHUNAMITE, The.
2 Kings iv : 18-34.

I dwell among mine own, and I am blest,
My husband, household, dear familiar friends;
I dwell among my people, and at rest,
Thankful to God for all His goodness sends;
I have enough, nay, more," she meekly cried;
"I dwell among mine own, and I am satisfied."

Was there no boon a monarch could bestow,
Naught that a prophet might demand on earth,
Nothing to cause that cup to overflow,
So filled with brimming blessings from her birth?
"I dwell among mine own," she only said,
"In this my happy home, and need no human aid."

Riches were hers, but she was blessed with more
Than those in earthly treasure affluent;
Of garners teeming with their ripened store,
A sweet and graceful spirit of content.
This was the great inheritance which Heaven
To the rich Shunamite had largely given.

One blessing long desired, but still denied,
Was wanting to that house of peace and joy:
She had no son. The blessing was supplied;
The mother smiled upon her infant boy.
But He whose love the long-sought blessing sent,
Now taught a higher lesson than content.

The blessing was recalled. The shades of death
Closed the fair eyelids of the lovely child.
The mother felt that with his parting breath
Earth of its sweetest blossom was despoiled;
But checked the strong temptation to rebel,
And said, in meek submission, "It is well!"

O hard, sweet lesson! taught, my God, by Thee,
Deeply to suffer, and breathe no complaint,
In resignation to Thy wise decree,
With the true wisdom of this gentle saint.
How blest the lot when in one heart unite
Faith and content, as in the Shunamite!

And I am blest, though poor; I also dwell,
All loving, loved by all, "among mine own;"
And I have learned to answer, "It is well,"
Under the deepest sorrow I have known.
Blest with true riches, in content of mind,
And the best happiness, a will resigned.
C. B. Taylor.

3992. SHUNAMITE, The.

It was a sultry day of summer-time.
The sun poured down upon the ripened grain
With quivering heat, and the suspended leaves
Hung motionless. The cattle on the hills
Stood still, and the divided flock were all
Laying their nostrils to the cool roots,
And the sky looked like silver, and it seemed
As if the air had fainted, and the pulse
Of nature had run down, and ceased to beat.

"Haste thee, my child!" the Syrian mother said;
"Thy father is athirst;" and, from the depths
Of the cool well under the leaning tree,
She drew refreshing water, and with thoughts

Of God's sweet goodness stirring at her heart,
She blessed her beautiful boy, and to his way
Committed him. And he went lightly on,
With his soft hands pressed closely to the cool
Stone vessel, and his little naked feet
Lifted with watchful care; and o'er the hills,
And through the light-green hollows where the lambs
Go for the tender grass, he kept his way,
Wiling its distance with his simple thoughts,
Till, in the wilderness of sheaves, with brows
Throbbing with heat, he set his burden down.

Childhood is restless ever, and the boy
Stayed not within the shadow of the tree,
But with a joyous industry went forth
Into the reapers' places, and bound up
His tiny sheaves, and plaited cunningly
The pliant withs out of the shining straw,
Cheering their labor on, till they forgot
The heat and weariness of their stooping toil
In the beguiling of his playful mirth.
Presently he was silent, and his eye
Closed as with dizzy pain, and with his hand
Pressed hard upon his forehead, and his breast
Heaving with the suppression of a cry,
He uttered a faint murmur, and fell back
Upon the loosened sheaf, insensible.
They bore him to his mother, and he lay
Upon her knees till noon—and then he died!
She had watched every breath, and kept her hand
Soft on his forehead, and gazed in upon
The dreamy languor of his listless eye;
And she had laid back all his sunny curls,
And kissed his delicate lip, and lifted him
Into her bosom, till her heart grew strong—
His beauty was so unlike death! She leaned
Over him now, that she might catch the low
Sweet music of his breath, that she had learned
To love when he was slumbering at her side
In his unconscious infancy.
"So still!
'Tis a soft sleep! How beautiful he lies,
With his fair forehead, and the rosy veins
Playing so freshly in his sunny cheek!
How could they say that he would die, O God?
I could not lose him. I have treasured all
His childhood in my heart, and even now,
As he has slept, my memory has been there,
Counting like treasures all his winning ways—
His unforgotten sweetness:
"Yet so still!
How like this breathless slumber is to death!
I could believe that in that bosom now
There were no pulse, it beats so languidly!
I cannot see it stir; but his red lip!
Death would not be so very beautiful!
And that half smile—would death have left that there?
And should I not have felt that he would die?
And have I not wept over him? and prayed
Morning and night for him? and could he die?
No; God will keep him! He will be my pride
Many long years to come; and his fair hair
Will darken like his father's, and his eye
Be of a deeper blue when he is grown;
And he will be so tall, and I shall look
With such a pride upon him? He to die!"
And the fond mother lifted his soft curls,
And smiled, as if 'twere mockery to think
That such fair things could perish.
Suddenly
Her hand shrunk from him, and the color fled
From her fixed lip, and her supporting knees
Were shook beneath her child. Her hand had touched
His forehead, as she dallied with his hair,
And it was cold—like clay! Slow, very slow,
Came the misgiving that her child was dead.
She sat a moment, and her eyes were closed
In a dumb prayer for strength, and then she took
His little hand and pressed it earnestly;
And put her lip to his; and looked again
Fearfully on him; and then, bending low,
She whispered in his ear: "My son! my son!"
And as the echo died, and not a sound
Broke on the stillness, and he lay there still,
Motionless on her knee, the truth would come,
And with a sharp, quick cry, as if her heart
Were crushed, she lifted him and held him close
Into her bosom, with a mother's thought,
As if death had no power to touch him there!

. . . . . .

The man of God came forth, and led the child
Unto his mother, and went on his way.
And he was there, her beautiful, her own,
Living and smiling on her, with his arms
Folded about her neck, and his warm breath
Breathing upon her lips, and in her ear
The music of his gentle voice once more!

N. P. Willis.

3993. SIGHT REGAINED.

By the wayside sat a blind man,
Melancholy, sad,
While the beasts and birds about him
Seemed so glad
As they sported in the sunlight,
While to him the world was midnight—
Sightless, lightless,
There he sat,
Musing, musing, only that.

How he longed to know the daylight
Bathing field and flower,
Gilding cloudlets, arching rainbows,
Full of mystic power!
See the forms his touch revealed!
But, alas! his eyes were sealed;
Thinking, sighing,
Lone, all day
Sat the blind man by the way.

See! he's startled from his musings
By some distant sound,
And he listens, breathless, bending
To the ground;
While a zephyr floating by
Whispers, "Blind man, help is nigh."
Nearer, clearer,
Murmurs rare
Mingle strangely in the air.

Soon a thousand feet are treading
Past the very spot
Where the blind man has bemoaned
His bitter lot.
Busy voices glide along,
Joy anon breaks forth in song,
While one voice
More rich and clear
Falls like music on his ear.

Rising and erectly standing,
Eagerly he speaks,
While a glow of fervor kindles
On his cheeks.
"Tell me, tell! what means this throng?
Why this joy, these words, this song?"
Kindly, promptly,
Comes reply,
"Jesus of Naz'reth passeth by."

As through clouds the sunlight breaking
Brightens earth and sky,
So a radiance of gladness
From on high
Seemed to lighten up his face,
When he heard that mighty grace
Was even nigh,
To touch his eye,
And end the burden of his sigh.

Christ is near; but He is passing—
And will not He see
Him whose eager looks are pleading?
Will not He
Pause to touch and bless those eyes
With miraculous surprise?
Still on he moves
Amid the throng;
Footsteps, voices, glide along.

Soon the hesitating blind man
Will be left alone;
Left to find his new-born hope
Forever gone.
Will he let that moment fly?
Will he not break forth and cry?
Ah, yes, he must;
Or soon, too late,
Hopeless blindness is his fate.

Suddenly an outcry startles
All the passing throng;
Loud and full of supplication,
Loud and long:
"Jesus! Son of David! hear
One who knows that Thou art near;
Mercy! mercy
Have on me!
Touch these eyes, that I may see!"

"Why this outcry?" ask the people.
"Hold, Bartimeus!
Silence, silence, man! why need you
Clamor thus?"
But he did not cease his prayer,
Louder still it rent the air
As he pleaded
With his might,
"Son of David, give me sight!"

Not the volume of his pleading,
Nor the uttered word,
But the spirit of entreaty
Jesus heard,
For His onward steps were stayed,
Quick He called for him who prayed;
Eager he
The Lord to find,
Staff and mantle left behind.

In the blessed Master's presence
Now the blind man stands,
Waiting for the revelations
Of command.
But, instead, He touched his eyes,
Forth the wondrous virtue flies:
Lo, he sees!
His night is o'er!
Bartimeus is blind no more.

De Los Lull.

3994. SILOAM.

Ye who Shiloah's gentle stream despise,
That softly flows from Zion's holy hill,
Who slight those living waters that arise
In God's own holy mount, and, calm and still,
Pour on with tranquil windings and glad sound,
Diffusing peace and sweet refreshment round,
'Mid those green pastures and luxuriant meads
Where His thrice happy flock the heav'nly Shepherd leads.

Ye who desert these peaceful streams, and love
The turbid floods that hoarse and furious roll,
Whose restless spirits still will seek to rove
'Mid scenes congenial to th' unquiet soul,
Prepare to see these rushing waters swell,
And sweep the fields where ye have loved to dwell!
Prepare to see your treasure swept away,
Prepare to be o'erwhelmed; or turn while yet you may.

Ye who despise the still small voice of God,
Whose deep, calm whisper calls you to return,
Prepare to feel His dread avenging rod,
Prepare to see His kindling anger burn!
Ye who neglect the Gospel's voice of peace,

Know that these calls of mercy soon shall cease;
And ye, whose trust is in the Law, shall hear
The Law's dread thunders burst on your despairing ear. *James G. Small.*

3995. SILOAM, The Pool of.

Wend o'er the waste where now no floweret springs,
But bloomed of yore the "garden of the kings;"
Ye reach an opening pierced in Ophel's side,
While high beyond the huge mosque lifts its pride—
'Tis cool Siloam's fount; when palms grew round,
Here Jewish minstrels woke their harps' sweet sound,
And Hebrew sages, on these rocks reclined,
Taught listening crowds, and scattered pearls of mind;
This rugged path the blessed apostles trod;
Beneath yon arch once stood their King, their God;
And here the wretch whose eyes were sealed in night,
At Mercy's word received the gift of sight.
Now, on these steps worn smooth by countless feet,
Young Arab maids at eve are wont to meet,
Their fair heads bearing pitchers, and their hands
Wreathing the well's dark sides with flowery bands.
Thou blessed fount! whose crystal waters still
Bubble unchanged beneath that holy hill—
Fire, war, and ruin, wasting on each side,
Have left untouched thy pure and sparkling tide,
A living coolness in that cell below,
Health in thy dew, and music in thy flow.
Sure angels, while deserting Salem's towers,
And Zion's Mount, and David's perished bowers,
Might hither come, and sorrowing vigil keep,
Glide through the shade, above those waters weep,
And fold their wings, resolving ne'er to flee,
The lingering guardians, hallowed fount! of thee. *Nicholas Michell.*

3996. SILOAM, Village of.

Poor village! rich in name alone,
Memorial of the Sent of God,
The Father's everlasting Son,
Whose holy feet these slopes have trod.

Above thee towers gray Olivet,
Beneath dark Hinnom's vale I see,
Before thee Salem's wall and gate,
And at thy side Gethsemane.

Siloam! know the Sent of God,
And learn the meaning of thy name;
Oh give the Sent One an abode,
Know who He is and whence He came!

So shall He come and bless thee now,
So shall He end thy gloomy night;
So shall He make thy joy o'erflow,
And fill thee with His glorious light.

Rude village of the rock and tomb!
Daily before thy heedless eyes,
Memorial of the sinner's doom,
The ruins of old Zion rise.

And daily, on Moriah's slope,
In yon sad wall, each massive stone
Like tomb-words on the grave of hope,
Tells of the glory past and gone.

Across the vale yon ruined pool
Speaks of the eye-restoring might
Of Him whose mercy, ever full,
Yearns still to bless thee with His light.
Horatius Bonar.

3997. SILVER, The Lost Piece of.
Luke xv: 8.

Holy Lord Jesus, Thou wilt search till Thou find
This lost piece of silver, this treasure enshrined
In casket or bosom, once of such store,
Now lying under the dust of Thy floor.

Gentle Lord Jesus, Thou wilt move through the room,
So empty, so desolate, and light up its gloom:
The lost piece of silver, that no man can see,
Merciful Jesus! is beheld clear by Thee.

Defaced and degraded, trampled in the dust,
Its superscription Thou knowest still, we trust;
And Thou wilt uplift it and make it reshine,
For it was silver—pure silver of Thine.

Loving Lord Jesus, Thou wilt come through the dark,
When men are all sleeping and no eye can mark.
Though "clean forgotten, like a dead man out of mind,"
This lost piece of silver Thou wilt search for and find. *D. Maria Mulock Craik.*

3998. SIMEON AND THE INFANT CHRIST.
Luke ii: 22-32.

Within the temple at the hour
Of prayer, led by the Spirit's power,
Behold a patriarch appears,
Bowed down with age, and weight of years.
He was a man devout and just,
And all his hope and all his trust
Was in the promise of his Lord,
The promise of His faithful Word;
For this he waited—waited on,
This patriarchal Simeon:

His was a lengthened ray of hope;
Far-reaching lay the distant scope;
The "consolation" which he sought,
God to its great fulfilment brought—
The birth of Jesus, God's dear Son,
The advent of the Promised One.
For this he lived, nor yet to die,
Until to his expectant eye,
Long on the watch, the Christ should be
Revealed for him at last to see.
And in the temple courts that day,
Upon a virgin's bosom lay
A Babe, around whose infant head
A halo of bright glory shed—
A light that was revealed to none
But to the aged Simeon,
Before whose eyes it shone so bright—
That golden aureole of light—
And by the sacred token showed
The witness of Incarnate God.

Deep promptings filled the old man's breast,
His hopes and fears are now at rest.
This is the promised Christ, the King;
Awake, my soul, arise and sing!
And there, the aisles and courts among,
He uttered forth this dying song—
"Nunc Dimittis."
O lettest now Thy servant, Lord,
Depart according to Thy word;
Give Thou the waiting soul release,
And bid me now depart in peace.

In peace, for waiting days are o'er,
The anxious soul need wait no more.
Mine eyes, long looking out for Thee,
Do now Thy full salvation see.

Salvation now for all prepared,
Before all nations hath appeared;
On those who lay in darksome night,
On them hath shone the wished-for light.

A Light, wherever man hath trod,
To light the Gentiles to their God;
For Israel's glory—ne'er to cease:
Lord, let me now depart in peace!

Robert Maguire.

3999. SIMON, the Cyrenian.

Matthew xxvii: 32.

Along the dusty thoroughfare of life,
Upon his daily errands walking free, [pain,
Came a brave, honest man, untouched by
Unchilled by sight or thought of misery.

But lo! a crowd: he stops; with curious eye
A fainting form all pressed to earth he sees;
The hard, rough burden of the bitter cross
Hath bowed the drooping head and feeble knees.

"Ho! lay the cross upon yon stranger there,
For he hath breadth of chest and strength of limb."
Straight it is done, and heavy laden thus,
With Jesus' cross he turns and follows Him.

Unmurmuring, patient, cheerful, pitiful,
Prompt with the holy sufferer to endure,
Forsaking all to follow the dear Lord,
Thus did he make his glorious calling sure.

O soul, whoe'er thou art, walking life's way,
As yet from touch of deadly sorrow free,
Learn from this story to forecast the day
When Jesus and His cross shall come to thee.

O, in that fearful, that decisive hour
Rebel not, shrink not, seek not thence to flee;
But, humbly bending, take thy heavy load,
And bear it after Jesus patiently.

His cross is thine. If thou and He be one,
Some portion of His pain must still be thine;
Thus only mayst thou share His glorious crown,
And reign with Him in majesty divine.

Master in sorrow! I accept my share
In the great anguish of life's mystery.
No more alone, I sink beneath my load,
But bear my cross, O Jesus, after Thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

4000. SISERA.

Judges v: 28–30.

Why tarries Sisera? His mother stands
At the high window, where her eye commands
The hill and vale afar, while waning day
Shows not her son in all the winding way.

Forth from the lattice goes her earnest cry,
"Where art thou, Sisera? My son, O why,
While o'er the world this solemn twilight steals,
Why tarry thus thy burning chariot wheels?

"When wilt thou come triumphant from the plain,
With Israel's spoils and captives in thy train:
Thy parent's pride, a shouting kingdom's boast,
Thou valiant leader of a dauntless host?

"How went the battle? None will come and tell
Where the dart entered or the javelin fell;
What shield was shivered, which the trusty sword
That met its aim, or whose the blood that poured.

"If that I gave thee from my own rich veins
Enpurpled earth's cold sod, what hope remains?
Thy nation's glory must with thee depart,
And one dread swell will burst thy mother's heart!

"But why thy joyful coming thus delay?
Is it to share the spoil and take the prey?
Dim grows the distance to my weary eye;
Nor hoof, nor wheel, nor foot of man come nigh!"

Why, hapless mother, does he not return?
Go to the Kenite's distant place and learn!
Fly to the tent on Zaanaim's plain;
Ask Heber's wife for him thou call'st in vain!

Enter her tent and slowly raise the veil;
Lift that spread mantle; see the fatal nail!
Behold thy son, as now he lieth low;
Inglorious chief! and by a woman's blow!

Is this the brow that thou hast hoped to see
Twined with the laurel, high in victory?
The blood thou gav'st him in a form so fair
Is thick around it, on the matted hair!

Pierced through the temples! pillowed on the ground!
Is this the head that glory should have crowned?
Was the fair captive's needle-work to deck,
With many colors, this poor severed neck?

Oh! 'tis a fearful thing to be a rod
Used on a people by the hand of God,
To bring His children back when they offend;
To chasten them; then have the scourges end!

To Tabor's mount the bands of Barak drew,
In arms but feeble; in their numbers few;
While Jabin's hosts, with Sisera their head,
By Kishon's stream the valley overspread.

With strong war-chariots they took the field;
With prancing horses, gleaming spear and shield.
Thick as the grass they overran the plain,
Like that, when mown, to strow it with the slain.

When to the onset, like a stream that gushed
Forth from the mount, the men of Israel rushed,
The Lord of hosts was with them in the fight,
And death or dread seized every Canaanite.

The ancient river felt its heavy tide
Swell with the blood that flowed upon its side,
Horses and horsemen weltered in the waves
That bore down thousands into restless graves.

Then Sisera, unchiefed, with none to head
Leaped from his chariot and fled.
His steps the fugitive in terror bent
To ask of Jael refuge in her tent.

She gave him milk, and in a "lordly dish"
She brought him food; she granted him his wish
Here to be screened from Barak; but his sleep
She fastened on him! it is long and deep!

O Sisera! it was a fearful thing
To be a minion of an evil king;
Against an injured people to contend,
Who had the God of armies for their friend.

Miss H. F. Gould.

4001. SISERA, Death of.
Judges iv: 17-22.

Above all women praised be Jael,
Heroine Kenite, Heber's wife;
Blessed be she above all women,
For her bearing in the strife.
When within the curtained harem
Water she was asked to give,
Curdled milk in lordly vessel
Gave she to the fugitive.

Sisera, the warrior-chieftain,
Lay in slumber deep and sound;
With her hand the wooden tent-peg
Wrenched she from the yielding ground.
With the blow of workman's hammer
She the prostrate victim slew,
And with this inglorious weapon
Clave his temples through and through.

At her feet he bowed, he lay;
At her feet he bowed, he fell:
Fell, the hero of the fray,
Deemed so late invincible!

The mother of Sisera,
Proud-hearted queen,
Went to the lattice
A chieftain in mien:
From the window she cried,
"Why tarries his car?
What hinders his bringing
The trophies of war?
Impatient we look for the wreath on His brow;
Why tarry the wheels of His chariot now?"

The princesses answer,
She also replies,
"They only thus tarry
To portion the prize:
One damsel—two damsels—
Each hero will share,
And bright divers colors
Shall Sisera wear;
Rich garments, embroidered
And varied in hue,
The ornaments stripped
From the foemen he slew."

So perish Thine enemies, Lord, I implore Thee!
Perish all those to Thy glory defiant:
But let Thine own people, who love and adore Thee,
Be like to the sun going forth as a giant.

J. R. Macduff.

4002. SMITING THE ROCK IN KADESH.
Numbers xx: 1-13.

Water! no water! rock and sand,
A weary, parched, and burning land;
The springs all sunk, the torrents dry,
The clouds all perished from the sky!

Zin seemed on fire, and Kadesh lay
Blasted beneath the torrid ray;
No shadowy palms, nor herb, nor grass;
Earth, glowing iron; sky, blazing brass!

The goat-skins, all their moisture spent,
Hung shrunk and crackling in each tent;
And ghastly bands of frantic men
Searched vainly every grot and glen.

Then hoarse and deep along the plain
Gathered a sound of wrath and pain,
And loud the angry murmur burst
From millions mad with torturing thirst:

"Is this the land our seers foretold,
Whose streams in milk and honey rolled?
Whose woods and groves drip balm and oil?
Whose harvests load the heaven-drenched soil?

"Why have ye here God's people brought,
Us and our herds to slay for naught;
Where never fruits nor vines were found,
And fountless deserts blaze around?

"Would God that when His instant ire
Wrapped Korah's host in sheeted fire,
We, too, had shared that pangless doom,
Or filled with them the earthquake tomb!"

So raved the ingrates God had fed
With one long miracle of bread!
In prostrate agony of woe
God's seer held back Heaven's righteous blow.

Then flashed God's glory, pealed His word,
While awe-struck thousands trembling heard
Jehovah's mandate, echoing wide,
Till listening caves and crags replied:

"Take thou the rod! the nation call!
Command yon cliff before them all!
And springs shall rise and streams shall burst,
Till man and nature slake their thirst."

Now, forth before th' expectant throng,
Erring, yet in God's mercy strong,
Lifting toward heaven the mystic rod,
Stands he who erst dread Sinai trod.

He smites. The stern dark rock rebounds
The blow, and all the vale resounds;
But all its secret springs unknown
Leap, startled, in their veins of stone!

Again the prophet's arm descends;
The conscious granite groans and rends,
And lo! a fountain, silver fair,
Mounts flashing through the burning air!

Wide through the camp glad voices cry,
And "Water!" "Water!" fills the sky;
While rapturous thousands mingling rush
Where glittering rivulets foam and gush.

With brazen helm the warrior dips
The spouting nectar to his lips;
The old man, trembling, bowed with years,
Thanks God, and drinks with reverent tears.

The youth, half eager, half afraid,
Hands his full pitcher to the maid;
The mother, in her thirst half wild,
First satisfies her youngest child.

The bullock snuffs the freshening gale,
Bellows, and bounds along the vale;
And cow and goat, and lamb and hound,
Quaff the cool rills that gurgle 'round.

The war-steed neighs, and champs his chain,
Then charges thundering down the plain;
The patient camel breaks his fast,
And drinks, the longest, and the last.

O Thou, the Rock of Truth and Grace,
Once cleft to save a dying race!
Thy streams of mercy, full and free,
Still flow for all mankind and me.

Oh may we, like Thy flock of old,
Drink deep from all Thy springs untold;
Nor e'er, like Israel, doubt the plan
Of God's unfailing love for man.

Nor e'er, like him God honored most,
Forget in whom is all our boast;
And once, impatient, rash, and vain,
Lose Canaan here—and heaven scarce gain.

George Lansing Taylor.

4003. SMOKING FLAX and Bruised Reed, The. Matthew xii : 20.

When evening choirs the praises hymned
In Zion's courts of old,
The high-priest walked his rounds, and trimmed
The shining lamps of gold;
And if, perchance, some flame burned low,
With fresh oil vainly drenched,
He cleansed it from its socket, so
The smoking flax was quenched.

But Thou who walkest, Priest Most High!
Thy golden lamps among,
What things are weak, and near to die,
Thou makest fresh and strong.
Thou breathest on the trembling spark,
That else must soon expire,
And swift it shoots up through the dark,
A brilliant spear of fire!

The shepherd, that to stream and shade
Withdrew his flock at noon,
On reedy stop soft music made,
In many a pastoral tune;
And if, perchance, the reed were hushed,
It could no more be used;
Its mellow music marred and hushed;
He brake it, when so bruised.

But Thou, Good Shepherd, who dost feed
Thy flock in pasture green,
Thou dost not break the bruised reed
That sorely crushed hath been.

The heart that dumb in anguish lies,
Or yields but notes of woe,
Thou dost retune to harmonies
More rich than angels know!

Lord, once my love was all ablaze,
But now it burns so dim;
My life was praise, but now my days
Make a poor broken hymn.
Yet ne'er by Thee am I forgot,
But helped in deepest need,
The smoking flax Thou quenchest not,
Nor break'st the bruisèd reed.

W. B. Robertson.

4004. SODOM.

The wind blows chill across those gloomy waves:
Oh! how unlike the green and dancing main!
The surge is foul as if it rolled o'er graves:
Stranger, here lie the cities of the plain.
Yes, on that plain, by wild waves covered now,
Rose palace once, and sparkling pinnacle;
On pomp and spectacle beamed morning's glow,
On pomp and festival the twilight fell.
Lovely and splendid all; but Sodom's soul
Was stained with blood, and pride, and perjury;
Long warned, long spared, till her whole heart was foul,
And fiery vengeance on its clouds came nigh.
And still she mocked and danced, and taunting spoke
Her sportive blasphemies against the Throne:
It came! the thunder on her slumber broke;
God spake the word of wrath! her dream was done.
Yet, in her final night, amid her stood
Immortal messenger, and pausing Heaven
Pleaded with man: but she was quite imbued;
Her last hour waned; she scorned to be forgiven!
'Twas done! Down poured at once the sulphurous shower,
Down stooped in flame the heaven's red canopy.
Oh for the arm of God in that fierce hour!
'Twas vain, nor help of God or man was nigh.
They rush, they bound, they howl, the men of sin;
Still stooped the cloud, still burst the thicker blaze;
The earthquake heaved! then sank the hideous din!
Yon wave of darkness o'er their ashes strays.

George Croly.

4005. SODOM, Doom of.
Genesis xviii : 33 to xix : 28.

The morning sun arose. And while afar
O'er fane and h... and up the mountain's height
Streamed the swift radiance of his fiery car,
What eye was raised to greet his cheering light?
What grateful heart, inspired with new delight,
Broke forth in songs of early praise? None, none.
On the tumultuous host of yesternight
A slumbering silence lay. Yet there was one
Who from their sin and shame still stood apart,
And in the abode of crime kept an untainted heart.

The holy man went forth to greet the day,
Yet o'er his soul came awe and silent fear,
Such as the heart may feel, but cannot say
What secret danger it betokens near.
He knelt upon the earth and to the ear
Of Him whose saving presence still is nigh
In storm and calm, forever prompt to hear
His humble creatures' supplicating cry,
The patriarch addressed his ardent prayer,
Trusting in Abraham's God, and safe beneath His care.

That humble prayer found audience in heaven,
And moved the pity of Eternal Love;
The attendant angels hear the mandate given,
And swiftly leaving their bright seats above,
On mercy's errand down to earth they move.
And first to Mamre's plain they take their way,
Where righteous Abraham intercedes, who strove,
As man with man, the Almighty's wrath to stay;
Then hastily the fated city seek,
And to the faithful few their fearful message speak:

"Haste thee, delay not,
Thou favored of God;
Haste thee, and stay not
His uplifted rod.

"Lo! it descendeth
On city and plain;
The arm that contendeth
Is lifted in vain.

"The strong in his power,
The youth in his bloom,
The storm shall devour,
The fires consume.

"On the palace' proud dome,
On the false idol fane,
That tempest shall come
With its fiery rain.

"It shall come, and the song
Shall be hushed in the hall;
For the weak and the strong
Together shall fall.

"To Justice is given
His terrible sword;
'Tis the vengeance of Heaven,
The wrath of the Lord.

"Then haste thee! delay not,
Thou favored of God;
Oh! haste thee, and stay not
His uplifted rod."

Then rose the ancient patriarch, and passed
Forth from the city, filled with awe and fear.
And now the heavens, though with no clouds o'ercast,
A wild and terrible aspect seem to wear;
And ever and anon a lurid glare
Streams with a meteor-light athwart the sky;
And, borne upon the hot and burdened air,
From unseen spirits comes a fearful cry
Of desolation, telling but too late [fate.
To the blaspheming host their well-deserved

O Sodom! thy hour has come!
It has come, for the cup
Of thy sin runneth o'er;
And thy cry shall go up
To Jehovah no more,
For sealed is thy terrible doom.

O Sodom! thy beauty and pride
To ashes shall turn
In a tempest of flame;
And thy towers shall burn,
And thy temples of shame
Be swept with the fiery tide!

Angels of mercy, depart!
Oh! seek not to save
The accursed of God.
Let them sink to their grave
In the fiery flood,
Who madly have chosen their part.

Angels of death draw near;
And, behold! from their home
In the storm-driven cloud,
With the thunders they come,
And a flaming shroud
In their vengeful hands they bear.

Lo, the downrushing of the gathered storm!
Upon the mountain's woody height far round
Th' horizon's verge, with the red lightning warm,
The stately cedars burn; the solid ground
And rock-built summits tremble with the sound
Of bursting thunders; and the darkened skies
Responsive to the quaking earth resound,
While onward still the rushing tempest flies.
Then on the city falls the liquid fire,
Kindling each temple, dome, and heaven-ascending spire.

O Sodom! now extend the arm of power,
And stay the coming of thy awful doom;
Or, if thou art grown weak in this dread hour,
Call then upon thy boasted gods, in whom
Thy children trust. Alas! the fires consume
Temple and image; in the costly fane
The idol's priest sinks to his fiery tomb,
O'ertaken in his idolatry; in vain
A thousand supplicating voices rise—
On sweeps the raging storm, nor heeds their feeble cries.

And as they gaze upon the burning sky
That has no ray of hope for their despair,
Some fiercely curse the name of God and die;
And some, in the last agony of fear,
Send up the unavailing prayer;
On every side are heard the shrieks of death,
Till stifled in the hot and sulphurous air,
That scorches and consumes, is every breath;
And drowned amid the wildly-rushing gale
Are man's despairing groans and childhood's feeble wail.

Woe to thee, Sodom! thou that in thy pride
Didst vainly dream of everlasting fame,
And, glorying in thy power, dar'dst deride
Heaven's vengeance, and blaspheme Jehovah's name;
All, save the record of thy sin and shame,
Is blotted from the earth. Thy funeral pyre
Was kindled by the all-consuming flame
Of thy own deadly guilt and fierce desire;
And thou art sunk beneath the stormy flood
That o'er thee ever rolls, cursed with the curse of God. *George W. Nind.*

4006. SOLOMON AND THE LILY.

Luke xii : 27.

When the great Hebrew king did almost strain
The wondrous treasures of his wealth and brain
His royal southern guest to entertain;
Though she on silver floors did tread,
With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,
To hide the metal's poverty;
Though she looked up to roofs of gold,
And naught around her could behold
But silk and rich embroidery,
And Babylonish tapestry,
And wealthy Hiram's princely dye;
Though Ophir's starry stones met everywhere her eye;
Though she herself and her gay host were dressed
With all the shining glories of the east;
When lavish art her costly work had done,
The honor and the prize of bravery
Was by the garden from the palace won;
And every rose and lily there did stand
Better attired by nature's hand.
Where does the wisdom and the power divine
In a more bright and sweet reflection shine?
Where do we finer strokes and colors see
Of the Creator's real poetry,
Than when we with attention look
Upon the third day's volume of the book?

But we despise these His inferior ways,
Though no less full of miracle and praise:
Upon the flowers of heaven we gaze;
The stars of earth no wonder in us raise.
A. Cowley.

4007. SOLOMON, Antitype of.
2 Chronicles ix : 6.

Drawn by Thy messenger's report,
I hearken, Lord, to Thee:
But oh! their word how faint, how short
Of what I hear and see!
True Son of David, I confess
Thou far exceed'st the fame:
Not angel-tongues could half express
The wonders of Thy name!

What wisdom from Thy lips distils,
So full of glorious grace!
The glory all Thy household fills
Reflected from Thy face:
Thy charms the seraphs' thought transcend,
And dazzle all above:
For only saints can comprehend
The mystery of Thy love.
J. and C. Wesley.

4008. SOLOMON, Glory of.
Matthew vi : 29.

Seated upon a throne, superb and high,
Of ivory, with finest gold inlaid,
Crowned with a blaze of jewels, and arrayed
In robes magnificent of Tyrian dye,
The king "in all his glory" strikes the eye
With wonder, from amidst luxurious shade
Of purple canopy, and proud parade
Of couchant lions keeping watch hard by.
But all that royal pomp the palm must yield
In texture rare and beauty of array
To roses wild and lilies of the field,
Which bloom and perish in a single day.
Lord, if the flowers are decked in robes so fair,
What clothing shall Thy saints in glory wear?
R. Wilton.

4009. SOLOMON, Intercession of.
1 Kings viii : 22, 23.

Lo, the pious monarch stands
And lifts his heart and eyes,
Spreads to heaven his praying hands,
To Him who fills the skies!
Never king appeared so great,
Himself not half so glorious shone,
Clad in all his robes of state,
And on his ivory throne.

See, through him, the heavenly King
Who for his subjects prays,
Israel's Intercessor! Sing
And magnify his grace;
Praise our Lord, who ever lives
To save and bless His saints forgiven,
Till He to Himself receives
And blesses us in heaven.
C. Wesley.

4010. SOWER, The.

"Such as I have I sow; it is not much,"
Said one who loved the Master of the field;
Only a quiet word, a gentle touch
Upon the hidden harp-strings, which may yield
No quick response; I tremble, yet I speak
For Him who knows the heart so loving, yet so weak.

And so the words were speaken, soft and low,
Or traced with timid pen; yet oft they fell
On soil prepared, which she would never know,
Until the tender blade sprang up to tell
That not in vain her labor had been spent;
Then with new faith and hope more bravely on she went.
Frances Ridley Havergal.

4011. SPICES, Unused.
Luke xxiv : 1.

What said those women as they bore
Their fragrant gifts away?
The spices that they needed not
That resurrection-day?

Did Mary say within her heart,
Our work hath been in vain?
Or, counting o'er the spices bought,
Of so much waste complain?

Not so, for though the risen Lord
Their spices did not need,
Not unrewarded was the love
That planned the reverent deed.

For though unused their fragrant store,
Yet well might they rejoice,
Since they the first who saw the Lord,
The first who heard His voice.

Sweet story, hast thou not some truth
For my impatient heart?
Some lesson that shall stay with me
Its comfort to impart?

Have I not gathered in the past,
In days that are no more,
Of spices sweet and ointment rare,
What seemed a precious store?

A little knowledge I had gained,
A little strength and skill,
I thought to use them for my lord,
If such should be His will.

Alas! my store unused hath been.
The strength I prized hath gone;
My weary hands have lost their skill,
And yet my life goes on.

In all the busy work of life
I have but scanty share,
And scanty is the service done
For Him whose name I bear.

So many hopes and plans have died
In weariness and pain,
My heart cries out in sore distress:
"Was all my work in vain?"

Be still, sad heart, thy hopes and plans
Are known to One divine;
He knoweth all thou wouldst have done
Had greater strength been thine.

My unused spices! Dearest Lord,
They were prepared for Thee,
Yet if for them Thou hast no need,
Let love my offering be.

M. H. Howland.

4012. SPIES, Report of the.

Numbers xiii : 27.

Ho ye! ho ye! We return from the land!
Cried the spies as they trudged through the desert sand;
We have spied it out from the north to the south—
From Lebanon's heights to the Jordan's mouth;
Its soil that with milk and honey flows;
Its plain that with roses of Sharon glows;
Its deep-flowing river and trickling rills,
That wind around 'mong the vine-clad hills;
And the great sea rimmed with its sandy strand;
Ho ye! Let us go to the beautiful land!

The cedars of Lebanon lift in their pride
Their evergreen plumes on the mountain side;
And the mighty winds through their forests roar
Like the booming of surges along the shore;
And Hermon's crown, scarred by thunder-clap,
Crests the soaring range with its snowy cap;
And feeds the springs in its rock-ribbed hills,
Whose flowing the lake and river fills;
And its feet in the waters of Galilee dips
That woo the beach with their rippling lips.

Across the land 'neath the fells and dells
The breast of the rich Esdraelon swells
In rounded slopes, kissed by summer heat,
That teem with the stalks of growing wheat;
And the plain outspreading rolls and heaves
With ripening wealth of yellow sheaves;
Like a cincture of gold engirdling the land
From Jordan's flood to the bright sea-strand,
O'er its bosom convulsed as in laughter loud,
Till it shakes and shouts as with joy of God!

And southward the hills of beauty shine
Clad with clustered grapes of the tendrilled vine;
With groves and orchards of great-branched trees
That dance and sing to the play of the breeze;
Whereon pomegranates of blood-red dyes
Catch the ruby tints of the morning skies;
And the mellow fig the rich sunshine sips
Till its flesh doth melt on the eater's lips;
We plucked from Eshcol this clustering shoot,
These apples and figs—here is the land's fruit!

And many things which we cannot tell
Hath this goodly land unspeakable!
For who could bring back the bloom of its flowers,
Or the glory sublime that on Lebanon towers,
Or the sweetness and freedom of mountain air,
Or the spirit of life in all things there!
Or the wide expanse of the great blue sea
Like the stretches of boundless eternity.
Let our silence speak! For who can tell
The charm of this land unspeakable!

Let us go to the land of these fruits divine,
Whose clusters of grapes on the vine-branches shine;
Where the apples blood-red mid the verdure glow,
And the fig-trees loaded with fruitage bend low;
And the beauties and glories, which cannot be told,
Seem to robe the whole as with cloth of gold!
And from bending skies look down the bright eyes
Of God as on gardens of paradise!
Ho ye! One and all! Hear the wondrous story!
Ho ye! Let us go to these hills of glory!

Let us go! Let us go to this land of heaven,
Whose foretaste in these first fruits is given!
Let us conquer the giants that dreadful stand
To bar our way to this promised land!
Let us go with faith in our mighty Lord,
In His arm of strength and His conquering sword;
In the name of the word which our God hath spoken,
In the name of His oath that cannot be broken.
In the promise of Him who His purpose fulfils,
Let us go to possess these eternal hills!

Homer N. Dunning.

4013. STAR IN THE EAST.

Matthew ii.

The burning East hath caught a sign,
Upon the brow of night,
And starts the sage to see it shine
O'er all the morning's light—
A stranger with his steps of fire,
Upon the starry way,
And wings that tarnish not, nor tire,
Amid the blaze of day,
But keeping still his flashing eye
Unshut, amid the sun-bright sky!

He is not of the stars who sang
  At that primeval birth,
When all their lyres with music rang
  To hail the young bright earth;
When swelled the world's high anthem out,
  And pealed the spheres abroad,
And one wide pæan met the shout,
  From all the "sons of God"!
He fought not with the starry train
That fought on Kishon's ancient plain!

It prophesieth in the skies:
  O where hath it been hid,
For ages, 'mid the myriad eyes
  That watch the pyramid?
The Persian, with his starry wit,
  He cannot speak its name;
And who shall read the story writ
  Upon its brow of flame?
It hath no page in Grecian art,
Nor sign on Zoroaster's chart!

It spreadeth forth its glittering wing
  And beckoneth to the west,
And circleth like a living thing
  In haste, that may not rest:
The sage hath watched its course afar,
  And pondered it apart,
Till, lo! the story of that star
  Beams in upon his heart,
And brightly rises on his soul
The legend of its burning scroll!

'Tis he—'tis he—the light of whom
  Those ancient prophets told,
The star that should from Jacob come,
  To shine on Judah's fold!
The East shall offer odors sweet,
  To meet its rising smiles,
And kings bring presents to His feet,
  From Tarshish and the isles,
And Sheba, from the desert far,
Be summoned by that herald star.

Along the wild, like ships at sea,
  The pilgrim-camel rides,
And through the heavens silently
  That glorious banner glides:
The desert-fiend, in breathless haste,
  Stalks faint and far away,
And like a garden blooms the waste,
  Beneath the holy ray,
Where they who weary not nor rest
Are traveling, star-led, to the west.

But onward, onward gliding still,
  Afar and yet afar,
By day and night, o'er plain and hill,
  Looks out yon golden star!
O, never herald's presence yet,
  With such a glory shone;
And sure such guide must bring the feet
  Unto a gorgeous throne.
And who shall meet His awful eye,
Whose burning couriers walk the sky?

'Yon herald halteth suddenly!
  And with their fragrant freight
The stately camels stoop the knee
  Before—a stable-gate!
O, He whose name was first on high
  Is lowliest in his birth;
And He whose star is in the sky,
  Hath but a crib on earth;
And they, the wise, have trod the wild
To bow before—a little child!

So, guided by that eastern ray,
  The lowly and the poor
May gather precious truths to-day
  Beside that stable-door—
That not unto the highest here
  The highest place is given;
And they who serve below may wear
  The starry crown in heaven;
And shining things still keep the road
That leads the Christian to his God!

Thomas K. Hervey.

4014. STAR, The Guiding.
Matthew ii : 9.

Far in the desert East it shone,
A guiding-star, and only one;
The other planets left the sky,
Trembling as if rebuked on high.
The moon forsook her silvery height,
Abashed before that holier light:
The storm-clouds that on ether lay
Melted before its glorious ray;
Till half the heaven shone pure and clear,
Like some diviner atmosphere
Than ours, where heavy vapors rise
From the vile earth, to dim the skies;
Meet herald of that promised day,
When souls shall burst the bond of clay,
And, purified from earth-stains, come,
Radiant to its eternal home.
On rolled the star, nor paused to shed
Its glory o'er the mountain's head,
Whereon the morning's sunshine fell,
Where eve's last crimson loved to dwell,
The gilded roof, the stately fane,
The garden, nor the corn-hid plain,
The camp where red watch-fires were keeping
Guard o'er a thousand soldiers sleeping.
But temple, palace, city past,
That star paused in the sky at last.
It paused where, roused from slumbers mild,
Lay 'mid the kine a new-born child.

Are there no clarions upon earth,
To tell mankind their monarch's birth?
Are there no banners to unfold,
Heavy with purple and with gold?
Are there no flowers to strew the ground,
Nor arches with the palm-branch bound?
Nor fires to kindle on the hill?
No! man is mute—the world is still.
Ill would all earthly pomp agree
With this hour's mild solemnity;
The tidings which that infant brings
Are not for conquerors nor for kings;

Nor for the sceptre nor the brand,
For crowned head, nor red right hand.
But to the contrite and the meek,
The sinful, sorrowful, and weak:
Or those who, with a hope sublime,
Are waiting for the Lord's good time.
Only for those the angels sing,
"All glory to our new-born King,
And peace and good-will unto men,
Hosanna to our God! Amen."

L. E. Landon.

4015. STAR, The Signal.

From the far East we come;
In these soft heavens above
We mark the messenger of God,
The ensign of His love.
No thunder spoke; we heard
No voice from plain or height;
He kindled in these tranquil skies
A gem of silent light.

Men of the morning-land
Are we, and to the West
We turn, that we may follow where
Our signal-star shall rest.
Children of sunrise, we
A brighter sunrise hail,
Before the splendor of whose rays
This sun of ours grows pale.

We come to seek the King;
For we have seen His star
Moving before us in that blue,
And beckoning us afar.
A gleam of glory bright,
An angel sent from God,
It led us out, it led us on,
Along the shining road.

Show us the King we seek,
Show us the new-born King,
That, kneeling at His cradle, we
To Him these gifts may bring.
Him King of heaven we call,
Him King of earth we own;
And hail the day when He shall wear
Of heaven and earth the crown.

Horatius Bonar.

4016. STARS, Song of the.
Job xxxviii: 7.

When the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by His mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
From the void abyss, by myriads came,
In the joy of youth, as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung;
And this was the song the bright ones sung:

"Away, away! through the wide, wide sky,
The fair blue fields that before us lie,
Each sun, with the world that around us roll,
Each planet, poised on her turning pole,
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

"For the Source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space;
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides.
Lo! yonder the living splendors play:
Away on our joyous path, away!

"Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass!
And the path of the gentle winds is seen
Where the small waves dance and the young woods lean.

"And see where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower,
And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets, and shed their dews;
And, 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone, the night goes round!

"Away, away! in our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See, love is brooding, and life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

"Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
To weave the dance that measures the years.
Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent
To the farthest wall of the firmament—
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim."

W. C. Bryant.

4017. STEPHEN, Death of.
Acts vii: 55.

With awful dread his murderers shook,
As, radiant and serene,
The lustre of his dying look
Was like an angel's seen;
Or Moses' face of paly light,
When down the mount he trod,
All glowing from the glorious sight
And presence of his God.

To us, with all his constancy,
Be his rapt vision given,
To look above by faith, and see
Revealments bright of heaven;

And power to speak our triumphs out,
As our last hour draws near,
While neither clouds of fear nor doubt
Before our view appear.
William Croswell.

4018. STEPHEN'S MARTYRDOM.
Acts vii : 55–60.

Yesterday, with joy elated,
Earth the advent celebrated
Of David's Son and Lord;
Yesterday their homage bringing,
Angel choirs, hosannahs singing,
Their new-crowned King adored.

Lo! to-day, where zealous Stephen,
Full of faith and power from heaven,
And full of holy grace,
Now disputing, now insulting,
Stands triumphing and exulting
O'er Israel's faithless race.

Round him howling, red eyes flashing,
Ravening wolves their teeth are gnashing,
And thirsting for his blood;
Lying tongues against him setting,
Venomed fangs with malice whetting,
Behold the viper's brood.

Manful wrestler, nothing bending,
Steadfast for the prize contending,
Good Stephen, hold thy ground;
Perjured witnesses refuting,
Rage, with reason, still confuting,
Hell's synagogue confound.

Christ, thy witness, is in heaven,
Witness true and faithful, Stephen,
Who on thy fight looks down;
Mindful of the name thou bearest,
Bravely show thou nothing fearest,
Thus striving for thy crown.

Fadeless crown of bliss securing,
Little while the pain enduring,
Victory ends thy strife;
Glory transient grief is bringing,
Dawn of day through death is springing,
The dawn of endless life.

Holy Spirit, him imbuing,
Heavenly vision him enduing,
He penetrates the skies;
God's supernal glory viewing,
Strength for victory renewing,
He pants to win the prize.

Lo! at God's right hand contending,
Jesus stands, His aid extending,
There, Stephen, fix thine eye;
See, the heavens are unsealing,
Christ, Himself to thee revealing,
Attends thy dying cry.

Loudly to his Saviour crying,
Gladly Christ thus glorifying,
He calmly yields his breath;
While his foes the stones are heaping,
Zealot Saul their clothes is keeping,
Consenting to his death.

Humbly kneeling, naught gainsaying,
Naught against his slayers laying,
Meekly to his Father praying
Their crime to disregard;
Thus in Christ he sweetly sleepeth,
Who the law of Christ thus keepeth,
And, to Christ thus faithful, reapeth
The martyr's first reward.
Adam of St. Victor, Tr. by N. B. Smithers.

4019. STEPHEN'S MARTYRDOM.

Happy saint, so quickly driven
From the flesh by violent pain,
Here enjoy the sight of heaven,
Here behold the Son of Man;
Jesus waiting
To receive thy soul again.

Lo, He stands with arms extended
(Risen from His dazzling throne),
Sees His servant's warfare ended,
Sends His flaming chariot down;
Smiles triumphant,
Reaches out the palm and crown!

Every confessor and servant
Who of Jesus testifies,
Faithful unto death and fervent,
Shall obtain the victor's prize;
See his Saviour
Grasp him through the opening skies.

If Thou call even us to inherit
Joys for martyred saints prepared,
Thou wilt fill us with Thy Spirit,
Pledge of that supreme reward;
Sinking, dying,
We shall view our heavenly Lord.

Thou wilt set Thyself before us,
Standing in the holiest place,
God omnipotently glorious,
We shall on Thy brightness gaze,
Gaze triumphant
On Thy beatific face.

Jesus, to our supplication
In that final hour attend,
To the God of our salvation
While our spirits we commend;
Then receive us,
Crowned with bliss which ne'er shall end!
J. and C. Wesley.

4020. STONE FROM THE MOUNTAIN.
Daniel ii : 35.

Jesus, fix Thy kingdom here!
Thy kingdom is the stone
Sent from heaven in man to appear,
And stand on earth alone.
Let it now the image smite,
Break the iron and the clay,
Conquer (not by power or might)
And force the world to obey.

By this stone to powder ground
The kingdoms all shall be;
Then their place no more is found,
When earth submits to Thee.
Let Thy kingdom now prevail,
All opposing power disperse,
To a boundless mountain swell,
And fill the universe.
J. and C. Wesley.

4021. SUPPER, The Great.
Luke xiv : 16-24.

Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
You need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world; come, sinner, thou;
All things in Christ are ready now.

Jesus to you His fulness brings,
A feast of marrow and fat things:
All, all in Christ is freely given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

Do not begin to make excuse,
Ah! do not you His grace refuse;
Your worldly cares and pleasures leave,
And take what Jesus hath to give.

Your grounds forsake, your oxen quit,
Your every earthly thought forget,
Seek not the comforts of this life,
Nor sell your Saviour for a wife.

"Have me excused," why will ye say?
Why will ye for damnation pray?
Have you excused, from joy and peace!
Have you excused, from happiness:

Excused from coming to a feast!
Excused from being Jesus' guest!
From knowing now your sins forgiven,
From tasting here the joys of heaven!

Excused, alas! why should you be
From health, and life, and liberty,
From entering into glorious rest,
From leaning on your Saviour's breast!

Yet must I, Lord, to Thee complain,
The world hath made Thy offers vain;
Too busy, or too happy they,
They will not, Lord, Thy call obey.

Go, then, my angry Master said,
Since these on all My mercies tread,
Invite the rich and great no more,
But preach My gospel to the poor.

Confer not thou with flesh and blood,
Go quickly forth, invite the crowd,
Search every lane, and every street,
And bring in all the souls you meet.

Come, then, ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

Sinners my gracious Lord receives,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves;
Drunkards, and all ye hellish crew,
I have a message now to you.

Come and partake the gospel feast,
Be saved from sin, in Jesus rest:
O taste the goodness of our God,
And eat his flesh, and drink His blood.

'Tis done: my all-redeeming Lord,
I have gone forth and preached the Word,
The sinners to Thy feast are come,
And yet, O Saviour, there is room.

Go, then, my Lord again enjoined,
And other wandering sinners find;
Go to the hedges and highways,
And offer all My pardoning grace.

The worst unto My supper press,
Monsters of daring wickedness;
Tell them My grace for all is free,
They cannot be too bad for Me.

Tell them their sins are all forgiven,
Tell every creature under heaven
I died to save them from all sin,
And force the vagrants to come in.

Ye vagrant souls, on you I call,
(O that My voice could reach you all!)
Ye all are freely justified,
Ye all may live, for Christ hath died.

My message as from God receive,
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let His love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

His love is mighty to compel,
His conquering love consent to feel:
Yield to His love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more!

See Him set forth before your eyes,
Behold the bleeding sacrifice!
His offered love make haste t' embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

Ye who believe His record true
Shall sup with Him, and He with you:
Come to the feast, be saved from sin,
For Jesus waits to take you in.

This is the time, no more delay,
This is the acceptable day,
Come in, this moment, at His call,
And live for Him who died for all.
J. and C. Wesley.

4022. SUPPER, The Last.

Matthew xvii : 26-29.

It was an evening in the Holy Land,
When Jesus gathered His disciples dear;
The Jews' passover-feast was nigh at hand,
And they were met their Master's words to hear.
By His own hand the faithful few were fed,
They drank the cup He gave them in that hour,
Nor saw the clouds that gathered round His head,
Nor dreamed for them He'd bow to Cæsar's power.

Though on the hills around Jerusalem
He oft had wandered with the chosen few,
And taught the holy prophecies to them
Who ne'er before their deepest meaning knew,
They dreamed not of His death, but would have crowned
The Meek and Lowly as a conquering King:
How could they bear to have their Master bound!
How know he must o'ercome through suffering!

Upon His breast His best-loved follower leaned,
While round him there Christ's arms in love were thrown:
How from such holy joy could John be weaned!
How walk the paths of earth again alone!
Yet ere the morning must that Master sigh
Beneath the shades of fair Gethsemane,
And while angelic ministers are nigh,
Must bear, O sinner, sorrow's weight for thee!

The supper o'er, and Judas far away,
His cheering words of love our Saviour spake,
Then prayed for all who near His cross should stay,
Then bade the echoes with a hymn awake;
Thus prayer and music blended in that hour
With pathos, melody, and love divine,
Twin influences that o'er the soul have power
A holy wreath around the heart to twine.

O Saviour blest! whene'er I bend the knee,
Or sing the songs of Zion to Thy praise,
I'll think, in love and faith, how Thou for me
Once trod, in holy grief, earth's weary ways;
And oh! as I shall at Thy table bow,
And taste the bread and wine with grateful heart,
How oft my tears must fall that such as Thou
Must die to win me to the better part!

Phebe A. Hanaford.

4023. SUPPER, The Last.

Luke xxii : 19.

Behold that countenance, where grief and love
Blend with ineffable benignity,
And deep, unuttered majesty divine.
Whose is that eye which seems to read the heart,
And yet to have shed the tear of mortal woe?
Redeemer! is it Thine? And is this feast
Thy last on earth? Why do the chosen few,
Admitted to Thy parting banquet, stand
As men transfixed with horror?
Ah! I hear
The appalling answer, from those lips divine,
"One of you shall betray me."
One of these?
Who by Thy hand was nurtured, heard Thy prayers,
Received Thy teachings, as the thirsty plant
Turns to the rain of summer? One of these!
Therefore, with deep and deadly paleness droops
The loved disciple, as if life's warm spring
Chilled to the ice of death at such strange shock
Of unimagined guilt. See, his whole soul
Concentrated in his eye, the man who walked
The waves with Jesus, all impetuous prompts
The horror-struck inquiry—"Is it I?
Lord! is it I?" while earnest pressing near,
His brother's lips, in ardent echo, seem
Doubling the fearful thought. With brow upraised,
Andrew absolves his soul of charge so foul;
And springing eager from the table's foot,
Bartholomew bends forward, full of hope
That by his ear the Master's awful words
Had been misconstrued. To the side of Christ,
James, in the warmth of cherished friendship, clings,
Yet trembles as the traitor's image steals
Into his throbbing heart; while he whose hand
In sceptic doubt was soon to probe the wounds
Of him he loved, points upward to invoke
The avenging God. Philip, with startled gaze,
Stands in his crystal singleness of soul,
Attesting innocence—while Matthew's voice,
Repeating fervently the Master's words,
Rouses to agony the listening group,
Who, half incredulous, with terror seem
To shudder at his accents.
All the twelve
With strong emotion strive, save one false breast
By Mammon seared, which, brooding o'er its gain,
Weighs thirty pieces with the Saviour's blood.
Son of perdition!—dost thou freely breathe
In such pure atmosphere?—And canst thou hide,

'Neath the cold calmness of that settled brow,
The burden of a deed whose very name
Thus strikes thy brethren pale?
But can it be
That the strange power of this soul-harrowing scene
Is the slight pencil's witchery?—I would speak
Of him who poured such bold conception forth
O'er the dead canvas. But I dare not muse
Now of a mortal's praise. Subdued I stand
In Thy sole, sorrowing presence, Son of God—
I feel the breathing of those holy men
From whom Thy gospel, as on angel's wing,
Went out through all the earth. I see how deep
Sin in the soul may lurk, and fain would kneel
Low at Thy blessed feet, and trembling ask,
"Lord! is it I?"
For who may tell what dregs
Do slumber in his breast? Thou, who didst taste
Of man's infirmities, yet bar his sins
From Thine unspotted soul, forsake us not
In our temptations; but so guide our feet,
That our Last Supper in this world may lead
To that immortal banquet by Thy side,
Where there is no betrayer.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

4024. SYCHAR.

John iv: 5–30.

Sweet was the hour, O Lord, to Thee,
At Sychar's lonely well,
When a poor outcast heard Thee there
Thy great salvation tell.

Thither she came; but O, her heart,
All filled with earthly care,
Dreamed not of Thee, nor thought to find
The hope of Israel there.

Lord! 'twas Thy power unseen that drew
The stray one to that place,
In solitude to learn from Thee
The secrets of Thy grace.

There Jacob's erring daughter found
Those streams unknown before,
The water-brooks of life that make
The weary thirst no more.

And, Lord, to us, as vile as she,
Thy gracious lips have told
That mystery of love revealed
At Jacob's well of old.

In spirit, Lord, we've sat with Thee
Beside the springing well
Of life and peace, and heard Thee there
Its healing virtues tell.

Dead to the world, we dream no more
Of earthly pleasures now;
Our deep, divine, unfailing spring
Of grace and glory, Thou.

Denny.

4025. SYCHAR.

God speaketh wondrously to men—His ways
Suit not our thought,
Confounding all our wisdom—what we raise
Smiting to nought.

His works are great—the laws His hand that guide
Who search, may trace;
His word is greater—clouds and darkness hide
His rules of grace.

God's ways are not as ours; we strive and cry
With hurrying feet,
Lifting our voice to every passer-by
Loud in the street.

But He who made the ear, and knows who yearned
His voice to heed,
Seeks out unlikeliest haunts, and undiscerned
Lets fall the seed.

His common truth as sunlight, air, or dew,
Wide He imparts;
But choicer utterance keeps for chosen few,
Or single hearts:

Speaking to high and low—the prophet crowned,
Saint in his cell,
A child in dreams, a simple woman found
Beside a well.

And I have longed (how oft!) in musings tender
Such truth so taught
In humble rhymes, but as I can, to render,
Not as I ought.

Sweet tale of Christ! methinks, of all the stories
That hold expressed
In human light the shadow of His glories,
I love thee best.

Thy quiet noon, thy path of mercy planned,
Are but a part,
A holier corner of a holy land
Hid in my heart.

Thy fields to harvest white, or in green prime,
My feet ne'er trod,
Yet oft in pilgrimage of thought I climb
The hills of God;

And, while I gaze, I see Him yet once more
By Joseph's ground,
Hungered and lone, but not as heretofore
With angels round.

I see Him, not in grandeur pacing slowly
The waters wide,
But, wearied with His journey, sitting lowly
By the roadside.

I hear Him, not amidst the fire and thunder
Speaking His law,
But passing common courtesies, to her wonder
Who came to draw.

And we may wonder yet, who find Him first
Asking our loves,
With heaven no commerce sharing, till His thirst
Some kindness moves.

When shall Thy Church, Lord Christ, in fulness taste
That living water?
Our slower feet rebuke by eager haste
Samaria's daughter.

We quaff, but think some stolen stream is sweet,
And thirst again;
Full many a mile we walk, with weary feet
Toiling in vain.

For oft we take the gift, but lose the Giver
Out of our thought,
As one who counts, in praising of the river,
Its source as nought—

As one who, holding in his hand some token
Of absent friend,
Prizes for grace or use, not love unbroken,
Its truer end.

And thus we lie to times and places bound,
Our faith enslave;
Except the holy vestments wrap us round,
Christ cannot save.

Back to the mount with fire and blackness burning
Our steps we trace,
The dear-bought lesson of the Cross unlearning,
Fallen from grace.

O loveliest of all valleys! not for singing
Of thousand birds,
Not for the orange flower its fragrance flinging
O'er flocks and herds

After their manner feeding: not for store
Of figs, oil-olive, honey, corn and wine;
But for the echoes sounding evermore
Of words divine.

Deep was that well; but deeper far the fountain
Unsealèd there:
"Not at Jerusalem nor in this mountain
Rises the prayer

"Purer or sweeter than from hill or valley
In every clime;
From grove or shrine, from field or mart or alley
Peals the same chime.

"With not unequal favor, where in truth
And spirit bend
High, low, bond, free, Jew, Gentile, age or youth,
Waiting the end,

"'Till earth is all one temple, man one priest,
And life one prayer."
What wonder if, by Heaven's own voice released
From earthlier care,

She left her curse behind, no more desiring
Those nether springs,
Heart-smitten, God-confronted, late aspiring
To higher things?

And blessèd above women shall she be
Who asked no sign,
Yet heard what scribes heard never, "I am He,"
From lips divine.

And thou who read'st this tale, to thee is spoken
One truth yet more;
Deem not of other world from this off-broken
As sea from shore;

See God with man in kindly converse sit,
As friend with friend;
Hear heavenly notes with nature's music knit,
Reaching one end.

Eternity itself is nought but time;
Death cannot sever
One life in two; the present passing chime
Is that For Ever.

The very stars are ours; those seas of gloom
In wide expansion
Are but dark stairs that lead from room to room
In the same mansion.

The universe is one—yon round of blue
Hath nowhere ending:
The world we cannot see with that we view
Is alway blending:

Above, the rush of angel's wing: below,
The children playing:
Around, each common, homeliest thing we know,
Each trivial saying,

And yet, beside, the miracle of prayer;
The sudden vanishing of friends;
God's voice and hand and footstep everywhere
In what transcends

Our highest thought—the subtle maze of life;
The mystery of the flower and tree:
The order struggling slowly out of strife;
All that we see.

Look round—thou viewest the living crowds, the light,
The earth, the sky;
All more than these, perforce, with spell-bound sight
Thou passest by;

But if thine eyes, as at some prophet's prayer,
Sudden were free,
What sights upon the many-peopled air
Thou then shouldst see!

And death may be that dark and unknown thing,
Such calm and simple change,
In the same world, at home, as birds on wing,
Freely to range,

Discerning all to eye and ear before
Quite hid or dimly shown;
Heaven at our side; and, 'midst the nations' roar,
Christ on His throne.

Charles Lawrence Ford.

4026. SYCHAR, Christ at.

Upon the well by Sychar's gate,
At burning noon, the Saviour sate,
Athirst and hungry from the way
His feet had trod since early day.
The twelve had gone to seek for food,
And left Him in His solitude.

They come, and spread before Him there,
With faithful haste, the pilgrim fare,
And gently bid Him, "Master, eat!"
But God had sent Him better meat,
And there is on His lowly brow
Nor weariness nor faintness now.

For while they sought the market-place,
His words had won a soul to grace,
And when he set that sinner free
From bonds of guilt and infamy,
His heart grew strong with joy divine,
More than the strength of bread and wine.

So, Christian, when thy faith grows faint
Amidst the toils that throng the saint,
Ask God, that thou mayst peace impart
Unto some other human heart;
And thou thy Master's joy shall share,
E'en while His cross thy shoulders bear.

George W. Bethune.

4027. SYNAGOGUE, The.

I saw them in their synagogue,
As in their ancient day,
And never from my memory
The scene will fade away,

For dazzling on my vision, still
The latticed galleries shine
With Israel's loveliest daughters,
In their beauty half divine.

It is the holy Sabbath eve:
The solitary light
Sheds, mingled with the hues of day,
A lustre nothing bright;
On swarthy brow and piercing glance
It falls with saddening tinge,
And dimly gilds the Pharisee's
Phylacteries and fringe.

The two-leaved doors slide slow apart
Before the eastern screen,
As rise the Hebrew harmonies,
With chanted prayers between,
And 'mid the tissued veils disclosed,
Of many a gorgeous dye,
Enveloped in their jewelled scarfs,
The sacred records lie.

Robed in his sacerdotal vest,
A silvery-headed man,
With voice of solemn cadence, o'er
The backward letters ran;
And often yet methinks I see
The glow and power that sate
Upon his face, as forth he spread
The roll immaculate.

And fervently that hour I prayed
That from the mighty scroll
Its light in burning characters
Might break on every soul:
That on their hardened hearts the veil
Might be no longer dark,
But be forever rent in twain
Like that before the ark.

For yet the tenfold film shall fall,
O Judah, from thy sight,
And every eye be purged to read
Thy testimonies right,
When thou, with all Messiah's signs
In Christ distinctly seen,
Shall, by Jehovah's nameless name,
Invoke the Nazarene.

William Croswell.

4028. SYRIANS, Rout of the.
2 Kings vii : 6

Where had thy war-host, oh Israel! fled,
When ye crouched at the sound of the Syrians' tread?
Nor raised was the banner, nor grappled the sword,
Yet the Syrian shrunk at the voice of the Lord.

It came when at midnight was closed every eye; [the sky!
Hark! startling and fearful it burst from
And chariot and horsemen, with crash and with clang,
All trackless and wild o'er the slumberers rang!

The foeman leaped up; fly, oh fly from the strife!
Leave purple and silver, and rush for your life!
Through thy forests, Manasseh, they swept like the wind,
And the anger of Heaven rolled fiercely behind!

Rise, daughters of Judah; no wail for the slain
Shall mingle a sigh with your harp's merry strain;
And gather young garlands, and bind on your brow,
The red drop rest not on their loveliness now.

Yet no chieftain shall laugh in the pride of his might,
To the King of the kingly, the sword of the fight;
Be the gush of your heart as his altar-seat poured,
And wreathe a green leaf round the shrine of the Lord. *Mary E. Brooks.*

4029. SYRO-PHŒNICIAN WOMAN.
Mark vii : 30.

"Grant, Lord, her prayer, and let her go;
She crieth after us."
Nay, to the dogs ye cast it so;
Serve not a woman thus.

Their pride, by condescension fed,
He speaks with truer tongue:
"It is not meet the children's bread
Should to the dogs be flung."

The words, because they were so sore,
His tender voice did rue;
His face a gentle sadness wore,
And showed He suffered too.

He makes her share the hurt of good,
Takes what she would have lent,
That these proud men their evil mood
May see, and so repent;

And that the hidden faith in her
May burst in soaring flame,
From childhood deeper, holier,
If birthright not the same.

"Truth, Lord; and yet the dogs that crawl
Under the table, eat
The crumbs the little ones let fall—
And that is not unmeet."

Ill names, of proud religion born,
She'll wear the worst that comes;
Will clothe her, patient, in their scorn,
To share the healing crumbs.

The cry rebuff could not abate
Was not like water spilt:
"O woman, but thy faith is great!
Be it even as thou wilt."

Oh happy she who will not tire,
But, baffled, prayeth still!
What if He grant her heart's desire
In fulness of her will! *George Macdonald.*

4030. TABERAH, The Burning at.
Deuteronomy ix : 22.

The fire of heaven breaks forth,
When haughty reason pries too near,
Weighing th' eternal mandate's worth
In philosophic scales of earth, [fear.
Selecting these for scorn, and those for holy

Nor burns it only then:
The poor that are not poor in heart—
Who say, "The bread of Christian men,
We loathe it, o'er and o'er again"—
The murmurers in the camp, must feel the blazing dart.

Far from the Lord's tent door,
And therefore bold to sin, are they: [lore?"
"What should we know of faith's high
Oh! plead not so—there's wrath in store,
And, tempered to our crimes, the lightnings find their way. *John Keble.*

4031. TABOR, CALVARY, OLIVET.

Dear Saviour, when Thy chosen three
Ascended Tabor's mount with Thee,
And when Thy glory threw
Around Thy form resplendent rays,
It circled Thee with heavenly blaze,
Dazzling to mortal view.

Then did Thy great apostle pray
On Tabor's radiant mount to stay,
And fix his dwelling there;
Held by Thy glory's potent spell,
There he proclaimed it good to dwell,
That tranquil bliss to share.

Little did that apostle know
What toils awaited him below,
Ere bliss should crown his head:
Ah, little did Thy favorite think
So deeply of Thy cup to drink;
He knew not what he said.

When Thou didst vanish from their sight,
From Olivet's majestic height,
To mount Thy glorious throne;
Thy chosen ones gazed fondly there,
And watched Thee till the bright cloud's glare
Left them in grief alone.

They, as they gazed from Olivet,
Their charge too quickly could forget—
They loved to linger there;
Till angels warned them to retire,
For Him, who would return in fire,
With fervor to prepare.

From Calvary Thy followers fled:
Where Thy redeeming blood was shed

None of Thy twelve were found
Save Thy beloved John, who stood
Faithful beneath the saving wood
When numbers scoffed around.

With him oh let my station be;
Dear Saviour, let me mourn with Thee,
Thy cross to me is sweet:
Oh, be Thy sorrowing path my way;
Lord, it is good for me to stay
And press Thy sacred feet.

F. C. Husenbeth.

4032. TADMOR OF THE WILDERNESS.

1 Kings ix : 18.

Beneath the arch of eastern skies,
On Syria's barren wild,
Where oft the scowling sand-storm flies,
And hides the desert child,
How beautiful to catch the sight
Of Tadmor's mountain purple height!

And while the flush of evening glows
Upon the western sky,
Unequalled by the blushing rose
Where Sharon's zephyrs sigh,
How sweet to hear the camel-train
Come tinkling home across the plain!

Gigantic loom the "desert ships,"
As steadily they come;
While joyfully the Kabyl skips
Along his houseless home,
And shakes his spear with childlike glee,
And cries, "The boundless waste for me!"

The boundless waste, the fruitless sea,
Where scorching rays are cast,
The steed that with the wind can flee,
When danger gathers fast,
The scanty tent, the brackish spring,
And night, that comes with jewelled wing:

The solitude where footprints die,
And prowling lions tread,
Where caravans of wealth sweep by,
In watchfulness and dread:
And sink to sleep and wake to know
That Ishmael is still their foe.

And now, behold, from towering hill,
The howling city stand,
In silver moonlight sleeping still,
So beautiful and grand;
No sadder sight has earth than this:
'Tis Tadmor of the wildnerness.

Half buried in the flowerless sand
Whirled by the eddying blast,
Behold her marble columns stand,
Huge relics of the past;
And o'er her gates of solid stone
The sculptured eagle fronts the sun.

Palmyra! thou wert great indeed,
When through thy portals passed
The Persian on his weary steed,
And found a rest at last
From Samiel's breath, and war's alarms,
Beneath thy tall and waving palms.

Zenobia, mistress of the East,
In glory rested here;
'Neath yonder porch she held her feast,
While satraps bowed in fear;
And oft the silver strain came up,
While Bacchus filled her golden cup.

And here she oped her portals wide,
And called the wise around;
And hither, in her days of pride,
The sage a refuge found;
And Arab chief and Rabbin hung
On gray-haired wisdom's silver tongue.

When Rome's fierce thousands hither came,
O'er yonder sands she fled,
And here returned in grief and shame,
A sovereign captive led;
While loud her people's wail arose
Above the shouts of conquering foes.

And when the gleaming cohorts flung
Their banners o'er thy head,
And cymbals clashed and clarions rung,
Before Aurelian's tread,
Then died thy race, and sank thy towers,
And desert lightnings seared thy flowers.

Jesse Erskine Dow.

4033. TALENT, One.

Matthew xxv : 18.

In a napkin smooth and white,
Hidden from all mortal sight,
My one talent lies to-night.

Mine to hoard, or mine to use;
Mine to keep, or mine to lose;
May I not do what I choose?

Ah! the gift was only lent,
With the Giver's known intent
That it should be wisely spent.

And I know He will demand
Every farthing at my hand,
When I in His presence stand.

What will be my grief and shame,
When I hear my humble name,
And cannot repay His claim!

One poor talent—nothing more!
All the years that have gone o'er
Have not added to the store.

Some will double what they hold,
Others add to it tenfold,
And pay back the shining gold.

Would that I had toiled like them!
All my sloth I now condemn;
Guilty fears my soul o'erwhelm.

Lord, oh teach me what to do!
Make me faithful, make me true,
And the sacred trust renew.

Help me ere too late it be,
Something yet to do for Thee,
Thou who hast done all for me.

4034. TALENTS, Responsibility for.
Matthew xxv : 14, 18.

Thou that in life's crowded city art arrived,
thou knowest not how,
By what path, or on what errand—list and
learn thine errand now.

From the palace to the city on the business
of thy King
Thou wert sent at early morning, to return
at evening.

Dreamer waken, loiterer hasten; what thy
task is, understand;
Thou art here to purchase substance, and the
price is in thy hand.

Has the tumult of the market all thy sense
confused and drowned?
Do its glittering wares entice thee, or its
shouts and cries confound?

Oh! beware lest thy Lord's business be for-
gotten, while thy gaze
Is on every show and pageant which the
giddy square displays.

Barter not His gold for pebbles; do not trade
in vanities;
Pearls there are of price and jewels for the
purchase of the wise.

And know this—at thy returning thou wilt
surely find the King
With an open book before Him, waiting to
make reckoning.

Then large honors will the faithful earnest
service of one day
Reap of Him, but one day's folly largest
penalties will pay.

Richard C. Trench.

4035. TALENTS, The.
Matthew xxv : 14-30.

There is a kingdom far away,
And thither Christ has gone,
And there abides until that day
When to His throne and crown
All sceptres bow, and nations fall,
And Christ is King and Lord of all.

Meanwhile His gifts He hath bestowed,
And talents He hath given,
To yield their increase up to God,
And bring forth fruit for heaven.
To each as each had power to bear—
Five, two, or one—and left them there.

The gift received, the use begun,
Is as the fruitful field,
Which, ploughed, prepared, and thickly sown,
Its hundredfold doth yield:
"Well done!" shall be the welcome word,
Joy to the servant and his Lord.

The talent buried and not used
Shall ne'er increase its store;
While that which is most wide diffused,
And gains the most, has more.
Thus "grace for grace" shall we receive;
The more we spend, the more He'll give.

Pray for the talent-bearers, pray;
And with their Master plead—
They need such help upon their way.
Pray for the talented,
Whether the five, the two, the one,
That fruit be borne and duty done.

My talent, Lord, whate'er it be,
May I with zeal employ,
And one day yield it back to Thee
Increased with fruits of joy!
To Thee may all my talents tend,
Their author Thou, and Thou their end!

Talents are seeds by Heaven's good gift be-
stowed,
To render back their increase unto God;
Talents are deeds to do, or duties done,
Whate'er their number be—five, two, or one.
As is their use, so is their worth,
As is the impulse given,
They wither here upon the earth,
Or ripen here for heaven.

Robert Maguire.

4036. TARES, Parable of the.
Matthew xiii : 24-30, 36-43.

The seed of right, the seed of wrong,
Are sown beneath the sod;
And these to diverse hands belong,
To Satan and to God.
One field, one soil is this below,
In which these diverse seeds to sow,
From which eternal issues flow.

It is God's kingdom in the earth,
His kingdom in the soul;
The good seed is the harvest's birth,
While seasons onward roll.
The field the world; the seed-time now;
The sower goes his seed to sow;
The good seed sown, it now doth grow.

The seed thus planted, and all done,
Men slept, and rose, and wrought;
It is pure wheat, and wheat alone:
This was their careless thought.
But while men slept, a secret foe
Did come in darksome night, and lo!
Another seed did gently sow.

The tares amid the seed broadcast,
And hid beneath the ground,
Amid the golden sheaves at last
In large abundance found.
To-day together they may grow;
To-morrow, severed, they shall go
To everlasting weal or woe.
Robert Maguire.

4037. TEACHER, The Divine.

John iii : 2.

The moon had cleared the eastern hill,
And full o'er David's city shone,
When all within its walls were still:
All, did I say? No, there was one
Of stately port, and noble birth,
Called "great" among the sons of earth.

He, with a quick and timid step,
As though some threatening foe was nigh,
Came to the spot where Jesus slept,
With anxious heart and earnest eye;
And this the salutation given:
"Thou art the Teacher sent from heaven!"

"Thou art a Teacher from on high:
None else such mighty works could do;
Diseases at Thy bidding fly;
Wonders like these we never knew;
The sick restored, the dead arise,
Satan himself before Thee flies."

Thus did the Jewish ruler hail
Him who indeed was sent by God,
Jehovah's counsel to reveal,
And rescue sinners by His blood.
How did our blessed Saviour teach?
Where and to whom did Jesus preach?

Sometimes within that splendid pile,
The boast of Judah's favored land,
Admiring multitudes the while
Beheld Him, with supreme command,
As He its Lord and Master were,
Turn out the bold intruders there.

Sometimes He stood upon the shore,
As crowds collected on the strand;
And taught amidst the billows' roar,
Who could the winds and waves command:
There mighty works the Saviour wrought,
There to His feet the sick were brought.

Then would He mount a vessel's side,
And teach upon the deep blue sea;
Whose eye could through its caverns glide:
Lord of the ocean's depths is He.
Silver, and gold, and pearl, and gem,
Are known, and ordered forth by Him.

Sometimes from off the mountain's brow,
When He the night had spent in prayer:
His people reap that harvest now,
The seeds of which were scattered there;
When with his Father He would plead
For all their wants in time of need.

Is not the Saviour teaching still?
The wheels of Providence He turns;
All is subservient to His will,
'Tis He prevents, and He confirms.
What comfort to His saints to know
That He controls their every foe!

Does He not by His Spirit teach
All whom His heavenly Father gave?
That "small still voice" their hearts must reach,
He must conduct whom Christ will save.
Our Lord ascended up on high,
And captive led captivity. *Hopkins.*

4038. TEMPEST STILLED.

Matthew viii : 23–27.

Darkness, and silence, and the sea;
Sublime, serene, mysterious three!
Above, beneath, within, around,
How calm, how holy, how profound!

Gennesaret slumbers like a child
Wearied o'er many a flowery wild,
And all his gambolling ripples rest
On earth's benignant, boundless breast.

And Christ had sent the crowds away
That thronged Him all that wondrous day;
And, as the last dim daylight died,
They launched upon the dusky tide.

But as, with lengthened strokes and strong,
The well-rowed shallop shoots along,
Soothed by the measured, slumb'rous sound,
The Saviour sinks in sleep profound.

Where 'round the stern the eddies curl
With many a soft and whispering whirl,
Stretched on a rower's mat He lies,
While darkness shrouds the shadowy skies.

And now the fair and favoring gale
Invites to spread th' assisting sail,
And soon the little fleet, on wings,
Before the freshening breezes springs.

But lo! along the inky west
The lightning rims a storm-cloud's breast,
And thunder, faint at first, and far,
Rolls on the ear with deepening jar!

And now the fitful gusts that meet
Slacken, then strain, the rattling sheet;
'Tis furled; the wind, with ominous moan,
Expires in silence, like a groan.

The hardy fishermen with dread
Glance at the sky, now flame, now lead,
And each grips fast his trusty oar,
And leans to catch the rising roar.

It comes! The uproar, wild and hoarse,
Proclaims the hot Levanter's course,
As, like a panther from his lair,
It leaps upon the quivering air!

The thunder bursts with bellowing bound!
Blackness and blaze the skies confound!
The winds like demons scream and rave!
The sheeted foam blends wave with wave!

Instant the slumbering surges rise,
And watery steeps assail the skies!
The shallop, like an egg-shell driven,
Now sinks to hell, now shoots to heaven!

Through many a night that stalwart crew
Had mocked the murkiest blast that blew,
Following their rude profession's call;
No night like this among them all.

For hell has burst her inmost cage,
And all her fiends around them rage,
Burning to whelm with endless loss
The race now ransomed by the cross.

But while the hovering hosts of hell
On blast and billow 'round them yell,
And mingle sands, and seas and skies,
The trembling band to Jesus flies.

"Master! we perish! Save us! Save!"
He rose, in aspect grand, but grave,
While 'round His awe-inspiring form
Burst all the blackness of the storm.

"Silence! Be hushed!" The thunder heard,
The tempest trembled at His word;
The winds shrank cowering to their caves,
And ocean slept, with all his waves.

A mighty calm! so soft, so still!
Strange fears His wondering followers fill:
"What man is this? What being, pray?
Whose word e'en winds and waves obey?"

O Saviour! storm-controlling Lord!
Well may our songs Thy praise record;
Well may we join ethereal powers,
And hail Thee nature's God, and ours!

When storms of sin our souls assail,
Or sorrows like a sea prevail,
Thy voice shall quell the rising sin,
And soothe the waves of woe within.

And when the gathering hosts of hell
Muster in legions fierce and fell,
With Christ on board we'll fear no ill;
For He can bid them "Peace, be still."

George Lansing Taylor.

4039. TEMPEST, Stilling the.

Mark iv : 35–41.

A storm was out upon the sea,
The waves were rolling high;
And winds of dreadful might were felt
Fiercely careering by;
No pleasant star was seen,
No distant watch-fire's glow;
But night was black, and creaked the ship
In the lake's roughened flow.

So bright had been the day of love,
So kind the words of grace
That fell from the Redeemer's lips,
They dreamed not of distress:
At His divine command,
Out on the rippling sea
The meek disciples launched their bark,
And threw their canvas free.

The Man of Sorrows, pressed with toil,
Had sunk to balmy rest;
And not a thought of wind and storm
Was in that holy breast;
He knew not of the grief,
That drove to wild despair
His dear disciples, while they feared,
Because their Lord was there.

But hark! they cry! they cry!
In accents of distress,
"Master! we perish! wake!"
In tones of bitterness;
"Carest Thou not that we should sink
Here in the swelling main?
Shall we not bring Thee, Master, safe
Back to the shore again!"

He woke in calmness at their call,
Roused from His deep repose;
Beheld the dashings of the sea,
And how the billows rose;
He heard the roaring wind,
He felt the rapid blast,
And saw His trembling friends,
Whose courage failed them fast.

Above the howlings of the storm,
A gentle voice was heard,
Mild as the softest zephyr's strain,
His own Almighty word—
"Peace, ye rebellious waves—
Ye stormy winds, be still!"
The sea and winds obey
The great Creator's will.

The blest disciples know
It was no mortal power
That could avail to quell
The tumult of that hour;
Wonder came o'er their reeking brows,
And doubts their bosoms thrill—
"What man is this, who speaks the word,
And winds and waves are still?"

4040. TEMPEST, Stilling the.

Luke viii : 22–25.

All day the Saviour sat beside the sea,
And taught the multitudes that gathered there,
Till evening came and spread o'er Galilee
The wing of darkness on the silent air.

He bade the throng depart and seek their rest,
While he retired upon the fragile bark;
And floating o'er the water's glassy breast,
He sought repose while night reigned lone and dark.

"All's well," the sailor cried, as o'er the sea
The evening zephyr floated sweet and mild;
And on the ship sped joyously and free,
As light and buoyant as a happy child.

And Jesus slept! O blessed, hallowed sleep,
To soothe the burden of His royal heart;
And loving angels gathered there to keep
Sweet watch, and bid the weariness depart.

But hark! a fearful sound breaks on the ship;
A tempest sweeps full armed across the sea;
And pale and trembling is the sailor's lip,
As rise the billows wild on Galilee.

The sails are torn, the masts sway to and fro,
The cordage shrieks amid the howling storm,
The waters burst and fill the hold below,
And awful fear convulses every form.

He sleeps, in peace the weary Saviour sleeps,
For storm and calm are both alike to Him;
Alike the mountains firm or surging deeps,
The light of day or shadows damp and dim.

Now deeper thunders roll and lightnings flash,
And torrents flood the trembling vessel's deck;
While one wild billow sweeps with awful crash,
And threatens all the ship an instant wreck.

They wake the Master now, and cry, "O save,
We perish, Lord! we perish, hear, O hear!
Let not the billows be our lonely grave:
O shelter us, O save us in our fear."

Then He arose, and spake unto the sea,
"Peace! be thou still; and cease, O wind."
The storm recoils, his legions turn and flee,
And leave the waters calm and still behind.

Again the stars look down with golden gleam,
And Jesus' name was praised upon the sea;
And soft and lovely as an angel's dream,
We love this nightly tale of Galilee.

Dwight Williams.

4041. TEMPEST, Stilling the.

A mighty storm is on Gennesaret;
The sailors' beards with spray and tears are wet,
As swiftly through the night and water sweeps
A boat, in which The-Christ-of-Sinners sleeps.

In sore distress the sinful sailors pray:
"O save us, Lord! The fearful tempest stay!"
While one upon the other looks and weeps,
Calm as a child The-Christ-of-Sinners sleeps.

In deeper woe the Galileans cry:
"Save, Lord, we perish! Save us or we die!"
Across the Dreamer's face a sweet smile creeps,
Amid the din The-Christ-of-Sinners sleeps.

Quick peals of thunder, shouts of deep despair
Fly fast as raindrops through the flaming air!
The foam-capped billows pile in snowy heaps!
The-Christ-of-Sinners still in silence sleeps.

All hope of human help the sailors yield;
They watch and wait a God to be revealed;
The prayer of faith the promised harvest reaps—
The-Christ-of-Sinners slumbers not, nor sleeps!

"O ye of little faith!" aloud He cries;
"Have ye not learned who rules the sea and skies?"
Be still, wild winds! Peace, rolling, troubled deep!
And at His voice the tempest sinks to sleep.

O sinless soul! despite the storms of life,
Sleep on securely, Jesus rules the tide;
Defy all danger, stem the waves of strife!
For they are saved who in the ship abide!

Simeon Tucker Clark.

4042. TEMPEST, Stilling the.

Behind the hills of Naphtali
The sun went slowly down,
Leaving on mountain, tower, and tree
A tinge of golden brown.

The cooling breath of evening woke
The waves of Galilee,
Till on the shore the waters broke
In softest melody.

"Now launch the bark," the Saviour cried—
The chosen Twelve stood by—
"And let us cross to yonder side,
Where the hills are steep and high."

She gently o'er the water creeps,
With swelling sail outspread;
And the wearied Saviour soundly sleeps,
A pillow 'neath His head.

On downy bed the world seeks rest;
Sleep flies the guilty eye;
But He who leans on the Father's breast
May sleep when storms are nigh.

But soon the lowering sky grew dark
O'er Bashan's rocky brow;
The storm rushed down upon the bark,
And waves dashed o'er the prow.

The pale disciples trembling spake,
While yawned the watery grave,
"We perish, Master! Master, wake!
Carest Thou not to save?"

Calmly He rose with sovereign will,
And hushed the storm to rest; [still!"
"Ye waves," He whispered, "peace! be
They calmed like a pardoned breast.

So have I seen a fearful storm
O'er wakened sinner roll,
Till Jesus' voice and Jesus' form
Said, "Peace, thou weary soul!"

And now He bends His gentle eye
His wondering followers o'er:
"Why raise this unbelieving cry?
I said, To yonder shore."

When first the Saviour wakened me,
And showed me why He died,
He pointed o'er life's narrow sea,
And said, "To yonder side."

"I am the ark where Noah dwelt,
And heard the deluge roar;
No soul can perish that has felt
My rest.—To yonder shore."

Peaceful and calm the tide of life
When first I sailed with Thee;
My sins forgiven, no inward strife,
My breast a glassy sea.

But soon the storm of passion raves;
My soul is tempest tost;
Corruptions rise like angry waves:
"Help, Master! I am lost!"

"Peace, peace! be still, thou raging breast!
My fulness is for thee."
The Saviour speaks, and all is rest,
Like the waves of Galilee.

And now I feel this holy eye
Upbraids my heart of pride:
"Why raise this unbelieving cry?
I said, To yonder side."

Robert Murray McCheyne.

4043. TEMPEST, Stilling the.

Loud was the wind, and wild the tide;
The ship her course delayed:
The Lord came to their help and cried,
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

Who walks the waves in wondrous guise,
By nature's laws unstayed?
"'Tis I," a well-known voice replies;
"'Tis I; be not afraid!"

He mounts the deck; down lulls the sea;
The tempest is allayed;
The prostrate crew adore; and He
Exclaims, "Be not afraid!"

Thus, when the storm of life is high,
Come, Saviour, to my aid!
Come, when no other help is nigh,
And say, "Be not afraid."

Speak, and my griefs no more are heard;
Speak, and my fears are laid;
Speak, and my soul shall bless the word,
"'Tis I; be not afraid!"

When on the bed of death I lie,
And stretch my hands for aid,
Stand thou before my glazing eye,
And say, "Be not afraid!"

Before Thy judgment-seat above,
When nature sinks dismayed,
Oh, cheer me with a word of love,
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

Worlds may around to wreck be driven,
If then I hear it said, [heaven,
By Him who rules through earth and
"'Tis I; be not afraid!"

Henry Francis Lyte.

4044. TEMPEST, Stilling the.
Matthew xiv: 24.

Fear was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud;
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill;
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, "Be still!"

And the wind ceased—it ceased! that word
Passed through the gloomy sky:
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath His eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast,
As when the righteous fall asleep
When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood,
Oh, send Thy Spirit forth in power,
O'er our dark souls to brood!

Thou that didst bow the billows' pride
Thy mandates to fulfil,
Oh, speak to passion's raging tide—
Speak and say, "Peace: be still!"

Felicia D. Hemans.

4045. TEMPEST, Stilling the.

The strong winds burst on Judah's sea,
Far pealed the raging billow,
The fires of heaven flashed wrathfully,
When Jesus pressed His pillow;
The light frail bark was fiercely tossed;
From surge to dark surge leaping,
For sails were torn and oars were lost,
Yet Jesus still lay sleeping.

When o'er that bark the loud waves roared,
And blasts went howling round her,
Those Hebrews roused their wearied Lord,
"Lord! help us, or we founder!"

He said, "Ye waters, Peace: be still!"
The chafed waves sank reposing,
As wild herds rest on field and hill,
When clear, calm days are closing.

And turning to the startled men,
Who watched the surge subsiding,
He spake in mournful accents then,
These words of righteous chiding:
"O ye, who thus fear wreck and death,
As if by Heaven forsaken,
How is it that ye have no faith,
Or faith so quickly shaken?"

Then—then those doubters saw with dread
The wondrous scene before them;
Their limbs waxed faint, their boldness fled,
Strange awe stole creeping o'er them:
"This, this," they said, "is Judah's Lord,
For powers divine array Him;
Behold! He does but speak the word
And winds and waves obey Him!"

J. Gilborne Lyons.

4046. TEMPLE, Builders of the.
Acts vii: 47.

David, the man of war,
The alien hosts o'erthrows;
Type of that mighty Conqueror,
Who trod down all His foes,
Who in His mortal days,
By having all subdued,
Heaped exhaustless stores of grace
To build the house of God.

David's immortal Son,
Magnificent in power,
Sublime on His celestial throne
He reigns for evermore;
The real Prince of peace,
The Solomon from on high,
He rears the house of holiness,
And bids it reach the sky.

Before His Father's face,
Our Advocate with God,
Favor He finds for us, and grace
Through His prevailing blood;
His meritorious death,
Which now He pleads above,
Doth peace to all His church bequeath
And pure confirming love.

Who laid the ground alone,
The temple of the Lord,
He by His Spirit carries on,
And by His hallowing word.
And when the Finisher
Of faith Himself reveals,
The rising church He perfects here,
The house with glory fills.

J. and C. Wesley.

4047. TEMPLE, Christ in the.

He sought Moriah's walls,
That heaved to heaven in pride;
The temple, like whose glorious halls
The world had naught beside.

He entered—'twas His own;
Of nations called the house of prayer;
But money-changers filled His throne,
And traffic's foot was there.

Woke, at His watchful nod,
Thunders for the offence?
No—with a word the Son of God
Cast the defilers thence:

The merchant from his courts,
The doves, the changers, and their gold;
And silenced the confused reports
Of men that bought and sold.

Thus near the Saviour drew
The temple of the Holy Ghost—
My heart, that sheltered, still untrue,
Folly's tumultuous host.

The Master's once it was,
But others had possession found;
And where He should have given laws,
His enemy was crowned.

With a reproving frown,
To see His altar dimmed by sin:
The gates of beauty broken down,
The world come trooping in.

He, with a scourge of cords,
Drove every idol thence.
'Twas sharp, yet kind; my gracious Lord's
This temple has been since.

William B. Tappan.

4048. TEMPLE, Cleansing the.

Messiah saw within
The holy court
Of His own temple, grievous sin,
Traffic and mummery and sport.

The money changers sat,
Watching for gain,
Stout oxen, sheep, lambs, sleek and fat,
That should in sacrifice be slain.

He drove out beast and men
Forth to the day;
And to the fair dove-sellers then
Said gently, "Take these things away."

How could a corded whip
Expel those thence,
Wielded by one—and not a lip
Move, nor an arm in fierce defence?

'Twas not the feeble rod
That made the rout:
They saw His eye; they knew the God;
The present God, then flashing out!

William B. Tappan.

4049. TEMPLE, Dedication of the.
2 Chronicles v: 13, 14.

Each pillar of the temple rang,
The trumpets sounded loud and keen,
And every minstrel blithely sang,
With harps and cymbals oft between.

And while those minstrels sang and prayed,
The mystic cloud of glory fell,
That shadowy light, that splendid shade,
In which Jehovah pleased to dwell.

It slowly fell and hovered o'er
The outspread forms of cherubim;
The priests could bear the sight no more,
Their eyes with splendor dim:
The king cast off his crown of pride,
And bent him to the ground,
And priest and warrior side by side
Knelt humbly all around.

Deep awe fell down on every soul,
Since God was present there,
And not the slightest breathing stole
Upon the stilly air;
Till he, their prince, with earth bent-eyes,
And head uncrowned and bare,
And hands stretched forth in reverend guise,
To heaven preferred his prayer.

That prayer arose from off the ground
Upon the perfumed breath
Which steaming censers poured around
In many a volumed wreath.
That prayer was heard, and heavenly fire
Upon the altar played,
And burnt the sacrificial pyre
Beneath the victim laid.

And thrice resplendent from above
The cloud of glory beamed,
And with unmingled awe and love
Each beating bosom teemed.
They bowed them on the spacious floor,
With heaven-averted eye,
And blessed His name who deigned to pour
His presence from on high. *H. Rogers.*

4050. TEMPLE, Erection of the.
1 Kings vi : 7.

Then towered the palace, then in awful state
The temple reared its everlasting gate;
No workman's steel, no pond'rous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.
Majestic silence! Then the harp awoke,
The cymbal clanged, the deep-voiced trumpet spoke;
And Salem spread her suppliant arm abroad,
Viewed the descending flame, and blessed the present God. *Bishop Heber.*

4051. TEMPLE, Lessons from the.
Ephesians ii : 21.

Bright as a vision, silent as a thought,
Slowly ascending cloud-like to the skies,
Drawn heavenwards by soft warblings faintly caught
From lips angelic, see yon temple rise—
God's glorious house of prayer and sacrifice—
Gold, marble, cedar curiously wrought,
The fair creation of that monarch wise
Whose mind capacious was divinely taught.
A grander temple now, unseen, is growing,
The bright and undecaying home of grace,
Its living stones from every country flowing,
And from all time. Oh! when that temple holy
Appears in perfect beauty, may a place
Be found for me and for my service lowly.
R. Wilton.

4052. TEMPLE, The Living.
1 Corinthians iii : 16.

The temple once which brightly shone
On proud Moriah's rocky brow—
Not there doth God erect His throne,
And build his place of beauty now.

The sunbeam of the orient day
Saw nought on earth more bright and fair;
But desolation swept away,
And left no form of glory there.

But God, who reared that chiselled stone,
Now builds upon a higher plan,
And rears the columns of His throne,
His temple in the heart of man.

O man, O woman! know it well—
Nor seek elsewhere His place to find—
That God doth in the temple dwell,
The temple of the holy mind.
Thomas C. Upham.

4053. TEMPTATION OF CHRIST, The.
Matthew iv : 1-11.

Blest Spirit, who the woman's offspring led
Into the wild, to bruise the serpent's head,
Help me in sacred numbers to recite
His glorious conquest, and the tempter's flight.

Soon as great God, amidst clear Jordan's wave,
To His loved Son His attestation gave,
The Holy Spirit His retreat inspired,
And Jesus to the wilderness retired,
There to encounter the full power of hell,
And teach mankind temptations to repel;
Cursed Satan then, alarmed with spiteful fear,
Flew swiftly to the Luciferian sphere,
With the arch-rebel mischief to invent,
Who instantly applauded his intent;
And Lucifer, at Satan's dire request,
The fall'n archangels, who whole realms infest,
Called from their several stations to his aid,
And three mock thunders were the signal made.
In a short time, when the abaddons came,
Satan thus strove their fury to inflame:

"Great Lucifer, and brave abaddons all,
Advanced to govern kingdoms since our fall,
You the man Jesus know, that hateful name,
Who dares a war against hell's powers proclaim;

Man I must style Him, for He seems no more,
Both He and Adam seem of equal ore;
If man, He to temptation open lies:
I Him, as well as Adam, may surprise;
Yet something more than Adam, I suspect,
When on some ill abodings I reflect;
Dark prophecies predict our falling state,
The wonders at His birth some dread create,
His baptism, and the bright appearance there,
Affright our realm with a tremendous glare.
Yet to sit still would be eternal shame,
And we too late our cowardice may blame;
Lend me your help: I'll to confound Him try:
I'll with this Son of God for conquest vie;
You must in the encounter me attend,
Though I shall more on wile than force depend.
I saw Him in the waste alone abide,
And we can muster thousands on our side.
Come all well armed, and keep me in your eye;
In ambuscade, till I call you, lie.
There is a mount, which you remember well,
Which none of Jury's hills in height excel:
If by smooth guile the wretch I cannot court,
This Son of God I thither will transport;
You must all subterraneous fires foment,
Of all effluviums quicken the ascent;
The exhalations which earth's moisture drain,
All vapors streaming from the spacious main,
And spirits which from subtler bodies rise
In that horizon artfully comprise;
From various tinctures various colors mix,
Such as may in the clouds surrounding fix;
Each, dipping in the paint his tapered spear,
Must drop his proper kingdom on the sphere,
And all its glories to the life describe,
That at one view the eye may all imbibe—
Thrones, sceptres, crowns, gems, robes, wealth, power immense,
Lascivious beauties, all that charms the sense;
I'll offer all, His constancy to shake:
If He's a mortal man the bait will take;
If take, we shall on God revenge our doom,
And boldly may on nobler aims presume.
I'll watch the lucky moment for assault,
This Son of God to Satan shall revolt."
With that each flew to his appointed post,
While he patrolled along the sandy coast.

While God Incarnate in the desert stayed,
The fiercest beasts their homage to Him paid—
Beasts more humane than the obdurate Jew,
They with less savage fury men pursue;
There He His hours in contemplation spent,
Gave His unbounded spirit boundless vent.
The fiend, whose malice could endure no rest,
Strives thoughts impatient, impious to suggest;
Putting his hellish malice on the rack,
Twice twenty days he plied the fierce attack,
That he at last might overwhelm His strength
By number, importunity, and length;
But Jesus fixed on Heaven His steady mind,
And no suggestion there could entrance find.
The Father with pleased eyes His son beheld,
Saw Satan by the woman's seed repelled;
Till, after forty days' continued fast,
He to keen hunger condescends at last.

The watchful tempter soon the hunger knew,
And up to air in twice three minutes flew,
Where he of brightest lightning wove a vest,
And his foul spirit in feigned glory drest;
Mock thunderbolt in his right hand he grasped,
His left a flaming, dazzling sceptre clasped;
A crown of meteor-stars adorned his head,
All calculated for exciting dread;
Then on the stream of a tempestuous wind
He flew to act the malice he designed;
His voyage at the locust-tree he closed,
Where Jesus in the barren wild reposed;
"Son of that God," said he, "above enthroned,
While I sole god am of this region owned,
Upon the mountain I to Moses spoke,
The sphere was then filled all with fire and smoke;
But I to you descend in kindly flame,
Your welcome to my empire to proclaim;
Your hunger some mortality betrays,
Which yet your power can ease unnumbered ways;
Command these stones to turn to bread: that sign
Will witness your original Divine."
"Man best," said Jesus, "by God's Word is fed,
And lives not merely by his daily bread."

Then to the temple battlement, through air,
The fiend wafts Jesus, Jesus to ensnare;
"God," said he, "charge upon His angels lays
To keep your feet unhurt in stony ways:
Cast yourself down—the angels in their arms
Will catch you falling, and secure from harm."
"The sacred writings," Jesus said, "declare
To tempt the Lord thy God thou shalt not dare."

Thence Jesus to the mountain he conveys,
And all his confluence of charms displays;
All that could ravish, tempt, delight mankind,
Was there in lively images combined.
"You," said the fiend, "the lord of all shall be,
If you but prostrate fall and worship me;
For all this lower universe is mine,
I to bestow it have the right divine.
Let me cease to be god if I delay
To give you over all despotic sway."
"Get thee behind Me, Satan," Christ replied;
"Thou by God's Word art as His creature tied;
The Lord thy God to worship, Him to own,
And pay obeisance to His sovereign throne."

The fiend, who heard himself by Jesus named,
Confounded was, but could not be ashamed;
And raving at discovery of his cheats,
As towards his ambuscade he retreats,
He Michael met, with the angelic bands,
Who lay encamped upon the desert sands,
All armed, at call their Lord to have relieved,
Had they not His victorious might perceived.
Bright Michael, lest proud Satan should escape,
Seized the fiend flying, tore his glittering shape;
Satan assumed his horrid form again,
And Michael bound him with a double chain,
Sent him to the abaddons' ambuscade,
His feeble spite to punish and upbraid.
The radiant host put them in dreadful fright,
They felt their strength in the angelic fight;
All were just taking wing, when Satan came
In chains, and stripped of his prestigeous flame;
All vowed of pains he should have Tophet's store,
And, what would grieve him most, should tempt no more.

Brave Michael and his host to Jesus haste,
And brightened with their wings the dismal waste.
Soon as they Jesus saw, they Him surround,
And fell in low prostrations on the ground;
The seraphs sang a new triumphant song,
And to their harps sang all the radiant throng;
With loud hosannahs they each stanza closed,
And to obey His orders stood disposed;
Our Lord their zeal approved with gracious eye,
And sent them to resume their bliss on high.

Though Jesus in the wild had nought to eat,
To do His Father's pleasure was his meat,
And a return He to the world designed,
To perfect the redemption of mankind;
There He vouchsafed His mortal food to take,
And suffer human frailty for man's sake.
Blessed Jesus to the lonely waste retired,
Ere to His charge prophetic He aspired;
And saints, ere they on public posts attend,
Choice hours in prayer, retreat, and fasting spend.
Writ sacred for His magazine He chose,
Hell better to unmask and to oppose;
He of God's presence taught a constant awe,
From Satan with abhorrence to withdraw,
That he with zeal refitted, alway flies,
Can conquer none who this vain world despise;
That all in aid Divine should acquiesce,
Distrusting neither succor nor success;
For daily food take no unlicensed way,
Best feasted when they best God's will obey,
By no rash acts God's promise to abuse,
And by presumptuous pride the blessing lose;
That fiercest fights show virtues most sublime,
Like Jesus to be tempted is no crime;
That when cursed Satan seems to be subdued,
Souls his return by watching must preclude;
That angels ever take a lover's part,
And help him to repel each fiery dart;
That Jesus Satan of his force bereft,
And conquest easy to His votaries left.

All glory to God's Son, whose humble might
Taught feeble man victoriously to fight;
Glory to Jesus all the choir repeats,
Who the full force and fraud of hell defeats.

Bishop Ken.

4054. TEMPTATION OF CHRIST, The.

When man was foiled in paradise, he fell
From that fair spot, thenceforward to con-
The barren and the thorny wilderness [fess
Was the one place where he had right to dwell:
And therefore in the wilderness as well
Our second Head did that dread strife decide,
And those closed gates again set open wide,
Victorious o'er the wiles and strength of hell.
Thou wentest to the proof, O fearless Lord,
Even to the desert, as Thy battle-field,
A champion going of His free accord;
We had no fears, for, unlike him of old
Who lost that battle for us, Thou didst wield
Arms of unearthly temper, heavenly mould.

Richard C. Trench.

4055. THEBES.

Thebes, hearing still the Memnon's mystic tones,
Where Egypt's earliest monarchs reared their thrones,
Favored of Jove! the hundred-gated queen,
Though fallen, grand; though desolate, serene;
The blood with awe runs coldly through our veins
As we approach her far-spread, vast remains.
Forests of pillars crown old Nilus' side,
Obelisks to heaven high lift their sculptured pride;
Rows of dark sphinxes, sweeping far away,
Lead to proud fanes, and tombs august as they.
Colossal chiefs in granite sit around,
As wrapped in thought, or sunk in grief profound.
Titans or gods sure built these walls that stand
Defying years, and ruin's wasting hand.
So vast, sublime the view, we almost deem
We rove, spell-bound, through some fantastic dream,
Sweep through the halls that Typhon rears below,
And see, in yon dark Nile, hell's rivers flow,

E'en as we walk these fanes and ruined ways,
In musings lost, yet dazzled while we gaze,
The mighty columns ranged in long array,
The statues fresh as chiselled yesterday,
We scarce can think two thousand years have flown
Since in proud Thebes a Pharaoh's grandeur shone,
But in yon marble court or sphinx-lined street
Some moving pageant half expect to meet,
See great Sesostris, come from distant war,
Kings linked in chains to drag his ivory car;
Or view that bright procession sweeping on,
To meet at Memphis far-famed Solomon,
When, borne by Love, he crossed the Syrian wild,
To wed the royal Pharaoh's blooming child.

Here let me sit in Karnak's gorgeous hall,
Firm as when reared each massy pictured wall:
Yielding to meditation's calm control,
How shrinks, in conscious littleness, the soul!
And as thought leaps the gulf that yawns between
Past days and now, what is and what hath been,
How brief, how petty human life appears!
A cloud that fleeteth as it rains its tears;
A puny wave on Time's vast ocean-shore,
That frets and foams, then melts to swell no more.
These ancient piles a higher moral teach
Than sage can write or orator can preach:
The heart grows humbler in a scene like this,
Yet soars above low schemes of transient bliss;
And while it sighs that man should waste his hours
Rearing such mighty fanes to unknown powers,
Looks inward at the creed itself maintains,
If born of heaven, or free from error's stains.

But musing thus, by wandering dreams beguiled,
We half forget the fabrics round us piled—
Fabrics that breathe from every sculptured stone
Awe and a solemn grandeur all their own.
Dim vistas stretch, white columns yonder rise,
And obelisks point, like flame, into the skies.
There frown huge kings in stone—such frown they wore
When on their thrones three thousand years before;
And one, the mightiest, Isis' arms entwine,
Immortal deemed, and like herself divine.
Oh wondrous art! yon granite roof behold!
Fair still the colors, glittering still the gold;
In azure skies, moons, clustering stars, appear— [here!
Alas! the cunning hand that traced them
But pass we altars and rich glorious things,
Gigantic pillars, echoing halls of kings;
What see we traced in outline? shadowy, dim,
The very breathing face and sinewy limb—
'Tis Thothmes, he who bade the Hebrew groan,
When hailstones fell and thunders shook his throne,
He to whom Moses spoke, the king who sped
On wings of wrath when trembling Israel fled,
Raised his bright sword, and drove his bickering car,
Comet-like breathing terror from afar,
Pursued his foe adown the Red Sea coast,
Then sank engulfed with all his fiery host.

Nicholas Michell.

4056. THIEF, Penitent.

Luke xxiii : 43.

A monument of mercy's power,
Rescued by Jesus on the tree,
Saved at the last tremendous hour,
One soul, and only one, we see,
With brokeness of heart sincere
That all may hope, that all may fear.

He but to be remembered wants,
The time and all things else he leaves.
More than he asks the Saviour grants,
A kingdom promises and gives—
"I will My majesty display,
And thou shalt reign with Me to-day."

J. and C. Wesley.

4057. THIEF, Prayer of the Dying.

In that last hour of agony,
When He was lifted up to die
Who did our griefs and sorrows bear,
A plaintive voice came through the air,
Where darkening rose the crosses three—
"When in Thy kingdom, Lord, remember me!"

So I, O pitying Christ, am fain,
Out of my loneliness and pain,
Or where they still the cross prepare,
And hatred curses, and despair,
To lift my sorrowing eyes to Thee,
And cry, "O Lord, at last, remember me!"

'Tis not the monumental stone
Can make me great, or loved, or known;
This boon no graven lines can give,
Ever in memory to live:
'Twill be as though I had not been,
And I shall lie forgotten and unseen.

Away! delusive hope, away!
Man is the creature of a day:
What can he, in his highest pride
Of thought, achieve that may abide?
He dies—his works shall perish too—
Oblivion buries all that he can do.

Eternal seem the stars of night,
While manhood pales its little light;
The hills of solemn solitudes,
The restless, thunder-sounding floods
Endure the same; but not to me
Remains an earthly immortality.

But, O my God! it shall be well
If I in Thy remembrance dwell:
Whether the sea shall lull my rest,
Or earth enfold me in her breast,
Whate'er my fate, howe'er my lot,
'Tis well if Thou forget Thy creature not.

I ask no fame but this: that I
In God's remembrance may not die;
But with His righteous children be
Before His mind perpetually;
Then I can earthly fame forego,
And every hope of memory here below.

Arthur J. Lockhart.

4058. THIEVES, The Two.

Matthew xxvii: 38.

The thieves on either hand on crosses hung,
And one reviled Him with a hell-fired tongue:
"If Thou art Christ, Thyself and us now free,
And save us from this painful, murdering tree."
The other made a pious, grave reply:
"How darest thou with words reproachful die?
We of our crimes the just chastisement bear;
Pilate was forced Him guiltless to declare;
Of God's tremendous bar hast thou no fear,
At which we in few minutes must appear?"
With that, he, deeply sighing for sins past,
Soft, penitential eyes on Jesus cast;
"Ah, Lord, remember me," he humbly cried,
"When Thou art in Thy kingdom glorified!"
At the first triumph which His cross had made,
Jesus, amidst His pains, was pleased, and said:
"Die with this consolation, thou shalt be
This very day in Paradise with Me."
One act intense may in God's mild repute
For a whole age of penances commute.

Bishop Ken.

4059. THOMAS.

John xx: 24-29.

Looking backward, backward across the flood of years
To where the glorious company of early saints appears.
I see, with piercing vision and eager, outstretched hands,
Questioning, reasoning, arguing, Thomas the Doubter stands.
"The Lord hath risen, hath stood among us here,
Hath conquered death that we no more may grieve."
"Unless I see him, touch the wound of spear,
And view the nail prints, I will not believe!"
"The holy women heard the angels tell
How He hath burst the bondage of the tomb.
Hast thou not heard thy brethren speak, as well,
Of that strange meeting in the Upper Room?
And when toward Emmaus they slowly walked,
The risen Saviour joined them on the way,
How burned their hearts within them as they talked!"
Poor, doubting Thomas sadly utters: "Nay,
Unless mine eyes shall see the bloody stain,
Unless I see the print the sword did leave,
Unless my fingers press the wounded side,
And touch the thorn-marks, I cannot believe!"

Lo! as he speaks a gracious Presence stands
Within their midst, and meekly bows His head,
All torn with thorns, and shows those tender hands
And pierced side, which for our sins had bled.
"Come hither, Thomas, thrust thy doubting hand
Into the side once wounded for thy sake;
View the sad brow pressed by the thorny band,
And let the sight thy faithless heart-strings break."

Ah, the loved voice, the well-known, tender smile!
Thomas the Doubter bends the adoring knee.
"My Lord, my God, forgive Thy stubborn child;
Grant me the blessing of sweet faith in Thee!"
Lord, have I not, like Thomas, doubted Thee?
Doubted Thy power, Thy goodness, and Thy love;
Doubted that Thou from sin could set me free;
Doubted the voice that called me from above?
Melt my hard heart and break my stubborn will;
Wean me from thoughts that trouble and deceive;
Oh, let mine be the blessing promised still
To those who, having seen not, yet believe!

E. A.

4060. THOMAS.

John xx: 29.

Blessed are they who, needing no loud sign
Of reason, or felt proof, or voice divine,
Believing, love; and, loving, ask not sight!
They on the bosom of the Infinite

Have been, and there in faith forever lie;
Believe because they love, and ask not why:
But on His bosom lie they all day long,
And drink His words, and are refreshed and strong;
Through all Thy works, Thee, Lord, at every turn,
Through all Thy word, Thee and Thy cross discern;
Shrine within shrine, and hall encircling hall,
Pass unto Thee—to Thee, the All in All.
Thine too are they of ruder sense, who deem
Such thoughts but fancies of the mystic's dream;
Then, to their questioning and ruder sense,
In palpable and solemn evidence
Thy presence breaks, in providential change
Defying thought, or visitation strange:
They see and feel Thy hands and pierced side,
Worship, and their adoring heads would hide.
Such dwell in Thy blest courts, and see Thy face,
But not most near Thine altar have their place. *Isaac Williams.*

4061. THOMAS, Unbelieving.
John xx : 27, 58.

There was a seal upon the stone,
A guard around the tomb:
The spurned and trembling band alone
Bewail their Master's doom.
They deemed the barriers of the grave
Had closed o'er Him who came to save;
And thoughts of grief and gloom
Were darkening, while depressed, dismayed,
Silent they wept, or weeping prayed.

He died; for justice claimed her due,
Ere guilt could be forgiven:
But soon the gates asunder flew,
The iron bands were riven;
Broken the seal; the guards dispersed,
Upon their sight in glory burst
The risen Lord of Heaven!
Yet one, the heaviest in despair,
In grief the wildest, was not there.

Returning, on each altered brow
With mute surprise he gazed,
For each was lit with transport now,
Each eye to heaven upraised.
Burst forth from each th' ecstatic word—
"Hail, brother, we have seen the Lord!"
Bewildered and amazed
He stood; then bitter words and brief
Betrayed the heart of unbelief.

Days passed, and still the frequent groan
Convulsed his laboring breast;
When round him light celestial shone,
And Jesus stood confessed.
"Reach, doubter! reach thy hand," he said;
"Explore the wound the spear hath made,
The front by nails impressed:
No longer for the living grieve,
And be not faithless, but believe."

Oh! if the iris of the skies
Transcends the painter's art,
How could he trace to human eyes
The rainbow of the heart;
When love, joy, fear, repentance, shame,
Hope, faith, in swift succession came,
Each claiming there a part;
Each mingling in the tears that flowed,
The words that breathed—"My Lord! My God!" *Thomas Dale.*

4062. TIME, Wrecks of.

Rolling on, with march sublime,
Lo! I hear the wheels of time;
Twelve o'clock, I heard the bell!
'Tis the last year's funeral-knell!

Seasons change, and, as they pass,
Cry aloud, "All flesh is grass!"
Human pomp but blooms an hour;
Man is an ephemeral flower!

Where are now the mighty dead?
Names of golden ages fled!
Lights of Egypt, Greece, and Rome,
Sleep in the oblivious tomb!

All the pale-horsed king obey:
Ancient fathers, "Where are they?"
Prophets, who events foreshow,
Do they live forever?—No!

All the post-diluvian throng,
Sons of history and song,
Heroes, artists, poets, sages,
Sink into the gulf of ages!

Mighty cities, empires, states;
Babylon, with brazen gates;
Thebes, and the Assyrian's glory,
Flourish but in ancient story!

Stately temples, shrines of gold,
Perish like a story told!
Time, unfaithful to his trust,
Writes their record in the dust!

City of the desert wide!
Where is now Palmyra's pride?
All thy mighty colonnades
Desolating time pervades!

Ruins upon ruins rise,
When I backward glance mine eyes;
Only shades of what has been
Flit across the dreary scene.

Midst this mighty wreck of things,
What are heroes, warriors, kings?
What is man? Alas! I sigh,
What a bubble, Lord, am I!

Every moment brings me near
Vast eternity's frontier;
And the next may land me there;
Up, my soul, this hour prepare!

Minutes roll, and pulses beat;
Teach me, sacred Paraclete,
While the flight of time I sing,
Round the bleeding Cross to cling!

Oh how short man's woe or bliss,
Life is a parenthesis
Two eternities between,
One to come, and one has been.

From the birth-hour of this ball,
To the final end of all,
Time is but a few short pages
In the tome of endless ages.

For should thousand ages run,
Measured by yon flaming sun,
Still they are but as a mite
In duration infinite!

Joshua Marsden.

4063. TISHBITE, Elijah, the.

Tishbite sage, inspired of Heaven!
Burning light to Israel given,
Clad with zeal and might of grace,
Grandest prophet of his race!

True, sublime in earnest life,
Strong and brave in fearful strife,
Boldly speaks the will of God,
Wields the stern reformer's rod.

Glorious triumphs sought and won,
Deeds immortal nobly done,
Rounding out his work-day well,
Till is touched its vesper-bell.

Oh, to him how bright the end!
Opening skies a chariot send,
Drawn by steeds of flaming light,
Wondrous to the prophet's sight.

Angel hands now place him there,
Whirlwinds lift him high in air,
Stars his soaring passage wait,
Heaven shouts welcome at its gate.

Not for us the car of light,
Through the shadow is our flight;
Led by Faith's illuming ray,
Need we fear to launch away?

S. D. Phelps.

4064. TONGUES, The Gift of.

Acts ii : 3, 4.

God's wondrous power, on that great day revealed,
When from on high the Sacred Influence fell,
Knowledge and light surpassing human lore.
Diffusing in its course, vent'rous I sing.
Oh for one transient gleam from that pure fount
Of life celestial, whose all pow'rful rays
Instant dispelled the mists of ignorance,
Informed the mind, and urged the willing tongue!
Oh for one spark of that transcendent fire
Which shed its rapid influence through the soul,
Kindling at once in the astonished mind
The sacred flame of Heaven-directed zeal,
In strains poured forth of wisdom Heaven taught,
Which in conception to perfection sprang,
Mocking the tedious steps of human wit!
Too vain that wish.—But thou, O Spirit pure!
Who deign'st to guide the wayward heart of man,
When conscious weakness claims Thy aid benign.
Thou from whose eyes the palpable obscure
Naught hides, who ever mark'st my inmost soul,
And check'st with care paternal every ill,
Suggesting kindly, pure and holy thoughts,
Frame Thou my mind; dispose my humble heart
To feel Thy goodness and adore Thy might;
Grant me, with faith to read Thy wond'rous works,
To hear with joy, to tell with gratitude;
Grant me, at humble distance, to revere
Those acts of power I know not how to scan;
Grant me, with scorn to view the sceptic's pride,
Who dares to tread the dark, meand'ring maze,
And strive with mortal ken (how short! how dim!)
To trace the steps of dread Omnipotence;
Grant me, with humble yet exulting mind,
In all Thy wond'rous works to mark the end,
Nor rashly strive to comprehend the means;
To view, with rev'rent awe, the mighty cause,
And feel with gratitude the blest effect;
Grant me, in this meek, sober frame of mind,
To view Thy goodness, and ↄ sing Thy praise;
So shall my lays, though rude, attention claim,
Nor useless sink in cold oblivion's wave;
Warm from the heart they bear intrinsic worth,
And conscience shall bear witness to their truth.

'Twas on that day, that memorable day,
When erst the prophet of the favored seed
From Israel sprung, high-honored Moses held,
With trembling awe, converse with God Himself;
'Twas on that day, when round the sacred mount
The rapid lightnings shot their vivid glance,
Flashing a larger and a larger curve,
Whilst the dread thunder mutt'ring from afar,
With sullen murmur deep'ning in its course,
Burst rattling all around in discord wild,

When, 'midst the horror of the awful scene,
The holy prophet learned those high behests
By which to lead his sacred flock, and show
Types of a purer plan in days to come;
On that same day, the still more sacred flock
Of Christ, who only mourn His recent loss,
Stol'n from the clamors of the impious crowd,
In thought pursued His steps to heav'n, and cheered
Each other's griefs with thoughts of bliss to come.

Not hopeless did they grieve; for o'er the soul
His last bequest has shed a gleam of joy;
"A comforter to come" restrained their tears,
A steadfast faith suppressed the rising sigh,
And expectation raised their downcast eyes.
Nor vain their hope; for now with sudden burst
A rushing noise through all that sacred band,
Silence profound and fixed attention claimed,
A chilling terror crept through every heart,
Mute was each tongue, and pale was ev'ry face:
The rough roar ceased; when, borne on fiery wings,
The dazzling emanation from above
In brightest vision round each sacred head
Diffused its vivid beams; mysterious light!
That rushed impetuous through th' awaking mind,
Whilst new ideas filled the passive soul,
Fast crowding in with sweetest violence.
'Twas then amazed they caught the glorious flame,
Spontaneous flowed their all-persuasive words,
Warm from the heart, and to the heart addressed,
Deep sunk their force in ev'ry captived ear.

Oh see the crowd, pressing with eager steps
To catch the flowing periods as they fall!
See how, with wond'ring rapture, they devour
The pleasing accents of their native tongue!
See how, with eyes uplifted, they advance,
With outstretched hands and smiles of social love,
To greet the partners of their native soil!
Oh catch the varying transports in their looks,
In awful wonder see each passion lost,
When ev'ry nation urged an equal claim.
Fond men, forbear; and know the voice of truth,
By weak restraints of language unconfined,
Flows, independent, from that radiant shrine
From whence the dayspring draws her glitt'ring store
To shine on all with undistinguished ray,
And scatter dazzling light on ev'ry clime.

Thou speak'st, immortal Truth! beneath each pole
The trembling earth acknowledges thy voice;
Pride catches quick the mortifying sound,
Far, far aloof flies ev'ry golden dream,
And all is blindfold error and distress.
Oh! 'twas that potent voice, whose magic pow'r
Burst through the organs of the sacred band,
What time, O Salem! 'midst thy hallowed walls
The mingled crowd from many a distant realm,
In fixed attention hung upon their words,
Which, with conviction fraught, flowed unrestrained,
Though, skilled alone in virtue's sacred lore,
They never had employed life's precious hours
In learning's paths; without proud science wise.

By weakest ministers th' Almighty thus
Makes known His sacred will, and shows His pow'r:
By Him inspired they speak with urgent tongue
Authoritative, whilst th' illumined breast
Heaves with unwonted strength; high as their theme
Their great conceptions rise in rapt'rous flow,
As quick the ready organs catch the thought,
And, in such strains as science could not teach,
Bear it, in all its radiance, to the heart;
The list'ning throng there feel its blessed effect,
And deep conviction glows in every breast.

See ev'ry crime which stains the human mind
At their strong bidding takes its rapid flight:
Delusion's dreams no more infect the soul,
High-boasting pride, fierce wrath, impetuous lust,
And avarice swelling with hydropic thirst,
Fade, like unwholesome dews before the sun:
They fade to rise no more; for see, a band
Of radiant virtues seize their late abode,
And stamp the mansion with the seal of truth.
There heavenly Knowledge shines in glitt'ring pride,
And Patience sits, with meek submissive smile
Disarming stern Oppression; Justice there
Erects her rigid test of right and wrong;
And there, with God's own armor all-begirt,
Stands Fortitude erect in Christian strength;
There Temp'rance stands with ever-watchful eye,
To curb the passions with a steady rein;
And Candor there her golden rule displays,
To act by others as thy heart must wish
They, in like circumstance, should act by thee:
But chiefly there, in ever-fixed seat,
Sits heav'n-born Charity; her eagle eye
Thrown o'er the wide expanse of Nature's works,
Where, nobly scorning ev'ry meaner tie,

She deems all human ills her own, and sighs
If aught of mis'ry dwell beneath the sun.
With such bright guests the Christian mind
is stored,
Pledges of truest knowledge, joy, and peace:
These to make known became the sacred task
By Heav'n imposed upon the chosen band;
Thrice happy they to such high office called,
The blessed ministers of God's high will!
For them the fulness of His might is shown,
O'erleaping the strong bounds of nature's
laws;
Grim Death for them contracts his hasty
stride,
And checks his dart even in the act to strike;
His horrid messengers, Disease and Pain,
Loose their remorseless grasp unwillingly,
And leave their prey to ease and thankful-
ness;
For them bright Wisdom opens all her stores,
Her golden treasures spreading to their view,
Whilst Inspiration's all-enliv'ning light
Hangs hov'ring o'er their heads in glitt'ring
blaze;
Warmed by the ray they pour the sacred
In eloquence seraphic; truths divine, [strain
Forever registered in Heav'n's high page,
Flow from their lips, and glow within their
breasts;
Amazed they feel the sacred ecstasy,
With heav'nly rapture thrill in ev'ry nerve;
Whilst in their flowing words, with wisdom
fraught
Celestial, shines the heav'nly Spirit pure.
This is no fancied power, no idle dream,
No flatt'ring scheme by heated fancy formed;
The genuine influence fills each raptured soul,
And beams in ev'ry eye conspicuous.

Far other flame the vain enthusiast feels,
When, reason by delusive fancy led
In sad captivity, the thoughts confused
Rush on his mind in dark and doubtful sense.
Consider well, what are the genuine marks
Of heavenly inspiration. It was not
In wild ecstatic rants and dubious phrase,
In doctrines intricate and terms perplexed,
The simple messengers of Jesus spake.
Oh search and see, were not their doctrines
pure,
And in such plain and modest phrase ex-
pressed
As best befits instruction's wholesome plan?
Mighty to save, they sought no other pow'r,
No meed, but that which conscious Virtue
feels
When she conducts some hapless wand'rer
back
To paths, without her aid, forever lost.
If such your heav'nly aim, your lives unblamed
Will give, like theirs, an earnest of your truth;
If daily trained to ev'ry virtuous act,
You tread the steps the blessed Jesus trod,
Through the strait path, the way of holiness,
Then may ye lead your flocks to His abode;
But, oh beware! think not the heav'nly guest
Can fix his residence with aught impure;
Think not the heart which pride or int'rest
guides
Can ever be the seat of heavenly grace;
If yet the Holy Spirit deigns to dwell
In earthly domes, 'tis not in those defiled
With pride, with fraud, with rapine, or with
lust;
'Midst the rough foliage of the thorny brake
The clust'ring grape not blushes, and the fig
Decks not the prickly thistle's barren stalk;
Ev'n thus shall all be measured by their
fruits;
So spake the living Oracle of Truth:
Oh never, never lose this sacred guide,
By every blast of doctrine borne away,
But gazing ever on the gospel light,
That endless source of evidence and truth,
Prove ev'ry doctrine by that golden rule.
And "try the spirits if they be of God."

Charles Jenner.

4065. TOUCHING CHRIST, Miracle by.

Luke viii : 43–48.

Near Him she stole, rank after rank;
She feared approach too loud;
She touched His garment's hem, and shrank
Back in the sheltering crowd.

A shamefaced gladness thrills her frame:
Her twelve years' fainting prayer
Is heard at last; she is the same
As other women there.

She hears His voice; He looks about.
Ah! is it kind or good
To drag her secret sorrow out
Before that multitude?

The eyes of men she dares not meet:
On her they straight must fall;
Forward she sped, and at His feet
Fell down, and told Him all.

His presence makes a holy place;
No alien eyes are there;
Her shrinking shame finds godlike grace
The covert of its care.

"Daughter," He said, "be of good cheer;
Thy faith hath made thee whole."
With plenteous love, not healing mere,
He would content her soul.

George Macdonald.

4066. TRANSFIGURATION, The.

O brightest of days in His sorrowful story,
When there came such a voice from the ex-
cellent glory,
"My beloved! my Son!"
A foretaste of triumph; a banner outflying,
Emblazed with a crown, ere by sharpness of
dying
The battle was won.

O sweetest of hours! when in luminous vision
Their senses were steeped in that splendor Elysian,
The thrice-blessèd Three!
Who, heavy with sleep, on the rough mountain heather
Sank in weakness of earth, but were strengthened together
Heaven's brightness to see.

Transfigured before them, the dead and the living,
His glory primeval, inherent, outgiving,
He grew to a God!
While the holy departed, as angels attendant,
On either side one, in like glory resplendent,
Stood there on the sod.

Can this be the Man who, with scorning and scourging,
Shall pass through the street, while the multitude, surging,
"Away with Him!" cry?
Shall mount the sad hill with His mocking pursuers,
Where, on either side one, He, with bold evil-doers
Is lifted to die?

Be it far from Thee, Lord! In Thy glory and terror
Redeem Thy lost sheep from their darkness and error,
From thraldom and foe;
Thy standard uprear, till, as floods overflowing,
The tribes of the Lord, in a mighty o'erthrowing,
To victory go.

O foolish and blind! slow of heart in discerning
That He whom ye serve, all earth's vanities spurning,
Must conquer through loss:
Not so those bright strangers, who, lowly conversing,
Listen long to their Lord, the Great Prophet, rehearsing
His tale of the Cross.

Far other their end—he, the ancient Lawgiver,
Laid to sleep by the Lord—or Who, parting the river,
Ascended in fire;
But their dawn in His light, ever brighter outpouring,
Must fade—as e'en now, to their Paradise soaring,
They meekly retire.

Still in rapturous awe would His chosen ones linger,
But, lo! one bright touch from that glorified finger
Unlooses the spell;
Heaven fades, and their thoughts all too swiftly are gliding
Back to life's common cares, as the ocean subsiding
With tremulous swell.

Like a single bright star, for one moment outshining,
Then hidden, for mists all the firmament lining,
That vision was given; [overshading,
But the light of that Cloud still their souls
And the sound of that Voice from their hearts never fading,
Was their beacon to heaven.

Charles Lawrence Ford.

4067. TRANSFIGURATION, The.

Upward they trod
The lonely mount to talk with God.
One led; he wore a perfect form,
With tender beaming smile and warm;
And there were three that followed Him
Up through the shadows wild and dim.
They came to pray, and there apart,
And far from worldly pomp and art,
They bowed the knee,
The Saviour, and His faithful three.

In solitude
The soul best feels the reverent mood;
Thus, it is blessed to recede,
And find God's hiding in our need,
To mount above the world's concern,
And feel the inner glory burn,
Of love's celestial fire. How sweet
The silence of this lone retreat;
Fit place for prayer
Which hallowed all the mountain air.

O voice of love,
Did e'er such words pathetic move
The Spirit listening to all tones
That rise from His dear pleading ones!
Sweet voice of Jesus, never prayer
Arose more tender on the air;
It melted, charmed the listening three,
Till on the wings of ecstasy
They rose away,
And stood before the gates of day.

The mountain fades,
The daylight dwindles into shades;
The gates of light swing open wide;
And lo! a more than sun-bright tide
Bursts from the azure on their sight!
And Jesus stands enthroned in light!
His native beauty this, when He
Stood in his kingly dignity,
In his own clime,
Long, long before the birth of time.

Were they not four?
Whence those bright forms unseen before?
Ah, there he stands, last seen of old
On Nebo's mountain, lone and cold,

Whither he went, his eye not dim,
To wing his way with seraphim
To his celestial Canaan far;
Not his to cross the Jordan bar;
A crown of light
He wears, than Egypt's crown more bright.

And he, the same
Who took the chariot of flame,
And sped away in raptured flight,
Till angels saw him strange alight
Upon the royal steps of gold
Of his dear throne, who heard of old
His prayer, when Baal's hosts were bowed
On Carmel's height mid clamor loud;
Elijah, hail!
Thy prayer was mighty to prevail.

Why come they now,
And wait upon the mountain's brow?
Dear Son of God, they come to Thee,
To talk of all Thine agony;
The shadow of Thy cross is seen
Along the fields of fadeless green,
And angel eyes are tearful there
Before they hear Thy last sweet prayer—
"Father, forgive;
And let my persecutors live."

Again the three
Look forth and only Jesus see;
But even till their latest hour
The vision lingers with its power;
Those gates ajar have left a gleam
That brighter makes our earthly dream;
The silver cloud on Tabor's height
Still drops its music with its light;
Nor shall it cease
Till earth with heaven is all at peace.
Dwight Williams.

4068. TRANSFIGURATION, The.
Matthew xvii: 1, 2.

Hail! King of Glory, clad in robes of light,
Outshining all we here call bright!
Hail, light's divinest galaxy!
Hail, express image of a Deity! [view,
Could now Thy faithful spouse Thy beauties
How would her wounds all bleed anew!
Lovely Thou art all o'er and bright,
Thou Israel's glory, and Thou Gentile's light.

But whence this brightness, whence this sudden day?
Who did Thee thus with light array?
Did Thy divinity dispense
To its consort a more liberal influence?
Or did some curious angel's chymic art
The spirits of purest light impart,
Drawn from the native spring of day,
And wrought into an organized ray?

Howe'er 'twas done, 'tis glorious and divine;
Thou dost with radiant wonders shine:
The sun and his bright company
Are all gross meteors, if compared to Thee:
Thou art the fountain whence their light does flow,
But to Thy will Thine own dost owe;
For (as at first) Thou didst but say,
"Let there be light," and straight sprang forth this wondrous day.

Let now the Eastern princes come and bring
Their tributary offering.
There needs no star to guide their flight;
They'll find Thee now, great King, by Thine own light.
And Thou, my soul, adore, love, and admire,
And follow this bright guide of fire.
Do Thou Thy hymns and praises bring,
Whilst angels, with veiled faces, anthems sing.
John Norris.

4069. TREE OF LIFE, The.

There is a spot, of men believed to be
Earth's centre, and the place of Adam's grave,
And here a slip that from a barren tree
Was cut, fruit sweet and salutary gave—
Yet not unto the tillers of the land;
That blessed fruit was culled by other hand.

The shape and fashion of the tree attend:
From undivided stem at first it sprung;
Thence in two arms its branches did outsend,
Like sail-yards whence the flowing sheet is hung,
Or as a yoke that in the furrow stands,
When the tired steers are loosened from their bands.

Three days the slip from which this tree should spring
Appeared as dead; then suddenly it bore,
While earth and heaven stood awed and wondering—
Harvest of vital fruit; the fortieth more
Beheld it touch heaven's summit with its height,
And shroud its sacred head in clouds of light.

Yet the same while it did put forth below
Branches twice six, these, too, with fruit endued,
Which stretching to all quarters might bestow
Upon all nations medicine and food, [
Which mortal men might eat, and eating be
Sharers henceforth of immortality.

But when another fifty days were gone,
A breath divine, a mighty storm of heaven,
On all the branches swiftly lighted down,
To which a rich nectareous taste was given,
And all the heavy leaves that on them grew
Distilled henceforth a sweet and heavenly dew.

Beneath that tree's great shadow on the plain
A fountain bubbled up, whose lymph serene
Nothing of earthly mixture might disdain;
Fountain so pure not anywhere was seen

In all the world, nor on whose marge the earth
Put flowers of such unfading beauty forth.

And thither did all people young and old,
Matrons and virgins, rich and poor, a crowd
Stream ever, who, when as they did behold
Those branches with their golden burden bowed,
Stretched forth their hands, and eager glances threw
Toward the fruit distilling that sweet dew.

But touch they might not these, much less allay
Their hunger, howsoe'er they might desire,
Till the foul tokens of their former way
They had washed off, the dust and sordid mire,
And cleansed their bodies in that holy wave,
Able from every spot and stain to save.

But when within their mouths they had received
Of that immortal fruit the gust divine,
Straight of all sickness were their souls relieved.
The weak grew strong, and tasks they did decline
As overgreat for them they shunned no more,
And things they deemed they could not bear they bore.

But woe, alas! some daring to draw near
That sacred stream, did presently retire,
Drew wholly back again, and did not fear
To stain themselves in all their former mire,
That fruit rejecting from their mouths again,
Not any more their medicine, but their bane.

Oh, blessed they, who not withdrawing so,
First in that fountain make them pure and fair,
And who from thence unto the branches go,
With power upon the fruitage hanging there:
Thence by the branches of the lofty tree
Ascend to heaven—the tree of life, oh see!

From the Latin, tr. by Archbishop Trench.

4070. TRUMPET, The Fifth.

Revelation ix: 1-11.

I heard a trumpet sound,
Earth shook, the heavens were dim,
I saw a falling star,
Like the moon's eclipsing limb.
And a blood-stained haze
Rushed round its blaze;
But that star still shone
On a kingless throne.

I saw from the abyss
Shoot up a thousand fires;
I saw a locust-cloud
Rise on their sulphurous spires.
In his noontide, the sun
Sank, sickening and dun;
And the smoke wrapped the globe,
Like a funeral robe.

Then, that hell-born locust-host
Rolled onward like a flood;
Yet the harvest field was safe,
And safe the leafy wood.
Of that plague-cloud wan,
The prey alone was man;
And the bond and the free
To the locusts bent the knee.

There was torment in the land,
The famine and the chain,
And thousands writhed and groaned,
And gnawed their tongues with pain
And the lovely and brave
Were plunged in the grave;
And in that agony
Thousands prayed to die!

Upon the field of battle,
In exile far and lone,
Men perished for the temple,
Men perished for the throne,
Still the locust-cloud
Was a living shroud;
And the locust sting
Slew the serf and the king.

I saw an idol temple!
But there no idol shone,
No golden censer burned
To gods of wood or stone.
To a mortal bowed
The shouting crowd,
And the nation's cry
Was blasphemy.

I saw a mighty grave!
But no holy sign was there,
But the corpse of king and slave
Was flung in without a prayer,
And a pillar stood,
Inscribed in blood,
In that tainted gloom,
"The eternal tomb."

Then, the trumpet rang again,
And the locusts swept the earth;
But 'twas now as if her womb
Had teemed with human birth.
They wore the helms of kings,
And the rushing of their wings
Was like rushing chariot-wheels,
Or the tramp of chargers' heels.

Above them blazed the banner—
That fiendish, fallen star;
Above them winged the eagle,
Scenting his prey afar.
And the clang of their mail
Rang loud on the gale;
And crown and tiar
Led their legions to war.

Their chieftain was a king—
A king of fearful name!
'Tis shouted in the central caves
Of misery and flame.

Abaddon, the lord
Of the sceptre and sword,
Resistless by man.
But his star shall be wan!

Then the storm of battle raged,
And the earth was drenched with blood;
And the warrior and his steed
Were the wolf and vulture's food.
And the world stood at gaze
At that battle's red blaze,
Like men on the shore
Of an ocean of gore.

Once more the trumpet swelled,
But 'twas glorious now and grand;
And a shout of triumph pealed
From the ocean and the land.
For on fiery wings
Came the spirits of kings,
With banners unfurled,
To rescue the world! *George Croly.*

4071. TUBAL CAIN.

Genesis iv: 22.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung:
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire:
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands;
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword!"
Charles Mackay.

4072. TYRE.

High on the stately wall
The spear of Arvad hung;
Through corridor and hall
Gemaddin's war-note rung.
Where are they now? the note is o'er;
Yes! for a thousand years and more,
Five fathoms deep beneath the sea
Those halls have lain all silently;
Nought listing save the mermaid's song,
While rude sea-monsters roam the corridors along.

Far from the wandering East
Tubal and Javan came,
And Araby the Blest,
And Kedar, mighty name—
Now on that shore, a lonely guest,
Some dripping fisherman may rest,
Watching on rock or naked stone
His dark net spread before the sun,
Unconscious of the dooming lay
That broods o'er that dull spot, and there shall brood for aye.
Lyra Apostolica.

4073. TYRE.

And this is Tyre, the mighty mart of old,
City of merchants! conquering kings with gold!
Through whose long streets, that knew no dull repose,
Like stormy waves, the voice of Commerce rose,
While palaces, each worthy ocean's queen,
O'erlooked in dazzling pride the busy scene.
Here Afric brought her ivory and rich plumes,
Ophir her gems, Arabia her perfumes;

The adventurous Tyrian sent his daring sail
Where'er might roll the waves or sweep the gale;
. . . . . .
Strange that to power no state or people grew,
From age to age their glory to renew;
But like the sun they gain meridian height,
Blaze their appointed time, then sink in night;
. . . . . .
And so Tyre fell—her riches could not save;
The city of the proud is now a grave,
Swept, like her daughter Carthage, by the wings
Of ages, from the list of living things.
And so Tyre fell—where rose her granite towers,
And shone her palaced streets and jewelled bowers,
The goatherd heedless roves, nor asks her name,
Nor recks her glories past and ancient fame.
He sees bowed arch, an aqueduct, and well,
But who their builders were he cannot tell.
The wave, unsympathizing, beats the strand,
Moss clothes black fragments buried deep in sand,
And sea-birds, stooping in their ocean flight,
Pass with wild shrieks the vanished city's site. *Nicholas Michell.*

4074. TYRE.

So did thy ships to earth's wide bounds proceed,
O Tyre! and thou wert rich and beautiful
In that thy day of glory. Carthage rose,
Thy daughter, and the rival of thy fame,
Upon the sands of Lybia; princes were
Thy merchants; on thy golden throne thy state
Shone, like the orient sun. Dark Lebanon
Waved all his pines for thee; for thee the oaks
Of Bashan towered in strength: thy galleys cut,
Glittering, the sunny surge; thy mariners,
On ivory benches, furled the embroidered sails
That looms of Egypt wove, or to the oars
That, measuring dipped, their choral sea-songs sung;
The multitude of isles did shout for thee,
And cast their emeralds at thy feet, and said,
"Queen of the Waters, who is like to thee!"
So wert thou glorious on the seas, and saidst,
"I am a god, and there is none like me."
But the dread voice prophetic is gone forth:
"Howl, for the whirlwind of the desert comes!
Howl ye again, for Tyre, her multitude
Of sins and dark abominations cry
Against her," saith the Lord; "in the mid seas
Her beauty shall be broken; I will bring
Her pride to ashes; she shall be no more;
The distant isles shall tremble at the sound
When thou dost fall; the princes of the sea
Shall from their thrones come down, and cast away
Their gorgeous robes; for thee they shall take up
A bitter lamentation, and shall say,
'How art thou fallen, renowned city! thou
Who wert enthroned glorious on the seas,
To rise no more!'" *William Lisle Bowles.*

4075. TYRE.

The wild and windy morning is lit with lurid fire;
The thundering surf of ocean beats on the rocks of Tyre—
Beats on the fallen columns and round the headland roars,
And hurls its foamy volume along the hollow shores,
And calls with hungry clamor, that speaks its long desire:
"Where are the ships of Tarshish, the mighty ships of Tyre?"

Within her cunning harbor, choked with invading sand,
No galleys bring their freightage, the spoils of every land;
And like a prostrate forest, when autumn gales have blown,
Her colonnades of granite lie shattered and o'erthrown;
And from the reef the pharos no longer flings its fire,
To beacon home from Tarshish the lordly ships of Tyre.

Where is thy rod of empire, once mighty on the waves—
Thou that thyself exaltedst, till kings became thy slaves;
Thou that didst speak to nations, and saw thy will obeyed—
Whose favor made them joyful, whose anger sore afraid—
Who laid'st thy deep foundations, and thought them strong and sure,
And boasted midst the waters, "Shall I not aye endure?"

Where is the wealth of ages that heaped thy princely mart?
The pomp of purple trappings; the gems of Syrian art;
The silken goats of Kedar; Sabæa's spicy store;
The tributes of the islands thy squadrons homeward bore,
When in thy gates triumphant they entered from the sea
With sound of horn and sackbut, of harp and psaltery?

Howl, howl, ye ships of Tarshish! the glory
is laid waste:
There is no habitation; the mansions are
defaced.
No mariners of Sidon unfurl your mighty
sails;
No workmen fell the fir-trees that grow in
Shenir's vales,
And Bashan's oaks that boasted a thousand
years of sun,
Or hew the masts of cedar on frosty Lebanon.

Rise, thou forgotten harlot! take up thy
harp and sing:
Call the rebellious islands to own their an-
cient king:
Bare to the spray thy bosom, and, with thy
hair unbound,
Sit on the piles of ruin, thou throneless and
discrowned!
There mix thy voice of wailing with the
thunders of the sea,
And sing thy songs of sorrow, that thou re-
membered be!

Though silent and forgotten, yet Nature
still laments
The pomp and power departed, the lost
magnificence:
The hills were proud to see thee, and they
are sadder now;
The sea was proud to bear thee, and wears
a troubled brow,
And evermore the surges chant forth their
vain desire:
"Where are the ships of Tarshish, the
mighty ships of Tyre?"
Bayard Taylor.

4076. TYRE, Burden of.

In thought, I saw the palace domes of Tyre;
The gorgeous treasures of her merchandise;
All her proud people, in their brave attire,
Thronging her streets for sport or sacrifice.
I saw her precious stones and spiceries;
The singing girl with flower-wreath instru-
ment;
And slaves whose beauty asked a monarch's
price.
Forth from all lands all nations to her went,
And kings to her on embassy were sent.
I saw, with gilded prow and silken sail,
Her ships, that of the sea had government.
O gallant ships, 'gainst you what might pre-
vail?
She stood upon her rock, and, in her pride,
Of strength and beauty, waste and woe
defied.

I looked again: I saw a lonely shore,
A rock amid the waters, and a waste
Of trackless sand; I heard the black seas roar,
And winds that rose and fell with gusty
haste.
There was one scathed tree, by storm de-
faced,
Round which the sea-birds wheeled with
screaming cry.
Ere long came on a traveller, slowly paced;
Now east, then west, he turned, with curious
eye,
Like one perplexed with an uncertainty.
Awhile he looked upon the sea, and then
Upon a book, as if it might supply
The thing he lacked. He read, and gazed
again;
Yet as if unbelief so on him wrought,
He might not deem that shore the shore he
sought.

Again I saw him come; 'twas eventide;
The sun shone on the rock amid the sea;
The winds were hushed; the quiet billows
sighed
With a low swell; the birds winged silently
Their evening flight around the scathed tree;
The fisher safely put into the bay,
And pushed his boat ashore; then gathered he
His nets, and, hastening up the rocky way,
Spread them to catch the sun's warm even-
ing ray.
I saw that stranger's eye gaze on the scene:
"And this was Tyre!" said he; "how has
Within her palaces a despot been! [decay
Ruin and silence in her courts are met,
And on her city rock the fisher spreads his
net."
Mary Howitt.

4077. TYRE, Prophecy against.
Ezekiel xxvi: 2.

'Twas morning. On thy ramparts, Tyre,
Spread to the sun the standard's fold,
And marched to sounds of trump and lyre,
Thy mitred priesthood, purple-stoled;
And chieftains mailed, with haughty vane,
Poured to Astarte's blood-stained fane.

And crowding on thy glorious bay,
Far as the dazzled eye could gaze,
Where Tyre's imperial galleys lay,
Rose choral hymns, and altars' blaze.
And surges, bright as molten ore,
Wafted the incense to the shore.

Yet in the pageant clanked the chain,
And mingled there the captive's groan;
And piled upon the ponderous wain,
The golden spoils of Judah shone;
And sharper than the sword or spear,
Struck to the heart the Tyrian's sneer.

Yet all, at once, are hushed as death,
Recoils at once the living wave;
No footstep falls, is breathed no breath,
As, like a comer from the grave,
Ezekiel's lip and eye of fire
Peals Heaven's high wrath on guilty Tyre.

"Hail! queen of glory, slave of shame,
Hail! head of gold, which curses crown,
Panther, thy ravening shall be tame,
The bow is drawn that strikes thee down.
Eagle, thy wing shall lose its plume;
Serpent, thy haunt shall be the tomb.

"Thy sword has smote Jerusalem,
And for that smiting thou shalt die;
Thy strength be dust, thy wealth a dream,
Thy power like summer clouds pass by;
Thy name, among forgotten things—
Now war thee with the King of kings.

"The captive's hopeless agony,
The blood that clamors from the ground,
The altar's curse, the dungeon's cry,
At last, at last one throne have found.
Tyrant, thy turban shall be bowed,
That throne is on the thunder-cloud.

"Ride on, in taunt and triumph ride,
Thy heart shall be the vulture's meal.
Now follows thee a giant stride,
A giant hand shall grasp thy wheel,
Thy sceptre shall be weak as air,
Thy throne shall be a bloody lair.

"The plague shall wither up thy heart,
The famine waste thee to the bone;
Through the rent skin the nerve shall start,
Thy veins a flame, thy voice a groan.
Pangs utterless thy soul shall fill,
Yet comes the vengeance, sterner still.

"It comes—I know the distant roar,
The rushing of the routed field.
Hark to the storm, whose rain is gore:
The flood, whose surge is spear and shield;
I see thee in the worse than grave,
I see thee, Asshur's trembling slave.

"Yet thou shalt live. The feud within
Through weary years thy strength shall drain,
Corruption fill thy cup of sin,
And falsehood forge and fix the chain;
And treason in the dark shall slay,
And thus thy strength shall melt away.

"Strike, strike, thou Man of Macedon!
Rush on her ramparts, smite her walls.
Now sets in gore her lingering sun;
Her palaces thy chargers' stalls,
Her wealth the harvest of thy spear.
Now, Tyre, thou'rt of the things that were!

"The earth shall see a thousand kings,
Yet thou shalt still be desolate.
A sand, where vultures rest their wings,
Where the sea-eagle meets its mate;
A rock, by time and tempest riven,
Abhorred by man, accursed by Heaven!"

George Croly.

4078. TYRE, Prophecy against.

A thousand harps their echoes gave
Along the evening surge of gold;
A thousand galleys stemmed the wave
Beneath the Tyrian banners fold;
And gallant shout, and joyous song,
Rose from the city's myriad throng.

Yet all at once were hushed as death—
Prince, warrior, minstrel, lord, and slave;
No foot-fall rang, was breathed no breath,
As, like a comer from the grave,
Ezekiel's lip and eye of fire
Flashed Heaven's high wrath on guilty Tyre.

"Hail, queen of glory! queen of shame!
Thou crowned with conquest's richest crown!
Whose arrow was a shaft of flame,
Whose trumpet but for blood was blown—
Woe to thy banner and thy plume,
Thy throne is past, behold thy tomb!

"Thy sword hath smote Jerusalem,
And for that smiting shalt thou die;
Thy power be dust, thy wealth a dream,
Thy name like summer clouds pass by;
Thy kingdom to itself make wings—
Now war thee with the King of kings!

"Sheba and Rama were thy slaves;
Dedan thy fiery charioteer;
Tarshish and Ophir's golden caves
Brought tribute to thy giant spear;
The Syrian emerald wreathed thy brow,
E'en Judah knelt—What art thou now?

"The captive's hopeless agony,
The blood that clamors from the ground,
The broken altar's midnight cry,
At last, at last, one throne have found;
Tyrant! thy turban shall be bowed;
That throne is on the thunder-cloud!

"Ride on thy rushing chariots, ride,
And rouse thy trumpets' haughty peal;
Yet o'er thee sweeps a giant stride,
A giant grasp shall crush thy wheel;
Thy helm and shield are weak as air,
Thy bed shall be a bloody lair.

"The plague shall wither up thy heart,
The famine waste thee to the bone;
Through the rent skin the nerve shall start;
The world thy face of woe shall shun;
Pangs utterless thy veins shall fill,
Yet comes the vengeance sterner still.

"It comes—I hear the distant roar,
The whirlwind trampling of the field;
Hark to the storm whose rain is gore!
The flood whose surge is spear and shield!
And whose the banner, like a sun
Blazing above? Hail, Babylon!

"Yet worse than war—the feud within,
The civil strife, thy strength shall drain,
Corruption fill thy cup of sin,
And falsehood forge and fix the chain,
And treason in the dark shall slay;
And thus thy strength shall melt away.

"Then comes the battle of despair,
And Asshur's sons shall climb thy walls,
And Persia's furious torches glare
Through ivory gates and gilded halls;
And thou be but a mightier tomb,
Sealed, marked, undone—the child of doom!

"The earth shall see a thousand kings,
Yet thou shalt still be desolate—
A sand where vultures rest their wings,
Where the sea-dragon meets its mate;
A rock by time and tempest riven,
Abhorred by man, accursed of Heaven."

Φιλο.

4079. TYRE, THE UNITED STATES.

Tyre of farther West! be thou too warned,
Whose eagle wings thine own green world o'erspread,
Touching two oceans: wherefore hast thou scorned
Thy father's God, O proud and full of bread?

Why lies the cross unhonored on thy ground,
While in mid-air thy stars and arrows flaunt?
That sheaf of darts, will it not fall unbound,
Except, disrobed of thy vain earthly vaunt,
Thou bring it to be blessed where saints and angels haunt?

The holy seed, by Heaven's peculiar grace,
Is rooted here and there in thy dark woods;
But many a rank weed round it grows apace,
And Mammon builds beside thy mighty floods,
O'ertopping Nature, braving Nature's God.
O while thou hast yet room, fair fruitful land,
Ere war and want have stained thy virgin sod,
Mark thee a place on high, a glorious stand,
Whence Truth her sign may make o'er forest, lake, and strand.

Eastward, this hour, perchance thou turn'st thine ear,
Listening if haply with the surging sea
Blend sounds of ruin from a land once dear
To thee and Heaven. O trying hour for thee!

Tyre mocked when Salem fell—where now is Tyre?
Heaven was against her. Nations thick as waves
Burst o'er her walls, to ocean doomed and fire;
And now the tideless water idly leaves
Her towers, and lone sands heap her crowned merchants' graves. *John Keble.*

4080. UZZAH AND OBED-EDOM.

The ark of God has hidden strength;
Who reverence or profane,
They, or their seed, shall find at length
The penalty or gain.

While as a sojourner it sought
Of old its destined place,
A blessing on the home it brought
Of one who did it grace.

But there was one, outstripping all
The holy-vestured band,
Who laid on it, to save its fall,
A rude corrective hand.

Read, who the church would cleanse, and
How stern the warning runs— [mark
There are two ways to aid her ark,
As patrons and as sons.

J. H. Newman.

4081. UZZAH, The Fate of.

2 Samuel vi : 7.

Behold your due in Uzzah dead
For touching an external sign,
You that the priestly right invade,
And minister in things divine!
Will ignorance your bodies save?
Inquire of Uzzah in his grave.

"But lo! unless our hands sustain,
The tottering ark will strike the ground."
God cannot need the help of man:
A thousand ways with God are found
His church in danger to defend,
And bear her up, till time shall end.

J. and C. Wesley.

4082. UZZIAH.

2 Chronicles xxvi : 9, 10, 16.

The star of Judah's king rode high in plenitude of power,
And lauded was his sceptre's sway in palace and in bower;
Fresh fountains in the desert waste were at his bidding sprung,
And clustering vines o'er Carmel's breast a broader mantle flung.
He hied him to the battle-field in all his young renown,
And wild Arabia's swathy host like blighted grass fell down.

Yet when within his lifted heart the seeds of pride grew strong,
And unacknowledged blessings led to arrogance and wrong,
E'en to the temple's holy place with impious steps he hied,
And with a kindling censer stood fast by the altar's side;
But he whose high and priestly brow the anointing oil had blest
Stood forth majestic to rebuke the sacrilegious guest.

"'Tis not for thee," he sternly said, "to tread this hallowed nave,
And take that honor to thyself which God to Aaron gave;
'Tis not for thee, thou mighty king, o'er Judah's realm ordained,
To trample on Jehovah's law, by whom thy fathers reigned.
Go hence." And from his awful eye there seemed such ire to flame
As mingled with the thunder-blast when God to Sinai came.

Then loud the reckless monarch stormed, and with a daring hand
He swung the sacred censer high above the trembling band;

But where the burning sign of wrath did in
his forehead flame,
Behold! the avenging doom of heaven, the
livid plague-spot came;
And low his princely head declined, in bit-
terness of woe,
While from the temple gate he sped—a leper,
white as snow!

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

4083. VIA DOLOROSA.

John xix : 17.

I see my Lord, the pure, the meek, the lowly,
Along the mournful way in sadness tread;
The thorns are on His brow, and He, the holy,
Bearing His cross, to Calvary is led.

Silent He moveth on, all uncomplaining,
Though wearily His grief and burden press;
And foes—nor shame nor pity now restrain-
ing—
With scoff and jeering mock His deep
distress.

'Tis hell's dark hour; yet calm Himself re-
signing,
E'en as a lamb that goeth to be slain,
The wine-press lone He treadeth unrepining,
And falling blood-drops all His raiment
stain.

In mortal weakness 'neath His burden sinking,
The Son of God accepts a mortal's aid!
Then passes on to Golgotha unshrinking,
Where love's divinest sacrifice is made.

Dear Lord! what though my path be set with
sorrow,
And oft beneath some heavy cross I groan?
My soul weighed down shall strength and
courage borrow,
At thoughts of sharper grief which Thou
hast known.

And I, in tears, will yet look up with gladness,
And hope when troubles most my soul
would drown;
The mournful way which Thou didst tread
with sadness
Was but Thy way to glory and Thy crown.

Ray Palmer.

4084. VINE, The True.

Numbers xiii : 23.

When Israel lay in Kadesh where Paran's
wilds expand,
Into the north twelve mighty men were sent
to spy the land;
Each tribe gave in its kingliest before the
hosts of fight
Rose up all in Jehovah's name to spoil the
Amorite.

Down in the fertile valley where Eshcol's
waters roll
They felled the lordly cedar-tree and wrought
it to a pole,
And then they turned them south again and
bare to Israel's line
The first-fruits of the gift of God, the first-
ripe of the vine.

And what to us (the world exclaims) that
vine branch borne of two?
Oh fools and blinded! is it not a figure of
the True?
It is the sum of all things; yea, that deed of
prescience done
Speaks of two dispensations and the gift
that made them one.

They who were grace-expectant, they who
lived and died in grace—
They who saw Christ far off, and they who
see, though veiled, His face—
Those went before; these follow: they are
all one brotherhood,
And in the midst the True Vine hangs upon
the holy wood. *Lyra Eucharistica.*

4085. VINEYARD, The Rented.

Mark xii : 1-9.

God let His vineyard out to man,
His rent of glory to obtain,
Told him his soul was not his own,
But made to serve his Lord alone;
He bade him feed, increase, improve
His grain of faith, his seed of love,
And stocked him with sufficient grace
To bear the fruits of righteousness.

Though long He seemed as distant far,
His vineyard still engrossed His care;
His servant in due time He sent
To gather in the gracious rent;
His messenger was good desires,
With which He freely all inspires,
And stirs us up to use the power
To serve, and worship, and adore.

Conscience when we refuse to hear,
And quite throw off our gracious fear,
The serious thought resist, repel,
Our heart against conviction steel,
'Tis then the messenger we slight,
Entreat the Sender with despite,
By violence force Him to depart,
And chase His spirit from our heart.

Scripture, a second servant, came
The vineyard's fruit for God to claim;
We its authority deny,
And will not with the word comply;
The word which doth His mind declare,
We mangle, mutilate, and tear,
Abuse with haughty rage and scorn,
Nor make our Lord the least return.

The Lord, whose mercies never end,
More messengers vouchsafed to send;
By teachers His demands made known,
By seers and saints required His own;

They called on man his rent to pay,
They urged, "Repent, believe, obey,
Restore whate'er His grace bestowed,
And live to glorify your God."

But man, averse in heart and mind,
Cast all his Maker's words behind,
In every age th' ungrateful race
Hath spurned the ministers of grace,
Hated whoe'er the message brought,
Their ruin and destruction sought;
Truth and its witnesses abhorred,
And stoned and killed them with the sword.

That all might savingly believe,
And glory to Jehovah give,
He sent at last His favorite Son
To take possession of His own;
To every soul He sends Him still,
That every soul may serve His will,
Their faith by meek obedience prove,
With fear rejoice, with reverence love.

Murdered on earth by Jews He was,
When once they nailed Him to the cross;
But we renew His deadly pains
Who glorious and triumphant reigns,
Against His life contriving still,
By twice ten thousand ways we kill,
By twice ten thousand sins we slay,
And crucify Him every day.

Ah, wretched man when God requires
His soul, who in his sins expires!
His soul, alas, is his no more,
Consigned to the tormentor's power.
Losing his soul, he loses all,
Yet cannot into nothing fall,
But hopelessly his doom bemoans,
And pours in hell eternal groans.

J. and C. Wesley.

4086. VIRGINS, The Foolish.

Matthew xxv : 3.

"Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"
The midnight cry is heard:
"Arise and join the train,
Go forth to meet your Lord;"
They wake, He is at hand,
But they are unprepared.

Their lamps are by their side,
But all unfilled the urn;
"Oh, give us of your oil,"
They cry to each in turn;
"The flame is dying down,
Our lamps refuse to burn."

"It cannot, cannot be!
Enough but for our own;
We cannot help you now,
For each must stand alone;
The past is now the past,
And may not be undone.

"Go ye to them that sell!"
But while they went to buy,
The Bridegroom came; they saw
The bridal train sweep by,
They saw the wise go in:
In vain, in vain their cry!

The door, alas! is shut,
They hear the festal strain,
They see the virgin throng,
To join it they would fain.
The wise have all gone in:
They knock, but knock in vain!

"I know you not," is all
The welcome that they hear:
"I know you not;" oh! words
Of trembling and of fear.
"Ye cannot join these songs,
Nor in these halls appear!"

Horatius Bonar.

4087. VIRGINS, The Foolish.

"The midnight comes and my lamp unfilled!"
(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)
"Sisters, help! ere my hope be killed;
Give, of your store, that my lamp be filled."
(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

"Sisters, help!" They have closed the door;
(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)
Naught they gave of their brimming store,
Each one watching the lamp she bore.
(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

"I will knock, though the door be closed."
(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)
"Lord, thy handmaid waits. Unclose!
Around me night like a river flows."
(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

"Who knocks so late from the darkened East?"
(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)
"Depart! I know nor greater nor least
Who brings no light to the marriage feast."
(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

"Depart! too late!" Oh words of doom!
(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)
Watch well thy lamp, that it light the gloom
And show the way to the festal room.
(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

Marie B. Williams.

4088. VIRGINS, The Ten.

Matthew xxv : 1-13.

Ten virgins, clothed in white,
The Bridegroom went to meet;
Their lamps were burning bright
To guide His welcome feet.

Five of the band were wise—
Their lamps with oil filled high;
The rest this care despise,
And take their vessels dry.

Long time the Lord abode;
Down came the shades of night;
The weary virgins nod,
And then they sleep outright.

At midnight came the cry
Upon their startled ear,
"Behold the Bridegroom nigh,
To light His steps appear."

They trim their lamps; in vain
The foolish virgins toil:
"Our lamps are out: oh deign
To give us of your oil!"

"Not so," the wise ones cry;
"No oil have we to spare;
But swiftly run and buy,
That you the joy may share."

They went to buy, when lo!
The Bridegroom comes in state;
Within those ready go,
And shut the golden gate.

The foolish virgins now
Before the gateway crowd;
With terror on their brow
They knock and cry aloud:

"Lord, open to our call!
Hast Thou our names forgot?"
Sadly the accents fall—
"Depart, I know you not."

Robert Murray McCheyne.

4089. VIRGINS, The Ten.

The Bridegroom cometh to His bride;
The church awaits her King;
Come, take your lamps, with oil supplied;
Oil in your vessels bring!

The waiting church waits on until
The light of day hath set;
Her Lord delays His coming still,
The Bridegroom tarries yet.

And while He tarries on the way,
The waiting church beneath,
Impatient of the long delay,
Slumbered and slept in death.

The virgins slept; and, side by side,
The lantern of the wise
Burns brightly on, with oil supplied;
That of the foolish dies.

And while they sleep, the midnight cry
Fills all the silent air—
"Behold the Bridegroom draweth nigh!
Arise! your lamps prepare!"

The wise awake and trim their light,
Which still with oil is fed;
The foolish wake, and all is night—
Their lamps gone out and dead.

The lamp, the light, the oil of grace—
There all the wisdom lies;
It lights the dark and awful place,
This wisdom of the wise.

The lamp that had no burning flame,
Dead, cold, and unctionless,
Was to the five unwise their shame—
It was their foolishness.

"Give of your oil, our lamp is shed;
Give, for our light is gone."
This to the wise the foolish said:
This when the day was done.

"Nay, not enough is our supply
With you our oil to share;
Go ye to them that sell and buy,
For those who sell can spare."

This none can buy and none can sell:
It has no market price;
Its cost is more than tongue can tell,
This priceless gift of grace.

They went, but soon returned the same,
More foolish than before;
For as they went the Bridegroom came,
And closed the festal door.

Lord, let our lamps be burning bright;
Oil in our vessels bring;
Thy grace the oil, our faith the light,
And Thou our bridal King.

Robert Maguire.

4090. VIRGINS, The Wise.

Matthew xxv : 4.

Rejoice, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear!
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near:
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon will He draw nigh.
Up! pray and watch and wrestle:
At midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear!

Ye wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Until, in songs of triumph,
They meet the angel-choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up! up! ye heirs of glory:
The Bridegroom is at hand!

L. Laurenti; tr. by Jane Borthwick.

4091. WARFARE, Christian.

Soldier, go, but not to claim
Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure,
Not to build a vaunting name,
Not to dwell in tents of pleasure;
Dream not that the way is smooth,
Hope not that the thorns are roses,
Turn no wistful eyes of youth
Where the sunny beam reposes;
Thou hast sterner work to do,
Hosts to cut thy passage through;
Close behind thee gulfs are burning—
Forward! there is no returning.

Soldier, rest: but not for thee
Spreads the world her downy pillow;
On the rock thy couch must be,
While around thee chafes the billow;
Thine must be a watchful sleep,
Wearier than another's waking;
Such a charge as thou dost keep
Brooks no moment of forsaking.
Sleep as on the battle-field:
Girded, grasping sword and shield;
Those thou canst not name nor number,
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise! the war is done!
Lo! the hosts of hell are flying!
'Twas thy Lord the battle won:
Jesus vanquished them by dying.
Pass the stream—before thee lies
All the conquered land of glory;
Hark! what songs of rapture rise,
These proclaim the victor's story.
Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword and take the crown.
Triumph! all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain and earth has vanished.

Charlotte Elizabeth.

4092. WATER MADE WINE.

John ii : 1-11.

Marriage! sweet marriage! Cana's chimes
Ring out their glad and golden rhymes,
And tenderest music swells and falls
Symphonious through the sounding halls.

The guests, a chosen, happy throng,
Greeting and smiling, pour along;
The bridegroom proud, the bride so fair,
And Jesus and His band, are there.

Sweet moment! when, with mutual vows,
Souls twin in heaven on earth espouse;
Mix like two streams that far have run,
Blend like two burning beams in one.

Sound forth, oh psalm! ring out, oh lyre!
Tune, singing girls, your voices higher!
Flow, vine-blood, from love's trysting bower!
Let rapture crown the heavenly hour!

But lo! the generous wine is flown!
The frugal, home-pressed store is gone;
Confusion pains the bridegroom's breast,
And wonder seizes every guest.

Then Mary, to her Son divine,
Thus meekly said, "They have no wine;"
And all the voiceless faith of years
Rose on her thought, through doubts and fears.

"Mother, mine hour is not yet come."
She answered not: her heart was dumb;
But whispered, as she turned away,
"Servants, whate'er He saith, obey."

Then came the impulse, and the word
"Fill up the vases!" straight they heard,
And soon the dimpling bubbles swim,
And sparkle round each marble rim.

Once more the mandate, "Draw and bear
To him who rules the banquet there!"
When lo! a wonder! at that sign
The water pours in purpling wine!

The awe-struck servants trembling haste;
Ruler and guests admiring taste;
The bridegroom hears, with brightening brow,
"The good wine thou hast kept till now!"

O Thou who first, to crown man's joy,
Thy power o'er nature didst employ,
Here let us read Thy will expressed,
That man in all right works be blessed.

And oh, like her whose heart alone
Trusted and proved Thy power unknown,
May we in all things trust Thee still,
Obey and wait Thine utmost will.

George Lansing Taylor.

4093. WATERS, Living.

In some wild Eastern legend the story has been told
Of a fair and wondrous fountain that flowed in times of old;
Cold and crystalline its waters, brightly glancing in the ray
Of the summer moon at midnight, or the sun at height of day.

And a good angel, resting there, once in a favored hour
Infused into the limpid depths a strange mysterious power;
A hidden principle of life, to rise and gush again
Where but some drops were scattered on the dry and barren plain.

So the traveller might journey, not now in fear and haste,
Far through the mountain desert, far o'er the sandy waste,
If but he sought this fountain first, and from its wondrous store
The secret of unfailing springs alone with him he bore.

Wild and fanciful the legend: yet may not
meanings high,
Visions of better things to come, within its
shadow lie?
Type of a better fountain, to mortals now
unsealed,
The full and free salvation in Christ our Lord
revealed?

Beneath the Cross those waters rise, and he
who finds them there,
All through the wilderness of life the living
stream may bear;
And blessings follow in his steps, until,
where'er he goes,
The moral wastes begin to bud and blossom
as the rose.

4094. WAYFARING MAN OF GRIEF, The.

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer nay:
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread
He entered—not a word he spake—
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all: he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from a rock: his strength was gone;
The heedless waters mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on;
I ran and raised the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipt, and returned it running o'er:
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night, the floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed:
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In pris'n I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

Then in a moment to my view
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in His hands I knew—
My Saviour stood before mine eyes!
He spake—and my poor name He named—
"Of Me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto Me."

James Montgomery.

4095. WEEPERS, The Aged.

Ezra iii: 12, 13.

They wept, those aged patriots wept;
The fame of vanquished years,
And burning thoughts which long had slept,
Now melted them to tears.
They well remembered Salem's state,
Ere Babel laid it desolate.

They saw the second temple rise,
But far less fair and bright;
And e'en their age-enfrozen eyes
Dropt sorrow at the sight.
They thought of many a vanished scene,
Of what they were, and what had been.

Captivity hath been their lot
For many a lonely day;
Yet Salem cannot be forgot,
Or memory pass away;
And memory told the tale too well,
For which their bitter tear-drops fell.

H. Rogers.

4096. WELL, Woman at the.

John iv: 5-29.

In the hot noon, for water cool,
She strayed in listless mood;
When back she ran, her pitcher full
Forgot, behind her stood.

Like one who followed straying sheep,
A weary man she saw,
Who sat upon the well so deep,
And nothing had to draw.

"Give Me to drink," He said. Her hand
Was ready with reply;
From out the old well of the land
She drew Him plenteously.

He spake as never man before;
She stands with open ears:
He spake of holy days in store,
Laid bare the vanished years.

She cannot still her throbbing heart;
She hurries to the town,
And cries aloud in street and mart,
"The Lord is here: come down."

Her life before was strange and sad,
Its tale a dreary sound;
Ah! let it go—or good or bad,
She has the Master found.
George Macdonald.

4097. WHEAT AND TARES.
Matthew xiii : 37–43.

This is the field, the world below,
In which the sowers came to sow,
Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares,
For so the word of truth declares;
And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

Most awful truth! and is it so?
Must all the world that harvest know?
Is every man or wheat or tare?
Then for that harvest O prepare!
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

To love my sins, a saint to appear,
To grow with wheat, yet be a tare,
May serve me while I live below,
Where tares and wheat together grow:
But soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

But all who truly righteous be,
Their Father's kingdom then shall see;
And shine like suns forever there:
He that hath ears now let him hear,
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

4098. WHEAT AND TARES.
Matthew xiii : 37–42.

Tho' in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow,
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.

Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here?
How much thy heard, how much they knew,
How long amongst the wheat they grew?

Oh! this will aggravate their case!
They perished under means of grace:
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all are wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes
Each heart appears without disguise.

The tares are spared for various ends,
Some for the sake of praying friends;
Others the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfil.

But tho' they grow so tall and strong;
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when He saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.
John Newton.

4099. WHEAT AND TARES.
Matthew xiii : 24–30.

Lord, 'tis not in Thy church alone
That tares among good corn are sown;
Satan our hearts does discompose,
His tares there sows.

Soon as the amiable Dove
Sheds in our hearts celestial love;
And our cleared heaven erected eyes
This world despise;

Soon as our powers begin to feel
The suavities of heavenly zeal,
And stand propending to obey
Love's gentle sway:

Satan his force and wiles collects,
Loose thoughts into our souls injects,
Which our imaginations lure
To loves impure.

Thy word, Lord, in this life declares
That corn will mingled be with tares,
Thou separation dost delay
Till judgment day.

My God, let neither tares nor weeds
Choke in my soul Thy heavenly seeds,
Keep, Lord, what Thou Thyself dost sow
From the cursed foe.

From the cursed foe, for in my heart
'Tis he would fain usurp a part,
But I to Thee my heart resign,
Keep what is Thine.

My love shall Satan's spite oppose,
And if in me his tares he sows,
May he at judgment bear the blame:
I them disclaim.

Tares in the hearts of saints remain,
Foils to the true and beauteous grain,
For love they trials are designed
In souls refined.

Our birth propension sensual sows
To wilful sin, which cherished grows;
We all our life must God invoke
That growth to choke. *Bishop Ken.*

4100. WHILE, A Little.
John xvi : 18.

What is this that He saith?
"It is but a little while,"
And trouble and pain and death
Shall vanish before His smile.

"A little while," and the load
Shall drop at the pilgrim's feet,
Where the steep and thorny road
Doth merge in the golden street.

But what is this that He saith?
"A little while," and the day
Of the servant that laboreth
Shall be done forever and aye.

Oh, the truth that is yet untold!
Oh, the songs that are yet unsung!
Oh, the sufferings manifold,
And the sorrows that have no tongue!

Oh, the helpless hands held out,
And the wayward feet that stray
In the desolate paths of doubt
And the sinner's downward way!

For a silence soon will fall
On the lips that burn for speech,
And the needy and the poor that call
Will be forever out of reach.

"For the work that ye must do
Before the coming of death
There remaineth, O faithful few,
But a little while," He saith.

Washington Gladden.

4101. WIDOW'S SON, Raising the.

He that was dead rose up and spoke—he spoke!
Was it of that majestic world unknown?
Those words which first the bier's dread silence broke,
Came they with revelation in each tone?
Were the far cities of the nations gone,
The solemn halls of consciousness or sleep,
For man uncurtained by that spirit lone,
Back from their portal summoned o'er the deep?
Be hushed, my soul! the veil of darkness lay
Still drawn; thy Lord called back the voice departed,
To spread His truth, to comfort His weak-hearted,
Not to reveal the mysteries of its way.
Oh, take that lesson home in silent faith,
Put on submissive strength to meet, not question, death!

Felicia D. Hemans.

4102. WIDOW'S SON REVIVIFIED.

Luke vii : 11-16.

'Twixt hoary Tabor's cloud-wrapt crown,
And fair Esdraelon's flowery plain,
Of old there stood an ancient town,
Where still it stands, the humble Nain.

And here a widow dwelt of yore,
A widow with her only son;
His sire had died long years before,
But left this child, this only one.

And through the dark and withered years
The mother watched her brightening boy;
And learned to dry her wasting tears
In hope of him, her trust and joy.

But when on manhood's verge he stood,
Fired with its first prophetic power,
Death chilled his free and bounding blood,
And felled and froze him in an hour.

Dead—dead—his mother's heart stood still.
Scarce quivering 'neath the shattering stroke;
Her love, her pain, prayers, toil, and skill
All come to this! Her heart was broke.

They bore him forth, a numerous throng,
To rest by him whose name he wore;
Whose form, so like his own, so long
Had slept to wake on earth no more.

O God, is thus Thy goodness shown?
How dark the mystery, how profound!
Oh might her heart with these lie down,
And sleep till nature's knell shall sound!

But as, with solemn steps, and slow,
They move, her heart dissolves in tears,
Melts, breaks before the Lord; when lo!
A journeying multitude appears.

They pass the gate, the Lord draws near;
He sees her tears submissive flow;
His heart is touched, he stops the bier,
And speaks, in tenderest tones, and low:

"Weep not;" then turning to the dead:
"Young man, I say to thee, arise!"
He breathes! he moves! he lifts his head!
He speaks! he lives before their eyes!

"Woman, behold thy son." What awe,
What rapture in her bosom strove,
As, through her blinding tears, she saw,
And flew to clasp her boy in love!

And great fear fell on all that hour;
And God was glorified, whose hand
Had raised a seer of wondrous power,
And visited once more His land.

O hearts that break with utmost woe,
And deem, perchance, God's ways severe,
Melt while ye mourn, and ye shall know
That He who smites is always near.

And O Thou pitying Christ and Lord,
When loved ones here go back to dust,
Help us to lean upon Thy word
Till earth gives back to heaven her trust.

George Lansing Taylor.

4103. WILDERNESS, The Church in the.

Exodus xiii : 22.

Entered on the vast wilderness,
Jesus, Thy helpless people see,
With comfort and protection bless
Thy gospel-church, redeemed by Thee.
A cloud by day, a fire by night,
Defend us with Thy guardian light.

Take not Thy sacred signs away,
The tokens of Thy guardian power;
Preserved by night, refreshed by day,
Baptized in many a gracious shower,
Cover us with Thy cloudy shrine,
And in Thy fiery column shine.

To all believers visible,
Who in Thy pardoning love confide,
With us Thou promisest to dwell,
And to that pleasant country guide,
Where Israel finds, of Thee possessed,
The land of everlasting rest.

J. and C. Wesley.

4104. WIND, Mystery of the.
John iii : 8.

Strangers to nature's mystery,
We hear its sound, but cannot see
The vague impetuous wind:
The Spirit's course we cannot trace,
The secret motions of that grace
Whose sure effects we find.

The ways of God are dark to man,
In vain we would describe, explain,
Delineate, or define:
The manner still remains unknown,
The sure reality we own,
And feel that birth Divine.

Just as He lists the Spirit blows,
But whence He comes and whither goes,
No mortal comprehends;
How He begins His power t' exert,
By what degrees renews the heart,
Or when His progress ends.

The soul in which His work is done,
Alike to worldly minds unknown,
To all that know not God;
The spiritual regenerate man
Others discern, but never can
Himself be understood.

His life a daily death they see,
A riddle of absurdity,
And quite unlike their own;
While saved from low terrestrial views,
He things invisible pursues,
And pants for God alone.

The heavenly principle within,
The spring of all his acts, unseen
And unsuspected lies!
His end they cannot understand
Who seeks some undiscovered land,
A kingdom in the skies.

J. and C. Wesley.

4105. WINE, Turning Water into.
John ii : 1-11.

The Lord of life among them rests,
They quaff the merry wine;
They do not know, those wedding guests,
The present power Divine.

Believe on such a group He smiled,
Though He might sigh the while;
Believe not sweet-souled Mary's child
Was born without a smile.

He saw the pitchers high upturned,
The last red drops to pour;
His mother's cheek with triumph burned,
And expectation wore.

He knew the prayer her bosom housed;
He read it in her eyes;
Her hopes in Him sad thoughts have roused,
Before her words arise.

"They have no wine," her shy lips said,
With prayer but half begun;
Her eyes went on, "Lift up Thy head,
Show what Thou art, my son!"

A vision rose before His eyes,
The cross, the waiting tomb,
The people's rage, the darkened skies,
His unavoided doom.

"Ah, woman-heart! what end is set
Common to thee and Me?
My hour of honor is not yet,
'Twill come too soon for thee."

The word was dark, the tone was kind;
His heart the mother knew;
And still his eyes more sweetly shined,
His voice more gentle grew.

Another, on the word intent,
Had heard refusal there;
His mother heard a full consent,
A sweetly answered prayer.

"Whate'er He saith unto you, do."
Fast flowed the grapes divine;
Though then, as now, not many knew
Who made the water wine.

George Macdonald.

4106. WINEPRESS, Christ Treading the.
Isaiah lxiii : 3.

The winepress, the winepress!
The voice is from God;
The floor of His fury
Is now to be trod;
The sins of all nations
Are full to o'erflowing;
And the blast of His anger
From heaven is blowing.

The thunder, the thunder!
A firmament burns:
All nature in wonder
To trembling turns;
Forked flashes of lightning
Illumine the skies,
As the universe brightening
In agony dies.

The angels, the angels!
They ride on the storm,
And their Maker's commandments
Prepare to perform;
To punish the guilty,
To utter the ban,
And empty their vials
Of vengeance on man.

The victim, the victim!
Behold He is here;
He looks on the tempest,
Its clouds disappear:

In the red robe of scourging
Triumphant He stands,
And blots out the sentence
With blood on His hands.
Roll backward, roll backward!
Thou ocean of ire;
Ye bolts of bright vengeance,
In silence expire:

One drop of this purple
Which Jesus has spilt
Has ransomed His people,
And paid for their guilt,

M. Bridges.

4107. WINGS, Longing for.
Psalms lv : 6.

Oh for a wing—a plumed wing,
Plucked from the bird of Jove,
To bear my upward wandering
To realms of perfect love!

Too long through dubious wilds I've strayed,
Too long in error's night,
Too long in sandy deserts stayed,
Now upward be my flight.

I'm weary with earth's sorrowing,
With dreary doubts I'm worn,
Oh for a wing—a plumed wing,
Fire tipt—and upward borne.

Torn from the raven of the cloud
With lightning in its sweep,
That wing upon the tempest loud
Its upward path would keep.

Nearer my Saviour's upper throne,
Nearer the gates of light,
That wing shall bear me up alone
In my ecstatic flight.

John Newland Maffitt.

4108. WISE MEN, Song of the.
Matthew ii : 10.

Son of the Highest! we worship Thee,
Though clothed in the robe of humanity;
Though mean Thine attire, and low Thine abode,
We own Thy presence, incarnate God!

We have left the land of our sires afar,
'Neath the blessed beams of Thine own birth-star,
Our spicy groves, and balmy bowers,
Perfumed by the sweets of Amra flowers;
Our seas of pearl, and palmy isles,
And our crystal lake, which in beauty smiles,
Our silver streams, and our cloudless skies,
And the radiant forms, and the starry eyes
That lit up our earthly paradise!

We have turned us away from the fragrant East,
For the desert sand and the arid waste,
We have forded the torrent, and passed the floods,
And the chilly mountain solitudes,
And the tiger's lair, and the lion's den,
And the wilder haunts of savage men,
Till Thine advent star its glories shed
On the humble roof, and the lowly bed,
That shelters, Lord, Thy blessed head!

Son of the Highest! we worship Thee,
Though Thy glories are veiled in humanity!
Though mean Thine attire, and low Thine abode,
We hail Thine advent, eternal God!

David Vedder.

4109. WORTHIES, Christ with the.
Daniel iii : 25.

Never was a stranger story by the pen of prophet told,
In that grandest of all histories, the Wonder-Book of old,
Than the story of the Hebrews, in the fiery furnace's glow,
When a spirit walked with Shadrack, Meschak, and Abednego.

Much I marvel how the monarch called that fourth one by His name,
When as yet so many years must pass before Messiah came
As the Lord of light and glory, with the sons of men to talk,
And with carpenters and fishermen by Galilee to walk.

O Thou crucified and risen, when eternity began
Thou wert counselling the Godhead for the happiness of man;
From the rolling world's creation has Thy precious blood been shed,
And a thorny crown been plaited for a more than kingly head!

In the furnace of affliction though my soul be sorely tried,
I shall never be quite overcome with Jesus by my side;
For may not a sinful soul to-day as well the Master know
As the wicked King of Babylon three thousand years ago?

Simeon Tucker Clark.

4110. ZACCHEUS.
Luke xix : 1-6.

Zaccheus climbed the tree,
And thought himself unknown;
But how surprised was he,
When Jesus called him down!
The Lord beheld him, though concealed,
And by a word His power revealed.

Wonder and joy at once
Were painted in his face;
"Does He my name pronounce,
And does He know my case?
Will Jesus deign with me to dine?
Lord, I, with all I have, am thine."

Thus were the gospels preached,
And sinners come to hear;
The hearts of some are reached
Before they are aware.
The word directly speaks to them,
And seems to point them out by name.

'Tis curiosity
Oft brings them in the way,
Only the man to see,
And hear what he can say.
But how the sinner starts to find
The preacher knows his inmost mind.

His long-forgotten faults
Are brought again in view,
And all his secret thoughts
Revealed in public too;
Though compassed with a crowd about,
The searching word has found him out.

While thus distressing pain
And sorrow fills his heart,
He hears a voice again,
That bids his fears depart.
Then, like Zaccheus, he is blest,
And Jesus deigns to be his guest,

John Newton.

4111. ZACCHEUS.

He sought the Saviour's face to see,
And climbed the sycamore, that he,
Secure above the crowding mass,
Might mark the wondrous Prophet pass.

Stinted in soul, dishonest, mean,
A publican; worse than unclean
Was he; the people's common hate,
Beyond the heathen in the gate.

Yet he must needs that face behold,
Of more, said Fame, than human mould;
And hark! a thousand voices' hum
Heralds his coming! see him come—

The theme of David's chorded lyre,
Of whom spake seers in words of fire;
Whom everlasting years saw shine—
My hope, to-day, O saint, and thine!

He comes, in meek and lowly guise,
Though shouts of welcome shake the skies.
He comes! and kingly crowns are dim
To light unseen that circles Him.

In auburn locks, his parted hair
Lies on a brow surpassing fair;
His beauteous eyes are upward cast,
Scanning his home, when trial's past.

Zaccheus saw the Man, the God,
Yet knew not He who toiling trod
With weary feet the dusty way
Was One whom eager worlds obey.

He met that upward glance with fear;
Ah, publican! He sees thee here,
And to the rabble's rage will give
The wretch they deem not fit to live.

He sees!—but those mild eyes reveal
Thoughts of a heart that knows to feel;
He hears!—but music's self is flung
Forth in the accents of that tongue.

"Make haste, Zaccheus, from the tree;
To-day I must abide with thee."
Abide with thee!—his heart was broke
For sin, and healed, as Jesus spoke.

Fruits for repentance, straight in thought
Conceived, sprang up, and ripe were brought;
He stood redeemed—a man new-made
By quickening living grace, and said:

"Behold, O Lord! the half of all
My own the poor's henceforth I call;
If others' goods by fraud I hold,
I now restore the law's fourfold."

William B. Tappan.

4112. ZACHARIAS, The Song of.
Luke i: 63.

Born was the promised son,
Ordained the great Messiah to forerun!
The important tablet brought;
Lo! by the father wrote,
While admiration fills the attending throng,
"His name is John!"
Instant the power who sealed unloosed his tongue,
When, grateful, he repays
The gift with hallowed lays;
And thus, with rapture filled,
Prophetic praises sung!—
Blessed be Israel's faithful Lord!
Behold fulfilled His solemn word!
He comes, He comes, the King of kings,
Redemption on His healing wings!
He comes salvation's mighty horn,
From David's race, divinely born.
He comes, by sacred seers foretold,
From ancient times and years of old!
He comes, from every foe to save,
From sin, and Satan, and the grave!
The promise to our fathers made,
So long desired, so long delayed;
The covenant He deigned to make,
The oath Himself vouchsafed to speak,
To Abraham, His selected friend,
Now to their wished completion tend!
From each fear and foe set free,
Ransomed into liberty,
He will grant us to approve
All we do with filial love;
Grant us hence to serve and praise,
Holy, righteous, all our days!
And thou, my son, thou too shalt be
The Prophet of the Deity!
Thou, the day-spring's harbinger,
Shalt His royal way prepare;
Thou the joyful news proclaim
Of salvation through His name;
Thou shalt pardon preach, bestowed
Through the tender of love of God!

Which on our benighted sphere
Raised this orient Morning Star,
Living light on them to shed
Who darkling sit, as 'midst the dead;
Light, that our feet may joyful trace
The shining paths of perfect grace.
William Dodd.

4113. ZAREPHATH, The Widow of.
1 Kings xvii : 9–24.

There fell no rain on Israel. The sad trees,
Reft of their coronals, and the crisp vines,
And flowers whose dewless bosoms sought the dust,
Mourned the long drought. The miserable herds
Pined on, and perished mid the scorching fields,
And near the vanished fountains where they used
Freely to slake their thirst, the moaning flocks
Laid their parched mouths, and died.
A holy man,
Who saw high visions of unuttered things,
Dwelt in deep-musing solitude apart
Upon the banks of Cherith. Dark-winged birds,
Intractable and fierce, were strangely moved
To shun the hoarse cries of their callow brood,
And night and morning lay their gathered spoils
Down at his feet. So of the brook he drank,
Till pitiless suns exhaled that slender rill
Which, singing, used to glide to Jordan's breast.
Then, warned of God, he rose and went his way
Unto the coast of Zidon. Near the gates
Of Zarephath he marked a lowly cell
Where a pale, drooping widow, in the depth
Of desolate and hopeless poverty,
Prepared the last scant morsel for her son,
That he might eat and die.
The man of God,
Entering, requested food. Whether that germ
Of self-denying fortitude, which stirs
Sometimes in woman's soul, and nerves it strong
For life's severe and unapplauded tasks,
Sprang up at his appeal, or whether He
Who ruled the ravens wrought within her heart,
I cannot say, but to the stranger's hand
She gave the bread. Then, round the famished boy
Clasping her widowed arms, she strained him close
To her wan bosom, while his hollow eye
Wondering and wishfully regarded her
With ill-subdued reproach.
A blessing fell
From the majestic guest, and every morn
The empty store which she had wept at eve,
Mysteriously replenished, woke the joy
That ancient Israel felt when round their camp
The manna lay like dew. Thus many days
They fed, and the poor famine-stricken boy
Looked up with a clear eye, while vigorous health
Flushed with unwonted crimson his pure cheek,
And bade the fair flesh o'er his wasted limbs
Come like a garment. The lone widow mused
On her changed lot, yet to Jehovah's name
Gave not the praise, but when the silent moon
Moved forth, all radiant, on her star-girt throne,
Uttered a heathen's gratitude, and hailed
In the deep chorus of Zidonian song
"Astarte, queen of heaven!"
But then there came
A day of woe. That gentle boy, in whom
His mother lived, for whom alone she deemed
Time's weary heritage a blessing, died.
Wildly the tides of passionate grief broke forth,
And on the prophet of the Lord her lip
Called with indignant frenzy. So he came,
And from her bosom took the breathless clay,
And bore it to his chamber. There he knelt
In supplication that the dead might live.
He rose, and looked upon the child. His cheek
Of marble meekly on the pillow lay, [curls
While round his polished forehead the bright
Clustered redundantly. So sweetly slept
Beauty and innocence in death's embrace,
It seemed a mournful thing to waken them.
Another prayer arose—and he, whose faith
Had power o'er nature's elements, to seal
The dripping cloud, to wield the lightning's dart,
And soon, from death escaping, was to soar
On car of flame up to the throne of God,
Long, long, with laboring breast and lifted
Solicited in anguish. On the dead [eyes,
Once more the prophet gazed. A rigor seemed
To settle on those features, and the hand,
In its immovable coldness, told how firm
Was the dire grasp of the insatiate grave.
The awful seer laid down his humble lip
Low to the earth, and his whole being seemed
With concentrated agony to pour
Forth in one agonizing, voiceless strife
Of intercession. Who shall dare to set
Limits to prayer, if it hath entered heaven,
And won a spirit down to its dense robe
Of earth again?
Look! look upon the boy!
There was a trembling of the parted lip,
A sob, a shiver, from the half-sealed eye
A flash like morning, and the soul came back
To its frail tenement.
The prophet raised
The renovated child, and on that breast
Which gave the life-stream of its infancy
Laid the fair head once more.
If ye would know

Aught of that wildering trance of ecstasy,
Go ask a mother's heart, but question not
So poor a thing as language. Yet the soul
Of her of Zarephath in that blest hour
Believed, and with the kindling glow of faith
Turned from vain idols to the living God.
Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

4114. ZEBEDEE'S CHILDREN, Mother of.
Matthew xx : 20-23.

She knelt, she bore a bold request,
Though shy to speak it out;
Ambition, even in mother's breast,
Before Him stood in doubt.

"What is it?" "These, my sons, allow
To sit on Thy right hand
And on Thy left, O Lord, when Thou
Art ruler in the land."

"Ye know not what ye ask." There lay
A baptism and a cup,
They understood not in the way
By which He must go up.

She would have had them lifted high
Above their fellow-men;
Sharing their pride with mother eye—
Had been blest mother then.

But would she praise for granted quest,
Counting her prayer well heard,
If of the three on Calvary's crest
They shared the first and third?

She knoweth neither way nor end;
There comes a dark despair
When she will doubt if this great Friend
Can answer any prayer.

Yet higher than her love can dare
His love her sons will set:
They shall His cup and baptism share,
And share His kingdom yet.

They, entering at His palace door,
Shall shun the lofty seat;
Shall gird themselves, and water pour,
And wash each other's feet.

For in Thy kingdom, lowly Lord,
Who sit with Thee on high
Are those who tenderest help afford
In most humility.
George Macdonald.

4115. ZERUBBABEL AND THE MOUNTAIN.
Zechariah iv : 7.

O great mountain, who art thou,
Immense, immovable?
High as heaven aspires thy brow,
Thy foot sinks deep as hell!
Thee, alas! I long have known,
Long have felt thee fixed within;
Still beneath thy weight I groan;
Thou art indwelling sin.

Thou art darkness in my mind,
Perverseness in my will,
Love inordinate and blind,
That always cleaves to ill;
Every passion's wild excess,
Anger, lust, and pride, thou art;
Thou art sin and sinfulness,
And unbelief of heart.

Not by human might or power
Canst thou be moved from hence;
But thou shalt flow down before
Divine omnipotence;
My Zerubbabel is near;
I have not believed in vain;
Thou, when Jesus doth appear,
Shall sink it to a plain.
J. and C. Wesley.

4116. ZION, Feast of.

Holy Zion's feast is spread;
Lo! to-day the church is wed.
Robe of grace beseems her well,
Sweet and loud the organs swell.
Drops like dew God's gracious ruth,
Drops like rain His heavenly truth.
Lo! the Bridegroom, Mary's son,
Healing grace for earth has won,
Bringing, as the bridal dower,
All the Spirit's sevenfold power.
The life-giving feast is spread,
He, the Lamb, once offered,
While the Sire, the Heavenly King,
Bids His own with welcoming;
Abel spotless raiment wearing;
Noah God's just wrath declaring.
Blessing once again the feast
Sits Melchisedec the priest.
Abraham brings his tried sincerity,
Isaac hope, and Jacob charity;
Moses comes, with glory rayed,
Joshua who the sun's course stayed.
Youthful David smites the foe;
Royal David's sweet Psalms flow.
Joined the Law and Prophets stand
By the Gospel's golden band.
O'er earth and heaven His blessings fall,
His fulness, who is All in all.
From the Latin, tr. by P. Onslow.

4117. ZION, Hoping for.

O Zion on the sacred hills,
Fair mystery of mysteries!
The noon of God her presence fills,
The city of our solemnities.

O shall I up her pathways wend,
And hear afar the rapt strange hymn,
Where shooting rainbow-lights ascend
Above the chanting seraphim?

Her golden gates all ills outbar;
The shining river through her fleets
In palmy shade; and angels are
The common people of her streets.

I know not how, if unaware
I met the Christ 'neath some fair tree,
To hear Him speak my soul could bear,
Nor die of joy and no more be.

But since thou knowest, who dost afford
This boon above all other grace,
I trust, even I, to see the Lord,
And bear the beauty of His face.
Holy Songs.

4118. ZION, Restoration of.

But who shall see the glorious day
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which hides the nations now?
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of His rebuke shall lie;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye.

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.
The fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace by all who come;
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.
Thomas Moore.

4119. ZION, The Heavenly.

To Zion beckoning friends invite,
In David's city wait,
Whose builder is the Source of light,
The precious Cross her gate.

With living stones her walls are gay,
Her guard the joyous King,
Within her courts is endless day
And smiles eternal spring.

There love unbroken peace maintains,
And bloom unfading flowers,
While ceaseless glide seraphic strains
Along the gladsome hours.

There naught corrupts, nor aught is vile,
Nor ever ills befall,
Naught enters there that can defile,
But Christ is All in all.
Hildebert, tr. by N. B. Smithers.

4120. ZOAR, Lot in.

Genesis xix : 17-22.

"Angel of wrath! why linger in mid-air,
While the devoted city's cry
Louder and louder swells? and canst thou
Thy full-charged vial standing by?" [spare,
Thus, with stern voice, unsparing Justice
pleads.
He hears her not—with softened gaze
His eye is following where sweet Mercy leads,
Until she give the sign, his fury stays.

Guided by her, along the mountain road,
Far through the twilight of the morn,
With hurrying footsteps from the accursed
abode
He sees the holy household borne.
Angel, or more, on either hand are nigh,
To speed them o'er the tempting plain,
Lingering in heart, and with frail sidelong
eye,
Seeking how near they may unharmed re-
main.

Ah! wherefore gleam those upland slopes so
fair?
And why, through every woodland arch,
Swells yon bright vale, as Eden rich and rare,
Where Jordan winds his stately march?
"If all must be forsaken, ruined all,
If God has planted but to burn,
Surely not yet th' avenging shower will fall,
Though to my home for one last look I turn."

Thus while they waver, surely long ago
They had provoked the withering blast,
But that the merciful avengers know
Their frailty well, and hold them fast.
"Haste, for thy life escape, nor look behind."
Ever in thrilling sounds like these
They check the wandering eye, severely kind,
Nor let the sinner lose his soul at ease.

And when, o'erwearied with the steep ascent,
We for a nearer refuge crave,
One little spot of ground in mercy lent,
One hour of home before the grave,
Oft in His pity o'er His children weak
His hand withdraws the penal fire,
And where we fondly cling forbears to wreak
Full vengeance, till our hearts are weaned
entire.

Thus, by the merits of one righteous man,
The church, our Zoar, shall abide,
Till she abuse, so sore, her lengthened span,
Even if Mercy's self her face must hide.
Then onward yet a step, thou hard-won soul;
Though in the church thou know thy place,
The Mountain farther lies—there seek thy
goal,
There breathe at large, o'erpast thy danger-
ous race.

Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look
When hearts are of each other sure; [nook,
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household
The haunt of all affections pure;
Yet in the world ev'n these abide, and we
Above the word our calling boast; [free;
Once gain the mountain-top, and thou art
Till then, who rest, presume; who turn to
look, are lost. *John Keble.*

INDEX AND CATALOGUE

FOR

ANY LIBRARY.

BEING AN EXTENSION AND ADAPTATION FOR GENERAL USE

OF THE

ANALYTICAL INDEX TO FOSTER'S CYCLOPÆDIA.

By REV. ELON FOSTER, D.D.

Student's Edition.

"A very large part of every man's reading falls overboard; and, unless he has good indexes, he will never find it again."—Horace Binney.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY,

NEW YORK AND LONDON.

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PREFACE TO THE STUDENT'S EDITION.

This is an age of book-making and book-buying. Hundreds of volumes are required to make one educated man. Many useless books are bought, and are found in every considerable library. The reader will soon discover whether his purchase is helpful to him or not. If it contains many things to which he is likely to wish to refer, he puts it into the case containing his working tools, the books he would not do without.

"How can I derive the greatest advantage from my library?" is a question that comes home to every thoughtful student. The mere possession of books is not enough. The student must have whatever is valuable in them at his command. Memory is a leaky vessel. We can forget without a teacher, and cannot remember with one. No patent process can heal the defects of memory. We shall be compelled ultimately to fall back upon the natural laws of association, classification, and analysis. Random reading yields unsatisfactory results. Aimlessness must give place to set purpose, and spasms of method to a fixed plan of indexing, if we would derive the greatest advantage from our libraries. Every book worth buying is worth indexing. The student cannot begin this work too young. In the old methods nothing comprehensive or practicable for the indexing of an entire library was even dreamed of.

Foster's Index and Catalogue for any Library aims to furnish the student a thoroughly practicable device whereby, with the least labor, he may be able to command all which his many books, scraps, or notes contain on any subject, subdivision, or text at his pleasure.

The Catalogue of the User's Library begins on page 319, and comprises forty pages of numbered blanks, which should be filled with the titles of his books, so as to form a complete catalogue of his library. Every volume must have its distinct number. In indexing, that number must represent that book. For specific instruction as to indexing, see page 5.

Foster's Scrap-holder is a device for classifying, filing, and indexing notes, scraps, or other valuable papers, so that they can be found when wanted. It consists of a series of pockets alphabeted and numbered, for classification and reference. The numeration of the pockets, and also each paper in any pocket, makes it possible to furnish any quantity of storage room, without any danger of duplication or confusion in indexing. Unclassified and unindexed scraps are of no use.

The Analytical Index contains fifteen thousand *printed* subjects and subdivisions, each followed by blank spaces intended to be filled by numbers which refer to any book and page desired upon that topic, or to any matter stored in the Scrap-holder.

The Textual Index begins on page 243, and has all the books of the Bible arranged in alphabetical order. The chapters and verses follow in the usual order, with blanks and blank interleaves to be filled. This will enable the user to convert all his reading into a great *commentary* of the most practical kind.

The Supplemental Index begins on page 359, and affords space under alphabetical arrangement for entering anything not otherwise provided for.

The printed numbers in this work refer to Foster's Cyclopædia of Prose and Poetical Illustrations, which furnishes the gems of the best authors on all the subjects named.

PREFACE.

FIFTY thousand volumes of the *Cyclopædias of Prose and Poetical Illustrations*, in the hands of literary people, have created a demand for elaborate indexes, which it is here sought to supply.

An attempt is also made to meet the need for a practicable printed index of subjects, for the use of scholars, which they may extend to cover their own books.

THE ANALYTICAL INDEX brings to the focus of a single alphabet all the subjects, and divisions of subjects, illustrated in any of the volumes. Upon this basis a printed skeleton index to all readings, to be filled out by the user, has been formed. Find instructions on fifth page.

THE AUTHOR'S INDEXES give the date and nationality of the writer, then the numbers referring to his writings. The poets and prose writers are in separate indexes. These make it possible to find all articles of any author or class of writers, and convert the work into an available treasury of the best authors, both prose and poetical.

THE GENERAL INDEX, embracing anecdotes of persons, and titles of poems, is combined with the Analytical Index. Around the great names of history much of literature clusters. Under Alexander the Great, there are sixty-four references: under Lord Byron, nine. By this index, history and biography are fairly covered. If it is desired to find a series of classic illustrations or anecdotes of any person, turn to Aristotle, Diogenes, Plutarch, Socrates, or other classic names or authors: so if any other class of illustrations or authors is required.

THE TEXTUAL INDEX connects about fifteen thousand illustrations to pertinent scripture texts, thus converting the work into a novel and interesting commentary. This will be found a great help to Bible-readings, and the illustrations of any text or Sunday-school lesson. Incidents connected with particular texts can here be found, and their history shown.

THE TOPICAL INDEXES are intended to enable any one to make more exhaustive search through synonymous and related subjects. Names of poems are found in alphabetical order in the General Index. First lines of poems have their separate indexes.

Indexes are not for ornament, but for use. They are very convenient working-tools. It is hoped that these indexes, making more than one hundred thousand references, may be found to meet every demand, and add greatly to the value of the CYCLOPÆDIAS OF ILLUSTRATIONS, and the libraries that may be indexed into them.

GENERAL AND ANALYTICAL INDEX.

THIS index is adapted to, and intended to be made to cover, any library, scraps included. See catalogue of Users' Library, page 319.

After each subject and subdivision are blank spaces for additional entries. The user should number the books of *his* library for brevity of reference. Let the number of the book be the numerator of a fraction, and the page of the book its denominator, and the fraction so constructed be entered, following its appropriate subject, subdivision, or text in these blanks. Reference to a general subject should be entered at its left. Thus may be made a printed and an alphabetically arranged index of the best and most usable kind.

Thus, if book No. 3 on p. 4 contains something on the subject of "Missions, Progress of," the entry opposite it should be 3/4.

In the case of scraps, number the receptacle or pockets in which you place them, and also each scrap in numerical order in the pocket, and use the plus sign between the numbers. Write this number on the head of the scrap, and also under its appropriate subject in this index. By carefully carrying out this method, the user can command at any time his reading on any subject.

Numbers preceded by a star are in the Cyclopædia of Poetical Illustrations, the first volume of which ends with 3071. All others refer to the Cyclopædia of Prose Illustrations, the first volume of which ends with 6275. Anec. indicates anecdotes; Ex., examples; Fab., fables; Leg., legends.

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A change from woe to joy, from	*Nicoll*	700
A Christian is the highest style	*Young*	1842
A creature of a more exalted kind	*Ovid, tr.*	2226
A critic was of old a glorious name	*Churchill*	586
A day, a day of glory	*Tr. by Neale*	417
A deadly paleness in her cheeks	*Tooke*	1105
A Deity believed, is joy begun	*Young*	765
Adieu! adieu! what means adieu	*Montgomery*	38
Admire the goodness of	*Pollok*	2659
A dreary place would be this earth		365
Ae fond kiss and then we sever	*Burns*	1277
A faithless heart, how despicably	*Young*	1608
A few days may—a few years must	*Burns*	1433
A fool! a fool! I met a fool i' the	*Shakespeare*	1351
A fount-o'ershadowing tree stands	*Oriental, tr.*	94
A fragrant piece of earth salutes	*Tr. by Alger*	160
After the Christian's tears		1439
After the joys of earth		1440
A furloughed soldier, here I	*Tr. by Alger*	1599
A good that never satisfies	*Drummond*	2089
A government on freedom's basis	*Hale*	1564
Ah! child! the stream that brings	*Barnes*	908
Ah! don't be sorrowful, darling		2413
Ah! dying sinner, think on death		2965
Ah! five-and-twenty years ago	*Tr. by Alger*	3063
Ah! how unjust to nature and	*Young*	1096
Ah! hush now your mournful	*Prudentius, tr.*	1589
Ah! look thou largely with lenient	*Mrs. Whitney*	321
Ah me! this is a sad and silent	*Bethune*	1601
A home in heaven! what a joyful	*Hunter*	1733
A host of angels flying	*D. Smith, tr.*	671
Ah! silly man, who dream'st	*Fletcher*	2732
A husband who many years		2953
Ah! what would the world be to	*Longfellow*	374
Ah! whence yon glare	*Shelley*	2959
Aim at the highest prize	*Mant*	89
A jewel is a jewel still, though	*Tr. by Alger*	2286
A just man cannot fear	*Jonson*	1987
A king, who by the public mouth	*Oriental, tr.*	1611
Alas! how light a cause may move	*Moore*	897
Alas! how neglectful	*Swain*	769
Alas! I have nor hope nor health	*Shelley*	895
Alas! our young affections run	*Byron*	2459
Alas! they had been friends in	*Coleridge*	1418
Alas! what differs more than man	*Wordsworth*	5
A life of honor and of worth	*Manrique, tr*	2123
A little bird I am	*Guyon, tr.*	1939
A living, breathing Bible	*Woodbridge*	233
A little flock! Yes, even so	*Bonar*	436
A little learning is a dangerous	*Pope*	1039
A little longer still—patience		1079
A little theft, a small deceit		2935
A little while, and He shall come		2949
A little word in kindness	*Whittier*	2069
All are architects of Fate	*Longfellow*	291
All are but parts of one	*Pope*	220
All are not taken! there are left	*E. B. Browning*	2656
Alleluia, alleluia!	*Tr. by Bonar*	90
All evils natural and moral	*Young*	1912
All hail! thou noble land	*Allston*	1084
All hail! Thou noblest Guest	*Luther, tr.*	260
All hope on earth forever fled	*Dale*	1862
All is dying; hearts are breaking	*Spitta, tr.*	2036
All is of God; if He but wave His	*Lowell*	2603
All is vanity which is not honesty	*Tupper*	1839
All knowledge is not nourishment	*Willis*	1040
All may be heroes: "The man	*Hale*	1792
All nature a sermon may	*Spegel, tr.*	315
All nature seems at work	*Coleridge*	3029
All night the lonely suppliant	*Tr. by Trench*	519
All-potent Flattery, universal lord	*Pope*	1329
All powerful is the penitential	*Hayes*	517
All praise to Thee, my God	*Ken*	636
All's for the best; be sanguine	*Tupper*	2136
All that in this wide world we	*Bryant*	1504
All that I *was*—my sin—my guilt	*Bonar*	2285
All that's brightest must fade	*Moore*	1134
All the world's a stage	*Shakespeare*	2135
All things are altered, nothing is	*Ovid, tr.*	2366
All things are big with	*Herbert*	3006
All things that are on earth	*Tr. by Bryant*	2182
All things that we ordained	*Shakespeare*	2320
All thought—They once were	*Pollok*	880
All truth is calm	*Bonar*	2905
All vice to which man yields	*Tr. by Alger*	2613
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Almighty, hear Thy children raise	*Bryant*	1019
Almighty Judge, how shall	*Herbert*	2049
Alone, amid life's griefs and perils		907
Alone I walked the ocean strand	*Gould*	2402
Alone to land upon that shore	*Faber*	956
Alone with Thee! alone with Thee	*R. Palmer*	383
A Lord I had; to Him I brought	*Herbert*	526
A lowly man—He takes my sins	*Robertson*	382
A man I knew who lived upon a	*Young*	1827
A man in his carriage was riding		896
A man may cry church! church!	*Hood*	1862
A man once sat with his good wife	*Tr. by Alger*	343
A man there came, whence none	*Allingham*	2858

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A man through Syria's deserts	*Rückert, tr.*	2131
A man to-day the glory of his	*Pollok*	2236
Ambition is the vice of noble souls	*Mant*	100
Am I a coward	*Shakespeare*	562
Amid all life's quests	*Bailey*	2238
A mighty realm is the land of	*Bryant*	921
A million beats of man's united	*Tr. by Alger*	1493
A millstone and the human	*Von Logau, tr.*	1680
A moaning cry as the world rolls		1071
Among the beautiful pictures	*A. Cary*	285
Among the sons of men how few	*Churchill*	2017
A monk, when his rites sacerdotal	*Jane Taylor*	336
Amy died—Dear little Amy	*Ingelow*	357
A mystic cup was mixed of	*Tr. by Alger*	2437
An aged Sultan placed before his	*Tr. by Alger*	1495
An atheist is ever the most	*Tupper*	2915
And all these lines are underscored	*Greenwell*	1163
And all you men, whom greatness	*Cowley*	2338
And art Thou grieved, sweet and	*Herbert*	1808
And as the waxing moon can take	*Ingelow*	1483
And at Oriel's signal came	*Bickersteth*	1732
And can it be, that I should	*C. Wesley*	1228
And can then true philosophy	*Ragg*	245
And could we choose the time	*Chaucer*	674
And did He rise	*Young*	152
And first of dying friends	*Young*	225
And freedom thus, of old, so often	*Percival*	1390
And greedy avarice by him did ride	*Spenser*	191
And have I measured half my	*C. Wesley*	1513
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And is this the prime	*Coleridge*	2731
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And may I still get there	*Hunter*	828
And messages from shipwrecked	*Ingelow*	1818
And next to him malicious Envy	*Spenser*	1103
And Noah went up into the ship	*Ingelow*	772
And now, unveiled, the toilet	*Pope*	1280
And oh! what changes we all	*Barnes*	2367
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And shall I e'er again thy features	*Mant*	2670
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And slight withal may be the	*Byron*	2270
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And so the Word had breath	*Tennyson*	1556
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And thou, gray voyager to the	*Whittier*	3055
And there lives not a victim of	*Dewart*	1437
And there were hypocrites	*Bickersteth*	1771
And these vicissitudes tell best in	*Byron*	1189
And we talk'd—oh, how we talk'd!	*E. B. Browning*	522
And what art thou, thou idol	*Shakespeare*	323
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And wilt thou now, that God	*Mant*	2847
And yet, fair brow, no fabling	*Campbell*	2622
And yet the fate of all extremes	*Pope*	2403
And yet, what god-like gifts	*Willis*	1466
An Eastern prince his vizirs once		3010
Angels are men of a superior kind	*Young*	121
An honest man is still an	*Davenport*	1841
An orphan, through the world	*P. Cary*	2438
Another feature in the ways of God	*Pollok*	91
Another hand is beckoning us	*Whittier*	1402

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A novel was a book	*Pollok*	2397
Answer me, burning stars of night	*Hemans*	663
Anywhere with Jesus, says the		3024
A parent ask'd a priest his boy to		477
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A pilgrim, bound to Mecca, quite	*Tr. by Alger*	470
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A present Deity in all	*Grahame*	2376
A priest by Heaven ordained	*Dewart*	2516
A plague upon them! wherefore	*Shakespeare*	618
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A rare thing is faith, and friendship	*Tupper*	1409
Are old people bow'd by weak'ning	*Barnes*	1742
Are there on earth (let me not call	*Young*	131
Are virtue, then, and piety	*Young*	2497
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Are we not creatures of one hand	*Manzoni, tr.*	289
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As a thief bent to unhoard the	*Milton*	2595
As by the churchyard yew my	*Mant*	443
As by the shore, at break of day	*Moore*	2105
Ascend, beloved, to the joy	*Bonar*	2092
As custom arbitrates, whose	*Byron*	622
As felt the gross Material	*Pollok*	2647
As frost to the bud, and blight to	*Tupper*	1422
A shipwrecked sailor on a desert	*Dewart*	2417
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Asleep in Jesus! Blessèd sleep	*M. Mackay*	980
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A smith at the loom and a weaver	*Tupper*	37
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A sprout of evil, ere it has struck	*Tr. by Alger*	1158
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As the rose doth its fragrance	*Tr. by Alger*	164
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As through the land at eve	*Tennyson*	2628
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A strong tower is the Lord our God	*Luther, tr.*	757
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As wrapt and hidden in the stone's	*Mant*	1042
A tender mother lives	*More*	2191
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A thought lay like a flower	*E. B. Browning*	2864
A thousand gnats make up	*R. Browning*	2606
A thousand years, and years on	*Coxe*	1125
A thousand years a poor man	*Tr. by Alger*	2434
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A very little goodness goes for much		1541

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Away, then, causeless doubts and	*Lyte*	940
Away with custom! 'tis the plea	*Layard*	623
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A youngster at school, more sedate	*Cowper*	887
Bear Thou my burden, Lord, who	*Bonar*	827
Beats there a heart within that	*Tr. by Falconer*	1701
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Beautiful Zion, built above	*Gill*	1709
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Behold the child, by Nature's	*Pope*	116
Behold the happy man, his face	*Tupper*	2915
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Behold the world—Rests, and her	*White*	2394
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Be kind to thy father, for when		2071
Believe me, if all those endearing	*Moore*	2184
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Beneath this stony roof reclined	*Warton*	1785
Be not afraid to pray	*Coleridge*	2550
Be not proud, but now incline	*Herrick*	327
Be patient! oh, be patient!		2467
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Be thou clad in russet weed	*Burns*	2527
Be thrifty but not covetous	*Herbert*	1187
Better than gold is a thinking		2866
Better through life barefooted	*Tr. by Alger*	2988
Between a wise magician	*Oriental, tr.*	2598
Between broad fields of wheat	*Read*	1830
Between divine and human life	*Tr. by Alger*	1524
Between the acting of a dreadful	*Shakespeare*	1996
Between the dark and the daylight	*Longfellow*	59
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Betwixt heaven, earth, and skies	*Ovid, tr.*	1252
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Beware of too sublime a sense	*Cowper*	2835
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Beyond these chilling winds	*Priest*	1728
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Bikásur had of penance	*Tr. by Alger*	2004
Bitter, indeed, the waters are	*Newton*	592
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"Blessed are they that mourn	*Mant*	64
Blessed Bible! how I love it	*P. Palmer*	234
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Blessed credulity, thou great	*Machen*	579
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Blest are the pure in heart	*Dana*	2614
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Blue bends the sky above		1698
Blynde obstynacye	*Huntingdon*	1783
Bold spirit! who art free to rove	*Wordsworth*	1097
Boast not the titles of your	*Jonson*	117
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Break Oblivion's sleep	*Sigourney*	1995
Breathes there the man with soul	*Scott*	2471
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Bright as the pillar rose at	*Campbell*	1448
Bright as the skies that cover thee	*Willis*	630
"Bright portals of the sky	*Drummond*	151
Bring then these blessings to a	*Pope*	1610
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But as it sometimes chanceth	*Wordsworth*	826
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But deem not thou some	*Southey*	2372
But despite as their doom whom	*Beattie*	812
But dream not helm and harness	*Whittier*	1786
But first Messiah spake	*Bickersteth*	2672
But happy they, the happiest of	*Thomson*	1876
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But one of our household number	*P. Cary*	2453
But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell	*Byron*	1066
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But see where, in the clear	*Follen*	2391
But soft, my friend; arrest the	*Cotton*	2569
But strange indeed the distribution	*Pollok*	1997
But there was one in folly father	*Pollok*	2314
But these young scholars	*Emerson*	566
But the unfaithful priest	*Pollok*	2309
But 'tis some justice to ascribe	*Davenant*	1908
But to my mind—though I am	*Shakespeare*	620
But true religion, sprung from	*Henry More*	2637
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But when I go—to my lone bed	*Sigourney*	658
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But where to find the happiest	*Goldsmith*	2470
By all means use sometime to	*Herbert*	1162
By ceaseless action all that is	*Cowper*	1179
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By myself walking	*Lamb*	1891
By nature peaceable and frail	*Southey*	1428
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By no means run in debt	*Herbert*	1427
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By the poor widow's oil and meal	*Newton*	1348
By trifles, in our common ways	*Punshon*	292
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Canst thou tell me what is	*Oriental, tr.*	190
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Come, O Thou Traveller unknown	*C. Wesley*	1225
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Could I, from heaven inspired	*Cowper*	2390
Could not that wisdom which	*Herbert*	2644
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Courage, O faithful heart	*Littlewood*	2980
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Creation, which had groan'd	*Bickersteth*	2290
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Custom, 'tis true, a venerable	*Thomson*	622
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If the celestials daily fly	*Ingelow*	2572
If there is happiness below	*Fitzarthur*	1266
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If this great world of joy and	*Wordsworth*	2064
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If thou wouldst have thy charms	*Moore*	2176
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If ye tell of the sadness and evil	*Cook*	2422
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I'll do my best to win, whene'er	*Herrick*	2210
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I'll go to Jesus, though my sin	*Jones*	834
I'll introduce thee to a single	*Pollok*	1688
I'll tell thee what is hell	*Starkey*	1774
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Jesus is God! the solid earth	*Faber*	902
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Learn more reverence, not for	*E. B. Browning*	2231
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Mylo, forbear to call him blest	*Watts*	1613
My mother! when I learned that	*Cowper*	2344
My native land! 'mid thy cabin	*Burleigh*	2003
My rest is in heaven, my rest is	*Lyte*	69
My sins, my sins, my Saviour	*Monsell*	521
My son, thou wilt dream the	*Hale*	1826
My soul, amid this stormy world	*R. C. Chapman*	1120
My soul forecasts	*Bickersteth*	427
My soul is growing sick	*Gould*	1356
My soul, there is a country	*Vaughan*	1752
My spirit lost all consciousness of	*Bickersteth*	1293
My stock lies dead, and no	*Herbert*	1573
My sweet wee nurseling	*Richardson*	57
My trust is in the cross; there	*Quarles*	592
My whole though broken heart	*Baxter*	492
Napoleon, Frederic, Charles, and	*Percival*	105
Nature and Nature's laws lay	*Pope*	2374
Nature has placed thee on a	*Holmes*	484
Nature hath framed strange	*Shakespeare*	335
Naught of merit, or of price		2630
Nay deem not thus—no	*Holmes*	1112
Nay, shrink not from the word	*Barton*	1276
Nay, stoop not thus! Thou	*Judson*	2304
Nay, 'tis not that we fancied it	*Bonar*	855
Nearer, my God, to Thee	*S. F. Adams*	847
Never go gloomily, man with a	*Tupper*	822
Nevertheless, O sinner, harden	*Tupper*	153
Never was a marvel done upon	*Tupper*	1211
Never with blast of trumpets		2848
New occasions teach new duties	*Lowell*	2406
Next him was Fear, all arm'd	*Spenser*	1307
Next him went Grief and Fury	*Spenser*	1630
Night is the time for rest	*Montgomery*	2392
Nobody's healthful without	*Aleyn*	1178
No fearing, no doubting, Thy	*T. Gray, Jr.*	551
No gain, but by its price	*Tupper*	3032
"No God! no God!" the simplest	*Sigourney*	168
"No, I cannot, cannot yet	*Hunter*	1574
No joy is true save that which	*Bonar*	1731
No matter whether 'twas a sharp	*Watts*	1739
No more a charnel-house, to fence	*Keble*	1587
No more at Delos or at Delphi	*Bethune*	1905
No more to hear, no more to see	*Ingelow*	2986
None are so surely caught when	*Shakespeare*	1350
None sends his arrow to the mark	*Cowper*	2013
No night shall be in heaven		1749
No, no, it is not dying	*Malan, tr.*	674
No pause, no rest, no visual line	*Burleigh*	3054
No radiant pearl, which crested	*Darwin*	2828
Nor custom, nor example, nor	*Massinger*	2612
Nor exile I, nor prison, fear	*Guyon, tr.*	1567
Nor happiness, nor majesty	*Shelley*	1615
Nor riches boast superior worth	*Cotton*	2218
Nor time, nor place, nor chance	*Quarles*	899
Nor was the general aspect	*Pollok*	2289
No shadows yonder	*Bonar*	1713

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
No single virtue we could most	*Dryden*	3014
No stern recluse	*Bickersteth*	391
Not all at once—He yielded to	*Pollok*	1948
Not all in vain do sorrows	*Dewart*	1619
Not at once—In men or angels	*Bickersteth*	790
Not at the battle front—writ of in	*Craik*	1787
Not from his head was woman took	*C. Wesley*	3011
Not from the flowers of earth	*Cooper*	1781
Not from the dust my sorrows	*Watts*	165
Nothing but may be better, and	*Tupper*	1301
Nothing comes free-cost here	*Herrick*	467
Nothing fails of its end. Out of	*Whittier*	1976
Nothing is dead but that which	*Young*	1932
"Nothing to do!" in this world		942
No; 'tis the tale which angry	*Churchill*	481
Not myself, but the truth	*Bonar*	2275
Not now, my child—a little more		2399
Not on a prayerless bed, not on a	*Mercer*	1146
Not on the gory field of fame	*Dewart*	1791
Not so quickly, fretted spirit	*Bonar*	542
Not to the ensanguined field	*Smollett*	548
Not to the swift nor to the strong	*Whittier*	2687
"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto	*G. L. Taylor*	2535
No war, or battle's sound	*Milton*	259
Not with the light and vain	*Bonar*	461
Not words alone it cost the Lord	*Cowper*	1226
Now came still evening on	*Milton*	2090
Now I feel—Of what coarse metal	*Shakespeare*	1101
"Now I lay me"—say it, darling		377
Now let us repose from our care	*Edmeston*	2699
Now shall the mangled stump	*Tupper*	3056
Now sober industry, illustrious	*Bruce*	1954
Now starting up among the	*Pollok*	2668
Now that the sun is gleaming		2333
Now the sun	*Bowring*	1141
Now the third and fatal conflict	*Tr. by Trench*	1229
Now Thou, by whom the world	*Gerhardt, tr.*	388
Now was the sun in western	*Milton*	619
Now with the cross, as with the	*Herbert*	409
No wrath of men or rage	*Herrick*	2619
Number the grains of sand		659
O Antioch, thou teacher of the	*Chester*	414
Oaths terminate, as Paul observes	*Cowper*	2400
O birds from out the east		2660
O blest of heaven, whom not the	*Akenside*	1917
O blest repentance, in thy	*Mitchell*	2652
Observe the dying father speak	*Swift*	2920
Observe the rising lily's snowy	*Thomson*	1337
O child! O new-born denizen	*Longfellow*	1959
O come in life's gay morning		993
O could I hope the wise and	*Bryant*	703
O *could* thy grave at home	*Arnold*	297
O day of rest and gladness	*C. Wordsworth*	2696
O Death! thou great invisible	*Colton*	709
O Death! with what an eye of	*Pollok*	728
O'er life's humblest duties throwing	*Whittier*	1191
O'er the rocks we climb		879
O ever-earnest sun	*Bonar*	1003
Of age's avarice I cannot see	*Denham*	188
O fairest of creation	*Milton*	35
O faith, thou workest miracles	*Faber*	1215
Of all antagonists, most charity	*Davenant*	1104
"Of all good works of men	*Tr. by Alger*	1553
Of all the causes which conspire	*Pope*	2575
Of all the creatures both in sea and	*Herbert*	2531
Of all the notable things on earth	*Saxe*	118
Of all the phantoms fleeting in	*Pollok*	1249
Of comely form she was	*Pollok*	2512
O fear not thou to die		1309

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
O fierce desire, the spring of sighs	*Brandon*	802
Of its own beauty is the mind	*Byron*	1916
Of lunacy—Innumerous were the	*Pollok*	1990
Of man immortal! hear the lofty	*Young*	1921
Of oil and cassia one the	*Persius,* . .	2411
Of olden times, the fashion was	*Tupper*	1044
Of old sat Freedom on the	*Tennyson*	1086
O for the coming of the end		3071
O for the peace which floweth	*Crewdson*	1068
Of pleasure next the final	*Young*	2518
O Freedom!—thou art not as poets	*Bryant*	1391
Of all the trees that in earth's	*Pollok*	1804
Oft expectations fail, and most	*Shakespeare*	1188
Oft have I wished a traveller	*Harvey*	2838
Of the deep learning in the schools	*Little*	2560
Oft in my mansion would	*Bickersteth*	1714
Oft in the stilly night	*Moore*	2274
Oft weeping memory sits alone		1727
O gather roses while they blow	*Gleim, tr.*	771
O glorious paradise! O lovely	*Theophanes, tr.*	2445
O glorious world! thou art deck'd		670
O God! how beautiful the	*Cook*	1569
O God! methinks it were a	*Shakespeare*	1661
O God! my sins are manifold	*Heber*	1357
O God, thou bottomless abyss	*Brethaupt, tr.*	1484
O great bard!—Ere yet that	*Coleridge*	1607
O happiness of blindness! now	*Denham*	265
O happiness! our being's end and	*Pope*	1665
O happy house! Where thou art	*Spitta, tr.*	1875
O happy soul that lives on high	*Watts*	1666
O, have you not heard of a		1561
Oh! be thou zealous in thy youth	*Tr. by Alger*	3065
Oh! bring us home at last		1753
Oh, cursed, cursed Sin	*Pollok*	2852
O hearts that break and give no	*Holmes*	2318
O hearts that never cease to yearn		651
Oh! extravagance saileth in	*Swain*	1194
Oh for the robes of whiteness	*Smith*	673
Oh, happy once in Heaven's	*Heber*	2441
Oh happy they who reach that		2448
Oh happy you! who blessed with	*Tighe*	1653
Oh! have ye not marked on		2688
Oh! how impatience gains upon	*Tighe*	1184
O how portentous is prosperity	*Young*	2599
Oh, how the thought of God	*Faber*	2486
Oh, how will crime engender	*Colman*	1155
Oh, how wondrous is the story	*More*	1940
Oh, I am Queen with a despot rule	*Cook*	2529
Oh, if we are not bitterly deceived	*Willis*	1333
Oh, is it not a noble thing to die	*Willis*	145
Oh it is excellent	*Shakespeare*	184
Oh, it is very sweet to live	*Judson*	1013
Oh! it is worse than mockery to	*Whittier*	1332
Oh, lull me, lull me, charming air	*Strode*	2358
Oh! my offence is rank	*Shakespeare*	2646
Oh! never wear a brow of care		823
Oh, no—not even when first we	*Moore*	2192
O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen	*Elliott*	334
O how happy are they	*C. Wesley*	530
O how weak—Is mortal man	*White*	2650
Oh, Paradise must fairer be	*Rückert, tr.*	2446
Oh, say not thou art left of God	*Newman*	797
Oh! selling of rum is the best	*Burleigh*	2693
Oh, that I could but mate him	*Maturin*	1676
Oh! the brave and the good	*Bailey*	1605
Oh! the world is but a word!	*Shakespeare*	1447
Oh think, my son, how wild	*Dale*	1060
Oh Thou who dry'st the mourner's	*Moore*	1626
Oh! timely happy, timely wise	*Keble*	2331

	AUTHOR	NUMBER
Oh troubled soul, why thus	*Upham*	2600
Oh! weep for those that wept by	*Byron*	2038
Oh, weep not for the dead	*M. E. Brooks*	666
Oh what stupendous mercy shines	*Rippon*	1359
Oh, what terror in thy forethought	*P. Damiani, tr.*	732
Oh! who can strive	*White*	1119
Oh! who shall lightly say that	*Baillie*	1254
Oh, who would cease to love	*Judson*	2204
Oh! who would cherish life	*White*	893
Oh, why should the spirit of	*Knox*	2334
Oh, yet we trust that somehow	*Tennyson*	1540
O, I have passed a miserable	*Shakespeare*	918
O Imperial Babylon! where is the	*Tr. by Alger*	1130
O innocence, the sacred amulet	*Chapman*	1988
O jealousy—Thou ugliest fiend	*More*	2019
O King of earth, and air, and sea	*Heber*	1346
"O lady fair, these silks of mine	*Whittier*	250
Old friends and true friends	*Scrantom*	1411
Old Ironsides at anchor lay	*Morris*	752
Old men that on their staff	*Pollok*	2673
O! learn that it is only by the		1881
O, life and all its charms decay	*Percival*	2130
O, life is not perfect with	*Massey*	2250
O life misspent! O foulest waste	*Ward*	561
O Life! without thy checkered	*Wordsworth*	1237
O little feet! that such long years	*Longfellow*	372
O! lives there, heaven! beneath	*Campbell*	169
O loss of sight, of thee I most	*Milton*	266
O love-destroying, cursèd Bigotry	*Pollok*	253
O luxury—Bane of elated life	*Dyer*	2213
O man, forget not thou earth's		2837
O man, while in thy early years	*Burns*	2348
O momentary grace of mortal man	*Shakespeare*	1304
On a fair ship, borne swiftly	*Tr. by Trench*	201
On Alpine heights the love of God	*Krummacher, tr.*	1479
O Nature! what had'st thou to do	*Shakespeare*	1893
Once in the light of ages past	*Montgomery*	2173
Once more in the matter of	*Tupper*	1201
Once (says an author, where I need	*Pope*	2096
Once staggering blind with folly	*Oriental, tr.*	2281
Once Sultan Nushirvan the Just	*Oriental, tr.*	1169
Once the demon enters	*Chellis*	2001
Once this soft turf, this rivulet's	*Bryant*	2911
Once to every man and nation	*Lowell*	582
One adequate support	*Wordsworth*	503
One cross the less remains for me	*Bonar*	604
One day a blind man chanced to	*Gellert, tr.*	1780
One family we dwell in Him	*C. Wesley*	440
One Father, God, we own	*Frothingham*	782
One foot on earth, and one on sea	*Dale*	2870
One more unfortunate	*Hood*	819
One said, "Better a single drop	*Tr. by Alger*	2515
One sole baptismal sign	*Robinson*	1314
One struggle of might, and the		633
One sun by day, by night ten	*Young*	166
One sweetly solemn thought	*P. Cary*	1747
One sweet word of holy meaning	*Newbury*	2903
O, never from thy tempted heart		1365
On every human soul there lies	*Tr. by Alger*	791
One year among the angels	*Larcom*	1708
On high, where no hoarse winds	*Garth*	1373
On his pale brow the drops are	*Dale*	1458
On Horeb's rock the Prophet stood		1053
Only a few more burdens must we	*Ormsby*	1067
Only a tomb, no more	*Bonar*	1595
Only to Satan true	*Baxter*	789
Only waiting till the shadows		2420
O North, with all thy vales of		390
On Truth's substantial rock	*W. Holmes*	1852

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Onward, Christian soldiers	*Baring-Gould*	425
On what foundations stand the	*Johnson*	104
On what strange grounds we	*Dryden*	1292
O opportunity! thy guilt is	*Shakespeare*	2431
O Paradise! O Paradise	*Faber*	2444
Opening the map of God's	*Cowper*	2126
Open thine arms, O death, thou		708
O poverty of pride! O foul	*More*	2574
Oppressed with noonday's	*Bonar*	601
Order is Heaven's first law	*Milton*	2436
Orpheus, with his lute, made	*Shakespeare*	2361
O sacred Head! now wounded	*Gerhardt, tr.*	609
O safe at home, where the dark	*Bonar*	646
O Saviour! whose mercy severe in	*Grant*	886
O send me down a draught of love	*Erskine*	1860
O serpent heart, hid with a	*Shakespeare*	750
Or shall I say, Vain word	*Clough*	1048
O shame to man! Devil with Devil	*Milton*	883
O sometimes gleams upon our	*Whittier*	2460
O streams of earthly love and joy	*Bonar*	93
O that estates, degrees, and	*Shakespeare*	541
O that mine eye might closed be	*Ellwood*	803
O the burdens of the dreams that	*Alger*	2522
O there are gardens of the	*Watts*	2442
O! there is one affection which no	*Percival*	54
O, the wrath of the Lord is a	*Knox*	2352
O thou child of many prayers	*Longfellow*	2216
O Thou eternal One: whose	*Derzhavin, tr.*	1507
O Thou great Power! in whom I	*Wotton*	2616
O Thou most terrible, most	*Tighe*	682
O Thou Patron God	*Young*	628
O, Thou so weary of Thy self-		2967
O thou sweet king-killer, and	*Shakespeare*	1528
O Thou unutterable Potentate	*Borov, tr.*	763
O Thou! whose balance does the	*Young*	760
O thou world, great nurse of		1328
O Time! who know'st a lenient	*Bowles*	2867
O treacherous conscience! while	*Young*	485
O unexpected stroke, worse than	*Milton*	1036
O universal mother, who dost	*Shelley*	1011
O unseen Spirit! now a calm	*Sterling*	634
Our aim is happiness	*Armstrong*	1651
Our blest Redeemer, ere He	*Auber*	1813
Our Father	*Bernard*	2166
Our Father, God, who art in	*A. Judson*	2165
Our funeral tears from different	*Young*	2356
Our habits, costlier than Lucullus	*Cowper*	930
Our life is two-fold; sleep hath its	*Byron*	923
Our lives are rivers gliding free	*Manrique, tr.*	2150
Our many deeds, the thoughts that	*Faber*	1977
Our purses shall be proud, our	*Shakespeare*	136
Our remedies oft in ourselves do	*Shakespeare*	1083
Our waking dreams are fatal	*Young*	271
Our youth is like the opening day	*Loud*	2133
Out of shadow into sunlight	*Chellis*	627
Out of the fertile ground He caus'd	*Milton*	1034
Out of the shadows of sadness	*Ryan*	983
Over the river they beckon to me	*Priest*	1744
O watch and pray! for thou hast		2968
O what a patrimony this	*Young*	1929
O what a thing is man! how far	*Herbert*	1944
O what a treasure is a virtuous	*Chapman*	2989
O, what is man, great Maker	*Davies*	2228
O, what is woman—what her smile		3012
O where are kings and empires now	*Coxe*	438
O, when will death	*Young*	710
O, who can hold a fire in his hand	*Shakespeare*	780
O world, O life, O time	*Shelley*	1090
O world thy slippery turns	*Shakespeare*	1415

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O worship the King	*Grant*	1521
O worthy gift of heavenly love	*Selwyn*	1562
O years gone down into the past	*P. Cary*	511
O ye wha are sae guid yoursel'	*Burns*	322
O ye, whose hearts in secret	*Sigourney*	2465
Pain and sin are convicts, and toil	*Tupper*	1153
Pain, my old companion, pain	*C. Wesley*	2440
Pain's furnace-heat within me	*Sturm, tr.*	66
Passion, when deep, is still	*Percival*	2455
Patiently received from Thee	*C. Wesley*	1156
Patriots have toil'd and in their	*Cowper*	2254
Pause not to dream of the	*Osgood*	2084
Peace be to this habitation	*C. Wesley*	1263
Peace, peace; it is not so. Thou	*Vaughan*	864
Peace upon peace, like wave	*Bonar*	2479
Peace! what can tears avail	*Procter*	2454
Pearls before swine: this is an old	*Tupper*	950
Perceiv'st thou not the process of	*Ovid, tr.*	2141
Perhaps thou dost but try me	*Lillo*	2853
Perishing splendors, pass away	*Hastings*	745
Perseverance, dear my Lord	*Shakespeare*	1846
Perseverance is a virtue	*Havard*	2489
Persuade them then	*Wither*	1311
Philosophy—Did much	*Pollok*	2495
Physician of my sin-sick soul	*Newton*	792
Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin		2503
"Pity" thee! So I do	*Willis*	2506
Placed for his trial on this	*Cowper*	2584
Place me on some desert shore	*Tupper*	2301
Pleasantly comest Thou	*Gallagher*	1140
Pleasure admitted in undue	*Cowper*	1117
Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal	*Young*	2509
Poet and seer that question caught	*Brown*	2293
Pointing to such well might	*Rogers*	371
Policy counselleth a gift, given	*Tupper*	1465
Poor frighted men at sea	*Howard*	1850
Poor heart, lament	*Herbert*	845
Poor indeed thou must be	*List*	1974
Poor in my youth, and in	*Cowper*	2975
Poor soul, the centre of my sinful	*Shakespeare*	137
Power above powers! O	*Daniel*	1057
Praise a fool, and slay him; for	*Tupper*	456
Praise my soul, the King of	*Lyte*	1510
Praise the Lord of Heaven, praise	*Browne*	2534
Praise to God, immortal praise	*Barbauld*	2860
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	*Montgomery*	2548
Prayer surpasses human	*Barton*	2537
Prayer, the Church's banquet	*Herbert*	2541
Present example gets within our	*Young*	1168
Press to the mark (the Spirit	*Shakespeare*	2484
Primeval Hope, the Aönian muses	*Campbell*	1865
Productive was the world	*Pollok*	278
Profounder, profounder	*Emerson*	328
Prudence, thou virtue of the	*Nabb*	2670
Pupil, genuine wisdom learn	*Tr. by Alger*	2383
Quevedo, as he tells his sober	*Cowper*	3007
Rabia, sick upon her bed	*Oriental, tr.*	349
Rashly, nor ofttimes truly	*Tupper*	2048
Receive thy scourge by others	*Earl of Surrey*	348
Redeem we time	*Young*	26
Regard no vice as small	*Tr. by Alger*	2160
Rejoice for a brother deceased	*C. Wesley*	667
Rejoice though storms assail thee		2636
Religion, first, be made your	*S. Wesley, Jr.*	2893
Religion's all. Descending from	*Young*	2640
Rent were at once the floodgates	*Mant*	424
Repent! repent! repent	*Longfellow*	2041
Reserve will wound it; and	*Young*	1400
Rest of the weary	*Monsell*	387
Rest, weary dust, lie here an hour	*Bonar*	1586
Rest, weary soul		2663
Return, my soul, unto thy rest	*Montgomery*	2664
Ridicule is a weak weapon	*Tupper*	2684
Right from the hand of God	*Lowell*	2506
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild	*Tennyson*	2388
Rise from your dreams of the		3067
Rise, my soul! and stretch thy	*Seagrave*	416
Rise, said the Master, come	*Alford*	2011
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep	*Willard*	2407
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	*Toplady*	2692
Roll on, thou sun, forever roll	*Goethe*	2922
Roll round, strange years	*Craik*	2371
Rome, whose majesty	*May*	1799
"Room for the leper! room	*Willis*	2102
Rude was his garment, and to	*Spenser*	312
Sabbaths are threefold	*Herrick*	2701
Sad is our youth, for it is ever	*De Vere, tr.*	2140
Said I not so—that I would sin	*Herbert*	2948
Saint Augustine! well hast thou	*Longfellow*	1172
Salvation! oh the joyful	*Watts*	2707
Satan is busy in planting	*Quarles*	2711
Saviour, is there anything	*Kimball*	2410
Saviour! when, in dust, to Thee	*Grant*	2154
Say, is your lamp burning		2917
Say, my soul, what preparation	*Spitta, tr.*	1029
Say thou not sadly, "never," and	*Kemble*	1856
Say, what is gospel-preaching	*Mant*	2564
Say what is honor	*Wordsworth*	1843
Say, where full instinct is the	*Pope*	1992
Say, who can mourn	*Sigourney*	661
Say why was man so eminently	*Akenside*	2302
Scattered o'er various fields by	*Bowring*	1265
Sceptic, whoe'er thou art, tell, if	*Glynn*	486
Science moves, but slowly, slowly	*Tennyson*	2594
Scorn not the slightest word or		1046
Searching those edges of the	*Ingelow*	1457
Search starry mysteries overhead	*Allingham*	1435
Securely cabined in the ship	*Lynch*	2904
See Aaron, God's anointed priest	*Newton*	1
See before us in our journey	*Bryant*	712
See, high in air the sportive	*Young*	1372
See its power expand	*Sprague*	617
See Judah's promised king, bereft	*Cowper*	632
Seekest thou rest, O mortal	*Tupper*	2663
Seemeth not Love at times	*Trench*	2209
See the professor laboring	*Holmes*	913
See the rivers flowing	*Procter*	1471
See the shining dew-drops		1547
See where the tree its richest	*Holmes*	2854
See yonder cloud along the west	*Beecher*	1131
"Servant of God, well done	*Montgomery*	730
Serve not thy belly with such	*Tr. by Alger*	1106
Service, there is rest	*Bickersteth*	1720
Shall I be slave to every noble	*Ingelow*	2134
Shall I desert him now	*Hents*	2181
Shall man alone, whose fate	*Young*	2061
Shallow artifice begets suspicion	*Congreve*	149
She had seen—All of earth's year	*Bickersteth*	197
Sheik Schubli, taken sick, was	*Tr. by Alger*	1424
She is coming, my own, my sweet	*Tennyson*	2194
She saw; she took; she ate	*C. Wesley*	1197
She stood outside the gate of		2490
She taught us how to live	*Burleigh*	1551
Should the well-meant songs	*Ken*	2357
Should you ever be one of a	*Cook*	2971
Shrink not from suffering	*Upham*	871
Shun delays, they breed remorse	*Southwell*	766
Shun pride, O Rae!—whatever	*Hood*	2579

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Shun such as lounge through	*Holmes*	2879
Sickness is a school severe	*Elliott*	2846
Silence! though the flames	*Craik*	2252
Since Adam's family, from first	*Young*	2055
Since brass, nor stone, nor earth	*Shakespeare*	210
Since o'er Thy footstool here	*Mühlenberg*	1729
Six years had passed, and forty are	*Crabbe*	74
Slight those who say amidst	*Herbert*	2692
Slowly fashioned, link by link	*Davis*	1649
Smiling, a bright-eyed seraph		1958
Smite on! It doth not hurt me	*Upham*	2897
So artists melt the sullen ore of		1081
So build we up the being that we	*Wordsworth*	331
So, Christian! though gloomy	*Patterson*	500
So dear to heaven is saintly	*Milton*	351
So dying men receive vain	*Davenant*	454
So fair is man, that death	*Quarles*	2234
So fallen! so lost! the light	*Whittier*	2894
So from the heights of will	*Holmes*	1398
Softly! —she is lying	*Eastman*	662
Softly, softly falleth the snow	*Chapman*	2280
Softly the penitent		2483
Soldiers of Christ, arise	*C. Wesley*	1001
Solemnly, mournfully	*Longfellow*	2393
Solemn praise—And prayers	*Lettice*	1559
So live that when the mighty		1124
So many good lessons	*Skelton*	645
So many worlds, so much to do	*Tennyson*	120
Some angel guide my pencil	*Young*	1523
Some are serving, some	*Horne*	2149
Some deluded minds	*Hayes*	816
Some dreams were useless—moved	*Pollok*	922
Some fretful tempers wince at	*Cowper*	1399
Some go to church, proud humbly	*Young*	435
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Some of their chiefs were princes	*Dryden*	1943
Some of your hurts you have cured	*Tr. by Emerson*	1159
Some other kind of wits must	*Dryden*	2698
Some play for gain; to pass	*Heath*	1444
Some say that kissing 's a sin		2077
Some seem to live—Whose hearts	*Bailey*	1690
Some spot there is, some cherished	*Bowring*	1828
Something light as air—a look	*Moore*	2244
Sometime, O Lord! at least in	*Wither*	1443
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Sometimes I upward lift mine	*Upham*	1801
Sometimes we feel the wish across	*Bailey*	1009
Son of the carpenter, receive	*C. Wesley*	2086
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Sore was the famine throughout	*Grahame*	1271
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Sorrow, suspense, desire	*Oriental, tr.*	2873
Sorrow was a ship, I found	*Ingelow*	1062
So said, he raised, according to	*Ingelow*	2151
Soul of the world, All-seeing Eye	*Peter*	2426
Souls of men! why will ye scatter	*Faber*	2012
Sounds the trumpet from afar	*Bonar*	2961
Sour discontent, that quarrels	*Blackmore*	877
Sovereign Ruler of the skies	*Ryland*	1354
So when of old the Almighty	*Dryden*	2632
So willingly doth God remit	*Milton*	557
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So work the honey-bees	*Shakespeare*	1565
Spake full well in language quaint	*Longfellow*	1339
Speak not of vengeance	*Layard*	2681
Speak the height of honor	*Massinger*	1848
Speak gently! it is better far	*Bates*	1456
Spirit! whose life-sustaining	*Hemans*	3048

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Spite of all the fools that pride	*Stillingfleet*	2580
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Stand but your ground, your	*Ken*	545
Stand the omnipotent decree	*C. Wesley*	1076
Stand up for the cold-water	*G. L. Taylor*	12
Stars are of mighty use: the night	*Vaughan*	413
Stay, mortal, stay; nor heedless		963
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Stern Duty rose, and frowning	*Wolfe*	939
Still hope! still act! Be sure	*Sterling*	1953
Still shines the light of holy	*Whittier*	1164
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Still, still without ceasing	*Guyon, tr.*	1230
Strange glory streams through	*Massey*	736
Stronger than thunder's winged	*Horace, tr.*	1525
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Such dupes are men to custom	*Cowper*	621
"Suffer that little children come	*Grahame*	366
Summer ebbs; each day that	*Longfellow*	2118
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Surely, yon heaven, where	*Bonar*	1748
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The advocate for him who offered	*Pollok*	284
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The Author God Himself	*Pollok*	249
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The brightest blossom soonest	*Percival*	990
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The business of the world is child's	*Trench*	302
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The cheerful supper done	*Burns*	1269
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The child-like faith, that asks	*Keble*	1231
The Christian's faith hath many	*Pollok*	408
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The foolish camel begged of Allah	*Tr. by Alger*	1102
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The gift to King Amphion	*Wordsworth*	2360
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The glorious sun is gone	*Ware, Jr.*	626
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The gospel's glorious hope	*Sigourney*	1555
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The husbandman, who sluggishly	*Pollok*	2386
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The immortal gods	*Massinger*	846
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The king was on his throne	*Byron*	829
The lady lay in her bed	*Hood*	840
The lamp of revelation only shows	*Cowper*	243
The latter rain—it falls	*Very*	2620
The leaves around me falling	*S. F. Smith*	2111
The Life above, the Life on high	*St. Teresa, tr.*	661
The light-house founded on a rock	*Montgomery*	433
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The love of praise, howe'er	*Young*	2533
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The master came one evening	*Oriental, tr.*	2026
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"The mighty power that formed	*Watts*	2251
The mind has no *to-day*	*Hervey*	2294
The mind that broods o'er guilty	*Byron*	488
The miser must make up his	*Prior*	894
The mistakes of my life are many	*Locke*	1883
The moon was shining yet	*Willis*	1459
The Moor's abused by some	*Shakespeare*	2610
The morning flowers display their	*S. Wesley, Jr.*	369
The mother in her office holds the		2345
The multitude of angels with a	*Milton*	123
The muse disgusted at an age	*Berkeley*	115
Then before all they stand	*Rogers*	2991
Then ceremony leads her bigots	*Cowper*	324
Then is the time—For those	*Thomson*	1337
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Then straight to Envy's cell she	*Tooke*	1099
Then to side with Truth is noble	*Lowell*	1793
Then why this ceaseless, vain	*Horace, tr.*	2315
The oak-tree's boughs once touched		1635
The ocean looketh up to heaven	*Whittier*	2409
The old Scythians—Painted blind	*Chapman*	1376
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The past is a dream	*Tr. by Alger*	2145
The path of sorrow, and that path	*Cowper*	865
The pilgrim and the stranger, who	*E. J. Whittier*	222
The pious man—In this bad	*White*	1214
The Poet sees	*Longfellow*	2621
The poor man counteth not the	*Tupper*	465
The potter must have his day	*Tupper*	2717
The preacher's merit rate not by	*Brown*	2559
The present! what is it?		2570
The Prophet once, sitting in	*Bayard Taylor*	3001
The pulpit, therefore (and I name	*Cowper*	2608
The pure, the bright, the beautiful	*Dickens*	1972
The quality of mercy is not	*Shakespeare*	2278
The rascal, thinking from his	*Tr. by Alger*	333
There are a number of us creep	*Watts*	1180
There are a sort of men, whose	*Shakespeare*	473
There are dark hours of sadness	*Novalis, tr.*	817
There are gains for all our losses	*Stoddard*	3062
There are hopes—Promising well	*Willis*	179
There are in this loud, stunning	*Keble*	1696
There are moments in life	*Percival*	2677
There are points from which we	*Bailey*	2404
There are three lessons I would	*Schiller, tr.*	1577
There are who fondly call upon	*Bickersteth*	653
There are who sigh that no fond	*Keble*	311
There be three grand principles	*Tupper*	2900
There be who have made themselves	*Tupper*	2219
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Therefore, their latter journey	*Morris*	2418
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There is a dungeon in whose dim	*Byron*	55
There is a fairy skiff	*Tupper*	2890
There is a family on earth	*Kelly*	415
There is a fire-fly	*P. J. Bailey*	31
There is a fire that has its birth	*Percival*	1614
There is a fountain fill'd	*Cowper*	2705
"There is a God," all nature cries	*Montgomery*	1965
There is a heaven yet to rest my	*Shirley*	450
There is a holy city		1736
There is a land, of every land the	*Montgomery*	2473
There is a land of pure delight	*Watts*	1765
There is a lamp whose steady light	*Betts*	239
There is an eye that never sleeps		2547
There is an hour of peaceful rest	*Tappan*	1757
There is a joy, which angels well	*Mant*	3050
There is a place in a black and	*Ford*	1776
There is a place where my *hopes*	*Hunter*	1726
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There is a Reaper, whose name is	*Longfellow*	368
There is a River, deep and broad	*Hurn*	1815
There is a solemn hymn goes up		2384
There is a spot of consecrated	*Elliott*	1575
There is a story told	*Whittier*	2480
There is a stream, which issues	*Mason*	1810
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There is a tide in the affairs of	*Shakespeare*	2429

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There is a twilight dawning	*Percival*	2107
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There is no flock, however watched	*Longfellow*	227
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There is no greater evil among	*Tupper*	2977
There is no joy unmixed with	*Dewart*	2044
There is no pause in the vast		2262
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There is no spot, or high or low	*Bowring*	1832
There is to whom all things	*Tupper*	2299
There is some soul of goodness	*Shakespeare*	1161
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The roots of fairest bloom lie	*Bickersteth*	2255
The roseate hues of early dawn	*Alexander*	1767
The rout is Folly's circle, which	*Cowper*	1282
There's a charm in deliv'ry	*Welby*	1055
There's a fount about to stream	*Mackay*	2589
There's a good time coming, boys	*Mackay*	447
There's a grim one-horse hearse	*Noel*	2476
There's music ever in the kindly	*McKellar*	2363
There's no dearth of kindness	*Massey*	2073
There's not a star the heaven can	*Keble*	821
There's naught so monstrous but	*Lillo*	2938
There's winter on the hills	*Punshon*	2101
There wanted yet the master-work	*Milton*	2221
There was a people once by wisest	*Oriental, tr.*	1847
There was a time when meadow	*Wordsworth*	1925
The sacred book, its value	*Cowper*	2257
The saints on earth, when sweetly	*Ken*	1738
The saints should never be	*Cowper*	1806
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These are Thy glorious works	*Milton*	578
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These violent delights have	*Shakespeare*	1195
The sexton tolling his bell at	*Emerson*	1166
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The sick in body call for aid	*Young*	796
The sickliest leaf	*Sigourney*	1940
The silent volume listeneth	*Tupper*	2624
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The slaves of custom and	*Cowper*	1645
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The solemn hymn, to ancient	*Bogart*	2356
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The star is not extinguished when	*Bonar*	707
The stately homes of England	*Hemans*	1836
The stoutest armor of defense is	*Tupper*	355
The strong right arm is only		2639
The sun gives ever; so the earth		1470
The sun of justice may withdraw	*Bally*	2065
The tempting stream, with	*Milton*	1775
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The thing we long for, that we are	*Lowell*	2164
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The true friend is not he who holds	*Tr. by Alger*	1403
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The valley stream is frozen	*B. Taylor*	2998
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The venom clamors of a jealous	*Shakespeare*	2019
The very elements, though each be	*Cowper*	832
The voice of free grace cries	*Thornby*	1568
The waking cock, that early	*Gascoigne*	2332
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The weakness we lament	*Johnson*	1305
The wheels of fortune, rapid in its	*Warren*	1374
The wicked giant, Bali, had	*Tr. by Alger*	139
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The woman singeth at her	*E. B. Browning*	848
The word of the Lord by night	*Emerson*	1389
The world can neither give nor	*Mason*	868
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The world is still deceived with	*Shakespeare*	140
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The world is wise, for the world	*Faber*	2919
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The world wants men—large		2277
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They hear His voice	*Bonar*	2843
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They say that esteem is a diamond	*Percival*	39
They say this life is but a wreath	*Judson*	2125
They say, who know the life divine	*Keble*	2253
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They tell me I am shrewd with	*Howe*	1406
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Think'st thou there are no serpents	*Baillie*	1896
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Think'st thou to be concealed	*Sigourney*	2645
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This is the desert, this the	*Young*	1020
This is the hour when memory	*Wilson*	1139
This is the slowest, yet the	*Davies*	1679
This man of half a million	*Southey*	344
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This world is but the rugged	*Manrique, tr.*	2148
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Thou art gone to the grave	*Heber*	1592
Thou art in heaven, and I am	*Bonar*	652
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Thou blind man's mark; thou	*Sidney*	801
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Though all the precious	*C. Wesley*	2588
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Though its inhabitants	*Bickersteth*	2007
Though the mills of God grind	*Tr. by Longfellow*	2675
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Thou hast a charmed cup	*Hemans*	1256
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Thou hast seen many sorrows	*Tupper*	134
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Thou must chain thy passions	*Cook*	2457
Thou palsied earth, with noonday	*Heber*	613
Thou 'rt passing hence, my	*Hemans*	657
Thou sail'st with others in this	*Herrick*	2946
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Thou to whom the world unknown	*Collins*	1310
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Thou unrelenting Past	*Bryant*	2461
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Thrice happy nation! Favorite	*Hodson*	2040
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Thus stood they mixed	*Pollok*	2341

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Thus they the representative of	*Pollok*	1032
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Thy way, not mine, O Lord	*Bonar*	2657
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'Tis not the stoic's lesson got by	*Rowe*	731
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'Tis not the wealth that makes	*Seneca, tr.*	2396
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'Tis said that a lion will turn	*Byron*	2617
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'Tis with our judgments as	*Pope*	2058
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Toil on, faint not, keep watch	*Bonar*	2488
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To think for aye! to breathe	*Allston*	1935
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True happiness had no localities	*Pollok*	1669
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Up from the meadows rich	*Whittier*	2469
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Vast chain of being! which from	*Pope*	219
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Verily, they are all thine; freely	*Tupper*	129
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We find the fiercest things that	*Cook*	1982
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We grant although he had	*Butler*	3
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What's fame? a fancied life in	*Pope*	1255
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Where is the fame—Which the	*Shelley*	1246
Where is the fire which once	*Herbert*	136
Where is the troubled heart	*Campbell*	50
Where is your heathen brother	*Sigourney*	2325
Where no shadow shall bewilder	*Bonar*	2679
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